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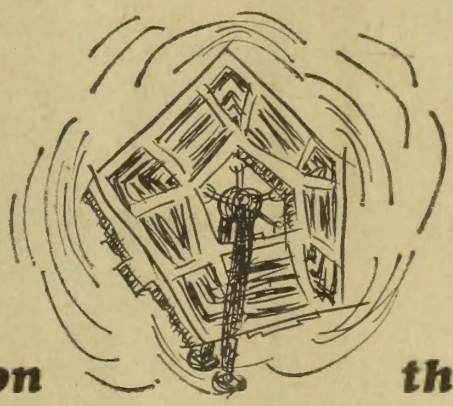
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Thirty-Six Years on the Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

on War, Love, Graft, Politics, Revolution and the Hiding Places of Power

an interview with **ROBERT G. SHERRILL**

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LETTERS

an appeal to the people of the United States

The following statement has been issued by Pham The Truc, aged 29, who was elected two years ago to the House of Representatives, Republic of Vietnam, from the Province of Binh Thuan. Congressman Truc has left Saigon and is now living in Tokyo, where Jonathan Mirsky met and talked with him. It was Mr. Mirsky who forwarded the statement to The Nation.

Thousands of people every day are being killed and the land devastated in the cruel war in Vietnam. Why can't peace be established in Vietnam—a peace for which not only the people of Vietnam but also all peace-loving peoples of the world are longing? The following is my view on this question.

The regime of Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky is the offspring of a military clique and is still, in its basic nature, a military dictatorship. It has been able to maintain its status only by the continuation of this war. In order to buy the favor of its supporters, this regime encourages them to exploit the poor and acquiesce in their activities of corruption. The corruption in Vietnam is no less inhuman for the people than the war itself and the fundamental rights of the people are being trampled upon.

Furthermore, the present Saigon regime never hesitates to enact whatever repressive measure it can lay hands on in trying to banish, detain and oppress religious leaders, politicians, intellectuals and students. The recent arrests of the Rev. Thich Thien Minh, as well as a number of students, are examples of this oppression. . . .

In other words, the present government is a regime which lacks the support of the majority of the people, exclusively relying on a few people who gain profits out of war procurements and exploit the poor.

It is the United States Government which supports this unpopular government of Vietnam, and by advocating the "Vietnamization of the war" it intensifies the military actions. Thus the United States Government is making the solution of the war all the more difficult and adding to the atrocities of an already bloody war.

Through these serious errors, leaders of the United States Government have proved again that there is not the slightest improvement in their basic understanding of Vietnam and Asia.

As a citizen of Vietnam and also as a member of the Congress, I present the following requests to the United States Government:

(*1*) The United States Government should immediately stop supporting the military regime of Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky. (All the treaties which have been concluded between the United States Government and the military regime of Vietnam have no value to the Vietnamese people whatsoever.)

(*2*) The United States Government should withdraw all military forces from Vietnam. (There is no ground for President Nixon's view, expressed in his eight-point proposals of May 14, that the United States military forces cannot be withdrawn without the risk of mass slaughter.)

(*3*) The United States Government should be sincere in the Paris peace talks. By being "sincere" I mean that *peace* for the Vietnamese people, and not the *face* of the United States Government, should be the priority. Political settlement, and not military settlement, should be the priority.

A believer in God, I pay my respects to the people of the United States who love peace, freedom and equality. I pray from my heart that God and the American people's pious faith in God will reflect the noble traditions of the United States and will show its leaders the right policy toward peace in Vietnam. *Pham The Truc*

EDITORIALS

Spotlight on Vietnam

If the American people have not lost all collective moral sense, then the full significance of continuing intervention in the Vietnamese civil war must have been kept from them. That the latter alternative is the case is suggested again by the media attention paid to the May 25-June 10 visit to South Vietnam of a U.S. interreligious study team, sent to investigate stories of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment by the Thieu-Ky regime. The coverage was so scanty that there was little danger the average newspaper reader or TV viewer would be diverted from his preoccupation with the troubles of Joe Namath.

Members of the study team were Robert F. Drinan, S.J., dean of the Boston College Law School; Rep. John J. Conyers (D., Mich.); Bishop James Armstrong of the United Methodist Church; Mrs. John C. Bennett, wife of the president of Union Theological Seminary; Allan Brick of the Fellowship of Reconciliation; John deJ. Pemberton of the American Civil Liberties Union; Rabbi Seymour Siegel of the Jewish Theological Seminary and Adm. Arnold E. True, U.S.N. (Ret.).

The itinerary was as respectable as the participants. The delegation met with President Thieu and South Vietnamese government officials, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and members of his staff, and conferred with religious leaders, legislators, attorneys, students and a variety of persons of different political persuasions.

"The government of South Vietnam," the report acknowledges, "was helpful in providing data, permitting team members to visit prisons, and in making accessible certain prisoners." The auspices under which the tour was conducted, and the character of the investigators, preclude any suspicion of bias or unfairness. What emerges must be accepted as definitive—and it could scarcely be more destructive of the claim that we are fighting for the free choice of the people of South Vietnam in determining their future.

Before leaving for Vietnam, the team conferred with members of the White House staff and received assurances that the number of political prisoners in South Vietnam was decreasing. In Saigon a few days later, the American Embassy official most familiar with the problem of political prisoners admitted that the number is increasing steadily and, further, that this increase will continue as the U.S. "pacification" program extends further into the countryside. The American Embassy stand is that the prisoners are an internal concern of the South Vietnamese government. This is a convenient fiction to cover an inconvenient fact—that the U.S. mission is ferreting out suspected "Communists" in Vietnamese villages and turning them over to extra-constitutional "Military Field Courts" which lack any procedural safeguards and which in many cases employ torture to extract confessions or information.

Political prisoners in South Vietnam number at least

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20,000, and 25,000 is a more likely figure. All are classified as "Communists," although many are guilty of nothing more than advocating a coalition government or steps toward ending the war patterned on President Nixon's proposals. The *de facto* criterion of "communism" is opposition to the war policies of the dictatorship, but even that is not essential. In the Chi Hoa jail the survey group saw 200 children between the ages of 10 and 14; the charge against some of them was likewise communism.

The group met Truong Dinh Dzu, runner-up in the 1967 Presidential election, who was arrested in May 1968 for an interview in which he advocated a dialogue with the National Liberation Front. As Dzu had envisioned future developments, the real Communists would get only 20 per cent of the vote in a free election, and would thereafter have a role like that of the Communist parties of France or Italy. This probably underrated the Communist strength, but it would hardly justify a five-year sentence, subsequently commuted to three.

Another celebrated prisoner interviewed by the group was the Buddhist leader, the Venerable Thien Minh. Although Thien Minh speaks excellent French and adequate English, a condition of the interview was that he could talk with his visitors only in Vietnamese. Thien Minh asserted: "I have committed no offense except that I want peace." Originally he was sentenced to ten years on a charge of assisting draft resisters; his term was subsequently reduced to three years.

If the number of political prisoners in South Vietnam is assumed to be 25,000, that, in a country with a population of 17 million, is the equivalent in the United States of 300,000 political prisoners. In his talk with the study group President Thieu pleaded that in wartime, and considering the unfamiliarity of his country with the democratic process, he cannot relent in his severely repressive policies. But in that case there never will be democracy in South Vietnam; authoritarianism only breeds more authoritarianism. Even if all American forces should be withdrawn, leaving the Thieu government or a successor supplied with American arms, the prospect is for a permanently repressive regime patterned on Chiang Kai-shek's police state on Taiwan. No doubt such an outcome would be quite acceptable to many in the Nixon Administration, but that peace can be established on any such terms is political fantasy. And time is running out, both for Mr. Nixon and the dubious allies we have selected to represent us in that unhappy country.

'A Calculated Risk'

The Army's new Sheridan tank has just completed its first round of combat tests in Vietnam. The kill score: one dead, three severely burned and several other casualties reported—all Americans.

The dead GI and his hideously burned comrades are victims of an Army "calculated risk." This gamble was to send the newly designed Sheridan tank into battle even though a test manager warned long before it left

IN THIS ISSUE

July 7, 1969

EDITORIALS

2

ARTICLES

6 Greece: The Rack and the Bomb — *James Becket*

7 Drew Pearson: An Interview — *Robert G. Sherrill*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

17 Private Gardens, Cloisters, Silent Women — *Robert Bly*

18 Six poems (Translated by Robert Bly) — *Juan Ramón Jiménez*

19 Melancholy Monument — *Hayden Carruth*

20 Pieces of a Broken Mirror — *Paul Zweig*

22 Sojourner of the Self — *Jerome Mazzaro*

24 Lyrical Discourse — *Germaine Brée*

26 The Politics of Poetry — *Alexander Laing*

28 Hosting Russian Poetry — *Simon Karlinsky*

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the United States that it was prone to breakdowns and deficiencies that would jeopardize U.S. troops.

High-ranking Army officials have repeatedly told Congress that the Sheridan tank has been operating satisfactorily under Vietnamese combat conditions. Yet, in a still secret report, the Pentagon admits that the "calculated risk" has "shaken the confidence" of the crews operating the new tank. The report elaborates further on the reasons the crews feel somewhat insecure:

The tank has had "16 major equipment failures, 125 electrical circuit failures, 41 weapons misfires, 140 ammunition ruptures, 25 engine replacements (caused by overheating) and persistent malfunction of the 152-mm. cannon."

Also depressing the crews is the Army's field manual on the Sheridan, which did not arrive in Vietnam until after the first sixty-four tanks had been in combat for six weeks. The 20-page manual advises the Sheridan crews as follows: The electrical system is prone to failure; the weapons firing system is not reliable; the new type of combustible cartridge is subject to malfunction.

This is not to say that any of these deficiencies were unknown before the "calculated risk" was taken. The test manager warned:

> The Sheridan is of questionable dependability and unknown limitation. I do not believe that a combat situation where mission and lives depend so heavily on equipment reliability is the test environment to question and resolve these problems.

The project manager made this statement on November 5, 1968; on February 8, 1969, the tank was on its way. On February 15, one week after the tank went into combat, one of the Sheridans hit a mine that would not have severely damaged some of the Army's older tanks. The explosion ruptured the hull of the Sheridan, ignited the ammunition and killed the driver.

Later, an enemy round struck one of the new combustible shells as crew members wrestled to extract it from the chamber of another tank after it had misfired. Three GIs suffered severe burns.

What effect have these "accidents" and the critical combat field report had on the Army's current plans for the Sheridan tank and its continued deployment in the field? Just announced: 171 new Sheridans are to be shipped to Vietnam.

The Answer to Poverty

One year ago the poor of the nation sat on Congress' doorstep, believing that if they drew attention to their poverty, they would receive adequate federal assistance. They came to Resurrection City from great distances, trusting in strangers for their daily needs. Some traveled from California to Washington in school buses, bearing the bounces, the weariness, the strangeness, the homesickness and the homelessness because of their hope in the government.

They endured torrential rains, flooded "streets" and poor plumbing in their plywood town. From most persons they received derision; the contempt of the many mingled in unequal ratio with the real kindnesses of the few.

Some attention was paid to them by Congress, and some concessions were made—an increase of food stamps, investigations like that of Sen. George McGovern's Select Committee on Hunger and Human Needs. But the most tangible result of their ordeal came to them last month when Congress acted in direct response to Resurrection City. The House voted 327-50 to ban all sit-ins, camp-ins and sleep-ins in the capital. The poor, they stated, had "disrupted the seat of government and destroyed public property."

The cost of living rises and welfare is being cut; the poor have the answer to their demonstration of what poverty really is: no more Resurrection Cities. Congress dislikes being bothered, especially by the poor.

To Him That Hath...

The National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition in the United States reports that the Department of Defense plans to spend nearly $4 billion in fiscal 1970 to feed an average of slightly under 3.5 million servicemen. A major part of this sum goes for labor, capital items, etc. For food alone the allowance is $1.7 billion, which breaks down to about $500 per person per year. Even allowing for the government's purchasing power this does not seem excessive, but the government has the same advantage in purchasing food for the poor, and under the Nixon Administration's present allocations the poor stand to get only $77 per person per year.

The ratio of 6.5 to 1 may be regarded as reflecting the solicitude of any prudently managed, normally predatory government for its armed services; but in another, purely civilian, area an even more atrocious discrimination is practiced. Confronted with statistics on malnutrition in the United States, the average well-meaning citizen comforts himself with the thought that at least the poor kids get a good hot lunch at school. But do they? A story by Gene Blake in the June 4 *Los Angeles Times*, and some nationally collected data, indicate that they don't.

According to a suit brought in federal court in San Francisco by the California Rural Assistance League on behalf of needy children in three counties, the state last year received $25 million in federal funds and commodities to subsidize an average of about 825,000 lunches daily in participating school districts; but school officials arranged to supply to all the children a lunch worth 55c at a reduced price of 35c. Those who have the 35c eat, those who haven't go without. The papers set forth that in one Monterey school district, one out of every two wealthy or middle-class children benefits by the program, but only eleven of the district's 803 needy children receive a free or reduced-price lunch, and three times as many teachers and other adults eat the cut-rate meals.

The National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition estimates that since the National School Lunch program was

inaugurated in 1946, more than $4 billion has gone to help the children of the well-to-do instead of the needy. Of more than $500 million expended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture last year, it is said that $375 million, or 75 per cent, subsidized the more prosperous children. It looks like yet another case of "to him that hath shall be given," although the author of that sad aphorism may have thought, in his innocence, that the very young might be spared. It would be refreshing if, just once, a program of this sort were operated for the benefit of those for whom it was intended.

More Dirty Business

J. Edgar Hoover would now have us believe that he was a reluctant eavesdropper and that it was the late Robert F. Kennedy who originated the idea of tapping the phone of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. But Hoover's statements are inconsistent with those made by Ramsey Clark, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Burke Marshall and Carl T. Rowan, and with testimony of one of his own agents given under oath. Study of these statements and independent investigation convinces us that some time in 1963 Hoover reported to Kennedy that a "Communist" was working in Dr. King's office and requested authorization to install a wire tap. Kennedy approved the request for a limited period, we are told, and later assumed it had been discontinued.

In the meantime, however, Hoover, without the Attorney General's approval, had managed also to place "bugs" in Dr. King's home, office, and on at least one occasion in a hotel room occupied by Dr. King. Hoover assures the country that the tapping and/or bugging were discontinued on April 30, 1965, but his own agent has testified that the surveillance continued until Dr. King's death. Was the bugging, as distinguished from the wire tap, ever authorized? And who authorized the surveillance to continue after April 30, 1965? Not Clark, not Katzenbach, and not Kennedy, who resigned as Attorney General on September 3, 1964. Clark tells us that Hoover made repeated requests for authorization to install wire taps on Dr. King, none of which he granted, and that the last request came two days before the assassination.

But there is an aspect of the surveillance that is more repulsive than the fact that it was ever undertaken. Summaries of the recordings, we learn, were revealed to members of the House Appropriations Subcommittee headed by Rep. John J. Rooney (D., N.Y.). Rooney and his colleagues were so "shocked" by what they learned that they thought the Speaker should have the privilege of listening to the recordings (*Congressional Record*, June 18, 1969, p. E-5056). How many other members of Congress saw the summaries or listened to the tapes we do not know, but word travels far and fast in those circles. Accounts have appeared in print of how some of the tapes, which related to Dr. King's private life, were played for the entertainment of journalists who happened to visit the FBI establishment.

Carl T. Rowan, who headed USIA, says that he was familiar with the summaries. Are such summaries, then, shown routinely to heads of government agencies? In this issue Drew Pearson is quoted as saying that he had some of the tapes or summaries. Rowan reports that "for years the FBI has had a small army of agents and allies roaming the country whispering the dirt about Dr. King."

This, we submit, constitutes an intolerable situation, one which the federal government cannot, in all conscience, ignore. Ramsey Clark is clearly on sound ground in saying that Hoover should resign. More to the point, he should be forced to testify under oath, subject to cross-examination, concerning every aspect of this ugly incident. To permit him to distort the truth, by taking advantage of the fact that neither Dr. King nor Robert F. Kennedy can refute him, is to involve Congress, the Executive and the White House as accessories to his malicious slander of the dead.

The Cook Doctrine

Fred J. Cook, the well-known crime reporter and liberal journalist, wrote a feature article for *The Nation* and was harshly attacked by the right-wing Rev. Billy James Hargis over the chain of radio stations that carry his diatribes. Cook, who is not one to take verbal muggings passively, requested equal time. Some of the stations acquiesced and played a tape of Cook's rebuttal. If everyone was not as happy as a lark, there was no ill feeling, and the time of all concerned was conserved.

However, in reply to his request, some of the stations sent Cook a rate card and offered to sell him time for rebuttal. One of these was WBCG in Red Lion, Pa. (near York), whose transmitter often lays down a serviceable signal well beyond the usual FM range. Cook sued. On June 9 the Supreme Court decided unanimously in his favor, thereby upholding the constitutionality of the Federal Communications Commission's fairness doctrine.

Obviously, had it decided otherwise, the Court would have sanctioned the freedom of well-heeled interests to say whatever they pleased, short of outright libel, about the less affluent, without the latter being in a position to reply. One result of the Court's action may be a little less reckless word-slinging by the rampant right wing.

In a separate but related action the Court, again unanimously, turned down a challenge by the broadcasting industry to the fairness rules codified by the FCC in 1967 and 1968. The industry contended that the requirement that stations provide time for reply would discourage them from carrying controversial material. This seems an overstatement. The requirement does not apply to regular news programs, nor to commentaries carried therein, nor to bona fide political broadcasts.

Mr. Cook has performed a public service in pressing the issue, and any inconvenience that may be caused to the broadcasters will be overbalanced as the Court evidently intended, by the furtherance of free speech in the true sense of the term.

GREECE: THE RACK AND THE BOMB

JAMES BECKET
Mr. Becket, a Harvard Law School graduate, is studying for a Ph.D. in international law and economics at the University of Geneva.

Geneva

Two weeks ago Prime Minister Papadopoulos of Greece announced that he would himself hang in Constitution Square any official who had tortured a Greek citizen. This declaration was provoked by an article in *Look* magazine, "Greece: Government by Torture." Though reports of torture have been in the European press for two years, an article in a mass circulation American magazine hit the junta where it hurts. The usual categorical denial was given, and the "falsehoods" were attributed to "Communists" and "mentally deranged persons." Perhaps the colonels were justified in their annoyance, since it is undeniable that in many parts of the world colonels get on with the business of "national regeneration" with hardly a murmur of protest from abroad. But Greece is a special case, and one of the reasons it is a special case is that Greece is a signatory to the European Convention of Human Rights.

In mid-June in Strasbourg the European Human Rights Commission heard seven more witnesses on Article Three ("No one shall be subjected to torture or to inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment"). After the sessions of last November and December, which were dramaticized by James Bandopoulos scenes of escaping junta witnesses (see *The Nation,* January 6), the commission held hearings in Greece in February. Exercising its power under the convention to carry out an investigation on the spot, it examined fifty-one witnesses. But the commission was refused access to certain witnesses, notably the would-be assassin of Papadopoulos, Alecos Panagoulis, who only recently escaped and was recaptured. (The Human Rights Commission is hardly pleased with Papadopoulos' offer to *Look* to come and make a free and "serious investigation" in Greece, when this was denied the commission which enjoys the right under an international convention.)

The seven new witnesses, heard on June 15 and 16, had escaped from Greece with the help of resistance organizations. Two witnesses called from Greece were not permitted to leave the country. One of them, the right-wing lawyer George Mangakis, who has defended many political cases before the courts-martial, had his passport confiscated at the airport. (Thus, for good measure, violating the convention article on freedom to travel.)

The June session, unlike previous ones, was calm. The witnesses had the same story of torture to tell: bastinado, mock execution, electro-shock, sexual abuse, etc. (One new interpreter collapsed after an hour and

There follow here several lists of persons known to have been tortured in Greece, the headquarters where they were tortured and the identities of those who tortured them. *The Nation* does not know who in Athens prepared this list, but it came to the United States in a diplomatic pouch and was forwarded to the magazine by a source which we have every reason to believe is reliable. It was compiled several weeks ago and is not complete.

A. Prisoners tortured at Police Headquarters in Athens:

(*1*) Korovessis, Pericles: actor
(*2*) Lentakis, Andrew: student
(*3*) Loissios, Leonidas: theatre director
(*4*) Panoussis, Themistocles: journalist
(*5*) Mandeos, Peter: clerk
(*6*) Dakos, Apostoles: accountant
(*7*) Haralambous, Miltiades: house painter
(*8*) Palamaras, Christos: notary clerk
(*9*) Sideris, Leonidas: worker
(*10*) Bertsas, Nicholas: accountant
(*11*) Tsirka, Natasha: accountant
(*12*) Tolios, John: student
(*13*) Manolakos, Aristides: student
(*14*) Kalergi, Mary: student

Their torturers were:

Police officers Lambrou, Malios, Babalis, Gravaritis; Policemen Panagopoulos, Kleomenis

B. Prisoners tortured at Police Headquarters in Piraeus:

(*1*) Christopoulou, Vassiliki: housewife
(*2*) Kilakos, Stamatios: student
(*3*) Papayannakis, Christos: architect's aide
(*4*) Iliadis, Theodore: merchant
(*5*) Frantzeskakis, Constantine: accountant
(*6*) Papayanneas, John: printer
(*7*) Ambatielos, Nicholas: accountant

Their torturers were:

Police officers Yannacopoulos, Kouvas, Yaroutsos; Policemen Angelopoulos, Iliopoulos, Potinos, Kanatas

C. Prisoners tortured at Gendarme precincts in various suburbs of Athens (Nea Ionia, Kalogresa, Nea Liosia and Aigales):

(*1*) Paraskevas, Nicholas: plumber
(*2*) Nicolacopoulos, George: worker
(*3*) Komatas, Peter: worker
(*4*) Morsitis, Angelos: worker
(*5*) Toukas, Constantine: worker
(*6*) Dimitrelis, Stavros: shoemaker
(*7*) Stratis, John: professor
(*8*) Karamintsis, Epaminondas: stenographer

Both Stratis and Karamintsis as well as Mary Kalergi were also tortured at the military camp of Dionysos, near Athens, where the barracks of Papadopoulos' Praetorians are situated.

The torturers in the above cases were:

Lieutenant Rigalos, Sergeant Kotiridis, Gendarme Kolias.

was replaced by a veteran.) One reason for the calm was the absence of both principals, the Scandinavians and the junta Greeks, at the in camera sessions, and this time no junta thugs were patrolling the premises. This meant also that the junta's chief man on the case, and its most ardent defender on the diplomatic scene, Basil Vitsaksis, was absent. Mr. Vitsaksis has been rewarded with appointment as ambassador to Washington, though he is waiting for the United States to send its ambassador to Greece. There is now the chance that he might be appointed to replace Foreign Minister Pipinellis, who is not well.

The question for the commission is no longer whether torture exists or not (nor, one would suppose, whether there are to be hangings in Constitution Square) but whether torture appears in "isolated cases" or is an "administrative practice." A decision is expected from the commission at the end of November. It will be a landmark for international law. The case is rare in international jurisprudence in that the Scandinavian countries did not bring the action for commercial reasons but for reasons of principle. As the chief agent, Norway's Jens Evensen says: "We fought a war so these things would not happen again. We are bringing this case not just for the Greeks but for the Italians, for all Europeans."

This essentially juridical decision has taken on increasing political significance. The Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe managed to avoid expelling Greece from the Council with the excuse that it would be more proper to wait for the decision of the Human Rights Commission. This means that if the commission were to find that there had been torture, the expulsion would be almost automatic. The junta's policy, as devised by Mr. Vitsaksis, has been to obstruct, but he is running out of delaying tactics. Expulsion would have serious consequences for the colonels, who fear the operation of a "domino theory" on other, more vital European organizations.

Meanwhile, mass arrests and torture continue. A recent wave of bombings has been aimed at American targets: The PX, Litton Industries, American Express, the Hilton, USIA, etc., as well as around recent NATO exercises in the north of Greece. This expresses the belief of every Greek that the United States is responsible for the current situation, and that only a change of American policy will change the situation. Some observers believe that the United States, the major supporter of the junta, is becoming more and more disenchanted. Greece's Minister of Economics was officially invited to France recently by the Minister of Defense and declared he wanted to give France important contracts. France, South Africa's leading arms supplier, represents the only area for maneuver for Fascist Greece in the event of American pressures. The junta's anti-communism and strategic importance to the West exclude an Eastern or Nasser-like path.

In the face of a probably unfavorable report by the commission on torture, of increased bombings and resistance, and of European dissatisfaction, the Nixon Administration will have to make some decisions it has so far avoided.

DREW PEARSON: AN INTERVIEW

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

To many Americans—and this is especially true in the hard-dirt hinterland where fame seeps down slowly—there is only one political columnist operating in Washington, or at least only one they can name. It's Drew Pearson, of course—Andrew Russell Pearson, as he was christened seventy-two years ago in Evanston, Ill.—whose "Washington Merry-Go-Round" was the first of its kind and has never been successfully imitated. Evans and Novak produce a column that much more accurately relates political trends and political machine work around the nation. Joseph Kraft turns out a much more literate and thoughtful column, and so does Tom Wicker. But nobody *comes even close to competing with the Pearson product, which is a unique blend of carnival pitch, news, synthetic philosophy and rumor.*

Whereas most good reporters get by on gall, Pearson operates behind a front of old-school pride that is not quite arrogance. Even for a man who estimates that he has 50 million readers, he takes credit for some rather unlikely achievements. For instance, he feels that simply by asking the right question in a press conference held by Coke Stevenson in 1948—the year Stevenson and Lyndon Johnson were vying for the Senate seat from Texas—he defeated the former and elected the latter. It is a theory held by no one but Pearson. He believes that by disclosing in 1967 (he was the first to write about it) that California Gov. Ronald Reagan's office was haven for a homosexual ring, he "pretty well knocked Reagan out of the box as a Republican candidate and as an attempt by the far Right to take over the Republican Party—and the United States—in 1968." He believes that if he had carried the bit about Richard Nixon's psychotherapy before *the election of 1968, Humphrey might today be President, which is something Pearson would have loved to help bring about.*

This kind of opinionated self-assurance is one of the things that makes Pearson great fun to read, even when he falls short of accuracy, and it was in anticipation of both amusement and the wisdom that comes with

years that The Nation *put these questions to Pearson at his Georgetown home:*

Q. During the next four years do you foresee a colder cold war or a normalization of relations with the Communist bloc?

A. I think Mr. Nixon will be practical regarding Soviet Russia and we will have reasonably friendly relations. I think the Russians are anxious to get along with him. I was in Romania and Poland in September, and some of the leaders there, some of the very top leaders, said they thought they could get along with Nixon. One of them, Ceausescu, had talked with him rather extensively in Romania. And the foreign minister of Poland, Winiewicz, had been ambassador in Washington when Nixon was on the House Un-American Activities Committee and Nixon had come to see him—(he talks about this rather jokingly)—to investigate communism. Of course Winiewicz was one of the leading Communists in the United States at that time. [*Pearson grins.*] But they said, "We think we can get along with him." I've noticed that the Soviet and Communist newspapers have been rather noncommittal about Nixon, whereas the Western European newspapers have been critical. Nixon has said he thinks the day of confrontation is over. I think he means that. I think he's a common-sense guy. I think he knows the peace of the world depends on these two supernuclear countries.

Q. In domestic things, do you think we'll move to the right under Nixon?

A. He'll drift to the right, domestically. There'll be more wire tapping, more bugging of your and my bedrooms.

Q. Do you see a Kennedy-Muskie ticket in 1972, or will Humphrey be back? What are the most likely Democratic entries next time?

A. I think there is going to be a three-way race for the Presidential nomination. In the first place, John Connally of Texas is going to run for the Senate and has in mind running for President later.

Q. You mean he will run against Sen. Ralph Yarborough in 1970?

A. Against Yarborough first. Then he will lead the Johnson wing of the Democratic Party, perhaps with, uh—I don't know where Hubert Humphrey is going to stand as yet—and then there will be the other wing, the Muskie wing of the party which actually is not at all different from the Kennedy wing, except in personalities. And there will be Kennedy. You'll have a three-way fight.

Q. You actually think there is an excellent chance that Connally will run for President in 1972?

A. Yes, and that would put Johnson in power in Washington again, in a way. The campaign itself would put him in the political swim as an adviser and perhaps as a semi-campaign manager. Johnson and Connally are very close. Johnson isn't going to stay idle.

Q. About Nixon's psychotherapy, why didn't you write that in your column before the election?

A. For two reasons. In the first place, I couldn't quite confirm it. Secondly, I think I was a little cowardly. I think I could have confirmed it if I had worked hard enough. But I've gotten hell so many times from my editors for writing stuff the last few days of a campaign and they don't realize you go through a lot of work to get a story and it sometimes takes a lot of time. For instance, I got badly criticized when I brought out the story of Don Nixon's $205,000 loan from Howard Hughes about a week or ten days before the end of the 1960 campaign. Actually, some papers like *The Washington Post* didn't use it. So, I've got to live with these editors and I say perhaps I was a little cowardly.

Q. Do you think if you had written about Nixon's treatment before the election, it might have changed the outcome?

A. It could have changed the course, if I had been able to get it a little earlier. But I was traveling, for one thing (it is something of a mistake to travel during a campaign, but you have to do it to get political sentiment). I called this Dr. Hutschnecker from Boston—I had tried to call him from Miami early in the morning, and finlly got him on the telephone about 10 o'clock. He first admitted and then subsequently denied treating Nixon with psychotherapy. I had asked Jack Anderson first of all to check with Herb Klein, and to give Hutschnecker's name, to say that we had confirmation from him. Then at 4 o'clock Hutschnecker changed his story completely. Later I found that Hutschnecker admitted to friends that he got this call from Nixon's office before he switched positions. Furthermore I found out that at the time Nixon saw Hutschnecker—1953 and 1954—Hutschnecker was not practicing internal medicine at all, as Nixon's group now contends. He had written a book in 1951 on the will to live. Although he was licensed to practice internal medicine he wasn't doing it.

Q. Do you feel Mr. Nixon was unstable?

A. He seems to have acquired some mental stability now, certainly. But in the past he has not been stable in two or three big crises. One was when he lost the governorship race in California and had that press conference afterward at which he lost his head. And it was after that that he really had, I am reasonably informed, a lot of psychotherapy. Intensively in 1962. Not with Hutschnecker.

Q. We heard that he would sometimes retire to his room for two or three days at a time.

A. I heard he had two-hour sessions with the psychiatrist, every day, five days a week. In late 1962 and early 1963. Also, back when he had the incident down in Venezuela as Vice President, when he was mobbed, he retired to his room in the American Embassy. This I have confirmed. He retired to his room and would not come down. They canceled a state dinner in his honor. He went into a blue funk, wouldn't come out, and only ate bread and cheese with bourbon. Finally he got control of himself.

Q. Aside from needing all his marbles, a President also needs power. Does any President have enough power to outweigh the drag of Congress, in terms of what the Executive is expected to initiate in the way of programs, momentum, etc.?

A. No, the Presidency just does not have that kind of

power. Nixon will have a certain amount of power only for the first year. Even Johnson with his tremendous ability to sway the Congress was able to get the power only for the first three years. Nixon will have real trouble after the first year.

Q. How would you compare Kennedy and Johnson in the use of Presidential power?

A. I think Johnson was much more adept. Kennedy was always a little frightened of Congress. I talked to Kennedy in the summer of 1961—he'd been in office about seven or eight months. We were talking about the federal aid to education bill. He was bemoaning the fact he couldn't get an aid to education bill through. I suggested to him that he might veto the impacted areas school bill —to use as leverage, for all Congressman favor impacted aid—and he said, No, it wouldn't get anywhere. I don't remember if he said Congress would pass it over his veto, but he wouldn't tackle it.

Q. Given another term, do you think Kennedy could have learned how to deal with Congress? Would he have been a great President?

A. I think he was heading for trouble his last year. Time had run out on him. Another four years could have been disastrous, and looking at it from the cold-blooded point of view of history, he may have been lucky that he didn't live longer. I say that with regret because he had great qualities, but nevertheless Congress was turning against him. He didn't have either the techniques or persuasiveness of Lyndon Johnson and he also didn't have the margin that Johnson had, after whipping Goldwater.

Q. But of course he had an election coming up in '64. He might have got that margin.

A. It would have eroded. I talked to some of the good Democratic leaders who were for him but were a little bit on the old-fashioned side, and they said it was going to be *very* serious. They were talking about what was ahead for him in 1964, and they said it might be so bad that he might not get re-elected.

Q. Even against Goldwater?

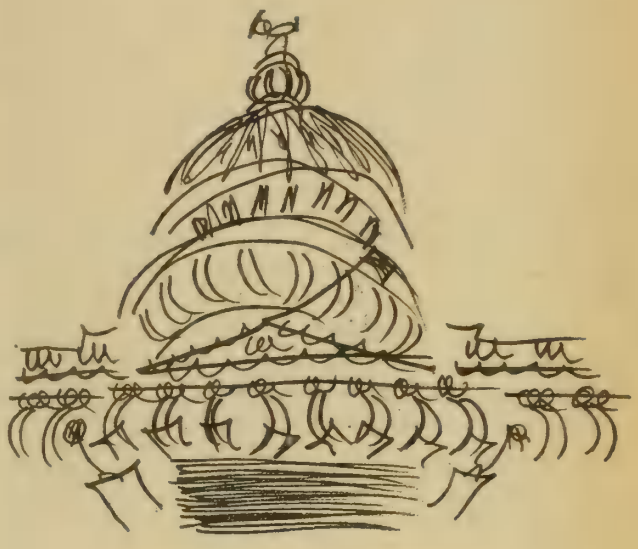
A. Well, Goldwater was not then nominated. If the Republicans saw any chance of winning, they wouldn't have nominated Goldwater. They figured Johnson was sure to win; they figured they might as well get Goldwater out of their system, spew him up.

Q. Was Johnson as ruthless as some said?

A. He's a mixture. He can be ruthless, but on the whole I don't think that's the word I would use to describe him as President. In the Senate, yes, he could be ruthless. I had an interesting talk with him after he had been President about a year and I was telling him about some of the problems I had been having with some of the right-wing publishers down in Louisiana. He said: "You know, I had to live with those fellows when I was in the Senate, but thank God I don't have to live with them any more." I used to criticize him about his oil legislation and his natural gas legislation, and I remember—this was in 1956 —he said: "Did you ever notice Hubert Humphrey voting against the dairymen of Minnesota? I can't vote against the oil men of Texas." But as President, he broadened out. I didn't see him do anything out of the way for the oil people after he entered the White House. He appointed Lee White to be chairman of the Federal Power Commission [*which regulates the oil industry*] and White's shown himself to be a good consumer man.

Q. There was a great deal of oil support for Nixon in the campaign.

A. He has far more support from oil than Johnson had. And Johnson made a whale of a good record for the consumer. There's been no President, even including Franklin Roosevelt, who did so well for the consumer.



Q. Both Kennedy and Johnson managed to bungle things abroad, but of the two, which President would you say had the better grasp of foreign affairs?

A. When Kennedy and Johnson came in, neither had a very good grasp of foreign affairs. I'm talking now about Johnson coming in as Vice President and Kennedy as President. But Johnson picked up the reins quickly in regard to Soviet-American relations. *Immediately*. I talked to him one week after he became President and he, at that time, outlined to me the fact that we *must* have better relations with Soviet Russia, that this was the key to future peace. And he said, "I'm going to work at this, harder than any other policy." At that time he was not very conversant with Latin America. He had trouble with Panama two or three weeks after he came into office. He mishandled it. He mishandled the Dominican Republic, in my opinion. But he learned his Latin American politics excellently as he went along. I think his European policies were, on the whole, good. I think his policies with France, de Gaulle, with Western Europe were excellent. He didn't let de Gaulle rattle him. But on Asiatic policy he took the advice of Dean Rusk, and Rusk had been so close to Asian policy he couldn't see the trees for the leaves. Johnson was at least three-fourths good on foreign policy and quick to learn.

Kennedy, on the other hand, was good on Latin American relations from the start and was good on European relations from the start, though he pounded that "I am a Berliner" theme too hard. But he was awfully slow on

Soviet-American friendship. It took him to June 10, 1963, when he made that American University speech, to really come around to the test-ban treaty. I had talked to Kennedy, had taken a message from Khrushchev to him in the first week of September 1961, and I found Kennedy was still sore at Khrushchev from the Vienna talks. I think he got deeper into Vietnam partly as an offset to the failures he had made in Vienna, the failures of Cuba, and so on.

Q. In the last two years we have noticeably started moving to the right again. Do you see a further swing to the right, or to the left, or where does the pendulum seem to be aiming these days?

A. The swing to the right is going to continue probably through much of Nixon's first four years.

Q. That's a pretty long swing. Could it carry us almost to fascism?

A. If intense enough. But I don't think it's a long swing as far as time is concerned. After all, a swing that began with Harry Truman and the Joe McCarthy days, in '48 or '50, continued right up to 1960—ten years. It continued under Eisenhower, though it did ease down toward the end of his term. Eisenhower was complacent; he wasn't a rightist, but he kind of rode along with the tide. I may be wrong but I don't think the rightist movement we are now in will ruin us, and by the end of the four years I would say the swing to the right will be over. Nixon is going to have real problems with the black militants and some problems with the Negro moderates.

Q. I remember that you, or Anderson, wrote several pieces perhaps not apologetic for the Chicago police but unfriendly toward the demonstrators.

A. That's correct.

Q. I was wondering if the Walker Report had changed your mind.

A. No. I think that the Walker Report quite properly emphasizes the fact that the police overreacted. We reported that, too. What we stressed was the part which the television networks and the television producers played in the whole thing. Our columns were aimed at trying to overbalance the deluge of criticism that came out at that time, aimed solely at Mayor Daley. I'm no champion of Daley, particularly, but I think he's been a pretty good mayor. I've met him only casually. Everybody was squawking about the fact that a few newspaper men had got beaten up. Well, the newspaper profession is hazardous—you can get killed. I've been beaten up myself—by Joe McCarthy. He hit me and kneed me.

Q. Since the Ethics Committee that the Senate set up at the time of the Dodd scandal was supposed to look into all the conduct to see if any other investigations were called for, and since there haven't been any, do you think it's reasonable for us to say that the rest of the Senate is clean, or was this Ethics Committee something of a fraud?

A. There is one Senator who would bear some intensive scrutiny, but he isn't getting it. That's Everett Dirksen. Dirksen is a lovable fellow but he is such an actor that he gets away with murder. He has a law firm which he constantly votes with or for on the floor of the Senate, on such things as higher-priced drugs and oil-depletion allowance. He is *really* blatant in his conduct but he is such a popular guy that no one will believe it of him. You look at his voting record. I'm not saying that what Dirksen is doing is illegal but it is highly unethical.

Q. But isn't the purpose of the Ethics Committee to look into ethics?

A. Certainly. They could well afford to look into Mr. Dirksen, but they won't.

Q. Then they are something of a fraud?

A. They are. The fact is they won't look into *any* Senator unless a newspaper man forces them to.

Q. In recent years a great many shady dealings have been uncovered relating to Congressmen but very little of the shadiness has been uncovered by Congress itself. Does this point to complicity of all 535 members, or stupidity, or ignorance?

A. I would say partially ignorance, but more than anything else, protectionism. They don't want to see any evil or hear any evil or speak any evil. You know the rules—they must not speak evil of a club member. They know what the score is. Take the case of Dodd, if I may. Several Senators, long before we went into his record, told me that he was unethical—they used stronger words than that. I think the only reason they went into Dodd extensively is that he made the mistake of writing them a letter, asking them to. After that they couldn't dodge it.

Q. Former Congressman Resnick once asked: Who runs Congress—the people or the lobbyists? And you remarked at that time, ironically, I'm sure, that this was an interesting but a foolish question. What did you mean by foolish?

A. The lobbyists run the Congress except when you can get a big issue up and get a lot of public opinion steamed up for that issue. I'll give you an illustration. Last summer there was a bill increasing the size of truck trailers, almost doubling their size. This coasted right through the Senate, right through the House committee, and then, thanks to some vigilance by some alert newspaper men—I'm sorry to say it was not me or Jack Anderson but a reporter for the Des Moines *Register* and another fellow from the Scripps-Howard newspapers—it was shown that members of the House committee had received contributions from the trucking lobby rather extensively and over some period of years. The public got steamed up about it, thanks to this publicity, and I believe the bill was stopped in committee.

Q. How many people now serving in Congress have been influenced, at one time or another, by gifts or favors from lobbyists?

A. In the House the percentage is larger. It would be very unfair to try to make a real estimate. When you take minor favors, 50 per cent—minor favors like free airplane rides or small Christmas gifts. Major gifts, the percentage is lower. In the Senate, the percentage is much less; 20 per cent for minor favors.

Q. Is there any possibility, or probability, that the questionable byplay between lobbyists and Congress can ever be stopped?



A. I don't think so.

Q. Some of these Congressional investigations seem to gear up and then just fizzle out. Do you think they are concocted as threats, for a kind of blackmail?

A. Sometimes. Pretty hard to put your finger on it, but there is one Congressman who is chairman of an important committee who has started some investigations and then suddenly they just go up in smoke.

Q. Would that be Mr. Celler?

A. It would be.

Q. Have you got any evidence or leads?

A. Well, he started an investigation of Pan American Airways some years ago, and Ed Levy, his counsel, who is now president of the University of Chicago, did a very thorough job of it and then nothing happened. I've talked to Levy about it; he defends Celler. (I think it was Levy; maybe I'm wrong, maybe it was the other counsel who is now on the Court of Customs Appeals.) But I did look into that and it seemed to me there was no excuse for dropping this investigation. Secondly, he had an investigation going on newspaper monopoly. He did some work on this, it looked very promising; then suddenly the investigation stopped. Senator Hart of Michigan picked it up and really has done a very thorough job. But Celler kissed it off.

Q. What could he get out of such a thing as that?

A. Well, he's got a law firm where he's still a member. I've talked to him about this and he doesn't like what I've said at all. Celler has done some great things for civil rights, he's been on the plus side as a Congressman. I think he's done great service to the United States as a whole, but on this I think he's very vulnerable.

Q. Mr. Pearson, part of our government is elected and part appointed. These are the visible parts. But we keep hearing there is an invisible arm of government that comes out of the posh law firms here in Washington. Is it true that they lay their mark on much of the legislation that passes? Is this "fraternity" concrete enough to be called an arm of the government?

A. Almost, but it's a little exaggerated. There are certain law firms, very astute and powerful—they've got brains, and many of their members have served in government. For an example, Lloyd Cutler, who represents the big automobile people. He's very shrewd and successful in, for instance, changing the auto safety codes, modifying them within this past year. He also represents Columbia Broadcasting Company and at one time he has served as counsel on the violence commission. He euchred, or maneuvered, the commission so that it went into a very superficial study of TV violence, at first. Subsequently Hale Boggs kicked to high heaven and now they are going into it more thoroughly.

Q. Would you say the big law firms' influence, in general, is for good or for bad?

A. Well, usually their influence is not too good. They're working for their clients and they are in their pay. And usually their clients are against the public.

Q. Then, on any important bill that would pit the public against special interests, we can be sure there are powerful law firms working on those bills?

A. Yes, you can be absolutely sure. Take, for instance, the bill that was passed a couple of years ago, rushed through the House of Representatives and subsequently the Senate, forbidding the Federal Trade Commission from regulating cigarette advertising. Now who put that across? The Tobacco Institute, and Covington & Burling helped on it. Covington & Burling is a very good law firm; they represented me; they are expert, they don't charge too much in law fees, and they produce. They produced here. Right now they're trying to produce further. On a very interesting point which I'm going to write about shortly. They're trying to get the American Cancer Society to lose its tax exemption.

Q. You mean because they're lobbyists?

A. Of course. They're lobbyists for better health.

Q. Compared to the large number of questionable activities on the part of Congressmen, the 300 or so Presidential appointees at the top seem to be rather pure. Are appointed officials more honest than elected ones?

A. I think they are. We're talking now about the federal government. I think you've got a very dedicated group of officials, for the most part, in the Executive branch of the government and always have had, ever since I have been in Washington. I would say that we have had for years one of the most honest governments in the world. I think it compares very favorably with the Scandinavian or the British. But there's another reason right now: Johnson, for the first time in history, required every bureaucrat and Cabinet member to file his assets.

Q. That started with Johnson?

A. Yes, with the Civil Service Commission—four times a year. You remember Harry Truman tried to do that and had trouble; Eisenhower never required it and

he had a lot of conflict of interests. Even so, even despite those conflicts of interest, I think the Executive branch of the government, even under Ike and Truman, though there were some problems under Truman, on the whole was honest.

Q. To what extent are regulatory agencies and the Congressional committees parallel to these agencies bought off in a gentlemanly roundabout fashion by the industry they are supposed to regulate?

A. They are bought off. To give you an illustration: Senator Pastore of Rhode Island, in my opinion, is a good Senator. In fact, he is one of the top Senators, except he has one great weakness. He is hand in glove with the networks. Whenever anything comes up regarding the networks—he is, I think, the second Democratic member on the Senate Commerce Committee—he always goes to their defense. I persuaded Magnuson to appoint a subcommittee to investigate some of the unethical practices in the TV industry. He appointed Yarborough as chairman, Gale McGee is a member, Hugh Scott is the minority member. And that committee was in existence for maybe seven or eight years—I forget exactly—and they weren't able to do a thing, for the simple reason that Pastore claimed that this was infringing on his prerogative. I'm sure that in his own mind Pastore doesn't feel that he is bought off and I'm sure that technically he's not—no cash has ever been exchanged. But they have been very adroit in buttering him up and making him out to be a very important Senator, which he is, and he steps in and he protects them just as if they had a paid lawyer there. It's a matter of friendship, but it works.

Q. When Lee Loevinger was head of antitrust he said the history of every regulatory agency in the government is that it comes to represent the industry or groups that it is supposed to control. He said the companies wine and dine their regulators and get to be great friends.

A. Yes. That's what happens to the Federal Communications Commission. We've brought out in the past that Chairman John Doerfer of the FCC cruised around on the yacht of George Storer, owner of a big chain of TV stations. Eventually he was kicked out—or was forced to resign. Various other commissioners have taken trips. There was one noticeable case, Commissioner Richard Mack, who accepted a loan from people who had litigation regarding Channel 10 in Miami.

Q. What about the other agencies? Is the FCC the worst in that regard?

A. Yes. The Interstate Commerce Commission has some friendships with railroads but they're not flagrant. It's hard to put your finger on.

Q. Just not much regulating gets done, is that it?

A. You said it exactly.

Q. Favoritism for special interests violates the broad, general one-man, one-vote idea. If you kept that one-man, one-vote idea and shifted over into the area of legislation or regulation, and you found favoritism, why wouldn't that violate the Constitution? And if it did and you could make a good case for favoritism being shown, why couldn't those people be prosecuted as though they had violated the law?

A. I think they could. I'm not familiar with the technicalities of the law. The problem is to get anybody to prosecute. Even when you've got clear-cut cases, it's asking a lot to get prosecution. I remember Parnell Thomas, Congressman from New Jersey, when he violated the kick-back law clearly. I had a heck of a time getting the Justice Department to prosecute. I went to Alex Campbell, who was chief of the criminal division, a very good man, and I said, "You're a Democrat and here's a Republican who has violated the law"; and he said, "Well, we haven't got a witness." So I went and got him a witness, Parnell Thomas' secretary, Helen Campbell. He said, "Well, all right." And he said to her, "Will you consent to be indicted?" She was reluctant to be indicted but she said she would, in order to plead a charge of conspiracy. She said, "Then what happens to me? Do I get a job?" And he said, "We'll get you a job." Well, Thomas was convicted and Helen Campbell ended up on *my* payroll! Until she retired at the age of 75.

Q. You mean it was left to you to give her a job?

A. Right. I employed her here about fifteen years. They didn't give her a job and somebody had to take care of her.

Q. Everyone agrees that politicians should be honored to the extent that they are public servants, but at what point do special privileges begin to spoil and corrupt?

A. I don't think you can fix any point. Once you have special privileges they begin to spoil almost immediately. The minute you give special privileges to a Congressman or Senator or any other government official, you're in danger.

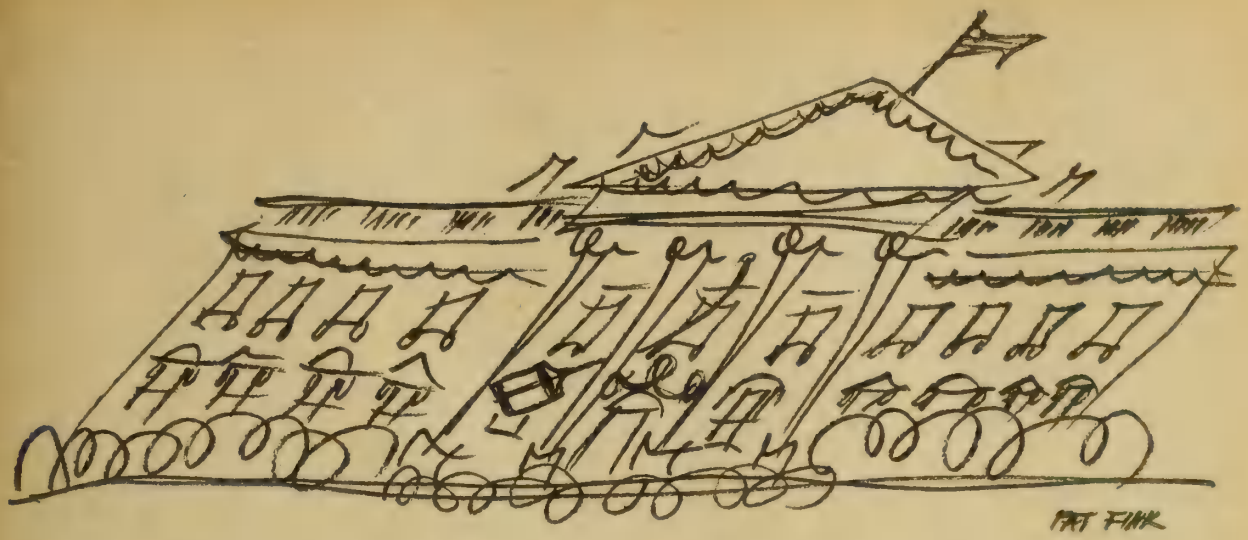
Q. Do you think we attract better people to run for public office by offering them, say, special immunities from arrest and higher pensions than most could hope for in private life—special insurance policies, etc.?

A. Of course, that's the purpose, but I don't believe we attract them. We should, but I don't believe we do.

Q. I wonder if there was a time that you can remember when there wasn't such treatment and we maybe had better members of Congress.

A. It is my impression that when I first came here, in 1925, you had a higher standard of ethics in the Senate. That was the time when Blair of Pennsylvania was kicked out for spending about $1 million in getting the nomination, and when Senator Smith of Illinois was kicked out for taking $100,000 in campaign money from Insull. And it was just after the Teapot Dome investigation, when Walsh of Montana was riding at the peak of his investigative prestige and doing a very good job and everybody was trying to be on their mettle to improve the quality of the Congress. It was in the wake of the Harding scandals and Coolidge had appointed some men to clean things up. We can say the ethics of Congress was better then than it is today. It would probably take a first-class scandal to shake it into reform action.

Q. Time and again over the past several decades you've shown how House and Senate members with financial interests in oil have finagled things around on behalf of the oil industry, how those with financial interests in



cotton or soybeans or some other farm commodity have bilked the public on behalf of their pocketbook, and so on. Yet you almost invariably have called this conflict of interests; that's your gentlemanly way. Isn't it really racketeering, Mr. Pearson?

A. It's high-class racketeering. That's a better description, I would say.

Q. Why don't you call them racketeers in your column? Why not be tougher on them?

A. I am against words that sound exaggerated; the public thinks the word racketeer, when used against a Congressman, is exaggerated and unfair. I think the reader gets the idea if you just recite the facts. In the case of Poage of Texas, for example, if you tell about the junkets he took to the Dominican Republic at the time of Trujillo and the things he did for Dominican sugar—increasing the sugar quota—the public gets the point. And then if you go on and show how he has championed the increase in farm subsidies up to as high as $2 million to $4 million for individual farmers, I think in California and Texas, the public gets the point. So although I think it might be fair to call him a racketeer, I would not use the term.

Q. To dwell on the point a little longer, in your book, *The Case Against Congress,* you say the great majority of Senators and Representatives in the U.S. Congress are honorable men. You go on to call them victims of a system. And yet, as your book so excellently shows, many of the people in Congress you are talking about transgress morality and the law. Do you think that maybe you've been too sympathetic?

A. I'm a little taken aback at your saying I've been too sympathetic. I suppose I've got more enemies per square inch on Capitol Hill than any place else in the world. I do call the majority honorable men. Because, number one, in the Senate, they are—a great majority. In the House the ratio is not so big. But I still think that the majority in the House are honorable.

Q. In your first book, *Washington Merry-Go-Round,* which came out in 1932, you said that the great majority of America's newspapers were "trivial, reactionary and subservient." What's more, you said that the Washington press corps was the slave to such influences. In your last book, your judgment of the press was much less harsh, but you still said that its watchdog functions "left a good deal to be desired." As a matter of fact, although the quality of reporting out of Washington has improved greatly since 1932, couldn't the great majority of American newspapers still be described as "trivial, reactionary and subservient"?

A. Yes. Eighty per cent of the newspapers are Republican owned. When a Republican administration is in power they naturally are inclined to protect that administration. When the Democratic administration is in power, they are delighted to have their newspaper correspondents investigate and criticize the administration. To do an adequate investigation of a government official or government department is not easy. It takes money, it takes time which is more valuable than money. And it takes risk. Last year, I spent at least $25,000 on legal fees alone. Which just about ate up my profit for the year. And I haven't lost any cases either. The average reporter can't afford the money or the time to do this. Some papers have been very good in backing them up, backing me up. *The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal. The New York Times* has dug more and more into some of these things. But the easy thing to do is to say, well, so what? I have worked awfully hard on some stories only to have them killed.

Q. Has this happened recently, Mr. Pearson?

A. Yes. During the recent election I had what I thought were some important stories about Nixon's law firm. For the first time in history we were about to have in the White House a man who was a member of an important New York law firm, with very big clients—railroads, oil companies, investment banks—so I went into some of the companies that he represents. I got a letter from one publisher, who is not a big publisher, and he said (*this is an exact quote*): "I have given instructions to my

editor to throw your columns in the wastepaper basket when they mention Nixon." I spent a lot of time on this, and I thought it was rather important.

Q. Did most of your editors run it?

A. Yes, most of them did.

Q. You have been criticized because you have used information from the FBI files. You wouldn't consider it fair for the FBI to publicize confidential information, yet you use confidential information from their files. How do you answer that question for yourself?

A. That's not an easy question for me to solve or to answer. The most recent case in which I used wire-tap information was that of Black, the lobbyist, who was convicted for income-tax evasion. He already had been convicted and he had been up for appeal and had been granted a new trial on the basis of these wire taps. So the wire taps then became automatically a matter of considerable public interest. They had not been released, but the fact that the courts had ruled that his wire had been tapped seemed to me to place this information in a somewhat less privileged category. Now I did not publish all of it—there were certain sections in there that were not published—not pertaining to him, however. We picked out and did publish such things as telephone conversations with certain Congressmen asking that defense plants be placed in their districts in order to get them re-elected. Carl Albert, Congressman from Oklahoma, who is a fine Congressman, wanted a defense plant placed by either General Dynamics or North American in his district so it would help. He wanted Black, who represented North American, to do this. Now *that* was very important for the public to know about because it illustrates the alliance between Congress and the Defense establishment and the industrial establishment. An alliance which *really* influences the United States more than any other single factor, in my opinion. And that I thought was important and should be published. There were some other similar things.

Another illustration: I wasn't criticized for this that I just told you about, but I was criticized for the one I am going to tell you about now. When Martin Luther King was killed, we found that the FBI had tapped his telephone for approximately one year. And it seemed to me, and to Jack [Anderson], that this was the kind of surveillance that should not have happened. And Robert Kennedy had signed the wire-tap order. It seemed to us that the Negro leader was entitled to privacy on his telephone, as I think a newspaper man is entitled to privacy on his telephone, and others. So we did some rather extensive investigation about this, and we did quote from some of the FBI reports on Martin Luther King. The one part where we were criticized was in regard to an FBI reference to King's sex life. I debated that for a month, and finally used a small portion—I didn't use very much.

Q. Did you have the whole transcript?

A. I had an extensive part of it, yes. I don't believe it was all of it, but it was extensive. I left out the major portion. I think the column carried only one paragraph. This was a debatable point, but we used it. His followers were very critical.

Q. What was your purpose in using that one paragraph, to show what?

A. Well, I think to show that King was not superhuman.

Q. As a matter of fact, J. Edgar Hoover was putting it around to favored newsmen, something about Martin Luther King in a hotel room—I remember reading it in Marquis Child's column. So Hoover was unloading it as he wished to anyway.

A. I think he was talking to a few newspaper men. He didn't talk to us, by the way. Hoover does not like me, *at all*.

Q. Have you had your own phone bugged, Mr. Pearson?

A. I have so many people tapping my phone that I sell commercials on it. I can't tell, and I don't worry about it. The only thing that I have to be careful about are news sources. When I talk to Jack Anderson on the telephone about news sources, we leave out names.

Q. I read *Behind the Lines*, your biography, and it says that once you went to Lyndon Johnson privately in 1950 and asked if he could defend you against an attack you anticipated from Joe McCarthy on the floor of the Senate, but that Johnson refused to help you. Looking back on it, do you think it wise—would you have sought that favor if you had it to do over again?

A. Johnson was not a great Senator at that time; he was not Senate Majority Leader. Yes, I wouldn't hesitate to go to a Senator who knew me and knew that I was not a Communist and ask him to say that I was not. I would have no hesitancy in so doing. If you're being unjustly attacked on the Senate floor where you don't have privilege, and the attacking Senator does, I would like to have a little help. Fortunately they didn't believe what he said about me, but I couldn't be sure in advance.

Q. I understand that for your help in the administration's effort to purge then Sen. Millard Tydings, that President Roosevelt after that cleared every federal appointment in Maryland with you before it was made. Let me ask you two questions: Do you think it wise for a columnist to participate like that, in a campaign; and do you think it wise to accept that type of recognition for your help?

A. No on both counts.

Q. You wouldn't do it if you had it to do over again? You've not made that mistake since then?

A. No, I haven't. Millard Tydings and I had been rather friendly as young bachelors around town in the early days. But he proceeded to crucify my father, who had been appointed Governor of the Virgin Islands by Herbert Hoover, as a Republican. Tydings was a Democrat and wanted him out. And the things that he did against him were almost beyond belief. It eventually killed my father. He died in 1938. That's why I did my best to defeat Tydings.

Q. And FDR did clear appointments with you?

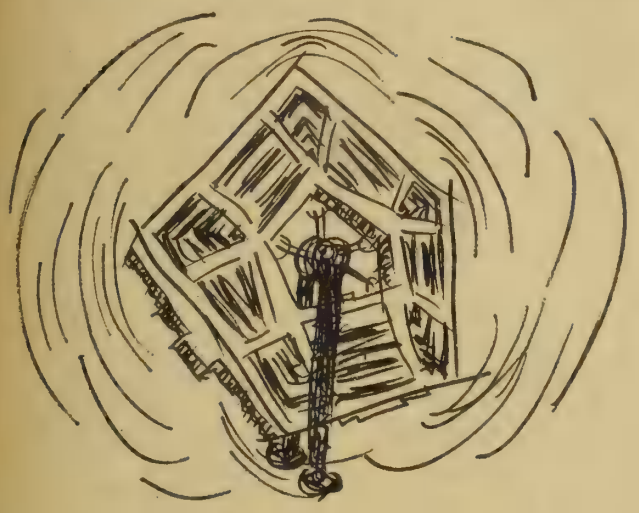
A. Yes, he did—Maryland appointments. Roosevelt was eager to destroy the political hold Tydings had on the

state of Maryland. Tydings had built up his little airtight political kingdom there.

Q. How many times have you been sued?

A. Can't remember. Some of the suits have been relatively minor, but maybe fifty times. Congressman Bramblett of California brought a $100,000 libel suit against me and he dropped it immediately after we had him indicted; he was convicted. So if you count those suits that were dropped, it might come to fifty.

Q. I guess the most famous was the $1,750,000 suit filed against you by the late General MacArthur. It's sort of a classic mystery. Why was the thing dropped? You never explained it. At this time, would you care to?



A. MacArthur was confronted with the evidence, which was overwhelming against him. We had said he had lobbied for his own promotion, that he strutted, that he evicted the bonus army from Washington. One of his girl friends came across with all the evidence against him.

Q. You mean, just on that? On the bonus march? That was right out in the open, wasn't it?

A. We were not worried about that anyway. But on some of the others, such as lobbying for his own promotion.

Q. So you just confronted MacArthur with a lot of stuff, and told him, if you're going to push this thing we're just going to have to bring it up in court?

A. No, we had not known about this information until he brought the suit. Frequently it happens that when someone brings a suit it serves as a lightning rod and his enemies come to you and say, look, so-and-so is suing you, did you know this? Ross Collins, Congressman from Mississippi, who was head of the Appropriations Committee for the War Department, as it was then, suggested to me—he said, "You know, MacArthur's been keeping a girl in the Chastleton Apartments, on 16th Street just up the street from the White House? The Chinese girl." I didn't pay much attention to Ross Collins' advice but he was right. This Chinese girl he had kept in the Philippines and had brought over here, she'd been keeping a diary, with all these entries, so we just got in touch with MacArthur's attorney. That was all there was to it.

Q. The entries were about his official life?

A. Official life and private life, both.

Q. Would it have made pretty racy reading?

A. Very. It would have sold like hot cakes.

Q. How many good stories like this have you held back, over the years?

A. Oh, I don't believe there were many. The sex life of important people, I haven't printed. And there has been some sex life.

Q. Under what conditions in general, other than national security, should a reporter hesitate to write a story about which he knew his facts were accurate?

A. Well, almost never, other than national security. I think that perhaps when a man is dead you should think about it a little bit, if it's going to injure his family. But if the man was very important and the events that are involved are important to the public welfare, even then it should be written.

Q. You were the first to point out that Mendel Rivers has a liquor problem, and you have warned that inasmuch as he is chairman of the Armed Services Committee and privy to many defense secrets, his sobriety or lack of it can pose grave questions of national security. Do you know of other heavy drinkers in Congress who are similar national security risks? Is the nation helpless to do anything about it so long as their constituents keep voting them back into office?

A. Russell Long of Louisiana, Tom Dodd, Adam Clayton Powell have had a problem. There are some others, but not too many in the Senate.

Q. In addition to drinking, is there the woman-chasing type of security risk in Congress?

A. Oh, yes, many. There's a proverbial saying, when girls take jobs with certain Congressmen they have to buy track shoes.

Q. This would be a security problem, wouldn't it?

A. I don't believe so, because most men are not so easily blackmailed in regard to that; they are blackmailed in regard to homosexuality.

Q. Is there any of that in Congress, that you know of?

A. Well, I don't know. I suspect there is, but I don't know.

Q. You have dined frequently with Presidents, and with every important person in government. Where do you have to watch yourself lest you become too friendly? Is there any sort of a measure in your own mind?

A. It's a very difficult problem. There was a time when I didn't accept any invitations to the White House during Roosevelt's administration, though I did go down to see him privately. During the Truman administration I was never asked, so there was no problem there. He had three people on the list he never invited—one was Clare Booth Luce, one was Adam Clayton Powell, and one was me. All three of us had been critical of his wife. I didn't mean to be, but he thought I was. Mrs. Truman is an awfully nice woman. But, anyway, getting back to your question: it's difficult. Actually I don't be-

lieve going to the White House alone or going to dinner gets you obligated.

Q. I don't mean obligated. I mean, if you got to like a President personally you might slack off in criticism. Isn't there that danger?

A. I know what you mean, and I was going to go on to say that you get to know Cabinet officers, and other high officials in government, and you have a problem. A *real* problem. Sometimes they can be very hurt when you criticize them after you have met them socially. On the other hand, some of them will take it in their stride, kiss it off and say, it's all fair in love and war and politics. I'll give you an illustration: the other day I met Edward Day, former Postmaster General. He is a nice fellow and I've known him quite well. I had written a piece—he now represents the firm which sells TV sets—about how he had lobbied with the House of Representatives to change a bill which would require standards in regard to radioactivity. I saw him the other day and found he had just shrugged it off. But some fellows are very petty. The big caliber people know that they're in this kind of a game and have to take the criticism with the praise.

Q. It seems that I recall reading recently that somebody was the ghost writer with you on your novel.

A. Yeah—Gerald Green. He helped me, as I pointed out in the frontispiece of the book.

Q. When I read about your ghost writer, I thought to myself, Mr. Pearson belittled President Kennedy for getting someone to write *Profiles in Courage*, and here he's using this man to help him write his novel. Do you think that was a fair criticism?

A. [*Pearson chuckles.*] It was a natural thought. However, as I said, I gave Green credit and I offered to give him more credit.

Q. You know the power of a column intrigues me, that is, the measurement of the power. How many readers do you have?

A. It's estimated from 30 million to 50 million; it's pretty hard to say.

Q. It is said that you think perhaps your interview with Khrushchev in 1961 helped lead to the test-ban treaty, and more East-West trade, and to the present period of coexistence. Does your column really have that sort of influence?

A. I think it did help in that case. First place, I published rather extensive quotes following two days with Khrushchev and that was widely carried not only in my own column but was picked up by other newspapers and reprinted. At that time, I went out on what many people thought was a limb. I said that I thought that Khrushchev potentially could be a friend. And that we could trust him as a friend. Or words to that effect. I was criticized for this by some editors, but I think I was right and still think I was right. Maybe it's an exaggeration to claim that this changed sentiment in the United States, but we were in the process of changing. Mr. Kennedy had had an unfortunate showdown with Khrushchev in Vienna three or four months before. When I came back from seeing Khrushchev I had a talk with Kennedy, told him about our talk, and in fact gave him a message from Khrushchev. Although Kennedy didn't react immediately to it, later he did. I had talks also with Robert Kennedy, Averell Harriman, some of the people in the State Department. They all were anxious to know all the details of what Khrushchev had said and how he had acted. In fact, I had a long session with the CIA. I didn't tell them anything beyond what I subsequently wrote except possibly in more detail. I told all of them that I was convinced that Khrushchev had some trouble from his own military, which was later brought out because he was kicked out, and some trouble from his own reactionary clique in the Kremlin. And that he wanted to iron out his problems with the United States.

Q. What's been your objective as a columnist? Any sort of an impulse that has kept you going besides just the fun of it all?

A. Well, I don't make an awful lot of money, and although I do have some fun, the headaches sometimes outweigh it. You asked me whether I get outraged—I don't think I do any more as much as I used to. My chief motive is to try to make the government a little cleaner, a little more efficient, and I would say also, in foreign affairs, to try to work for peace. I began life wanting to be a diplomat. I didn't have the money to go into career diplomacy so I went into newspaper work and I think I have made some contributions for better understanding around the world. It wasn't merely my talk with Khrushchev that helped in this direction. I also spent some time visiting Tito, and the leaders of the Communist world—in Romania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia—and have attended some journalistic conferences in those countries at a time when you risked being called pro-Communist. And I think I may have had a little bit to do with the policy of people-to-people friendship which Eisenhower adopted in 1955 with the Geneva Summit Conference. I had urged this on him personally, even before he became President. And I kept harping on it, talking about it, and working on it with various State Department people. Tried to work for it, write about it, and may have had a little something to do with it. So, I would like to say, in answer to your question, that that is one of the things that motivates me. Arthur Goldberg was good enough, when he became UN Ambassador, to offer me a job as his assistant which was very flattering and tempting.

Q. You couldn't have possibly taken it, could you?

A. If I had quit being a newspaper man, yes.

Q. What post could conceivably tempt you out of your column?

A. I wasn't tempted—I didn't take it.

Q. Would you take an ambassadorship, Mr. Pearson?

A. No.

Q. Why are you on the comic page in *The Washington Post*?

A. Well, when Eugene Meyer first persuaded us to leave the Washington *Times-Herald* for the *Post* we were a little critical of some of his friends and he finally put the column way back on the comic page out of the way. I've always enjoyed being back there.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Private Gardens, Cloisters, Silent Women

ROBERT BLY

Mr. Bly is a poet, and editor and publisher of the Sixties Press. The article below, in slightly different form, will appear as the introduction to Forty Poems of Juan Ramón Jiménez, *chosen and translated by Robert Bly. The poems which follow the article are a selection from the book where they will appear with the Spanish originals (Sixties Press).*

To Juan Ramón Jiménez a poem means ecstasy: that is the difference between poetry and prose. Living as a poet means feeling that ecstasy every day of your life, every hour if possible.

His poems are signposts pointing the reader back to the life from which the ecstasy came. Jiménez said that he lived his life in such a way as to get the most poetry possible out of it, and he loved solitude, private gardens, cloisters, silent women with large eyes.

His poems ask the question: what sort of life shall we live so as to feel poetry, ecstasy? His emphasis on how the poet *lived*, rather than on rhythm or technique, is precisely why so much poetry flowed from him into the young poets. In his life he embodied as Yeats did some truth about poetry that everyone, but especially poetry professors, try to ignore and do ignore.

We can understand the subject matter of Jiménez's poems if we understand that it is in solitude that a man's emotions become very clear to him. Jiménez does not write of politics or religious doctrines, of the mistakes of others, not of his own troubles or even his own opinions but only of solitude, and the strange experiences and the strange joy that come to a man in solitude. Jiménez's books usually consist of emotion after emotion called out with great force and delicacy, and it must be said that his short, precise poems make our tradition of the long egotistic ode look rather absurd. Seeing the beauty of a sunset, for instance, he does not, with many stanzas, complicated syntax, and involved thoughts, write a long elaborate ode on immortality—he simply says:

Serene last evening,
Short as a life,
End of all that was loved,
I want to be eternal!

(Translated by Carlos Francisco de Zea)

This is what he calls "naked poetry." It is poetry near the emotion. He has a wonderful poem in which he says that in his youth, when poetry first came to him, she came to him like a very young girl, naked, and he loved her. Then, later, she began to put on ornaments and become very elaborate, and he began to hate her, without knowing why. Then, years later, she began to trust him, and now, at last, is a young girl, naked, again —"naked poetry, that I have loved all my life!"

Jiménez, as a poet, was born in the great and joyful reviving of Spanish poetry about 1905, led by Antonio Machado, Unamuno and himself, who all dreamed of a new blossoming of Spain. Jiménez was not robust. He was delicate, neurasthenic, and slipped off into insanity more than once. Yet his devotion to poetry was healthy and rigorous. He was more generous to younger poets than Yeats was; he spent years editing poetry magazines and starting publishing ventures to get poets in print, endless afternoons poring over young poets' manuscripts. His delight and Machado's stubbornness prepared the way for the great generation of 1928: Lorca, Aleixandre, Salinas, Guillén. They all knew it. Lorca's early poems are imitations of Juan Ramón, as they always called him. Juan Ramón threw up light and airy houses made out of willows, and in so many different designs that all the coming Spanish poets found themselves living in one or another of his willow houses before they moved out to their own house. Jiménez even anticipated Lorca's mature work. Juan Ramón Jiménez came to the United States in 1916 to marry Zenobia Camprubi, who was the sister of a man who owned a Spanish-language newspaper in New York. Jiménez lived in New York and Boston for a few months, and wrote *Diary of a Poet Recently Married*, a book about the United States, but still not well known here. Thirteen years before Lorca he met the "King of Harlem" walking up Fifth Avenue; he describes the meeting in his prose poem "Deep Night," translated in this collection. The crippled Negro whom he calls "king of the city" is clearly the same Negro of whom Lorca said:

Tu gran rey prisionero, con un traje de conserje!
(Your great imprisoned king, dressed as a janitor!)

Anyone who knows the work of Guillén, Salinas or Alberti will also see Juan Ramón Jiménez in their poems, seated quietly on the sandy bottom, clearly visible through the sunlit water, like a magic water creature.

When Franco won, almost all the poets of that magnificent spring were killed or went into exile; Lorca was killed by Franco's militia during the war, and Miguel Hernández died in a Franco prison in 1942. With Rafael Alberti, Jorge Guillén, Pedro Salinas, Emilio Prados, Manuel Altolaguirre, and Luis Cernauda, Jiménez went into exile. He lived for a while in Chevy Chase, Md., then in Puerto Rico. Later Franco asked him to return to Spain, but he refused.

His love for his wife was one of the greatest devotions of his life, and he wrote many of his poems for her. When he received the Nobel Prize in 1956, his wife was on her deathbed, and he told reporters to go away, that he would not go to Stockholm, that his wife should have had the Nobel Prize, and that he was no longer interested. After his wife died, he did not write another poem and died a few months later, in the spring of 1958.

Jiménez and Rubén Darío, the Nicaraguan, gave a great gift to Spanish poetry: an emphasis on pleasure. Herbert Marcuse in his *Eros and Civilization* talks of how many Americans are crippled because of the puritanical adherence to duty, to the reality principle. They are crippled because they are addicted to boring sobriety, harshness, duty, "responsibilities of life," business. They think it is their duty to accept boredom in politics, to stay inside on a moonlit night, and to be miserable, selling or teaching, doing what they don't want to do. If they avoid delight, they feel more mature. Americans are crippled because they give up, perhaps at 10 or 15, all hope of being happy. Juan Ramón Jiménez is aware of all this—only the Spanish temperament is as puritanical as the American. His work pulls the psyche toward pleasure. His poems are an elaborate defense of the pleasure principle. He sees the humor and drama of making such a defense today. He talks to the full moon:

The basil is not asleep,
The ant is busy.
Are you going around naked
In the house?

(The following are Mr. Bly's translations of six poems which are to appear in *Forty Poems of Juan Ramón Jiménez.*)

FULL CONSCIOUSNESS

You are carrying me, full consciousness, god that has desires,
all through the world.
Here, in this third sea,
I almost hear your voice: your voice, the wind,
filling entirely all movements;
eternal colors and eternal lights,
sea colors and sea lights.

Your voice of white fire
in the universe of water, the ship, the sky,
marking out the roads with delight,
engraving for me with a blazing light my firm orbit:
a black body
with the glowing diamond in its center.

OCEANS

I have a feeling that my boat
Has struck, down there in the depths,
Against a great thing.
And nothing
Happens! Nothing . . . Silence . . . Waves . . .

—Nothing happens? Or has everything happened,
And are we standing now, quietly, in the new life?

'THE LUMBER WAGONS'

The lumber wagons are already there.
—The pines and the wind have told us,
the golden moon has told us,
the smoke and the echo have told us . . .
They are the carts that go by
in these afternoons at dusk,
the lumber wagons carrying
the dead trees down from the mountain.
What a sound of crying from these carts
on the road to Pueblo Nuevo!
The oxen come along
in the starlight, daydreaming
about their warm stalls in the barn
smelling of motherhood and hay.
And behind the lumber wagons
the ox-drivers are walking,
the ox-prod on their shoulders,
and eyes watching the sky.
What a sound of crying from these carts
on the road to Pueblo Nuevo!
The dead trees as they move
through the calm of the fields
leave behind a fresh honest smell
like a heart thrown open.
The Angelus falls
from the steeple of the ancient town
over the stripped fields
which smell like a cemetery.
What a sound of crying from these carts
on the road to Pueblo Nuevo!

DAWNS OF MOGUER

The silver poplars
rising out of the fog!
The lonesome wind there
moving over the dark
marsh—an earthquake
that is not real—and Huelva,
stretched out, far away, rose-colored!
Above the sea, toward La Rabida,
in the moist pear-gray
of the sky, with the night
still cold behind its crude dawn—
a horizon of pines—
cold behind its white dawn,
the baffled moon!

ROAD

They all are asleep, below.
Above, awake,
the helmsman and I.

He, watching the compass needle, lord
of the bodies, with their keys turned
in the locks. I, with my eyes
toward the infinite, guiding
the open treasures of the souls.

DAWN OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS

You can see the face of everything, and it is white—
plaster, nightmare, adobe, anemia, cold—
turned to the east. Oh closeness to life!
Hardness of life! Like something
in the body that is animal—root, slag-ends—
with the soul still not set well there—
and mineral and vegetable!
Sun standing stiffly against man,
against the sow, the cabbages, the mud wall!
—False joy, because you are merely
in time, as they say, and not in the soul!

The entire sky taken up
by moist and steaming heaps,
a horizon of dung piles.
Sour remains, here and there,
of the night. Slices
of the green moon, half-eaten,
crystal bits from false stars,
plaster, the paper ripped off, still faintly
sky-blue. The birds
not really awake yet, in the raw moon,
streetlight nearly out.
Mob of beings and things!
—A true sadness, because you are really deep
in the soul, as they say, not in time at all!

Melancholy Monument

RANDALL JARRELL: The Complete Poems. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 507 pp. $10.*

HAYDEN CARRUTH

Mr. Carruth is a poet, novelist and critic. His most recent book is a study of Camus, After the Stranger *(Macmillan).*

Randall Jarrell was a romanticist of the generation which came to adulthood during the miserable 1930s in a society whose most active intellectual centers were dominated by the thought and style of T. S. Eliot and, behind him, of Irving Babbitt. Jarrell reacted as did the others. He launched into a search for a way out of the social and cultural order which seemed to him, and which was, superannuated. More than this, he launched—in spite of his Southern politesse, for he was born in Nashville and graduated from Vanderbilt—with an eagerness that was virtually demoniacal. Among his romantic contemporaries, he was an especially pure example of the type—at least so I have always thought. He was what Jacques Barzun has called an *intrinsic* romanticist; that is, a figure existing outside the primary epoch of European romanticism but still exhibiting the romanticist's primary characteristics.

What these are is open to question. But leaving aside the secondary characteristics, such as the romanticist's commitments to freedom, to individualism, to irrationalism, etc., certainly one of his primary characteristics is his hang-up between man's power and man's misery, between the vision of glory and the experience of degradation. "Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains." In his youth this was precisely the paradox that Jarrell saw in the world around him: at the top a culture oriented toward tradition and devoted to the methodical delectation of aesthetic splendor, at the bottom a society sick in every member, vitiated by pain and injustice. As the 1930s advanced—Harlan County, Abyssinia, Detroit, Spain—the realities were unmistakable. But so were Jarrell's longings. For years the commonest locution in his poems was the phrase "and yet . . ." uttered sometimes wistfully, sometimes mordantly, sometimes in hollow despair.

To surmount this impasse the romanticist seeks a faith, or at least a synthesis, which will define and accommodate both sides of the paradox. Historically speaking, few have managed it, especially among the poets. Probably the commonest way out has been through radical social action, based on Hegelian concepts of history. For poets a surer but much more difficult course has been the ascent from romantic agony to genuine tragic vision, which in turn destroys its own romantic base by imposing upon it the classical order of the tragic world. The great example, of course, is Goethe. In our own time we have the smaller but very instructive case of Theodore Roethke. He began with a verbal and mental style different from Jarrell's, granted, but with much the same poetic materials, the same view of nature and human reality; but he converted them into an at least sporadically consistent tragic vision. Roethke continued to write with more and more depth of feeling until he died, while Jarrell, almost exactly contemporary, dwindled away into fragments and exercises.

Not that Jarrell didn't try. Social action was effectively denied him, since his connection with the amorphous, self-doubting radicalism of the *Partisan Review* was doomed from the start to futility. Apparently conventional religious faith was also inaccessible to him. But he tried other means of escape, especially by pursuing romantic revulsion to its logical ends in dream and fantasy. Time and again he constructed elaborate dream visions, Germanic—not to say Gothic—in style, from within which he looked out at the "dream" of the waking world and denounced it. But the stress of actuality always supervened. Jarrell was sane, excruciatingly sane, and he could never secure his dream beyond the limits of a few separate, though quite splendid, poems.

Similarly he tried, but only half-heartedly, to commit himself to the mystique of creative impunity, to the expressionistic anti-world of style and imagination; he tried to give himself, not to the meretricious elites of Gottfried Benn and Wyndham Lewis (he was too radical for that) but to the commonalty of alienated poets—troubadours, dandies—preserved against social, moral and metaphysical blight by the self-sustaining integrity of their creative endeavor. In a few passages he sounds surprisingly like Vachel Lindsay. But it is noteworthy that Jarrell's most consistent statement of these ideas occurs in neither his poetry nor his criticism but in a story for children, *The Bat Poet*. He didn't believe it himself. Jarrell simply could not forgo the exquisite anguish of his dual attachment to vision and experience. In the end he was left in the wilderness of romantic nihilism with no base but sensibility.

The results are evident. In his criti-

John Kenneth Galbraith

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DOUBLEDAY



cism Jarrell gave us vibrant readings of individual poets, Frost, Williams and others, but no theoretical statement of importance. In the last twenty years of his poetry, although the dream poems and a few others are interesting, he fell more and more into fragmentary utterance, false starts, scraps and notes, and into set pieces—"story poems" and "character poems," updated Robert Frost—that lacked the verve of his youthful work. Then, too, there was the endless translating and retranslating of the German poets, especially Rilke. What Jarrell needed, apparently, in order to write successfully, was an occasion which gave him not only the reality of an episode and the framework in which to place it but a certain distance from the complexity of the ordinary world; and the only sustained occasion of this kind which occurred in his life was World War II. Jarrell's war poems are his best in every sense. They are the most alive poetically, the most consistent thematically.

All this is what I have thought for some years, and in reading *The Complete Poems* I find it confirmed. The book would be a melancholy monument at best. Here is Randall Jarrell complete and completed, the same Randall Jarrell who so enlivened our literary and social consciences only a short time ago: at least the time must seem short to readers of my generation. Now he is stuffed in a great fat tome, for the dusty corner of a low shelf, to be looked at once and then forgotten. Well, the poems deserve far better. Some of them are great.

The book contains all Jarrell's poems from his previous books, plus three additional sections: one for new work written between his last book and his death, a second for poems published in magazines but not previously collected, the third for earlier unpublished poems. It is, we are made to understand, complete. But curiously it is the only book of its kind that I know in which we discover no hint of the person upon whose authority we are to accept either its completeness or its other attributions: it has no editor; which accounts for the unusual form of the headnote to this review. I have given the bibliographical data as they appear on the title page, and nothing further can be learned from the book or its dust jacket.

We have, then, a considerable bulk of poetry, in which the war poems make a distinct, superior unit. They are not many, perhaps thirty or forty altogether, but even if they were fewer they would be a remarkable achievement. How anyone could write while soldiering is difficult to understand; as one who went through the war unable to write a word, I can only marvel. But Jarrell had been writing for nearly ten years before America entered the war. His early poems are sometimes mannered or imitative, and often artificially opaque; but from the first, as nearly as one can tell, he wrote with ease, and suffered none of the verbal embarrassment customary among young poets. When the war came he already possessed a developed poetic vocabulary and a mastery of forms. Under the shock of war his mannerisms fell away. He began to write with stark, compressed lucidity.

Nowadays we commonly hear critics declare that World War II produced no memorable poetry. Even a critic as acute as George Steiner has said that the poetry of 1940-45 is without "the control of remembrance achieved by Robert Graves or Sassoon" in 1914-18 (*The Death of Tragedy*). To this I can only reply that if I know what "control of remembrance" means, in my experience the poems of Jarrell have it, and they have it pre-eminently. I am certain that other readers of my age, those who were there, find in these poems of soldiers and civilians, the dead, wounded and displaced, the same truth that I do.

Warfare gave Jarrell the antagonist he needed; not fate, not history, not the state, not metaphysical doubt but all these rolled into one—The War—that brute momentous force sweeping a bewildered generation into pathos, horror and death. Today our young dissenters and resisters sometimes ask us why we didn't resist too, why we were willing to go along with the militarists. Shamefacedly and unsuccessfully, we try to explain that willingness had nothing to do with the matter. But we needn't try; it is all there in Jarrell's poems. Cannot they be republished separately—and *cheaply*—with a proper introduction and editorial notes where needed? It would be a benefaction to all concerned. The irresistibility of the war, the suffering of its victims, Americans, Germans, Japanese—Jarrell wrote it all with equal understanding, equal humane sympathy. And he wrote it then, there, at that time and in those places, with power, spontaneity and perfect conviction. Against what I have already said about his poetry, I must in basic honesty conclude with an amendment: in his powerful war poems Randall Jarrell did rise, as if in spite of himself and at the command of a classical force outside his own consciousness, to his moment of tragic vision.

Pieces of a Broken Mirror

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. *By James Wright. Wesleyan University Press. 43 pp. $4. Paper $2.*

THE NAOMI POEMS. *By Bill Knott. Follett Publishing Co. 64 pp. $3.95. Paper $2.45.*

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of The Heresy of Self-Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism *(Basic Books).*

A generous fantasy has enlivened American poetry during these past years. With the help of our poets, and of writers like Norman Mailer, we have come to recognize, shudderingly, that what we see writ large in the brutal events of the day is but a shadow of the personal script of our shyest secrets. A traffic jam blurred by exhaust clouds becomes a mental event; a political demonstration, a place to live out dream gestures; a war, a bog of secret self-discoveries.

I think of the river James Wright describes in his new book. It has two shores, "The one in hell, the other/ In Bridgeport Ohio." We straddle the river between hell and Ohio. Between our personal carbon monoxide, and that dull street in America where we are waiting for all the lights to change. But what if we are the river, flowing between the inner and the outer shore? Is that perhaps what Mr. Wright is telling us? Like any likely river, we need both shores if we are to have a name, a shape, and a hope to bear up our end of civilization, which needs bearing up.

So many of the poems in James Wright's new book are attempts at prayer: enormously quiet, as if they hoped to pass *underneath* the jarred noises of the rooms, fields, streets and cities where they are spoken. They plead and thank, but for uncertain gifts. The grace they implore has a hard, almost bitter edge to it: "Men have a right to thank God for their loneliness." Wright's poems are the prayers of a man longing to be forgotten; for whom the emptiness of the Midwestern heaven has become strangely, unexpectedly consoling:

> *The Sixth Day remained evening, deepening further down,*
> *Further and further down, into night,*
> *a wounded black angel*
> *Forgotten by Genesis.*

The book's title, *Shall We Gather At The River*, brings to mind an old prayer meeting: people huddled near a prairie stream, made small by the endless flat spaces and by the uncomplicated hugeness of the sky. Their prayers will have a long way to travel. Under such a sky

more faith will be needed than in some intricate church building. But the title also asks a question. Shall we gather at the river? What is it worth to pray when my voice can only measure the blank space it has failed to penetrate? "I am afraid of my own prayers," says Wright, perhaps because they draw close to him, for a moment, the windy emptiness that has consumed them. The poem, "A Prayer To The Lord Ramakrishna," ends:

No!
I kneel down, naked, and ask forgiveness,
A cold drizzle blows into the room,
And my shoulders flinch to the bone.
You have nothing to do with
Sleep on.

The God will not wake up. Wright will continue to inscribe his prayers, wishing they were "grass," scraping them "on the wall of the drunk tank," with a "raw fingernail." Never will he know if his prayers are reaching far; if his despair has taken wing or if, instead, it has become a mirror in which he discovers the persona of his poems: a skeleton, a "full blooded Sioux Indian," a "red spider," a bum drowned in a suck hole: the unknown faces of himself.

Wright's imagination is most comfortable in this world of surreal explorations. The solid answers of heaven may be doubtful; but the other eye—the spiritual, third eye—flickers quietly open in this space of lyrical secrets.

The most successful poems in *Shall We Gather At The River*, make quiet, free-wheeling movements between Wright's private space of "white birds," a space piled high "with the secrets of the wheat and the mysterious lives/ Of the unnamed poor," and those angular streets of Minneapolis or Chicago where, he tells us, there are men "who labor dawn after dawn/ To sell me my death." Faced with the emptiness of the God who "sleeps on," Wright turns timidly toward the abyss, toward those dread companions, his own fearful identities. And they do not fail him. His search is painful, and the poems set a mood of quiet despair. When the poet looks outward, he sees a place where "a cop's palm/ Is a roach dangling down the scorched fangs/ Of a light bulb." It is the haunted public place, shaped like a dream of paranoia. And yet it is not a dream, for the fears are real. America has enlarged the intricate madness, giving us "Highschool backfields (that) search under benches/ Near the Postoffice. Their faces are the rich/ Raw bacon without eyes."

But when Wright opens the spiritual eye, it too sees deadly images, as in "Three Sentences For A Dead Swan," part of which I quote:

Now one after another I let the black scales fall
From the beautiful black spine
Of this lonesome dragon that is born on the earth at last,
My black fire,
Ovoid of my darkness,
Machine-gunned and shattered hillsides of yellow trees
In the autumn of my blood where the apples
Purse their wild lips and smirk knowingly
That my love is dead.

The machine guns, the shattered hillsides have detached themselves from the gross warnings of newspaper, TV and radio, becoming part of an inward language. They describe how the poet has rediscovered all the wars housed in his own small world. America and he understand each other, as they lay waste the land. And yet the poet's voice contains an art of survival, for it has reopened the connections between the inner and the outer violence.

Poems like "The Minneapolis Poem," "Before A Cashier's Window In A Department Store," "Willie Lyons," "In Memory Of Leopardi," "To The Muse" (these are only a few), cross between the two worlds with ghostly smoothness. They explore both shores of the river that flows between hell and Bridgeport, Ohio; between personal madness, and "the rich raw bacon without eyes."

Shall We Gather At The River is, in many ways, James Wright's strongest book. By dint of sheer labor—the kind of spiritual labor Kierkegaard meant when he wrote: "He who does the work becomes his own father"—he has hardened and shaped the despairing moments described by his poems. What might have been self-pity has undergone a change into clear, strong poetry. Also impressive is how Wright has managed, so often, to rise above the modish style of surrealist pastoral elegy which he himself, along with Robert Bly, had done so much to create. How far beyond it he has moved can be seen by comparing the few poems in this new book where the old style still appears with the many poems I have cited.

To write poetry today is to hold up pieces of a broken mirror. The believable forms have been ground to bits by a century of millstones. Now fragments of the self crawl over a living rubble of culture. To taste the wholeness of his experience, the poet must carry the mirror very close, dangerously close. What he sees in it will be scarcely visible: not a procession of worldly forms but the hub of a spiritual wheel whose center is *me*, and whose outer rim is everywhere. His poem will be "fantastic," "surreal," "metaphoric," "fragmented" or dubiously "unpoetic"; a jagged yet necessary fiction, like a chemical element still to be discovered, though a gap in the psychic chart tells us it must be there. The poem is a tentative theory of the missing element, a sketch of what it would be like if the void were filled. (Do we yet understand the role of "emptyness" in poetry? Baudelaire's ennui, the stoic ataraxy, i.e., that mysterious Eastern ability to *wait and see*, when the psychic wheels have exhausted their inertia and, for a moment, are still, before the horses of the blood have kicked them into motion again.)

Bill Knott's first book, *The Naomi Poems*, is one of the most elusive and unusual collections by a young poet. It is elusive because Mr. Knott holds the sharp edges of the mirror so close to the reader and to the world that we do not recognize at once what we are seeing. Elusive also because Knott's poetry is uneven, though in the way of honesty. We are given the whole experiment to undergo: the sharp lyricism, but also, intermingled, the clumsiness, the poetic afterbirth. In a way, *The Naomi Poems* is not a good book, if by that we mean

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a solid achievement of rhetoric and sensibility. It does not always reshape the language it has unsettled. Its best moments are often fragmentary: a stanza, some unforgettable lines. But Knott can reach further in a line than many poets can in a book. The mill wheels have ground his language, his life perhaps, into the smallest pieces. But he has learned—at what cost?—to gather images from the broken world, and to recompose them with a kind of visionary wisdom:

Bloodspurts lessening . . . hoofbeats of animals
stalked to their birth by the sun, fade.
It is a bright
edgeless morning, like a knife that to be cleaned
is held under a vein.

. . . . . .

Isadora I write this poem
On my shroud, when my home village walks out to harvest.
Bread weeps as you break it gently into years.

Not many poets have *seen* so simply, so convincingly! Many of Knott's best poems flicker briefly in the psychic emptiness, and then withdraw, shaped by their momentary insight. They are some of the finest short poems I know. Grappling with fragments, Knott has discovered a form sensitive to the smallest movements of the psyche. I quote a few of the short poems:

Poem

Alright if I have to be famous let it be for this great
starfish-shield I made
And the sands of her face drift over her body

Death

Going to sleep, I cross my hands on my chest.
They will place my hands like this.
It will look as though I am flying into myself.

Hair Poem

Hair is heaven's water flowing eerily over us
Often a woman drifts off down her long hair and is lost

The Naomi Poems, subtitled "corpse and beans," are attributed on the cover of the book to St. Geraud, a pseudonym, but also a character whose existence *is* the poems he wrote. Paul Carroll, in his preface, tells us that St. Geraud was originally a character in an anonymous piece of 18th-century French pornography. It is a troubling irony, for the new St. Geraud's poems are chaste, so chaste that they create a kind of fear in the reader, a feel of vulnerability, as if the voice of the poems were dying, as if these were his last words. Each poem is like an epitaph. What is more, we are told that St. Geraud is dead. Bill Knott's next book will have to be written by someone else. A dream of self-destruction moves through *The Naomi Poems*, as if the book itself had killed St. Geraud, perhaps in order that Bill Knott may survive. I like to think that "Widow's Winter," one of the finest poems in the volume, is Bill Knott's adieu to St. Geraud, and his quietly spoken welcome to the world:

Outside,
the snow is falling into its past. . .
I do want this night to end.
In the fireplace,
a section of ash caves in.

The fall day you were buried
birds went over,
south,
thick enough to carry someone.
They took my gapes of breath
—their fuel?
We are together in some birds, who fail?

I didn't even want to look at your grave,
its heroic little mound
like the peck of dirt we hope to eat in our life. . .

It is a bitter, realistic welcome. Yet the harshness of the last stanza describes an act of recognition which will arm the poet. Bill Knott is at his strongest in such poems which survive like bulwarks in a dream of suicide.

Sojourner of the Self

NOTEBOOK 1967-68. *By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 161 pp. $6.*

JEROME MAZZARO

Mr. Mazzaro is in the English Department at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is the author of a book of poems, Changing the Windows *(Ohio University Press) and of* The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell *(University of Michigan Press).*

Some years ago, Robert Lowell complained to Alfred Alvarez of "the monotony of the sublime" in American culture. "Even the minor poet," he indicated, "reaches for the sublime." A year later, as part of the same complaint, he told Stanley Kunitz: "You wouldn't write poetry unless you felt it had some chance of lasting. But if you get too concerned about posterity, you're in danger of becoming pompous and fraudulent. The poet needs to keep turning to something immediate and alive . . . something impertinent, engaging, un-Olympian." *For the Union Dead* was supposed to have been that turn, but, even more than it, *Notebook 1967-68* represents the corrective for Alexandrian postures.

It chooses for its form the journal and, like Gide's, Lowell's fourteen-line, blank verse entries "represent considerably more than a notebook filled with confessions, acts of literary repentance and raw material for future works." As far as his scrupulous revising permits, they represent an exercise in "spontaneous rapid composition." This composition, he explains in his "Afterthought," though intended as neither chronicle nor almanac, "rolls with the seasons": the separate poems and sections opportunist and inspired by impulse, the subjects accidental, and the whole a single poem "jagged in structure." The result is a remarkable book—one of Lowell's three best and one which should greatly influence the direction of poetry to come.

The subjects of the book are not new. They deal with the decline of the West in general biographic terms paralleling the seasons and the ages of man, the failure of the idea of progress, the loss of Christianity, the mechanization and dehumanization of the modern world, the tensions of family life. In this connection, he reprints "In the Cage" from *Lord Weary's Castle*, revisions of "Night Sweat," "Caligula," and "New York 1962: Fragment" from *For the Union Dead*, revisions of "1958" and "For Theodore Roethke: 1908-1963" from *Near the Ocean*, and includes lines and half-lines from many earlier poems. And though, as Lowell writes, he seems to have felt mostly "the joys of living," what he records, "thanks to the gift of the Muse" along with an assist from Freud's "reality principle," is the pain. As one of his voices announces in "Rats," "Only man is miserable." Out of this misery come love, war and art.

Here, one might argue, the influence of Randall Jarrell's Arnoldianism is less couched than in other volumes. For it is out of misery, too, that Jarrell in "Seele im Raum" draws his inclinations to the future and, like Jarrell, Lowell proffers as the future's key a secular imitation of Christ, "our only king without a sword." The imitation may be accomplished imaginatively through art since Christ is the Word or, as "Joinville and Louis IX" suggests, through Christly acts. Like the ghosts that haunt Jarrell's poems, those who succeed remain as guides for those struggling.

For both poets, the struggle is part of an assumed evolutionary drift toward less imperfection wherein man, ignorant

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of God and God's plan, is disregarded while the species is preserved and women fulfill their roles through propagation. The last line of "The River God," with its lepers dying to preserve the state, even echoes the dying gunner in the final line of Jarrell's "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner." But, whereas Jarrell trusted to God to realize the plan, Lowell, as Jarrell once pointed out, "sometimes doesn't have enough trust in God and tries to do everything himself." This lapse in trust posits a world which in its Caesarism and its notions of a survival of the fittest and of charity assumes a more Spencerian and Schopenhauerian cast than does Jarrell's.

The volume continues as well the dualistic view of the world which Lowell shares with many classic American writers. Its tensions of light and darkness, liberal and conservative, self and shadow, he has consistently acknowledged as part of his own nature. This dualism which in volumes like *Imitations* and *The Voyage* once shaped a diction that pitted word against word here restricts itself to a series of similar or opposing images. Wall stands against wall, for example, in "Two Walls," or, in "The March," the protesters "like green Union Army recruits" oppose "the other army, the Martian" and "his new-fangled rifle, his new green steel helmet."

What is new and hence startling in the book are its techniques. The journal or rather "false" journal form creates a "false" Lowell through observations, reminiscences, thoughts and opinions carefully doctored to appear complete while at the same time personal and natural. The form strikes one immediately as a 20th-century equivalent to the epistle which Alexander Pope fashioned on Horace in the 18th century to escape the empty formalism of his day. It also strikes one as Lowell's daylight, conscious equivalent to John Berryman's dream song which by being nocturnal and subconscious works through dream and wit. The form introduces a way of getting more of life into poetry, along with an opacity in which there is a total disappearance of the image in the fog of personal and daily experience—only to have the image waft back eventually into vividness.

The technique opposes the meditational structure of Lowell's early poetry, where he tried to put himself into the very spot where the event occurred by visualizing every minute detail. Thus, for example, in a poem like "Long Summer," the vaporish, confused closeness of a two-month fog lifts briefly at one point to reveal:

—one second, bright
as burning shavings, scattered bait and
ptomaine
caught by the gulls with groans like
straining rope;
windjammer pilgrims cowled in rubber
hoods,
making for harbor in their yellow bus.

To this form, this going from existential nausea to freedom, Lowell adds a blank verse which in its rhythms and its collapses of syntax is uniquely his own. It is based upon a shifting ten- to eleven-syllable line with an unusual number of feminine endings that give to it a casual flow. Occasionally the line will expand or contract to handle more or fewer syllables, but always it manages to suggest the personal voice and commitment that has increasingly become Lowell's hallmark.

Lyrical Discourse

ASBESTOS PHOENIX. *By Ramon Guthrie. Funk & Wagnalls. 132 pp. $4.95.*

GERMAINE BREE

Miss Brée is Vilas Professor in the Institute for Research in the Humanities at the University of Wisconsin. She is the author of books on Proust, Gide and Camus, among others.

Suite, alba, canticle, cantata, rigadoon, doxology, oracle, ode, elegy, springsong, coda, recital, threne, dirge. . . . Poetry as voice, courses through the volume in rich patterns, a fierce many-faceted lyrical discourse of love, pain, rage, joy, memory and desolation. The first response—mine at least—is delight in Ramon Guthrie's mastery of rhythm, the rare variety and range of the modes of poetic discourse he can adopt, and yet always speak in his own voice directly in the poem. His easy familiarity with a long poetic past (French as well as English), an element of that mastery, never comes between us and the poem. From "Logos":

Untethered from words
Poetry could be the most—
or better say, the only—
autonomous impulse in the world

Untethered from words perhaps, but not from rhythm, which here seems primal; the words, truculent, exuberant, unforeseen, bring the substance with which it plays. Each poem is a dynamic, never a static, whole. From "Exegesis":

I consort with words only from sheer
loneliness,
as a lifer in solitary might welcome
the companionship of a spider or a
cockroach.

One sees of course the passion and the paradox. For Guthrie's joy—sometimes flamboyant—in words can hardly be missed; the sudden unexpected Joycean puns and inventions, the alliterations so fantastic that one wonders how he manages to unleash and restrain them at will: witness the unabashedly funny poem entitled "Wunday the Worst of Weptober." One sees it too in the quasi-inexhaustible presence of figures and names drawn

LITERARY EDITOR

With this issue, Helen Yglesias retires from *The Nation* after more than three years of dedicated, creative work as literary editor; the magazine expresses its thanks for her contribution to its pages.

The incoming literary editor is Beverly Gross, who was brought to the editors' attention when she wrote "Culture and Anarchy: Little Reviews and Little Magazines" for the *Antioch Review*'s special issue (Spring 1969) on magazine publishing.

Miss Gross graduated from the University of Michigan in 1959 and received a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1966. She was fiction editor of the *Chicago Review* in 1962-64, and has published frequently in that magazine, as well as in the *South Atlantic Quarterly, Modern Language Quarterly* and other literary journals. *Fiction: Open and Closed Forms*, which she co-edited with Richard Giannone, will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston next year.

Miss Gross has taught at Northwestern University, Vassar and Queens, from which last college she comes to *The Nation*.

Poetry Editor

Beginning July 1, Allen Planz will be *The Nation*'s poetry editor, succeeding John Logan in this rotating post. He is now selecting poetry for publication beginning in the fall.

A collection of Mr. Planz's poetry, *A Night For Rioting*, has just been published by The Swallow Press, and his verse has been appearing for some time in *Chelsea, Chicago Review, The Massachusetts Review, Poetry, The Nation* and elsewhere. In 1966, he won the New York YM-YWHA Poetry Center award for younger poets. Mr. Planz has taught at Hunter College, New York University and Queens College.

from myth and legend, attuned to the poet's every mood, from the ribald to the despairing: Saint Budóc, Saint Cornély, Saint Winohk'l; Marsyas, Merlin, Caliban; Norns, Parcae, Siren; Vivian and the fiercely pursued, elusive Mélusine. "An immense curious learning," Alexander Laing has noted, "shuttles through *Asbestos Phoenix*." True. But concretely alive, bound to personal mood and theme, wedding legend to reality and reality to the timeless world of myth. Ramon Guthrie's technical virtuosity and vast knowledge are never an end in themselves, an excuse for self-indulgence. He is not an academic poet. So the figure of George Trockett—

two-hundred-fifty-odd tobacco-chewing pounds,
George Trockett in suspenders, brass collar button
and no collar, small blue ursine eyes asquint. . . .

has its place, "an Ajax drawn by Baskin," a "Titan in a Goya lithograph" or "Falstaff at a tea on Beacon Hill."

The world of *Asbestos Phoenix* is peopled with its own fauna and flora, vividly perceived, precisely etched: images of light and water, of birds, flowers, people, scenes, which like the figures culled from myth, art or history are summoned there by name, alive and germane to the poet's design.

A dragonfly
perched
with its angular four wings
and six abrupt
elbows on the dry summit of a stone.

Guthrie's world is concrete, sensuous, active. Underlying all is the poet's acute awareness that though words are there to people an unwilled solitude, yet

In instants when delight and anguish
cancel each other out in shrill conjunction
it happens

—moments when word and perception coincide. Guthrie intimately knows what Howard Nemerov called "an emotion of poetry . . . a rhythmic or patterned exaltation which takes up and transforms its complex material of feelings and objects....of which....the dominating traits are gaiety, energy, and control." Thence the force of the poet's desire and never terminated quest of that elusive, magic Mélusine. Guthrie is a poet who intends to sacrifice no part of his awareness, whether perception, imagination, or thought.

"Who but Guthrie would ever think of a 'stalled meteor'?" comments Laing of one of Guthrie's many quasi-surrealistic images that free the mind from its habitual moorings. Or of an "Asbestos Phoenix," an image Guthrie himself comments on. Poetry for him is, he tells us, a way to self-knowledge; a mirror in which he can decipher "what manner of animal" he is. "Feeling itself grow old," so runs the legend of the Phoenix, "this bird builds itself a pyre whereon it mounts and is consumed. On the ninth day thereafter it rises from its own ashes." Guthrie sees himself, "like most sentient human beings, a noncombustible Phoenix," who cannot either consume himself on the pyre or rise from his own ashes "after a nine day recess from existence": hence the paradox, the ridicule and the pain.

"Suite by the River," the first poem in the book, is a muted sensuous love poem, mysterious and delicate as the figures it evokes, the dragonfly, Mélusine and, absurd and poignant, the baffled "stalled meteor" forever distant from

whatever there is
to be distant from. . . .

The happiness and intimacy, the parting and the longing, are inescapably held together:

Sluiced by oncoming dawn
you are far
and near
shaped ivory whose gloss
lint of sleep a moment yet obscures

The same evanescent presence of exquisite images echoing in the memories emerging from long corridors of time are woven into the subtle "Pattern for a Brocade Shroud":

There was a fragrance of moss
....grants of moss
lichen pungency of dawn
....awn
herons standing in the fallow sedges
....shallow edges
of the lake.

"Feeling itself grow old": the past, time and, more cruelly ironical, the outrage of physical pain and the tête-à-tête with death, flame on the pyre of poetry. "So I spoke in a chorus of three different voices," begins a "Dialogue with the Sphinx"—

of a gun-shy banshee
of a landlocked merman
of Orpheus himself with a bad case
of laryngitis,....

One never knows in what form the poet's self will be mirrored back to us; nor in Guthrie's verse what shape will arise in answer to the voice. . . . And be held under the poet's sardonic eye, leaving no room for self-pity or deprecation.

In the volume, no figure perhaps is more absurd, tragic and deeply moving than Marsyas "in the intensive care ward," a setting "straight out of Jacques Callot by Hogarth," Marsyas, who can wrest from his double imprisonment—physical pain and solitude—the image of Brocéliande:

So name her Vivian. I, scarecrow Merlin,
our Brocéliande this frantic bramble of glass and rubber tubes and stainless steel....

This fierce contestation—not negation—of one reality by another, never relinquished, evidenced only in the poem, is Guthrie's own paradoxical realm, the "autonomous impulse" that binds together every mood and poem. The terrible reality of life is his essential concern.

The volume closes with four stringently satiric poems (one other too, a masterly translation, "The Reseda and the Rose," Louis Aragon's poem in memory of four Resistance dead) that punctuate our political past: "Homage to John Foster Dulles"; "Some of Us Must Remember"; "Scherzo for a Dirge," and from *Graffiti* the "Postlude: for Goya."

The poems collected in the volume, all but two, were, Guthrie informs us, composed between 1960 and 1968 and comprise about a third of the poetry he wrote in these years. Another volume, *Maximum Security Ward* is in preparation—a rich offering. *Asbestos Phoenix* alone would place Ramon Guthrie among the major poets of the mid-century.

Student power in China

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MONTHLY REVIEW

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The Politics of Poetry

ALEXANDER LAING

Mr. Laing wrote "The Nation *and Its Poets" for the magazine's one hundredth anniversary issue. His poetry has been published in* The New Yorker, The Atlantic Monthly, The Nation *and other periodicals. He is the author of* The Sea Witch *(Ballantine) and other books.*

HEAR THE WIND BLOW! Poems of Protest and Prophecy. *By John Beecher. International Publishers. 189 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.25.*

IN THE MECCA. *By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper & Row. 54 pp. $4.95.*

COLLECTED POEMS 1915-1967. *By Kenneth Burke. University of California Press. 296 pp. $7.50.*

THE POETRY OF MY POLITICS. *By Walter Lowenfels. Olivant Press. 131 pp. $5.95.*

THE PORTABLE WALTER: From the Prose and Poetry of Walter Lowenfels. *Edited by Robert Gover. International Publishers. 160 pp. $5.95.*

In the good old days, when the New Criticism was middle-aged, Horace Gregory praised e. e. cummings for being "anti-political and against all forms of state tyranny." The quotation is picked up in *The Poetry of My Politics*, Volume II of an autobiography which Walter Lowenfels is stitching together out of swatches from his own past writings. Lowenfels could have demolished Gregory's critical silliness more quickly than he does, by analyzing the phrase quoted. To be "against all forms of state tyranny" is itself an unqualified political posture.

It is the politics of their poetry that brings these four writers within a common critical perimeter. New readers may need to be reminded of a surge of honors that welcomed the emergence of Gwendolyn Brooks, some twenty years ago, culminating in the 1950 Pulitzer Prize. Her sixth volume of poetry is political in the common sense, which recognizes politics as the means of affecting or halting social change. Her poems for Medgar Evers and Malcolm X deal with political murder, which can set a ghost walking, stronger than its first humanity.

In the Mecca is mostly given to the title poem's syncopated revelation of what it is like for more than 2,000 Negroes to live crammed into the 176 once luxurious apartments of "the Mecca," an enormous "showplace of Chicago" built in 1891. Miss Brooks, using at first a casual line structure, tightens it to quivering muscle as she guides us in search of a child vanished in the huge labyrinth that somewhere conceals its Minotaur:

> *She whose little stomach fought the world had*
> *wriggled like a robin!*

This poem's fierce judgment upon a society that so viciously impacts a part of itself is the better for doing without the explicit speech of the two elegies.

Lowenfels in his first chapter, "White Poetry Only," rebukes the segregation practiced by anthologists who select black poets only, labeled as such, or offer unlabeled gatherings that turn out to be lily white. Miss Brooks's credits indicate that segregation begins in the magazines. I cannot ask of her a finer poem, ever, than the slant-rhymed sonnet "Piano after War" in her first book, but *In the Mecca* verifies her impressive growth into a new prosody.

If the 1950s were characterized by beats and confessionals, the sixties have been marked by the grand looming up of earlier figures, eclipsed for a while by fashion or by their own reticence. John Hall Wheelock and Ramon Guthrie suddenly, past 70, have given us their vigorous best poems. Kenneth Burke, described in a standard compendium as having begun as a poet, spoke a farewell to poetry as definite as Rimbaud's in his secretive novel *Towards a Better Life* (1932). But it contains the statement, "Here is a promise: *resurgam!*" The promise was half-fulfilled in *The Book of Moments* (1955), which is now included, together with its perverse foreword, as the first third of *Collected Poems 1915-1967*. The perversity is in the foreword's *"doctrinal"* toying with the political poet's need for a devil's advocate who nevertheless does not appear in the poems that follow—and a good thing too.

That two-thirds of these poems were written in the past twelve years is evidence enough of the poet unleashed at high maturity, but the "critic's critic" has not been put down. He apologizes for pieces that "would profit best by a collective situation in which they might prop one another." I find myself wishing that the synthesist of a grammar and a rhetoric of motives had devoted his central genius to the coalescing of many more of these evocative "paragraphs," as he calls them, into final poetry. There are no false starts here. Thank the critic for that.

I am aware of having had a reader's quarrel only once with E. M. Forster, over his essay on anonymity. It has always seemed to me that the absolute warrant of a work of art is its unmistakable reflection of a unique individual who created it. Forty years ago Walter Lowenfels and a friend tried to start yet another literary movement in Paris with their anonymously produced pamphlet: *Anonymity*. It did not work—and Burke's only half-intended poetical anonymity has not worked either. The impishly particularizing human being—who has blocked himself from being one of our best poets—is defined with a new shape by all these bits. When some of them are brought to bear upon a single focus they prop one another deftly. Witness two stanzas from different parts of the poem, "The Great Debate":

> *To expunge a one-day fly*
> *be quick.*
> *Spare it interminable seconds*
> *of long-lingering torture.*
>
> . . .
>
> *Give us an honorable peace*
> *And we'll stop*
> *Our dishonorable war.*

When Burke reminds us, once in a while, that rhyme and meter can still be a surprising joy, be wary of his impulse—as in "Sand, Sea, Sky"—to give us a compensating swift kick in the grammar in his last line. The five calligraphic pages of Flowerishes are reprinted here, with four new ones. Sample: "Poets with little to say learn to write as though guarding a secret."

John Beecher has no such problem. If presented anonymously his work would loom as the strong, angry speech of a 20th-century abolitionist—the impassioned outcome of evident physical confrontations with the several sorts of bleak scoundrels who profit from the degradation of their fellow men. "After Eighty Years," a 14-page poem upon which this book pivots, was timed from the Emancipation Proclamation to Beecher's service in World War II as a merchant seaman in the integrated freighter *Booker T. Washington* under a Negro skipper. The poem was published in 1945 as a chapter of *All the Brave Sailors*, Beecher's prose account of that experience. *Here I Stand* had announced the poet in 1941, and there have been other books—no intentional anonymity.

In an introduction to *Hear the Wind Blow!*, Maxwell Geismar suggests that Beecher's lack of recognition relates to the preoccupation of the literary establishment "whether paid-off or voluntary" with a concept of the "Free World" that found the implications awkward. Somewhat. Pressures that keep Pete Seeger and Joan Baez a little off center in the great American spotlight would work more definitely against Beecher be-



No,
I don't
laugh
at death.
It's just
that I'm
not afraid to die
among
birds
and trees.

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cause he is relentlessly harsh, never an entertainer. But if this was a dominant factor it was abetted by other preoccupations of mid-century criticism: a symbolism insulated from external reality, and the deep plunge into self. Neither aspect interests Beecher. His usual methods are scalding, short, objective portraits and plain narratives: the ten lines of "A Dixie Hero," or the twelve of "Chainey," performing both functions. The latter, telling of an ex-convict, ends:

We capering white brats
dogged her around, mocking that tethered gate.
She shambled rolling-eyed down every street
in Birmingham, mumbling of "Jedgment." All
our minds were shackled by her chain and ball.

Beecher, emerging into some notice in his middle 60s, acknowledges the help, in assembling his new book, of Lowenfels, whose first book appeared in 1925 and who said farewell to poetry more emphatically than Burke did, at about the same time. From 1940 to 1955 Lowenfels reported for and edited the coal fields edition of *The Daily Worker*, until he was convicted under the Smith Act of conspiracy to pull down the republic. His "Speech to the Court," which the impartial judge called a "pretense . . . mocking the American concept of justice," pointed out that the documentation of his subversion did not include a single word he had written, in books or in *The Daily Worker*. The speech is reprinted in *The Portable Walter*, revised and shortened from the form of its 1955 appearance in *Masses & Mainstream*.

"While Marxists [*sic*] experts from the FBI occupied the witness stand," Lowenfels worked on a sonnet sequence, a bourgeois sort of thing to do. His consequent *Sonnets of Love and Liberty* carries a 6-page note on the form as traditional as T. W. H. Crosland's thick volume, still prescribed by English Departments. Only two of thirty-four sonnets survive into the selection "edited" by Robert Gover, a rowdy, successful young writer who has found himself a hero.

A humdrum editor is what Lowenfels needs most as he ruffles through the records of what he calls "My Many Lives." Gover, who denies being a critic, is therefore ill equipped to act as editor —but in the self-edited *Poetry of My Politics* the author also serves himself badly. Truncated letters refer to matters known long ago to writer and recipient, but to hardly anyone now. The amassing of scraps creates repetitions. "Human tradition" on page 38 is 5,000 years old, on page 45 it "goes back hundreds of thousands"—a difference of some consequence in one who on page 66 asserts the "inexorable laws" of Marxist history. The name of Howard Fast was deleted from "Speech to the Court," understandably. When it came to snitching on friends, Lowenfels did not join the puling band who regretted their salad days of unchasteness with the Left. But if there was to be political revision of the record, much more would have been justifiable for reasons of logic and clarity.

Lowenfels has never quite sorted himself out as a poet either. Returning to poetry in the later fifties he did a little mining of his early work. "To Certain Poets," published in *The Nation* twelve years ago, was a section of his fine elegy to Apollinaire, printed in Paris in 1930. In many of the recent poems he uses deftly the jargon of the space-age technicians, but as a surface skin rather than an appropriate outgrowth of the poem's core. By contrast with Beecher's immediacy, Lowenfels, who filled his reporter's notebook at the struck pitheads, seems more at home with Ludwig Wittgenstein and Giordano Bruno. He does best in the love poems, best of all in those addressed to his wife, whose sudden semi-paralysis began one of his many lives. Nothing in Beecher is more direct than Lowenfels' poem on taking a bath in these circumstances:

you hold the shower rail
and I hold you
and what love
can be purer or cleaner

"From an Exposition of Power and Industrial Machinery" is a mocking, small miracle of letting jargon speak foolishly for itself.

Concluding his introduction, Gover says, "to have Walter, the American Communist, tell about himself in his own way will interest those of my countrymen who have never been directly exposed to an American Communist." This recalled to me an occasion at the cold-war's origins, about twenty years ago, when I welcomed a visiting academic speaker who was to enlighten a course with which I was connected on the subject: "World Communism." To make conversation I asked if he knew a friend of mine, a Communist playwright, who lived in his city. "You know," he said, looking at me oddly, "to the best of my knowledge I've never been in the same room with a real live Communist in my life." I remember wondering what academic authority a speaker on pneumonia at the medical school would have who had never been in the same room with Diplococcus pneumoniae. Walter Lowenfels' "Lives," his prose and his poetry, should be published with proper editing, less for his sake than for the better understanding of those who make cold, and hot, wars.

Hosting Russian Poetry

MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY: An Anthology with Verse Translations. *Edited and with an Introduction by Vladimir Markov and Merrill Sparks. Translated by Merrill Sparks. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 842 pp. $12.50. Paper $5.95.*

POETS ON STREET CORNERS: Portraits of Fifteen Russian Poets. *By Olga Carlisle. Random House. 430 pp. $6.95.*

SIMON KARLINSKY
Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

Few Western readers are likely to grasp without explanatory comments the meaning of the pivotal scene in Solzhenitsyn's *In the First Circle*, in which the young Soviet diplomat Volodin rummages through the magazines of his late mother's library and becomes aware of the range and the scope of early 20th-century Russian art and poetry. The three decades of Stalinist cultural policies, which precede the action of the novel, had so thoroughly distorted Russian cultural history, so successfully slandered or driven into oblivion the finest Russian poets and painters of this century, that to a cultivated and intelligent young Russian like Volodin, brought up in the 1930s and '40s, the very discovery of their existence and of their excellence comes as a shattering jolt. The discovery triggers off an emotional and ethical evolution in Volodin, eventually culminating in his attempted act of kindness toward his mother's old doctor, the act that ruins his diplomatic career and delivers him into the hands of the secret police.

The power of the cultural establishment in the Soviet Union to make and break literary reputations, at home and abroad, is awesome. By Stalin's fiat, Vladimir Mayakovsky could be created a great national poet, his statues adorning innumerable town squares and subway stations, his patriotism and party-mindedness extolled in a steady stream of books and articles. All this would be

cause for rejoicing, were it not for the awkward fact that about a dozen of Mayakovsky's contemporaries, whose poetry is equal or superior to his, get no monuments or monographs but only an occasional cursory or derogatory mention, simply because they were not eulogized by Stalin, or were not as vociferously loyal to the party as Mayakovsky was, or, worst of all, because they chose to live abroad.

The variety and richness of 20th-century Russian poetry which the government concealed from Solzhenitsyn's Volodin is no longer a secret outside the Soviet Union. The two bilingual anthologies intended to acquaint the English-speaking reader with that richness and that variety testify to the growing awareness of an interest in what is sure to be eventually recognized as one of the crowning achievements in the history of world poetry.

What these anthologies attempt to do is so very necessary and so right that the initial reaction to their appearance is humility and gratitude. Surely, it would be carping to find fault with editors and translators who offer us these volumes full of this hitherto inaccessible poetry.

Yet carp one must, for the virtues and defects of these two collections (and they are mutually complementary, as it happens) raise and illustrate the basic problems of selection and translation, problems that are likely to stay with us for some time.

Professor Markov's *Modern Russian Poetry* is, first of all, an astounding and beautiful feat of selection. No anthology exists in Russian that offers such a thorough, competent and imaginative picture of that multifaceted, protean poetic age. Permanent quality and significance seem to have guided his choice (the one exception is the inclusion of the topical poetry of World War II, in what seems to be a misguided effort at objectivity). For the major poets, there are balanced, comprehensive selections of poems tracing their entire careers and some of these (the sections on Zinaida Gippius or Velimir Khlebnikov, for example) could serve as a basic sampler of the best things each poet wrote.

But while the poetry printed in Russian on the left-hand pages unfolds an unparalleled and rewarding panorama of a remarkable poetic age, the English equivalents of these poems printed on the right are something else. The fatal mistake of the translators was to assume that present-day literary techniques, versification and poetic language in Russian and in English are similar and interchangeable. But, unfortunately, the kinds of meter and rhyme used by Pasternak or Mandelstam no longer exist in serious poetry in English: unless something is done to modernize the diction or the syntax, such meters inevitably suggest musical comedy lyrics and barroom ballads. Thus, when Markov and his collaborator, Merrill Sparks, after doing much violence to meaning and style, manage to duplicate the Russian rhyme scheme (mostly by using strings of present participles: winging—singing—ringing) the result is Kuzmin or Khodasevich rendered into the idiom of Gilbert and Sullivan, of Rodgers and Hammerstein or, in particularly virtuoso instances, into a watered-down Cole Porter. The slick, hackneyed rhymes, the incongruous lapses into American slang, the pseudo-poetic syntactic inversions all contribute to inject a wildly inappropriate Broadway flavor into some of the most delicate and finely wrought Russian poems ever written.

Stylistic and semantic levels of the English texts are systematically (and, apparently, unconsciously) vulgarized. The chilling apostrophe to Lady Macbeth by Vladislav Khodasevich is couched in English in the tones of a comic cop handing a traffic citation to a housewife. The English versions of the subtle and perverse lyric miniatures of the *émigré* poet Georgii Ivanov make one think of Ethel Merman attempting a raucous, jazzed-up rendition of a Chopin nocturne.

The Markov-Sparks anthology, for all its enormous distinction as a collection of Russian poems, cannot qualify as a satisfactory collection of translations. At their best, the English texts can serve as not entirely reliable trots for those who read Russian with difficulty. It is hard to find a single translation in the volume that could stand up in its own right as a poem in English.

In Olga Carlisle's *Poets on Street Corners*, on the other hand, some of the finest poets now writing in English have produced polished and elegant, although rarely faithful adaptations of major modern Russian poets. Many of these translations are also excellent English poems. Unfortunately, however, the Carlisle anthology suffers from serious defects in those areas where the Markov-Sparks one is strongest: in the selection of poems, in command of the literary background, and, all too often, in elementary comprehension of the cited Russian texts.

Vladimir Markov takes his reader through the castle of modern Russian poetry as a supremely confident host, familiar with every inch of the premises and in full command of his every step. Olga Carlisle's role is that of a chatty society hostess who, although brought up in another culture, is still attempting to lead a few guests on a tour of her ancestral home. The stance is gracious enough, but it ill serves the great poets who are introduced to the reader in such a flippant, haphazard manner. Well-known poems are arbitrarily abridged, untitled poems are provided with new titles, and dedications translated and printed as if they were titles.

The title *Poets on Street Corners* is a naively opportunistic attempt to capitalize on the current popularity of Yevtushenko and Voznesensky in the West. To designate thus Akhmatova, Mandelstam and Blok is about as meaningful as to call Yeats, Auden and Eliot "Beat poets." Where Vladimir Markov offers carefully thought-out, representative samplings of each poet's work, Mrs. Carlisle's selections are hasty and whimsical. She writes of elements of surrealism in the Soviet poetry of the 1920s and includes a section on the most surrealistic of Soviet poets, Nikolai Zabolotsky. But, with the exception of one single poem, he is represented exclusively by the tame, traditional poetry of the 1950s, after a decade of Stalinist labor camps broke his spirit and forced him to give up his own original style. If Marina Cvetaeva was "an important part" of Mrs. Carlisle's Parisian childhood, why is there no poem to represent her Paris period, and why are the numer-

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There is a clear division among people as to whether life is richer sharing, or hogging it. Some people insist on hogging it to the extreme of gorging and wallowing senselessly. Should not those of us who are prospering ask ourselves once in a while: **IS THIS HOGGING IT NECESSARY?**

There are white lies, and harmless flattery, and over-encouragement. But much deceit does more harm than good. If we are prosperous, and don't need to use deceit, or cheating, or treachery, shouldn't we occasionally ask ourselves: **IS THIS DECEIT NECESSARY?**

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Au revoir.

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ous selections from her work (whose production spans three decades) almost all restricted to the single year 1921? There is a profusion of poems addressed to other poets—Akhmatova's to Blok and Pasternak, Pasternak's to Akhmatova, Cvetaeva's to Blok and Mayakovsky, etc. Now, most of these were occasional pieces, of no great importance in the poets' output. Their sheer concentration here gives modern Russian poetry a misleading, unwarranted air of parochialism and inbreeding.

There are various valid ways of translating modern poetry into English and Mrs. Carlisle's poet-collaborators have tried many of them. Among the most successful are Richard Wilbur's versions of Akhmatova, and adaptations of Pasternak by Theodore Weiss. Wilbur treats the originals with reverence and follows them with fidelity, while Weiss converts Pasternak into extremely free and inventive English equivalents. In both cases there is a recognizable relationship to the Russian poem printed on the opposite page; in both cases the poet-translator clearly understands the text he is translating and knows what he is doing to it.

This cannot be said of the majority of other translations in the volume. In order to forestall accusations of misreadings, Mrs. Carlisle warns us in her foreword that "what sometimes appears as a mistranslation in English is an attempt on the part of the adapter to recapture the concreteness of the Russian original." It would be nice to be able to believe this ambiguous statement. But when Marina Cvetaeva writes of "billowing red calico and whistling of the quail" and Denise Levertov translates "the familiar grass lifting in the wind and whistled tunes," it is painfully clear that someone had failed to look up some unfamiliar Russian words. Anna Akhmatova writes a shattering stanza about the women friends who waited with her at the prison gate and then followed their loved ones to Siberia. Robert Lowell's adaptation of this stanza speaks of a male friend, who would then contextually have to be Akhmatova's son. In the same cycle, Akhmatova's line "Magdalen writhed and sobbed" is rendered by Lowell as "Magdalen fought and hit the officer." Are we to believe that this sort of thing (which occurs on every other page of the collection) is "recapturing the concreteness of the Russian"? Isn't it more likely that this is simple misunderstanding based on erroneous reading of the number and gender of the word *podrugi* in the first Akhmatova-Lowell example and in the second of the verb *bit'sia* (which *can* mean "to fight" in other contexts, but not here)?

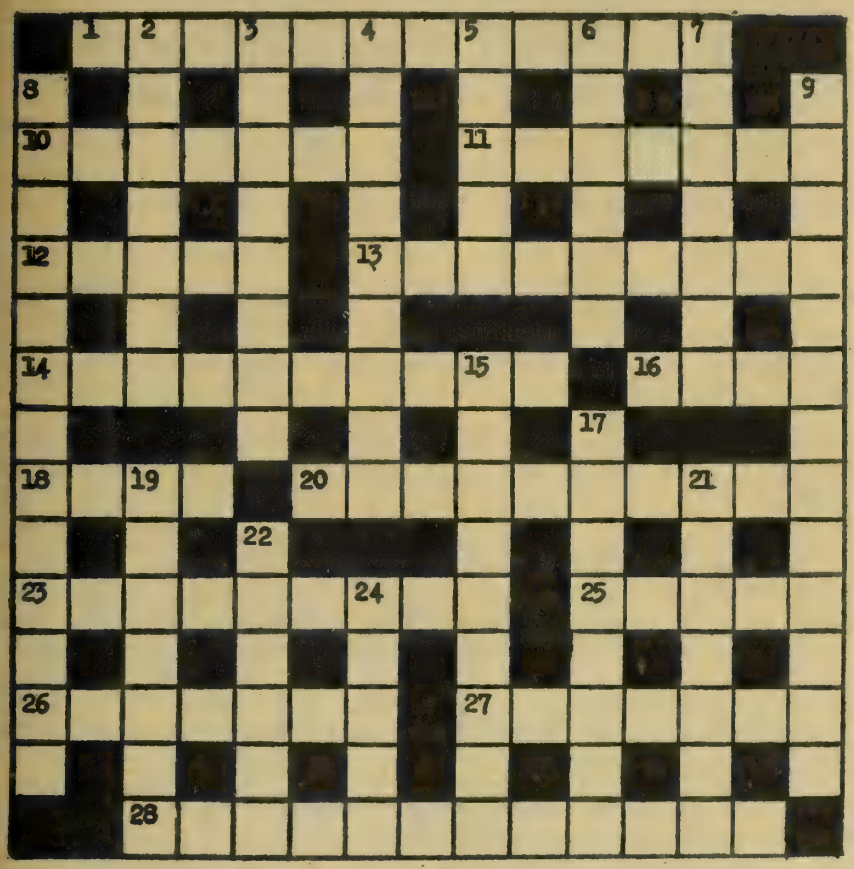
Since Mrs. Carlisle claims the credit for most of the trots used by her collaborators, the inescapable conclusion is that she either reads her native language with difficulty or else carelessly and inattentively. Such an impression is given further plausibility by her out-of-focus translations of the passages from memoirs and poems cited in her introductory sections. If this is so then we can understand the sad case of Robert Lowell's much admired, much criticized "adaptations" of modern Russian poets.

Robert Lowell's verbal magic in English is potent. There are people able to read Mandelstam in the original who melt in admiration before Lowell's distorted adaptations and "never mind what Mandelstam actually wrote." There is nothing wrong with the extreme freedom of Lowell's treatment. That kind of freedom worked wonders in his translations of Baudelaire and Montale. It was pushed to extremes in his magnificent adaptation of Racine's *Phèdre*. In all those cases, there was no doubt that Lowell had a full grasp of the text he was translating or adapting. With Mandelstam, Pasternak and, now, Anna Akhmatova, it is equally evident that, all too often, Lowell does not understand the tone, the structure and, sometimes, the elementary meaning of the poem. What he is adapting is some hasty, shoddy trot, and every few lines some misread, misunderstood Russian word or phrase (and a glance at the Russian text easily establishes the nature of each misunderstanding) pokes its way through the elegant, eloquent flow of his English, like a rusty spring out of a stylish piece of furniture. Surely, the poets Boris Pasternak, Osip Mandelstam *and* Robert Lowell deserve better.

The ultimate impression of these two anthologies is that of a tremendous missed opportunity. What a magnificent anthology we could have had if the respective editors had pooled their efforts; if Olga Carlisle and her collaborators had secured the advice of someone like Vladimir Markov, who really knows this poetry and understands it in all of its nuances; if Vladimir Markov had Richard Wilbur, Theodore Weiss, Denise Levertov and a better-informed Robert Lowell to help him put the poems he so beautifully selected into modern and poetic English verse. But the rare opportunity was missed and we will probably have to make do with these two collections for some years to come. We should, therefore, appreciate them for the good things they do contain: the Markov-Sparks as a collection of Russian poems and Mrs. Carlisle's volume for the dozen or so good and knowledgeable translations by fine American poets.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1305

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Very unhappy because the record is being played after midnight? (12)
10 Expedient but singular government business? (7)
11 In it butter is wrong—an olive would be better! (7)
12 More like shootin' as the dated saying goes. (5)
13 Poet arranging to plunder a French town? (9)
14 Are radical deeds the business of the revisionist? (10)
16 Polish river, or German. (4)
18 Not all one's duty, perhaps. (4)
20 See 17 down
23 The child of 4, sometimes associated with Bach? (9)
25 Nothing has the poet going round and round, almost! (5)
26 What a dentist might do to get the root? (7)
27 Is beriberi an obvious thing to show one from Madrid or Lisbon, perhaps? (7)
28 This could make one quick again. (12)

DOWN

2 Variety of red-bill, not being a very refined strain. (3-4)
3 A fall possibly might cause poor vision. (8)
4 The relation of the inevitable to the nature of its conditions. (9)
5 Containing a certain element that is somewhat less than worldly. (5)
6 Reach a stopping point. (6)
7 In the end, a little one of those things no man is, hence isolated. (7)
8 Personally addressed, one not being in the immediate vicinity. (13)
9 However in high office he isn't responsible for wrong-doing! (4-9)
15 One doesn't 6 according to schedule, if this—and certainly no credit is implied. (3,2,4)
17 and 20 across Do they seem to prove there's no crime in not being involved? (8,10)
19 One who fixes things, in a way, and in France might be in flower. (7)
21 Hate or fear, for example. (7)
22 Goes quietly—not necessarily in gym shoes. (6)
24 Put into the ground, proving there's no point to the cold season. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1304

ACROSS: 1 Chain letters; 9 And so forth; 10 Ties; 11 Bypasses; 12 Canoes; 13 Hates; 15 Salic law; 16 Terrapin; 19 Yaqui; 21 Uglier; 22 Inimical; 24 Stye; 25 Egocentric; 26 The bitter end. DOWN: 2 Henry the Eighth; 3 Instant; 4 Lifts; 5 Thrusts; 6 Ethically; 7 Satanic; 8 Generalization; 14 Supersede; 17 Raiment; 18 Nairobi; 20 Quieter; 23 Id est.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the [illegible] needed.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest — To Object — To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES [illegible]
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
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ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
[illegible] HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature _____
For clarity, please print your name after your signature
address _____ date _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. [illegible] The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.
Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check or money order payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. . . . This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem, the wallet-size registration card and four personalized letter replicas of the Declaration for you to individually send to the President and your U.S. senators and congressman. Money is needed to speed our progress.
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China in Our High Schools ORVILLE SCHELL

MARK L. KRUPNICK *on Henry James*

JOAN GOULIANOS *on Lawrence Durrell*

LETTERS

faith of the New Left

Koch, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: Your issues of June 16 and 23 contained two important discussions of the New Left: the paper on Marcuse by Peter Clecak and the review of Christopher Lasch by John McDermott.

In these, as well as in everything else that I have read concerning the various radical movements, there is one puzzling feature, i.e., the omission of the question of "ends" that the revolutionary movements are seeking. . . .

We do have a bit of history to teach us. Many important pieces of real estate are now in the hands of revolutionary Marxists, and other points on the globe are controlled by other brands of socialism. Is it not germane to "look at the records" of these lands? How does the performance match the promise? Is there more—or less—chauvinism in Russia, in China, in Poland, in North Vietnam? Is there now no imperialism practiced by the "liberated" nations? Is man's spirit and dignity freer and more respected anywhere in the lands where the revolutionary movements were guided by Marxist doctrine? An answer to these rhetorical questions is hardly necessary, but is the New Left aware of the lesson to be drawn? . . .

If the New Left is not to copy the Russian model, or the Chinese—what blueprint or design *do* they have? If none, is it at all rational to proceed toward the destruction of a structure without any notion as to what is to replace it? Shall we trust that through some mystical process a program will somehow develop as we go along? That would surely place a heavy burden on faith. . . .

Albert Kaplan, M.D.

finger on Dr. King

Woods Hole, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: I wonder whether there was not more to the "dirty business" of the Martin Luther King surveillance than the fact and the timing of this outrage. Many of us have no doubt been surprised that the confessed murderer of Dr. King not only had plenty of money but that he must also have had good sources of intelligence regarding Dr. King's plans. The telephone tap would have provided such information to the operatives on the job. Mr. Hoover and his superiors (if there be any) owe to us and to history the assurance that none of the knowledge gained in the course of the wire tap was leaked to the murderer or to the accomplices that he now claims to have had.

Harry Grundfest

reporters' passions

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Elmer Bendiner writing about John Reed ["The Troubadour of Revolution," *The Nation*, June 30] is irritating as hell. "Yet how much we need men of Reed's passionate intelligence and tender eye at work for us in Vietnam and China and Cuba!" he exclaims, and overlooks a horde of us who may not claim one tender eye but who have written about these countries with intelligence and concern for their peoples. The literature on these countries' revolutionary struggles by American writers is not only voluminous but of so high an order that Reed may at best be called a precursor. The truth is not that today "technology weights the odds against the reporters who write passionately of human beings" but that technology's crimes (as in Vietnam) have aroused writers to write more movingly (take only the example of Jonathan Schell) than Reed ever did. . . .

Jose Yglesias

EDITORIALS

Who Is Nixon?

Chalmers M. Roberts writes in *The Washington Post* that no man reaches the White House on his own by other than "a vast balancing act designed to produce enough votes from America's heterogeneous population," and no one stays there except by the same means. Almost everyone will agree, but when Mr. Roberts extends it to the Knowles episode he is on unsure ground. In this and several other actions since he has been in office, Mr. Nixon has exceeded the norms of political expediency to such a degree that the most cynical analysts of government are left wondering whether he is a single, unified personality, or several at conflict with one another. To some extent Mr. Roberts shares these doubts, for in his opening paragraph he cites the trite question, "Will the real Richard Nixon please stand up?" and tries to answer it.

That the question is so persistently raised, and so unsuccessfully answered, is a political phenomenon in itself. Lyndon B. Johnson, by default and by action, produced a "crisis of credibility" which reached such proportions that, long before he left office, it had become irremediable. People did not know when to believe him and when not to believe him, but this did not blur the impression of the man himself. He showed a consistency in his deviousness and left no doubt that he knew who he was and would continue to be just that. The same could be said of John F. Kennedy and of Truman and Eisenhower. One never read feature stories about the "New Truman" or the "New Eisenhower," or speculations as to how much was old and how much new about either.

Nixon, on the other hand, has a real identity problem and one suspects that it is something more basic, and potentially more troublesome, than the zigzagging that is an indispensable component of a top-flight political career. Combined with canniness and a high order of skill in pretending to candor where he most wishes to avoid it, there is a strange uncertainty about the role in which he visualizes himself. This chameleon trait, which can no more be hidden than the histrionic grin, has given rise to the vexations about the "real Nixon," the "new Nixon," the "old Nixon," the "new-old Nixon," and all the other variations on the theme.

These speculations are quite justified; hardly anything could be more important than the subjective aspect of Presidential decision making. The unknown quantities in Mr. Nixon's character show up in foreign policy, as in the decision to visit Romania prior to a disarmament conference with the Russians, and in a general unevenness on which Senator Javits has commented. "He's back and forth," Javits says, "and it's been a very spotty performance. He hasn't made up his mind who he is. There is doubt who is in the ascendancy at a given moment. . . ."

This description hints at a partial explanation—a divided Republican Party whose leader, like a circus equestrian, tries to ride two horses which are kept going in the same general direction only by ties of expediency. But in

relation to the Knowles case this hypothesis does not take one very far. Secretary Finch was the President's chief credential as a half-liberal executive. The feeling was that with such a man administering Health, Education and Welfare the Cabinet could not be altogether bad. Moreover, Mr. Finch was reputed to be Mr. Nixon's best friend and a protégé of whom Mr. Nixon could be proud. If Dr. Knowles had been appointed soon after Mr. Nixon took office there would have been no difficulty in securing not only confirmation but general approbation. The American Medical Association and Senator Dirksen could not possibly damage Mr. Nixon as seriously as he has damaged himself by keeping Finch and Knowles on the hook for five and a half months, allowing Finch to tell the reporters that Knowles was sure of appointment, then switching at the last minute to a generally similar candidate, and in the process embarrassing Finch so severely that even his enemies now sympathize with him.

The American people are not ill-natured in their attitude toward their President, however he has come to the office. They will tolerate—have tolerated—many mistakes, ascribing them to the difficulties of the office rather than the failings of the man. They do, however, expect the President to be a person of definable character. If they get the feeling that he is ruled entirely by expediency, that he has no convictions which merit their respect, they will turn against him as, for other reasons, they turned against Mr. Johnson. On this basis, Mr. Nixon has a problem on his hands that transcends the problems of inflation, the cities, Vietnam, and all others, for it affects everything that comes to him for decision. And Mr. Nixon's problem is the problem of every one of us.

Fair Dartmouth

Hanover, N.H.

For the instruction of other administrators confronted by dissent, Dartmouth's trustees have just celebrated their college's bicentennial with a wonderful demonstration of the worst ways to proceed. Most of the forty students whom they tossed to the courts of New Hampshire by the injunction route (see "The Injunction on Campus," *The Nation,* June 9) had completed their thirty-day sentences just in time to welcome the Earl of Dartmouth and his lady on June 14, but some were still behind bars when the faculty members who had gone along in the student seizure of Parkhurst Hall faced trial on June 23 and 24 before the faculty Committee Advisory to the President.

It was quite a show. Paul Knapp, visiting associate professor of chemistry, and Dona Strauss, assistant professor of mathematics—advised by the dean to resign—had retained the formidable William Kunstler to guide their appeal under academic due process. The administrators panicked and confronted Kunstler with the father-and-son team of Kenneth F. and John A. Graf, acting for the trustees, with a third attorney to backstop the legal amateurs of the faculty committee. The press was suddenly excluded, over bitter defense objections, from what promptly became an adversary proceeding. A scatter-

IN THIS ISSUE

July 14, 1969

EDITORIALS

34

ARTICLES

38 The Communist Summit: A Little Something for Everyone — *Paul Wohl*

41 The Glenville Shoot-Out: Bad Day in Cleveland — *Roldo Bartimole*

45 Mr. Nixon's Urban Ballet — *Hamilton E. Davis*

48 Anti-Union Hospitals: Blue Cross Pays the Bills — *Joel Seldin*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

53 The American Economic Empire — *James O'Connor*

54 The Miracle of the Frescoes Saved from the Flood (poem) — *Florence Victor*

55 The Sanctuary of Imagination — *Mark L. Krupnick*

56 Landscape of the Heart — *Joan Goulianos*

57 Weimar and Edinburgh — *Martin Green*

58 Learning About China — *Orville Schell*

60 Films — *Robert Hatch*

62 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

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NATION *Volume 209 No. 2*

shot charge was soon narrowed to "gross personal misconduct," in the face of extremely strong support for both teachers from their departments.

Interchangeable, Graf and Graf set out to establish facts and to repel any notion that motive was relevant. When Kunstler objected to a Graf question, the committee chairman—a decent man trapped in an unsought routine—would consult his counsel and deny the defense objection; but prosecution objections were monotonously sustained, to exclude any hint that the seizure of Parkhurst Hall was a despairing protest against the continuing implication of the college in a wicked war through ROTC and military recruiting.

The prosecution hammered its allegations that Knapp had assisted in the ejection of Dean of Freshmen Dickerson from his office and had been photographed haranguing the rabble through the windows with a bull horn. Dickerson's own testimony revealed the uncertainty of his identification, and Knapp testified that he had used the bull horn only to read an official summary of President John Sloan Dickey's remarks on the merits of the injunction procedure.

On the second day it was clear that the committee, because of such episodes, had reassessed a ludicrous situation in which Graf Senior had sometimes addressed its chairman as "Your Honor." Prosecution objections began to be crisply denied. A graduate student, by a display of wordless astonishment, repelled the notion that he had been subverted by the political wiles of Mrs. Strauss. To Kunstler's eloquent summation, the factual Grafs chose not to respond at all.

What next? The committee has only an advisory function: the trustees, who could make jailbirds of forty boys under their care by letting a judge do it, must solve this one on their own—well aware that an observer for the AAUP is watching. ALEXANDER LAING

Contempt of Congress

If an alleged Communist refuses to answer the questions of a Congressional inquisitor, he is cited for contempt, prosecuted and almost inevitably sent to jail. He has interfered with the legislative process by refusing to furnish information, however trivial. But when officials in the Pentagon systematically deceive the Congress on a matter of the most vital national importance, no one is cited, no one is tried, no one is jailed. It is almost as if one of the unwritten privileges of the military were to spend their $80 billion a year allowance pretty much as they see fit, with only a minimum of accountability to Congress, and of course none at all to the public.

In the case of MIRV—the multiple warhead development, which is perhaps the most crucial issue before the country today—Rep. William S. Moorhead accuses the Pentagon of "willful concealment," and the record bears him out. Since 1962, the Air Force has been working on "penetration aids," costing to date about $1.5 billion. MIRV is only one element of this program. At the next level of detail, the Mark 12 General Electric re-entry vehicle has been an element of MIRV, but not an exclusive one. So far as the Congress was concerned, the whole MIRV program was still in the development stage and there was no connection between MIRV and Mark 12. Thus a routine Pentagon announcement, under date of July 10, 1968, that it had given General Electric a "letter contract" to produce sixty-eight Mark 12 re-entry vehicles attracted no Congressional attention.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: July 21, August 4, August 18.

On June 19 of this year, President Nixon told the country that he was considering asking the Russians to agree to a moratorium on further MIRV testing. Forty-one Senators lined up behind a "sense-of-the-Senate" resolution proposed by Senator Brooke, supporting a mutual test moratorium. But in the meantime, in April and May of this year, the Pentagon was engaged in negotiations with General Electric to convert the July 1968 letter of intent into a formal contract. This process was completed and the contract was signed on June 19—the very day on which Mr. Nixon was informing the reporters that he was considering trying to work out a standstill with the Russians. Contrary to its usual practice, the Pentagon did not announce the award. When Representative Moorhead expressed outrage, the Pentagon referred blandly to its letter of intent announcement of almost exactly a year earlier.

The General Electric contract is not for research and development (the kind of testing that the Congressmen wanted halted); apparently matters are well past that stage. It is a production contract for the top stage of Minuteman III ICBMs, which can then be equipped with three warheads in place of one. Up to fourteen missiles can be mounted on the submarine-borne Poseidon, successor to the Polaris. Their warheads are smaller than the single warheads of the older vehicles, but they are city-busters in the 50-200,000 kiloton range. For comparison, the bomb that leveled Hiroshima was of 25 kiloton size.

The basic idea is to quadruple the number of deliverable warheads and to target them accurately on every town or missile site. The Russians have not been idle in this laudable endeavor. Their line of development is aimed at fewer but larger warheads. U.S. intelligence is not certain whether the Soviet warheads are ejected in a shotgun pattern or are individually targetable like ours. The latter scheme is regarded as more sophisticated.

Since the United States is already in the production phase, it is hard to see how a mutual moratorium can be arranged. Coupling it with the Nixon visit to Romania, the Soviet leaders may feel that they have no choice but to press their MIRV equivalent, or as close to it as they can get, and so the nuclear arms race starts on another upward spiral. But Congress still has a chance

to make its voice heard. It can insist, as Mr. Moorhead suggests, on an immediate suspension of the GE production schedule pending U.S.-Soviet talks.

Whatever the outcome, this episode brings into sharp relief a basic weakness of our governmental system in the missile-space age. Vast governmental-corporate enterprises like the Department of Defense hold a tactical advantage over their Congressional overseers. They are in a position to act, to take the initiative, while the Congress, very few of whose members have enough technical background to know what is going on, is still debating. In the MIRV case the Pentagon simply took $88 million out of a lump sum of $1.72 billion which the Congress had authorized for "missile procurement-Air Force," and went into production. Who authorized a step of such monumental proportions? Did the President know about it? If so, did he think it would help to persuade the Soviets to agree to a moratorium? Suppose it has the opposite effect? In any case what becomes of the "democratic process" when momentous decisions are made in this fashion?

Kahn's Canals

Since all other measures have failed, the Department of Defense has turned to Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute to tell it how to win in Vietnam, or at least get out without complete loss of face. Combining patriotism and business acumen, Kahn accordingly wrote a scenario, the chief feature of which is a "new" type of "death-belt barrier" to be built around Saigon and along the Cambodian border. Although similar in principle to the ill-fated McNamara Line and its predecessor, the Maginot Line, the Kahn Line has several "gee-whiz" features not found in the earlier versions. It is a line of water, which would make construction contractors happy for years. Canals would be dug from the Gulf of Siam to a point on the Cambodian border opposite Saigon, thence connecting with a circumambient canal to protect the capital. The earth dredged from the canals would form a bank 50 yards high—that's as high as a 15-story building, if the *New York Times* description does not exaggerate. Two chain-link fences would make trespassing more perilous. The far bank of the canal would be fortified with barbed wire, mine fields and electric sensors.

But what about the Vietcong and North Vietnamese who are already in the villages? Dr. Kahn has not neglected them. The American forces, reduced to 100,000 or 200,000 men by the middle of 1971, would be pulled back to the coast and kept in readiness to reinforce the South Vietnamese troops in case the latter should succumb to combat fatigue or other disabling illness. American Special Forces would build up large units of Montagnard tribesmen who would harass the Vietcong unmercifully. The war, that is, would be Montagnardized, leaving the troops of the Republic of Vietnam to attend to more pleasant duties.

It all sounds so good that when officials of the Nixon Administration tell us that the wide-ranging package has "considerable appeal," but decline to say which features are "being woven into the fabric of our strategy," we are consumed with curiosity.

The editors regret to announce the death in New York of Grandin Conover, who, from November 30, 1964 to October 18, 1965, was literary editor of *The Nation*. Conover was a man of wit, imagination and creative energy; a sensitive editor and a delightful colleague. It is tragic that his life was so brief, and we express our deepest sympathy to his family and many friends.

The Right to Moonlight

Back in March, Henry P. Leifermann, then a reporter for UPI, wrote an article for *The Nation* about Memphis a year after Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination. Leifermann knew that it was customary for UPI reporters to "clear" manuscripts with executives before submitting them elsewhere. So he mentioned to UPI executives that he intended to do a piece about Memphis and was told that it would never be approved if it "said anything bad about the Memphis newspapers." In addition to having the usual agent-client relationship, both UPI and the Memphis papers are owned by Scripps-Howard. But Leifermann went ahead anyway and wrote the piece, without formal clearance, and *The Nation* published it (March 31). In the article he characterized the Memphis papers as part of the city's "establishment" and said they were "open to valid charges of discrimination in their news columns" because of racial labeling; he went on to accuse them of taking "an almost rabid stand behind whatever the police force proposes." For this horrendous offense he was given a five-day suspension without pay. Leifermann then resigned, saying UPI had no right to suspend him, and he is now in the Atlanta office of *Newsweek*.

Fortunately the Wire Service Guild, which represents the wire service newsmen, has decided to force the case to arbitration. The Guild contends, as does Leifermann, that in writing the article he was exercising his rights under the First Amendment, to which by their own account the newspapers and wire services are utterly and passionately devoted. "It is easy to see where this sort of conduct could lead this wire service and the news business in general," Leifermann comments. "In attempting to placate the wishes of clients, all semblance of honesty or fairness in its news reports will soon be lost."

No one doubts that the press is committed to the First Amendment; it is forever insisting, as it should, on its right to function without prepublication censorship of any kind. But freedom of the press involves more than freedom for newspapers; it protects the working press as well as the publishers and editors of newspapers. The Leifermann case is one of "first impression" so far as the wire services are concerned, and regardless of how it is finally decided, an important precedent is in the making.

A Little Something for Everyone

PAUL WOHL
Mr. Wohl covers the Soviet scene and international communism for The Christian Science Monitor.

Moscow has had its way at the Communist summit. For the Russians the international conference of seventy-five Communist and workers' parties, which met in the Kremlin from June 5 to 17, was at once a liturgical exercise at home and a political maneuver against Peking.

For the Moscow-oriented movement outside the Soviet bloc it was a quickening experience. On the other hand, the Communist parties of Japan, North Korea, North Vietnam and most of southern Asia, which seek to remain aloof from both Moscow and Peking, are gratified that they did not participate in what turned out to be a focused attack on Maoism, earlier Soviet promises notwithstanding. Peking has called it a "sinister counterrevolutionary conference" and "a despicable plot."

Little more than half of the world's 45 million Communists were represented at the conference and nine-tenths of this half belonged to nine parties that rule in their own countries (Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Mongolia, Poland, Romania and the Soviet Union), where communism is revolutionary only in a historical sense. The Cuban party, which still has a revolutionary spark, was represented by an observer.

Among the domesticated ruling parties, only the Romanians did not follow Moscow in all matters. This meant that innovations could come only from among the sixty-six nonruling parties, whose total membership is between 2.5 million and 3 million, more than 2 million of them in Western Europe.

Officially, each party had equal status at the conference. Membership did not matter, and the party of San Marino, Ireland, Lesotho, Réunion or Martinique was the peer of the Italian party with more than 1.5 million members or the French party with close to 400,000 members. The Italian party alone has six times as many members as all twenty-four Latin American parties.

Some of the parties present in the Kremlin—for example the Communist party of West Berlin or that of Namibie (South West Africa)—did not exist nine years ago when the previous Communist summit convened, with China present. While the importance of a party in the political life of its country is not necessarily measured by the number of its members, nor is a country significant entirely according to its area or inhabitants, this theoretical equality imposed a certain artificiality on the Moscow conference.

Nevertheless, the conference was a political event. It has made history, to use a term cherished by the Soviets. After this summit there can no longer be a dominant party. In relations among Communist parties (outside the Soviet bloc) the rule of diversity and plurality has been admitted. The myth of the monolith is abandoned.

Some speeches were severely critical of the Soviet party's methods, particularly of the occupation of Czechoslovakia and of Moscow's appraisal of the international situation. Other speeches, notably those of Italy's Ernesto Berlinguer, Australia's Laurie Aarons, Cuba's Carlos R. Rodriguez and the Dominican Republic's Manuel Sanchez, were an outright challenge to the organizers of the conference. Nevertheless, and in contrast to the previous international conferences of 1957 and 1960, the delegates' speeches were published by the Soviet press in full or in summary, many summaries being drafted by the delegations themselves. The example of the Russian press, moreover, seems to have been followed by all the leading Communist newspapers of the bloc. For the first time since Lenin's day, *Pravda* readers had evidence that their allegedly all-knowing, always "correct" party was being taken to task by foreign Communists.

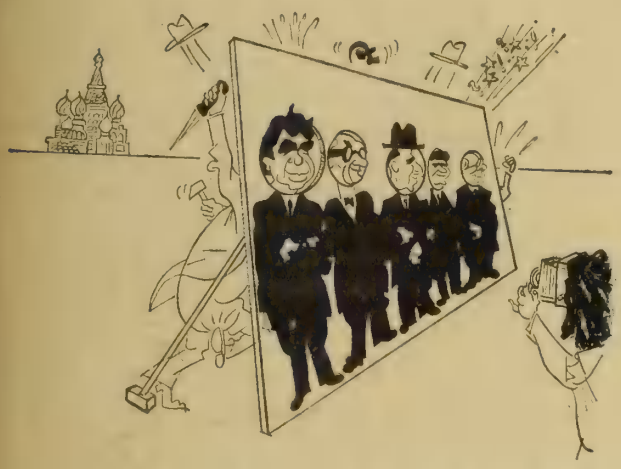
Seven delegations (Australia, Austria, Britain, Italy, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland, with a combined membership of more than 1.6 million) openly condemned the Warsaw pact intervention in Czechoslovakia. Others, like the Romanians, disapproved implicitly. The French party, which initially expressed "surprise and disapproval," took an ambivalent stand. Its secretary general, Waldeck Rochet, made no reference in his address to Czechoslovakia. He paid tribute to the "sovereignty of each party," but on the other hand came out for "proletarian internationalism," which is the principle the Soviets invoked to justify the invasion.

A few days later, the French delegation held a press conference for the benefit of members back home. Politburo member Georges Marchais recalled that the French party had "disapproved military intervention in Czechoslovakia," but also referred to the desire of the Czechoslovak party that "the problem should not be discussed at the international conference." The reason for this ambiguous performance may well be that the French Communists have once again become financially dependent on the "solidarity" of the Soviet party. The same may be true of other parties that avoided a clear statement on the Czechoslovak issue. The Spaniards, on the other hand, showed themselves indomitable, although presumably also dependent on Soviet support.

China was the cause of the other major controversy. The long-winded conference document with the formidable title "On the tasks of the struggle at the present time against imperialism and the unity of action of Communist parties and anti-imperialist forces" included China among the world's "Socialist countries" and refrained from criticizing Peking.

At the preparatory meetings it had been agreed that no party would be attacked by name at the conference. The last meeting of the preparatory commission in May, with more than sixty parties represented, once again confirmed this rule. However, this session coincided with renewed gunfire on the Sino-Soviet border, and as at the preceding meeting in March, Secretary General Leonid I. Brezhnev cited the shooting as a reason why the commission would change its ruling. Those who opposed a condemnation of China stood firm. (The coincidence between the meetings of the preparatory commission and the outbreaks on the Sino-Soviet border was interesting.)

Ten days later, in his address to the conference, Mr. Brezhnev ignored the agreement and subjected China to a blistering attack—its "feverish war preparations," its preparations for a "a great nuclear war . . . against the Soviet 'revisionists,'" its "intention of planting the banner of the ideas of Mao Tse-tung on the entire planet," its party-splitting activities in almost thirty countries," its "direct or indirect support of imperialism." Hardly any insult in the rich Communist vocabulary was omitted.



Backes, Nuernberger Nachrichten

Scores of smaller parties then followed the Soviet lead. Among speakers for parties representing Communist states, only Romania's Nicolae Ceausescu came out for continued good relations with all parties, including China. Italy's Ernesto Berlinguer offered to mediate between the Chinese and the Russians. There could be no peaceful coexistence, he said, without Chinese cooperation. A perpetuation of the hostility raised the danger of a world order based on bilateral agreement between Washington and Moscow.

Criticism of the Soviet party was not limited to the two big issues. "Marxist thinking in the last decades has to a large extent become schematic and dogmatic," said Mr. Berlinguer. "We consider negative the tendency to stick a label of ideological condemnation on anyone who holds a different opinion." It would be dangerous for a Russian to express such views.

Another point of discord between the Soviet party and its critics was the feasibility of a single model of socialism. Each party must go its own way, was the line of the dissenters. Differences also arose over Soviet insistence on peaceful coexistence. That had been the burden of Mr. Brezhnev's speech. Peaceful coexistence, he said, not only means no war; it also implies growing cultural, scientific and trade relations between Socialist and capitalist countries. But according to Cuba's Carlos Rodriguez, the main goal of Communists should not be the preservation of peace but the annihilation of imperialism. "This is a more general and greater task than the maintenance of peace." The same view was expressed in even stronger terms by the delegate from the Dominican Republic.

Most of these opposition statements were carried by *Pravda*. They were somewhat toned down for publication, but those who wanted to know exactly what the foreign delegates had said usually could obtain the full texts in Russian translation. How many Russians dared avail themselves of this facility is another matter.

This frankness was a big shift from traditional Soviet behavior, but the risk may not have been as great as it seems. Dissenters in the USSR listen to Western broadcasts and know what is being said. The great mass of *Pravda* readers, on the other hand, no longer pay much attention to international party politics and ideology. Some of the criticism leveled at the home party, moreover, cannot have pleased the average Russian, who prefers peace to war and no longer believes in world revolution. As far as China goes, Mr. Brezhnev probably also had the great majority of his people on his side. Nevertheless, the open airing of controversy was the price the Kremlin had to pay in order to get a large number of parties to the conference.

Why, then, were the Soviets so keen on this conference? After the dissolution of the Comintern in 1943, there was no longer a machinery for this kind of international meeting; the last Comintern congress met in 1935. And in the years after World War II, there was no need for a Communist summit. Stalin was the supreme mystagogue, the "father of the peoples"; his authority was unconditionally accepted by all parties. Only the Yugoslavs dared skepticism.

Things changed after Stalin's death. The "confusion and disarray" of which Stalin's heirs warned at his bier did not break out immediately, but the authority of the Russian party was no longer beyond question. Questioning voices began to be heard in the Soviet Union and internationally. The legitimacy of party and state was challenged.

The two institutions which are supposed to perpetuate the revolution and from which the party claims to have received its mandate are the local soviets and the international Communist movement. Incessant efforts to activate the local soviets have not been successful. The grassroots democracy which they were to represent has again and again been smothered by the bureaucracy.

That leaves the international movement as the heir to the revolution and the mainspring of the authority of the Soviet party and the Russian state. The Kremlin's interest

in international communism also has a practical angle. Most foreign parties have acted, openly or unwittingly, as auxiliaries of Soviet foreign policy. They were, to say the least, good-will agents for the USSR. The dogma of the last Comintern congress had been that it was the first duty of every Communist everywhere to defend the Soviet Union. After the war, this was no longer official doctrine but it lingered on in the thinking of most Communists.

Even after the 20th congress of the Soviet party in 1957 had conceded that each party might chart its own road to socialism and had reaffirmed the Leninist principle that all parties are equal, the Kremlin retained a unique international authority. In November 1957, on the occasion of the first international Communist summit in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, it was Chairman Mao who proclaimed this leading role for the Soviet party.

In 1960, when the second summit convened, the Soviets still headed the international movement, but behind the façade the rift with China was deepening. By 1964 Nikita S. Khrushchev was drumming up support among the Western and overseas parties for another summit at which Peking would be read out of the Communist movement. The going was difficult, there were objections from many sides, and before long Khrushchev himself was out.

The reconciliation with Peking, which his successors initially sought did not occur, and today the two Communist giants are on the brink of war. Russia's need for the backing of international communism has never been more evident. The impassioned denunciation of Maoism at the conference just adjourned gave the Kremlin a propaganda plank against Peking which it previously lacked. The fact that the conference document does not actually mention China is of secondary importance.

There are indications that some Soviet leaders believe the opposition to Mao's rule inside China is approaching a climax. According to *Correspondenza Socialista* in Rome, anti-Mao Chinese in Moscow have formed a Communist party in exile, headed by Wang Ming, the predecessor of Mao Tse-tung. Such an organization could have been set up only with the Kremlin's consent.

Therefore, the hawks in Moscow may well have decided that the occasion calls for a "pre-emptive" strike against China's nuclear installations and MIG factories, all in easy air distance of the Soviet or Mongolian border. Russian spokesmen at the United Nations, in Washington and the West European capitals have questioned governments and the media as to their probable reaction if the Chinese escalated a conflict in the Far East to the level of nuclear war.

The question is spurious because, compared with those of the USSR, China's nuclear weapons are minimal. Recent Chinese notes to Moscow show that Peking has become seriously disturbed by the prospect of a Soviet first strike and is taking a more conciliatory attitude. Moscow's hawks may not have it their way, for there is evidence that the leadership is divided.

On April 2, Tass published an advance summary of the issue of *Kommunist,* the central committee's leading bimonthly, that was due in the first half of the month. According to this report, the magazine would accuse Peking of striking the Soviet Union in the back and of having opened a "second front." That issue of *Kommunist* was finally released to the printer on April 21, without the sentences quoted by Tass. Such delays and changes of text are usually signs of conflict at the top. In this case the doves seem to have gained the upper hand.

Meanwhile, new reports have come in of Soviet concentrations of rockets, planes and armor in the Far East, in Mongolia and on the border of Sinkiang, where the Soviet radio is wooing the non-Chinese Muslim tribes. No one can foretell the outcome. The only thing certain is that the anti-Mao speeches at the recent summit have strengthened Moscow's hand and could provide the political orchestration for a Soviet intervention in China—which, naturally, would be presented as both defensive and designed to free the Chinese masses of the "Mao clique." Moscow broadcasts have hinted recently that it is a Communist duty to help the Chinese to oust Mao.

The permanent record of the conference is its basic document: it was signed by sixty-nine parties. Two parties (Cuba and Sweden) did not sign because they attended as observers; two other parties (Britain and Norway) must consult their central committees before signing; one party (Dominican Republic) refused to sign because the document was not sufficiently revolutionary.

With seventy-five parties represented, the number of signatures should have been seventy, but sixty-nine is the official figure.

Four of these (Italy, San Marino, Australia and Réunion) signed only the third chapter of the document, the one on struggle against imperialism. Five parties signed with reservations.

Much of the conference document is an exercise in what Italian party chief Luigi Longo has called *trionfalismo* (triumphalism). Socialism in the past ten years is said to have advanced everywhere, "confirming the correctness of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine. . . . The victory of the revolutionary and progressive forces is inevitable." The Socialist system, it is stated repeatedly, has triumphed in fourteen countries, six of which did not take part in the conference (Albania, China, North Korea, North Vietnam and Yugoslavia; and Cuba was represented only by an observer). That is a far cry from Lenin's prediction at the 8th party congress in 1919: "We shall see the international [meaning world-wide] Soviet republic."

The document refers to contradictions inside imperialism, but not to contradictions inside the Socialist system. In line with customary Communist shibboleths, the United States is descibed as "the exploiter and policeman of the world, the merciless enemy of liberation movements," which, among other things, has "completed the factual occupation of the Indian Ocean," an area in which the Soviets have lately shown lively interest. Moscow's old bogy man West Germany is dealt with more mildly than in

the past, perhaps with a thought to current Soviet efforts to develop better relations with Bonn. In all main points the world outlook of the conference document jibes with trends discernible in Soviet foreign policy.

A new note is the emphasis on the cohesion of the imperialist system, internal contradictions notwithstanding, and imperialism's ability to plan in advance and to coordinate its economy. This is something that Marxist-Leninists have hitherto categorically denied. It moves the Moscow prognosticators to stress the need for peaceful coexistence. The defense of peace and the economic strengthening of the Soviet Union and the other Socialist states are described as the principal tasks of all Communist and progressive forces in the present stage.

The basic conservatism of the parties that hold power, and even of some of the large West European parties that have reached understanding with their establishments, is reflected in this line. It is offset by a few revolutionary safeguards. Peaceful coexistence, says the document, does not signify the maintenance of the social and political *status quo* or the weakening of the ideological struggle, nor does it deny the "inalienable right" of peoples to defend themselves against imperialist aggressors. In an ostensible world survey of just causes in which people now fight against aggression or imperialist encroachment, the document mentions only those that are supported by the USSR. The case of Biafra, understandably, is omitted.

This incomplete, biased and rather superficial analysis of the world situation was criticized at the conference, and accounts for the reservations of several delegations and for the fact that some parties signed only the one chapter.

The admission that Communist parties may hold different opinions and that each party has the right to chart its own course is the most important feature of the document. It can be said that the recognition of the principles of plurality and diversity inside communism, which emerged from the debate, was what the reform movement in Czechoslovakia was about. But thus far these principles are not admitted internally by the ruling parties, and Moscow's dialectical proficiency has worded the conference document so ambiguously that another Czechoslovakia in the name of proletarian internationalism is not altogether excluded.

Thus all participants—as so often happens at international councils of whatever political persuasion—went home with something. The Soviets got a proclamation of Communist unity and of loyalty to Moscow, complete with scores of denunciations of Peking, from a sizable part of the Communist movement. The Italians and other dissidents won recognition of the principles of plurality and diversity. The former colonial peoples obtained a cautious endorsement of their "just causes" and the right publicly to add reservations to the document.

Only such uncompromising revolutionaries as the Communists of the Dominican Republic protested against the document and implicitly joined the other half of the revolutionary movement which either gravitates toward Peking or takes an independent stand.

Probably the only participants to be fully satisfied with the conference, and with the repetitious, double-bottomed document to which it gave birth, are the Kremlin's master dialecticians and the faithful party stalwarts who once again had an opportunity to intone communism's traditional liturgy.

THE GLENVILLE SHOOT-OUT

BAD DAY IN CLEVELAND

ROLDO BARTIMOLE
Mr. Bartimole, formerly a reporter in the Cleveland office of The Wall Street Journal, *now writes a biweekly newsletter,* Point of View, *dealing with politics and social developments in that city.*

Cleveland

Sometimes in history it has become politically convenient to sacrifice the socially despised for the "protection" of society. Rationalizations of justice then overpower the judicial process and make it merely the means of legitimizing society's need for a victim. However, such political trials often become, as in the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, not the end of the matter but only the beginning.

A beginning of that sort may have been the conviction of Fred "Ahmed" Evans, a black nationalist, who has been sentenced to die in the electric chair in September for the murders of three policemen and a civilian in a gun fight between police and black nationalists last July 23 in the Glenville section of Cleveland. A shooting fray of this sort provides some of the classic demands for a political trial: a case involving the seemingly open defiance of established order by a "deviant" who is the product of the very social ills the society seems unable to correct; the eruption of violent conflict at a time when the process of justice is compliant to the political climate of "law and order"; and a need to destroy the legitimacy of any leadership among the socially despised. The prosecution may have summed it up by asking for conviction in the name of "preserving the American way of life." It was crucial, too, that the event took place in a city that had elected a black mayor, thus providing both a possible step toward the problem-solving but also a test of the depth of racism. Mayor Carl B. Stokes had steered the community peacefully through the difficult period after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Indeed,

at the time of the shooting the Mayor was enjoying his height of popularity. Yet there were strains, especially between the administration and a police department which rejected a black leader. The Glenville episode started on a day when the Mayor was out of town and the police were warning of impending violence and plots to assassinate black leaders, including the Mayor. The police have been and remain eager to raid black nationalists' headquarters and constantly keep alive the concept of themselves as the "thin blue line" between whites they protect and blacks they patrol.

Glenville lies in the northeast corner of Cleveland, not far from the city line of East Cleveland, an older suburban area. The section has short, narrow streets with two- and three-story buildings, mostly housing, with alleys running between and behind the structures. The confusion and conflicting stories of how and what happened to set off the violence have never been satisfactorily outlined. The first alleged sign of activity was a police report that fifteen to twenty armed men, some of whom had arrived shortly before by car, were leaving Evans' apartment. This apartment became one of three main locations where militants and police traded gunfire on the streets serving a compact two-block area about the size of two football fields. At the farthest point from Ahmed's apartment, a police tow truck came under fire; the third location was between these two points, where two militants were killed behind a house that allegedly contained snipers.

Although police listed their casualties as victims of snipers, the initial firing suggests a spreading gun battle at street level. The eruption brought hundreds of policemen into the area where, a police "surveillance team" of undetermined number had been watching Evans' apartment after reports that the militants had armed themselves. The heaviest shooting and casualties came near Evans' apartment in the first hour and a half. Shooting at alleged snipers continued late into the night, but the three nationalists killed and the one wounded were all shot at street level. There have been unsubstantiated rumors, however, that the bodies of dead and wounded nationalists were spirited away.

Evans was charged and convicted on seven counts of murder. Four of these counts arise from an Ohio conspiracy law that states: "Whoever aids, abets, or procures another to commit an offense may be prosecuted and punished as if he were the principal offender." An all-white jury deliberated sixteen hours to convict Evans on all counts; it made no recommendations of mercy. Four other nationalists face the same charges and will stand trial this summer.

This tragic event, which took the lives of seven persons and left many wounded, including eleven officers, could have been viewed as a spontaneous eruption of violence or even a police attempt to eradicate black nationalists; but it has been viewed by officials, press, academics and certainly by the prosecution and police as a conspiracy to kill police.

A Cleveland *Plain Dealer* headline two days after the outbreak told its readers it was a "massacre of police," a description generally accepted in the community. The necessity of punishment for a "massacre" is self-evident; but the conspiracy charge is flimsy and the possibility of police provocation raises the question whether self-defense, even against police, is not legally permissible.

Ahmed Evans was both a likely and unlikely protagonist. Two years ago, he predicted that blood would flow in the streets of this city in a race war coinciding with an eclipse of the sun. The day passed without event, other than a police raid of Evans' astrology shop. His warnings of doom, however, were given nation-wide publicity through an article in *The Wall Street Journal* that was picked up by the press across the country. The notoriety changed Evans' image from that of an eccentric astrologist to a leading black nationalist. He also bitterly complained that it made him a target of police harassments and beatings.

Ironically, Evans helped to create the appearance of racial harmony that Mayor Stokes was nurturing. Evans walked the streets to preserve the peace after Dr. King's death, as he had joined with the civil rights leader in 1967. During that summer, Evans and other militants were paid from a private businessmen's fund to "keep it cool for Carl." The calm, many felt, helped Stokes win City Hall. Even at the time of the shooting, Evans was receiving funds from a City Hall program. But Ahmed's peace-keeping activities never made as good copy as his warnings. Defense lawyer Stanley Tolliver blamed the news media for creating the image of Evans as a "black Frankenstein."

"Who shot first? And at whom? Various accounts of where, how and why the shooting started have appeared. Even after extensive investigation, the questions remain unanswered," concludes the study of the Glenville shootout by the Civil Violence Research Center of Case-Western Reserve University for the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. Police contend the nationalists fired upon them first; the nationalists contend the opposite. Evans gave this version:

> I was heading for the Lakeview Tavern [*a short distance from his apartment*] when I heard shots coming from the end of the street. Then one of the brothers passed me. Some policemen in a blue detective's car opened up with a machine gun and he was dead. So I ran into a yard and I began trading shots with a policeman behind a parked car. I couldn't hit him. I wasn't even coming anywhere close to him. And then my carbine jammed.

Joseph Turpin, a country workhouse guard who lives near Evans, testified at the trial that Evans attempted to enter his home about 8 P.M. that night. Turpin said he didn't allow him in but that he made five phone calls between 8:15 and 11:30 P.M. to the police for Evans, who had told Turpin he wanted to surrender. A Legal Aid lawyer testified that a prosecution witness said one of the prosecution lawyers had told this witness that he was aware Ahmed was in Turpin's attic at the time the

policemen were killed. (No spent shells were found in the attic by a police search.)

Two witnesses were key to the conspiracy theory of the police and prosecution. One was Sgt. John J. Ungvary, for some thirty years a member and head of the Cleveland Police Department's Subversives Squad—a department that has a reputation for conspiracy theories, especially those involving Communists. (In 1966 the Cuyahoga County grand jury with the help of police blamed the Hough riots on subversives and Communists, though even the Federal Bureau of Investigation dismissed the contention.)

Sergeant Ungvary testified that he had discussed "revolution" with Evans and that the black nationalist had told him it was "inevitable." Evans said, according to Ungvary, "sooner or later there's going to be open warfare between whites and blacks and the beasts will be eliminated." (It was Ungvary who brought information of impending trouble to City Hall the afternoon of July 23. An informant had told him that Evans had been to Detroit and Pittsburgh the previous night for arms and was planning another arms-running trip that night as a prelude to an early morning attack. This was never verified and the informant, according to the Civil Violence report, was suspected of being under the influence of drugs.)

Ungvary's thinking, typical of the police mentality in Cleveland, can best be illustrated by his testimony two years ago before Mississippi Sen. James O. Eastland's Internal Security subcommittee. Ungvary told the Senators: "What we need is a law that would let us charge them all [black nationalists] as conspirators. . . . Wouldn't that be far better than to wait for an overt act?" That concept, blacks believe, was put to use in Glenville.

The second prosecution witness to lend credence to the conspiracy theory was 17-year-old Walter Lee Washington, Jr., who described himself as a member of the Black Panther Party, which he said was a "social club."

Washington testified that a meeting was held at Evans' apartment on the morning of July 23 to discuss a shoot-out with police and that Evans showed those present "how to load and unload a rifle and what to do if it jammed." Here is part of the testimony in answer to prosecution questions:

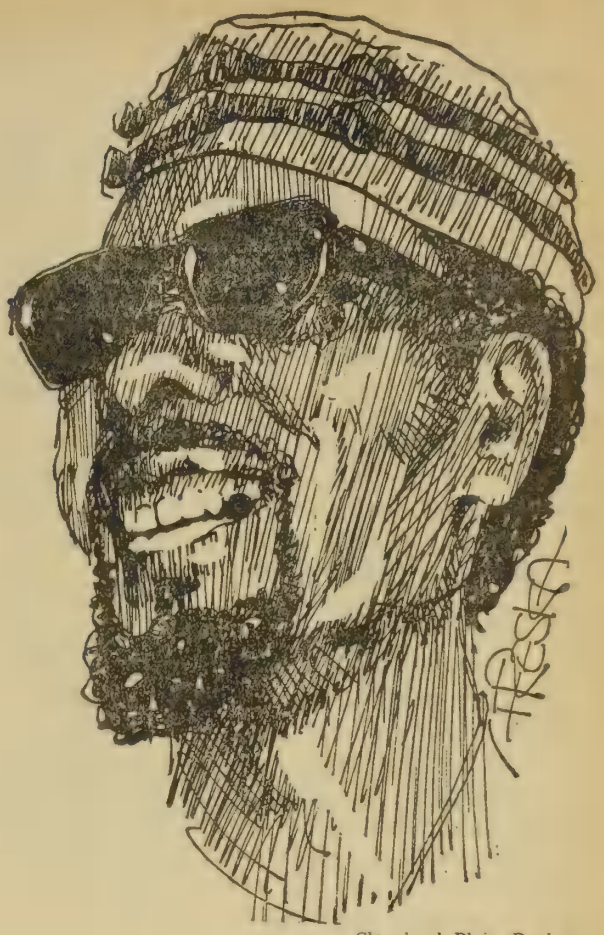
Q. What was the purpose of the meeting?

A. To tell us when the pop is going to jump off.

Q. What do you mean?

A. When there was to be a revolution.

Washington was an unusual witness for the state. He had been charged on January 23 with first-degree murder in the street-stabbing death of a 68-year-old man. The man was stabbed eleven times in the back. The murder took place in September, after Washington and four companions, according to police, had set fire to a church, a fish market and an abandoned building, all in one night. Police described the gang at that time as terrorizers of residents and merchants in the Glenville area. In addition to murder, Washington had charges of arson, glue-sniffing and theft lodged against him. All those charges have been dropped and today Washington is a soldier in the U.S. Army, an alternative he was offered to standing trial for arson. Though defense lawyers broadly hinted that the prosecution had bought perjured testimony from Washington, the jury apparently believed the conspiracy theory advanced by Ungvary and Washington.



Cleveland Plain Dealer

Fred Evans

Only one person named Evans directly as having fired a bullet, and his testimony was strongly contested. William H. McMillan, a police tow-truck driver, testified Evans was the man who had shot him. However, the registered nurse who treated McMillan and a hospital aide testified that McMillan couldn't identify anyone at the hospital that night, though he was asked several times. "He didn't know what happened or who shot him," the nurse said. Further, she testified that McMillan was more interested in calling reporters about the shooting than in receiving treatment for his wounds.

In talks with reporters, McMillan proposed the theory that the abandoned auto which the tow truck was to pick up was a "decoy," intended to lure the truck into an ambush and subsequently the police too, when they responded to McMillan's call for help. The theory fell by the wayside; it lacked plausibility because pickups of abandoned cars are most unreliable and usually occur two or three days after the initial request. The Civil Violence

report dismissed the theory, saying the tow truck "arrived at the wrong place at the wrong time." But the ambush theory lived on in popular imagination.

Mayor Stokes from the beginning blamed a "small, organized gang" for the violence and said it would "meet the full measure of the law." He tried to play down the gun battle, calling it an "incident," as an isolated act of violence. Though the Mayor called down the full measure of the law on the militants, he failed to pursue a number of promised investigations into police activities, including one complaint in which a black private guard was killed. In this case, the city law director arrived and was told by citizens that the shots came from a police car.

The Civil Violence report, release of which was delayed until after the Evans trial on the ground that it might interfere with the trial, echoes the Mayor and the conventional version of the gun battle as a violent act of blacks. The report says: "A small, well-equipped army of black extremists was responsible for the bloodshed (whether or not they fired the first shot)." The sweeping sentence was quickly picked up by the media as the reasoned conclusion of the report and further evidence that the militants were to blame. Though a reading of the report suggests its writers misread their own facts, the headlines of Cleveland papers indicate the effect: "Masotti [Louis H. Masotti, a political scientist at Case-Western Reserve who headed the report staff] Report Hits Fanatics," said the Cleveland *Press*; "Masotti Blames Glenville Battle on 'Extremists,' " said the *Plain Dealer*. Masotti told me that he was "sick" that the sentence had remained in the final version of the report, that it was supposed to have been deleted. (The sentence, however, reveals a bias of the report; it concerns itself with escalating black violence without giving equal attention to the possibilities of escalation on the part of the police.)

It was decided at the afternoon police meeting to deploy a "mobile" and "inconspicuous" surveillance of Evans' apartment. The Civil Violence report says "enough cars were available for an effective moving surveillance and the police department would assign to the task as many Negro officers as it could." But the police in the field established a stationary surveillance, with cars full of white policemen parked within easy sight of the apartment. The police disregard of orders was "glaringly evident," said the Civil Violence report, but it never pursued the question of how it happened. The nationalists believed that the police were preparing to spring an attack. "We were ambushed, not the police," Evans said later. (Shortly before the shooting, Evans, armed and disturbed, met with two black city officials and asked them to "get the surveillance removed." The meeting ended when he told them, "Tell the Big Brother downtown that everything is going to be all right." The officials felt it would be futile to ask the officers in the lookout cars to move. They drove away to a telephone and by the time they called City Hall, the shooting had started.)

At this point two other factors, the time when the shooting started and the use by police of two radio frequencies, combined with the disregard of orders, suggest that the official version of what happened in Glenville purposely hides the truth. Masotti admits that there was conflicting evidence on the time factor, and that he was aware the police used two frequencies. The surveillance team was from the tactical unit, which communicates with its headquarters on a high frequency that is not heard by regular patrol cars.

The starting time for the violence was put at 8:25 P.M. by the police and so accepted by the Mayor (who issued an "official" time chronology) and the Civil Violence report. However, one time fact conflicts sharply. Patrolman Louis Golonka was pronounced dead at Forest City Hospital at 8:40 P.M. The official chronology has him shot at 8:35 P.M., which means he had to hear the "all units" call for help at 8:30 P.M., get to the scene, be shot, rescued and taken to the hospital to be pronounced dead—all in ten minutes.

Why would the police distort the time when the conflict started? Some speculate that the tactical unit had made contact with the militants, possibly initiated it, but had not alerted the regular patrol police. As the gun battle spread, the police tow truck became involved, was hit and radioed for help on a low frequency band, bringing regular patrols into the area. The fact that four policemen were shot within a one-minute time span and four others in another one-minute period indicates that they were unprepared for what they encountered.

For certain, militants were armed, engaged in a gun battle with police and probably killed some officers. (The defense suggested that some officers were killed by other policemen. Defense lawyers showed that two of the three officers killed were drunk.) But the argument that black militants planned an ambush and conspired to kill policemen is not convincing. The prosecution showed that Evans and his associates had bought thirteen weapons, including high-powered rifles. But the weapons were bought openly in Cleveland area department and discount stores, and Evans even signed a police document, necessary for the purchase of weapons in one suburb. (Witnesses testified that Evans had formed a gun club and a neighborhood barber testified that in July he had found a practice range for the group's use.)

The defense attacked several decisions of the Cuyahoga County coroner's office which dovetailed with the police version of the shooting. For example, the original autopsy of Lt. LeRoy Jones indicated he was killed by a "shotgun"-caused wound, but that was later changed to read a "gunshot" wound, coinciding with the police claims that militants had semi-automatic weapons while the police had only hand guns and shotguns.

More revealing was the coroner's ruling that James Chapman, a 22-year-old Negro whom police described as a "hero" who helped to rescue police, was killed by a long-range shot, thus by a sniper. Dr. Cyril H. Wecht, an eminent Pittsburgh pathologist, testified categorically

that Chapman was killed by a shot fired not more than "six inches" from his head. Contrary to normal procedures, laboratory reports showing that police were drunk were not included in their autopsies.

The political nature of the trial extended beyond being merely an attack upon black nationalism. Charles R. Laurie, the assistant prosecutor, made broad insinuations about Mayor Stokes's involvement. "Why did City Hall let the police go in there unprepared? Why? What were they going to fight back with? Spitballs?" At another point Laurie said: "Under the façade of making dolls and *dashikis* [the program funded by the city with Evans as its head] in the shop [well outside the area of conflict], they prepared for war against the men in blue. City Hall gave him the money and what did he do in gratitude? He gave them hot bullets in return."

Although common pleas court Judge George J. McMonagle, who heard the case, overruled the defense plea for a new trial because of racism, saying that there "is no basis for such contentions," most would sharply disagree. The prosecution lawyers, both white, several times during the summation, called the two Negro defense lawyers "boys." Laurie badgered one young Negro girl, finally screaming, "You hate white people, don't you?" He then asked her, "Wasn't my color the people that put up the money for these [poverty] programs?"

Of Chapman, Laurie said: "He was a decent citizen and he wasn't even a white citizen. . . ." And in the final plea, he told the jury that they had to take a stand as Americans and warned: "From an acorn grows a mighty tree. A spoonful of ink in a gallon of water gives you a tainted color."

There have been other casualties of the trial. The verdict brought campus disorders to Case-Western Reserve University, where students protested the delay of the Civil Violence report, feeling its release would have aided Evans. The Civil Violence Center at the university is now the subject of a campus investigation and Masotti, in the midst of the disorders, resigned as its head.

Twenty persons have been convicted of contempt of court and given up to one year in jail for disorders stemming from an attempt to bring charges against the police for their actions in Glenville. Prosecutor John T. Corrigan refused to meet with them. They were arrested for blocking the doors of criminal court on the third day that they sought an audience with him. Judge McMonagle, who imposed the stiff sentences, said the group, called the July 23rd Defense Committee, made a "planned assault . . . to physically shut down the courthouse. . . ." He said the harsh punishment was to prevent further disrespect for the law. Since testimony before him in the Evans case told of beating and probably murder by police, the judge's

(Continued on page 61)

MR. NIXON'S URBAN BALLET

HAMILTON E. DAVIS
Mr. Davis is Washington bureau chief of The Providence Journal. *Earlier, he headed an urban affairs team for the newspapers of Providence.*

Washington

When President Nixon took office, one of his firmest resolutions was to avoid the rhetorical excesses of the Johnson administration, the soaring and pretentious language, the inflated claims, and the orchestrated publicity that led to expectations for programs which, in reality, simply could not be met. To a considerable extent, Mr. Nixon has been successful in this effort.

Yet he faces the problem in a different, and perhaps more serious form. The Nixon Administration has taken office at a time when the need for initiatives in the area of domestic, and especially urban, problems is acute. At the same time, it must cut the budget in order to combat inflation, and it must continue to finance the war in Vietnam. The upshot is that until the war is liquidated, there is no new money for domestic programs; most of them, in fact, will suffer cuts.

What the Administration has begun to do, in response to this obvious dilemma, is substitute choreography for action which, in the long run, is simply another aspect of the Johnson style. While this tendency is not yet widespread, it has been evidenced to date particularly in those programs dealing with the poor—the Model Cities program, and the much ballyhooed effort to funnel money into twenty cities that have suffered riot damage in the past few years. The latter instance was choreography in the grand manner.

Early this year, President Nixon visited the 7th Street corridor in northwest Washington, site of a major riot in April 1968. The President said he was shocked by the sight of rubble-strewn lots and boarded-up buildings. Obviously, little had been done to clean up the area and begin the job of rebuilding. So he ordered a quick study by the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) to see how widespread the problem was, and what could be done about it.

On April 8, the White House announced that a major statement would be forthcoming that afternoon on the urban situation. When reporters arrived in the West Wing, they were given a statement by the President, another by George Romney, Secretary of HUD, and a fistful of pictures of riot-damaged sections of several large cities, including Newark, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Detroit.

There to meet them and to explain what was to be done was a group of Administration officials, led by Daniel P. Moynihan, the President's assistant for urban affairs. He was accompanied by Richard Van Dusen, an under secretary at HUD, and Lawrence M. Cox, an assistant secretary at HUD.

The gist of the program to be announced was stated clearly and concisely in the printed statement by Mr. Nixon. First, he said, the Administration would find $9 million in the petty cash account to clean up the actual rubble that remained from the riots. In addition, he continued, roughly $200 million worth of HUD projects had already been approved, or were pending and likely to be approved, for the twenty cities named. "HUD will offer assistance to those cities in accelerating the delivery time of those programs which relate to riot-troubled neighborhoods," he said.

In other words, the Administration would provide $9 million that had not been available before, and it would urge HUD to shuffle the papers more rapidly on $200 million already in the pipe line. If that seems of less than cosmic importance, it is; and that is the point. Neither Mr. Nixon's Administration, nor any other, is going to make a big splash with an announcement that involves a paltry $9 million and some bureaucratic good will about something already available.

To create the impression of initiative and commitment, therefore, it was necessary that the Administration appear to be pouring $200 million of additional money—money that was not available until all this initiative was brought to bear—into the selected cities.

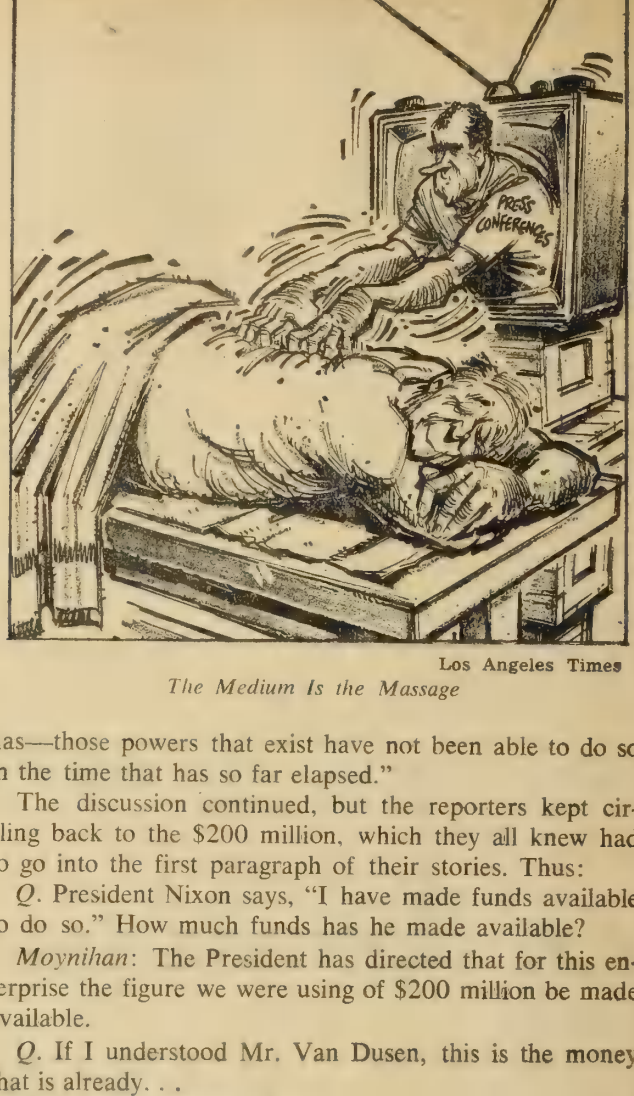
Enter Mr. Moynihan, as follows: "The first fact of this statement is the announcement of a $200 million and more program for the reconstruction of areas of American cities which have been damaged in civil disorders in the past year. . . ." There then ensued an extended, if diffused, effort by the reporters to find out the nature of this $200 million pledge, and a dazzling performance by Mr. Moynihan in confusing the issue, thereby leading at least some of his hearers to accept his first statement at face value.

The first question was directed at a HUD official. "Mr. Van Dusen, tell us about the $200 million program," the reporter asked. "Is this a new $200 million, or is it old money; is it deferred? What does it mean?"

Mr. Van Dusen answered this question twice with a description similar to that of Mr. Nixon, making it clear the money had been available all along and implying that it was *not* new. So after a few moments, Mr. Moynihan stepped in.

"This money is more than the $200 million involved," he said in part. "We have used a low figure because we haven't wanted to say things that in the end maybe we won't deliver. But this is in the greatest measure new money. That which has been approved in the last couple of months has been approved in the President's directive to find out what is going on here and there.

"This is new money," he continued earnestly. "It is designed to do something that very clearly the government has—those powers that exist have not been able to do so in the time that has so far elapsed."



Los Angeles Times

The Medium Is the Massage

The discussion continued, but the reporters kept circling back to the $200 million, which they all knew had to go into the first paragraph of their stories. Thus:

Q. President Nixon says, "I have made funds available to do so." How much funds has he made available?

Moynihan: The President has directed that for this enterprise the figure we were using of $200 million be made available.

Q. If I understood Mr. Van Dusen, this is the money that is already. . .

Moynihan: Appropriated.

Q. . . . already appropriated and earmarked for these various programs.

Moynihan: We have been earmarking it for the past two months as we have assembled this program and there is about another 40 per cent yet to be [*turning to Van Dusen*] 40 per cent to go, or what?

Van Dusen: It is difficult to speak in precise percentages.

Moynihan: We are a little soft in the edges and the edges go to well beyond $200 million. This is new money that will be expended in these areas for the purpose of this program.

Q. Is this program for fiscal 1969?

Moynihan (trying to shake off his pursuers): Yes. But maybe we haven't made ourselves clear about the process we find going on. In the normal processes of what is getting funded and what is getting spent, nothing has been happening in these areas and the normal pressures of administration have been to put the money where you can spend it and because of these areas, somehow or other, whatever it takes to get money finally working, get re-

construction, rehabilitation working, here hasn't happened. So the normal pressure of government will take it where it will.

Q. So what we are saying in effect is that this is a plan to expedite the process?

Moynihan: No. What we found was that in the normal process of administration, these parts of American cities where you might expect to have the highest priority for action were getting no action. Nothing was happening.

There was, in fact, a germ of intelligence in this flood of rhetoric. Mr. Moynihan was making the point that many city officials have a tendency to put their program money into areas that produce the quickest and most viable results, rather than into those that need it the most. The Administration, he indicated, would nudge cities into allocating their money to the hard-core slums, which is mostly where the riots took place.

There is nothing wrong with that. Even though there is little likelihood that such an effort will work (the projects involved were already approved, or very nearly so), the Administration has every right to try. But it is a minor flex of the bureaucratic muscle, not an infusion of new money, and certainly not worth a White House press extravaganza. It was, more than anything else, footwork. Choreography.

A few weeks later, Mr. Romney called a press conference to announce major new initiatives to correct the "critical deficiencies" in the Model Cities program as it was administered under Mr. Johnson. He said that the overall responsibility for the program would be vested for the first time in the Urban Affairs Council at the White House; that state governments would be brought into the planning process, although without a veto; that mayors would have responsibility at the local level; and that the restriction of a given project to 10 per cent of a city's population would be eliminated.

While it was clear that these were initiatives, it was equally clear that they left almost untouched the "critical" problems faced by the Johnson administration.

The purpose of the Model Cities program was to take a wide range of federal, state and local programs—anti-poverty programs, urban renewal, job training, educational assistance, welfare and so forth—and pull them together into a concentrated attack on all the problems of a small urban slum area.

This, it was hoped, would lead to a breakthrough that would point the way to solving the broader urban malaise. In the bureaucratic argot, it was to be post holing (a concentrated effort on a few people) rather than leaf raking (a scattered effort that hits a lot of people, but doesn't do much for any of them).

There were two fundamental difficulties with the program when the Nixon Administration took office. The first was the perennial shortage of money. The Johnson budget for fiscal 1970 called for an expenditure of $750 million for 150 cities, which is nearly $300 million less than what the Johnson planners had figured for the programs. The Model Cities money is only a supplement to the money available for the programs that come under its umbrella, but even so the Johnson budget was low.

The second problem went to the heart of the Model Cities concept; the need to coordinate the various programs so as to achieve maximum impact. Somebody who lives in a slum is likely, at any given time, to be in poor health, have a bad job or no job at all, live in a miserable house, be poorly educated, and so on. But the agencies that administer programs designed to alleviate these conditions tended to end up fighting one another rather than cooperating. The Office of Economic Opportunity was running job training, education and welfare programs; the Labor Department also ran job programs; the Department of Health, Education and Welfare ran its programs; and all of these often involved the same poor "clients" in the model neighborhoods.

Not surprisingly, each department thought it knew best how to run its type of program. Moreover, each department wanted to spend its available money according to its own philosophy and priorities.

This was even more true at the state and local levels; the result in many cases has been that the Model Cities legislation turned out to be not a newly forged instrument for urban rehabilitation but a smörgasbord.

The first thing the Nixon Administration did was to cut the Johnson administration budget request by $75 million. While this might have been justified by the state of the economy, it obviously did not enhance the program's chances for success. Moreover, Mr. Romney's decision to raise the size restriction can only dilute it further.

In his press conference, Mr. Romney said he did not mean that every city should rush out and draw model city plans for huge areas. He cited the example of Portland, Me., which needed only a slight increase in the size of its model neighborhood to include all of the city's major slum. However, that still leaves 149 other cities with full freedom to scatter their money and efforts to the extent the local mayor desires; if the rationale behind the Model Cities legislation was valid at all, this dilution can only further reduce the chances of success.

On the second, and even more critical deficiency—the lack of cooperation on the part of various public and private agencies—the Romney moves were in the right direction, but they fell considerably short of what is needed.

In the first place, he said that the responsibility for the program would be vested in the Urban Affairs Council in the White House. Mr. Romney conceded that the policy of considering HUD the first among equals in the administration of the program was not working. Moving the responsibility up to the council, where the President would be looking over the shoulders of the Cabinet members, would insure sufficient cooperation, he said. An indication of progress along this line was

Mr. Romney's statement that each of the other departments will come up with specific Model Cities funds for the programs they operate in model neighborhoods. He did not say how much they would supply, but it is significant that they will be forced to do anything.

On the other hand, there has been no structural change in the administration of the program at the state and local level. The Secretary noted that a previously announced reorganization plan would bring the regional offices of the various departments into a single location and would make their jurisdictions coincide, and expressed his belief that this would be helpful.

It is highly questionable, however, whether this move, or the announced intention to bring the states into the Model Cities planning will eliminate the endemic bickering at the local or state level. As for the regional offices, HUD will still be the first among equals in trying to make the program go—a concept the Secretary admitted did not work in Washington, and which isn't likely to work anywhere else.

If the local poverty agency, the model city agency run by the mayor, the state department of employment security and the state department of education, both run by the governor, fight over money, programs and clients, there is no way, in the present system, or the envisioned system, to do anything about it. There is, in fact, no single person with real responsibility for the program below President Nixon himself.

Until there is, and until there is more money available, the moves Mr. Romney has taken will also not amount to much more than bureaucratic footwork, more choreography.

ANTI-UNION HOSPITALS

BLUE CROSS PAYS THE BILLS

JOEL SELDIN

Mr. Seldin was a member of the editorial staff of the New York Herald Tribune *from 1947 to 1965. His specialized reportorial assignments included labor unions and health-insurance programs.*

Nearly 1 million nonprofessional hospital workers in this country's voluntary and private hospitals are so poorly paid that if they work five days a week for a full year, and if they are the sole support of a family, its annual income will be below the official level of poverty. If some union or group of unions were to attempt a large-scale organizing campaign (only one-eighth of these workers are now unionized) and if the hospitals were to oppose the unions with large and expensive anti-union campaigns, the employers could recover much of this expense from the Medicare, Medicaid and Blue Cross health insurance programs.

The situation is a classic example of how the social advances of one era can contribute to social problems later. It contains a note of irony because the unions were among the most active advocates of the public and nonprofit health insurance programs, and because a large percentage of Blue Cross membership, now exceeding 65 million, is enrolled through labor-management agreements. It also illustrates some of the complexity that underlies what seems to the uninitiated to be apathy or resistance when unions fail to respond enthusiastically to admonitions that they should organize the unorganized.

A hospital management's potential for recovering the costs of opposing a union exists largely because of formulas used by the health insurance plans to determine a rate of reimbursement that will be fair to both the insured and the hospitals. In theory, the plans should pay the hospitals only the actual cost of whatever service the patient requires. In practice, with an institution as large and complex as a modern medical center, where many intangible elements relate to the quality of patient-care services, and where costs vary even within a single year, determining the precise cost of services to an individual patient is a bookkeeping impossibility. The formulas, which are supposed to determine equitable averages that will include the indirect as well as the direct costs of services, all include an appropriate portion of a hospital's administrative costs, among them personnel and legal costs. Anti-union expenses are ordinarily listed in those categories, but are rarely if ever specified as such.

Despite all the recent concern about health-care services and costs, statistics are still inadequate and late. Some perspective on the insurance-unionism problem can be gained, however, from the figures for 1967, the latest full year available when this was written. In 1967, $16.4 billion was spent for hospital care, of which $13.6 billion went to hospitals most likely to serve insured patients. These "general and other special" hospitals are, incidentally, also the ones most likely to have employees in need of unionization. Medicare payments to hospitals in that period were $3.4 billion, and Blue Cross paid out $2.8 billion. Medicaid's payments, which are smaller, still amounted to some hundreds of millions of dollars. Together, the three insurance plans covered more than half the nation's cost for general and other special hospitals.

Private insurance companies and private patients without insurance presumably would also be charged by the hospitals for anti-union expenses, but this is more like

the usual pattern of private employers charging off such costs to operating expenses or adding them to prices. The public and nonprofit plans maintain an aura of commitment to the public welfare that would seem to exclude the underwriting of anti-union activities.

It is almost impossible for a union to organize public hospitals (federal, state, county and municipal institutions) whose employees are covered by civil service or some similar employment system, the provisions of which extend to other hospitals not being organized or to other than hospital workers. Consequently, the ability of public hospitals to fend off a union is not likely to depend on whether they can recoup the expense through health insurance plans, unless they happen to be single units.

When a hospital elects to oppose the unionization of its employees, the costs of the campaign are incurred in a number of ways. There can be greater than usual pay increases to convince the workers that the union is unnecessary. If the workers feel the lack of representation in bringing their grievances before management, procedures alternative to the usual union mechanisms are devised and can require more supervisory time for this activity, perhaps at overtime rates, additional supervisory employees, or both. The costs of meetings, leaflets, direct mail and similar "informational" activities are also frequently substantial. Such expenditures are usually listed as personnel expense.

But the principal cost item in an anti-union campaign is likely to be legal expense. Initially, the planning and administration of such a campaign is most often turned over to one of the "new breed" of labor attorneys, whose specialty is thwarting union organizing drives. Their retainers, expenses and fees are generally high, and they are apt to appear on the hospital's books as legal fees for unspecified purposes. When, as is increasingly the case, the dispute between management and union becomes a "case" before a state or other local labor relations board, or goes to the courts, additional trial counsel may be required. An anti-union campaign that was intended to cover a few months before a union election can easily stretch out over years before the courts and administrative agencies are through with it.

Officials of Medicare, Medicaid and Blue Cross, asked about how their accounting and auditing procedures would deal with the expenses of a hospital's anti-union campaign, agreed (*1*) that it was unlikely such expenses would be identifiable in hospital cost records as they are now submitted to the plans; (*2*) that if an auditor identified the nature of such costs he would be concerned with little more than verifying that the expenses were billed by and paid to legitimate firms or lawyers; and (*3*) that no policy on reimbursing for anti-union expenses has been created and that, in the absence of such policy, it is probable that the appropriate percentage of the costs would be reimbursed.

Privately, the officials felt it would be extremely difficult for any insurance plan to attempt to differentiate proper from improper costs in a labor-management situation. One of them offered the hypothetical case of the cost of moving patients from a struck hospital to assure continuity of care. "How could we disallow such costs when our primary responsibility is to provide health care for our members?" Still, they all agreed that expenses for fighting a union's organizing drive were in a somewhat different category and would pose a problem for the plans.

In the formula of the Associated Hospital Service of New York, which is only one of some 100 Blue Cross plans in the nation, there are some stipulations which could serve to limit a hospital's ability to recover anti-union expenses. These limitations, however, apply to how much added cost a hospital can submit for reimbursement in a given period; they are not related to the nature of anti-union expenses.

The New York Blue Cross Plan assigns hospitals serving its members to groups according to such criteria as: the annual number of patient days; the number of full-time residents in an approved program and the number of their specialties; whether there is an approved intern program and nursing school and the content of their curricula; whether there are licensed outpatient departments and emergency services, and whether the hospitals are voluntary (nonprofit) or proprietary (profit-making). Those with more services related to patient care get a higher rate, and the proprietaries are allowed 7.5 per cent profit on assets used for patient care. In all, there are sixteen groups of hospitals in the New York plan's formula. Within each group, no hospital is reimbursed for expenses that are in excess of 15 per cent above the annual average per diem reimbursable expense for that group.

In addition, the reimbursable expenses of an individual hospital may not exceed by more than 20 per cent the average annual increase in expenses of the other hospitals with which it is grouped. Finally, the aggregate AHS payment to a hosital in one year is not allowed to exceed what the hospital would have charged the AHS members if it billed them as private patients.

In the absence of any direct experience with the question of reimbursing for anti-union expenses, the AHS officials guessed that if a hospital's expenses were low by comparison with those of others in its group, it would be in a better position to obtain Blue Cross reimbursement for expenses incurred fighting a union. Another possiblity, however, would be for a hospital to assign its supervisors to devoting more of their regular time to an anti-union campaign, to allocate some of its regular budget for legal services to the activity, or in other ways to substitute the anti-union campaign for other, continuing activities in the hospital's program. If this did not impair patient services sufficiently to affect the hospital's accreditation, they said, the anti-union costs would not show up as additional expenses or in any way as unusual. So long as the hospital kept its costs within the allowable maximum for its position in the formula, or attributed its anti-union costs to the deficit

which most hospitals maintain, they felt, little attention would be paid to such costs.

The New York State Insurance Department has jurisdiction over the AHS formula, as well as the formulas of seven other Blue Cross plans in the state, each of which is somewhat different. In addition, the Insurance Department checks the reimbursements provided to individual hospitals, working with the cost figures provided by the hospitals to the Blue Cross plans, and also with cost figures provided by the hospitals to the state's Department of Health. Spokesmen for the Insurance Department said there was no provision in the Health Department cost reports to make anti-union expenses more visible than in the Blue Cross reports.

"Normally," one Insurance Department official said, "an administrative expense would not be questioned. Whether it is a justifiable expense is a question that starts with whether the Blue Cross plan is willing to accept the expense."

Unlike the Blue Cross plans, the federal Medicare and Medicaid programs set rates for each hospital individually without reference to groups. The basic reimbursement formula is set by the Medicare program and, in practice, followed also by Medicaid, with appropriate adjustments for the difference between the two patient groups. Medicare, for example, since it serves patients over 65, will not reimburse a hospital for the costs of its obstetrical, nursery and child-care facilities.

The "general principle" of reimbursement as stated in the Medicare regulations is that the payments are to be based on "reasonable cost," both direct and indirect, of providing service to patients covered by the insurance. Despite some 30 pages of intricate regulations dealing with such subjects as depreciation, interest expense, bad debts, charity, courtesy allowances, cost of educational activities and cost of research, there is nothing that refers directly to anything resembling an anti-union campaign. However, one section is entitled, "Allowance in lieu of specific recognition of other costs," under which, after allowable interest expenses are deducted, voluntary hospitals are permitted to add an additional 2 per cent to their bill, and proprietary hospitals (already allowed a complicated profit rate) an additional 1.5 per cent. It is estimated that some $100 million annually is involved in these additional percentages alone.

When the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert H. Finch tried earlier this year to drop these "in lieu of" charges, he was barraged by protests from members of the American Hospital Association and the American Nursing Home Association. He agreed to review the Medicare reimbursement formula for purposes of making it reflect more accurately the actual costs to the hospitals of patient care. Whether this will increase or decrease payments is still to be seen.

Officials involved with Medicare-Medicaid said there has not yet been, to their knowledge, a case in which anti-union costs were questioned in the reimbursement process. They disagreed somewhat on how the question would be handled if it did come up. One said he thought such costs would not be permissible under "the intent of the legislation," but another felt the agency could not "judge the motivation" of such expenses and that they would be handled "according to the formula." A third felt that despite the lack of "specific procedural barriers" to reimbursement of such costs, there would be "a degree of sensitivity" to whether such costs are "related to patient care."

Whether or not the question will ever come up for Medicare and Medicaid may depend, to a great extent, on the national system of Blue Cross plans. When the Medicare legislation was being debated in Congress, the principal opposition came from the powerful lobby of the private insurance companies. To overcome this opposition, Congress wrote into the law an opportunity for "third parties" to participate in the federal program. As a result, hospitals may elect to have a "fiscal intermediary" between themselves and the Social Security Administration for reimbursement purposes. These intermediaries process and pay the hospitals' bills, applying the federal formula, and are paid for their services.

The private companies have not been eager to get into this aspect of the program. Of 7,900 hospitals participating in Medicare by a recent count, 6,900 had elected the national Blue Cross Association, in Chicago, to be their intermediary. Of the remaining 1,000 hospitals, 639 deal directly with the SSA and the rest through some private insurance company or nonprofit organization other than Blue Cross. Although there are no figures, one HEW official felt the percentage of hospital beds being reimbursed by Medicare through Blue Cross was even higher than the percentage of hospitals.

This means that the initial determination of whether anti-union expenses are reimbursable under the Medicare formula will, in most cases, be made by Blue Cross. Only if Blue Cross decides to question anti-union expenses—if it can find them—could the process be started easily of getting a decision from the HEW attorneys on whether the government has the right to refuse payment.

This potential reimbursement of anti-union costs becomes a problem for the unionization of the unorganized only if the hospitals mount really expensive anti-union campaigns. The response of officials in Charleston, S.C., where a recognition strike has dragged on for months, may be attributable both to their being the heads of public hospitals and to the intransigence of the Deep South. However, the evidence in a New York City dispute between Local 1199, Drug and Hospital Employees Union, and Roosevelt Hospital, one of the largest voluntaries in a "union town," cannot similarly be dismissed as atypical. It is reviewed here to indicate what can be anticipated by way of hospital response, at least in a significant number of cases, should a major unionization effort among hospital workers be undertaken nationally.

The Roosevelt case, well publicized in hospital circles and being studied as a prototype, is now being argued before the New York State Labor Relations Board, which is considering charges of unfair labor practice against the

hospital. It is already more than three years old, with legal expenses for the entire period. If either side decides to contest the board's eventual ruling in the courts, those expenses could continue to mount. The hospital is represented by Poletti Freidin Prashker Feldman & Gartner, one of the city's larger firms specializing in labor law. Its fees are not nominal.

In February, Frank Einhorn, a trial examiner for the board, issued an intermediate report after forty-eight days of hearings between October 1967 and June 1968. The evidence he considered pertinent and the conclusions he reached, provide a judicious appraisal of what occurred.

According to Mr. Einhorn's report the union, which had failed at Roosevelt once before in 1964, began a second organizing drive in April 1966. The objective was to sign up a majority of employees other than doctors, nurses and supervisors on cards designating Local 1199 as their representative. Under state law, such a majority showing would require the management to negotiate.

At about the time the union began its drive, the hospital announced an increase in its minimum hourly wage and a 4 per cent wage increase for all nonprofessional employees, which the union charged was an unfair practice. Mr. Einhorn rejected this charge on the ground that the hospital did not yet know about the union drive. He also rejected a similar charge against an increase in Roosevelt's life insurance coverage from $2,000 to $5,000 and an increase in shift differential from $1.50 to $2 because he found that plans for the increases had been made before the organizing began.

Also rejected were charges against some seventeen speeches to employees by Peter P. Terenzio, chief executive officer of the hospital, in January 1967, shortly before an election ordered by the board. Mr. Terenzio told the workers that under the union they would: lose a nurses' assistant grade, between aide and practical nurse; have to wait for wage increases until unionized hospitals caught up to Roosevelt's pay scales; suffer the elimination of merit increases or increases between labor grades; be required to pay dues, participate in strikes, picketing and union meetings, and might have to be discharged if they refused. He urged them to vote against the union. The examiner found the speeches were within an employer's rights.



Mr. Einhorn also threw out charges against a bilingual housekeeping supervisor, Oscar Martinez, who told some twenty Spanish-speaking employees, at a meeting in the head supervisor's office, to vote against the union. Martinez also explained that the two pay checks they had received that week, one for $4 and the other for the rest of their pay, was to show them what it would be like to have union dues deducted from their checks. He did not tell them that the dues were monthly, not weekly. He provided refreshments at the meeting from a petty cash fund. Mr. Martinez "decided to give his views about the Union," Mr. Einhorn wrote, "because he felt that the Spanish-speaking people are the victims of organized labor and he should explain to them about the Union and comparative wages." The examiner did not look into how Mr. Martinez came to Roosevelt from a unionized hospital, and how he became a supervisor in a relatively short time, although both facts appear in the report. Apparently such events are expected in an anti-union campaign and are not considered illegal.

But Mr. Einhorn could not accept as proper a 10 per cent across-the-board pay increase announced by Roosevelt in September 1966, just five months after the 4 per cent increase and one day after the union had shown to the board and to the hospital representation cards for a majority of the Roosevelt employees. Nor could the examiner accept as justified the hospital's refusal of an immediate election and the steps it took to delay the election until the following January. He rejected the hospital's argument that it was protecting its employees by the delay, and noted that after four months of the organizing campaign most workers had made up their minds and were ready to vote. He also noted that the delay, coupled with the 10 per cent pay increase, had made it possible for Mr. Terenzio in his January speeches (the same talks that were not in themselves illegal) to declare that Roosevelt's pay rates were higher than those in unionized hospitals. Mr. Einhorn found that the pay increase was a violation of the state labor law.

The forty-eight-day hearing produced other findings against the hospital, the details of which illustrate the intricacy and expense of an anti-union campaign. When the election was finally held on January 12, 1967, the union lost by a vote of 377 to 220 in a bargaining unit of 650 employees, and immediately charged that the procedure had been unfair. At that point the board began inspecting the 380 representation cards the union had submitted the previous September, and found that 345 of them

had been signed by persons in the unit, and that the signatures appeared the same as those in the hospital's records. The cards thus became evidence for the hearing into alleged election malpractice.

The hospital's attorneys asked first for photostats of the cards, and later for the cards themselves, ostensibly so that the signatures could be inspected by a handwriting expert. The examiners permitted the attorneys to have the cards. Although it appeared that the cards were inspected by an expert, the hospital did not contest the validity of the signatures. What it did do is a good indication of the nature of an anti-union campaign. The hospital attorneys attempted to prove that although the employees had signed the cards, they did not understand what the cards meant. Toward this end, they induced sixty-three of the workers to testify that they thought signing the cards merely meant asking for an election, and not that the union should represent them. How this was accomplished is best described by Mr. Einhorn:

> The employees were confronted by the Respondent on Hospital premises with the very same card they had signed or a photostat thereof. . . . Had I been apprized that these cards were to be used for a purpose other than submission to the handwriting expert, I would have insisted upon assurances that their use be restricted, otherwise permission would not have been granted for removal of the cards. It is generally recognized that an employer may question his employees in preparation for a hearing. But such preparation is restricted to questions relevant to the charges of unfair labor practices and of sufficient probative value to justify the risk of intimidation which interrogation as to union matters necessarily entails. . . . There is testimony herein that employees were interrupted by their supervisors in the performance of their duties and, without being told why and without any choice, they were required to report to the office where they were greeted by the Hospital inquisitor. Mingled with apprehension at this approach by the Respondent was resentment towards the Union. Employees when they signed a card believed, and rightly so, that the cards they signed would be held confidential by the Union. . . . An election had been conducted and lost by the Union and long after that event, the employees found themselves confronted by their employer with a card they had signed favoring the Union. They cannot be held knowledgeable of the legal proceeding then in progress. All they knew and saw was that the Union, after having lost the election, had violated a trust. . . .

Mr. Einhorn found no credible evidence that the union had misrepresented the meaning of the cards when it asked the Roosevelt workers to sign them. He felt the critical point was what the workers had thought when they signed the cards, not afterward. He ruled that they had understood the meaning of the cards when they signed them and that the union, when it submitted them, had signed up a majority of the workers. He rejected the hospital's contention that it had declined to recognize the union majority because of "good faith" doubt as to the validity of the cards, and found the hospital guilty of refusal to bargain.

It is in his proposed solution that the examiner, if he is sustained by the board, will establish an important precedent for hospital organizing. Instead of ordering a new election, he declared that the hospital's "vulpine conduct succeeded in both delaying an election and undermining the union. . . . I find that the election . . . was not a fair election and the Respondent's conduct herein has destroyed the required laboratory conditions for any fair election for some time to come. A reasonable vindication of the Act and its purpose will best be served by returning the Union and the Respondent to the *status quo ante* the unfair labor practices and compelling the Respondent to commence bargaining."

In short, Mr. Einhorn, in his recommendations to the board, rejected entirely the lost election, declared the original showing of majority status by the union to have been valid, and directed the hospital to reach a collective bargaining agreement with the union, an action taken only once before in the state.

Just three days before the SLRB hearing, the United States Supreme Court upheld the principle that when an employer has undermined the election process, after a union has signed up a majority of workers, labor relations boards can issue a direct order to the employer to recognize the union and bargain. There had been conflicting rulings in different United States Circuit Courts. The Roosevelt Hospital attorney, Mr. Moss, argued before the SLRB that this ruling did not really apply in the SLRB's case, indicating that should the board rule against him there is a good chance of an appeal to the courts. He also objected strenuously to Mr. Einhorn's report and recommendations, charging that the trial examiner was not "objective," and that all of his and the hospital's actions in the case had been scrupulously legal.

Should the outcome finally be in favor of the union there will be additional complications involving the reimbursement of anti-union costs through public and nonprofit insurance plans. Although there is no direct recognition of union considerations in the Medicare and Medicaid legislation, there is an overall intent of Congress in other laws to encourage unionism. Medicare and Medicaid officials will be hard pressed if it develops that one effect of their programs counteracts what Congress intended in other actions.

For Blue Cross, particularly in New York State, there will also be complications. The State Insurance and Health Departments, with some supervisory powers over both the hospitals and the insurance plans, will find that they have been approving payments for practices that a sister state agency, the Labor Relations Board, has found to be illegal. State and federal officials said they had no idea how these quandaries can be solved. They felt the solutions will have to be devised either by the legal staffs of their agencies or, possibly, through new legislation in Congress or in state legislatures.

It seems reasonable to expect that it will be some years before all the complexities of this contradictory situation are ironed out. Meanwhile, organizing the unorganized in the hospitals will remain a far more difficult problem than merely persuading some union to go out and sign up members.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The American Economic Empire

THE AGE OF IMPERIALISM. *By Harry Magdoff. Monthly Review Press. 208 pp. $6.*

JAMES O'CONNOR

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Readers will search the index of John Kenneth Galbraith's "international best-seller," *The New Industrial State*, in vain for any references to "multinational corporations," "international finance," "foreign trade," "foreign aid," "Europe" and "underdeveloped countries," not to speak of "imperialism" and "economic exploitation." Galbraith's failure to acknowledge that the United States economy does not exist as a separate economic entity, and that there are no national economies, only one world capitalist economy, reveals the inadequacy of contemporary bourgeois economic theory.

The problem is not that economists such as Galbraith are incapable of learning from the alternative tradition, Marxism, which is attracting more and more young economists who are fed up with their professors and seek viable alternatives to Keynesian and Marshallian economics. The problem is rather that bourgeois economic theory, committed as it is to defending capitalism and to using all its resources to figure out ways of saving capitalism, is incapable of making an accurate assessment of the facts of economic life.

Studies of the distribution of poverty among races, age groups and occupational categories parade as studies of the causes of poverty. Studies of the impact of government spending obscure the causes of government spending. "Welfare economics" blossoms as economic and social welfare deteriorate. Tax economists spin out complex theories of "equity" and "ability to pay" while private capital escapes the mounting tax burden. International trade theory clings tenaciously to the fantasy that international specialization and the division of labor benefit all parties to trade and investment, even though it is a plain historic fact that the economic development of the advanced industrial economies contributed to the economic underdevelopment of the Third World. Hundreds of young economists realize today that bourgeois economics is thoroughly reactionary, useful only to the corporate ruling class in its search for ways to keep the dollar as the world's reserve currency, make tax exploitation more efficient, maintain the "correct" mix of unemployment and inflation, keep the underdeveloped countries in their place, co-opt the black movement at home and, last but not least, blame the problems of capitalism on workers whose wage demands "threaten" profits, "cause" inflation and are "instrumental" in worsening the balance of payments.

The Age of Imperialism deserves the highest praise as an outstanding description of the American economic empire. It is indispensable reading for anyone uncomfortable with the distortions about the world economy dispensed by the so-called professional economists. Harry Magdoff's book does not make any new theoretical advances (nor does it pretend to), either in the sense of clarifying and developing older theory or breaking new ground. But *The Age of Imperialism* is the first book to put together relevant facts about American economic imperialism in a clear, concise form.

The first outstanding fact is that a fortress America, especially one that believed its own strictures about the evils of "government interference in the economy," could not survive without undergoing the most profound economic, and subsequent social and political upheavals. In the first place, Magdoff demonstrates what the vanguard corporate leaders have long known—that the metropolitan economy is increasingly dependent on overseas supplies of industrial raw materials. Imports of basic metals such as iron ore, copper, lead and zinc expand more rapidly than local supplies. Imports account for over 80 per cent of the supplies of well over one-half of the industrial materials classified as "strategic." And most of these materials are taken out of the ground in Latin America, Asia, the Middle East and Africa.

In the second place, although U.S. exports make up only 5 per cent of gross national product,* exports *plus* sales by overseas branch plants and subsidiaries of U.S. corporations constitute a vast and rapidly growing market abroad. Magdoff estimates that this market "is equal to approximately two-fifths the domestic output of farms, factories, and mines." Here we locate the central importance of the huge, new foreign investments in manufacturing and related industries, in specific, the ability of U.S. corporations to compete in, and control, foreign markets directly. To be sure, most of these investments are located in Europe and Canada, where the great mass markets are to be found. But many sales of U.S. affiliates in Europe find their way to the Third World; what is more, U.S. corporations have successfully penetrated the thin markets which are available in the underdeveloped countries. [See "Mexican Auto Swindle" by Leo Fenster, *The Nation*, June 2.]

Thirdly, and related to the expansion of markets overseas, U.S. foreign investments have been expanding more rapidly than domestic investments, accounting for about 8 per cent of total investments in 1957 and 17 per cent of all investments in 1965. Earnings on foreign investments jumped from 10 per cent of after-tax corporate profits in 1950 to 22 per cent in 1964.

Fourthly, capital goods industries, the basic infra-structure of the American economy, are particularly dependent on exports and on sales to the federal government—mainly direct military purchases and sales of equipment and materials destined for military production. It is well known that industries such as aircraft, ordnance, electronic components, scientific and controlling industries and radio, TV and communications equipment could not survive without government contracts and direct and indirect subsidies. It is less well known that nonferrous metal ores mining, coal mining, nonferrous metal manufacturing, engines and turbines, construction, mining and oil field machinery, and other major capital goods industries sell up to 40 per cent of their output abroad or to the government.

Lastly, and what needs to penetrate deeply into the popular consciousness: overseas investments, markets of foreign-based plants of U.S. corporations, raw material supplies, military orders and commodity exports financed by the U.S. Agency for International Development are all monopolized by a handful of giant corporations. Of the fifty largest

* In my view, the term "gross national product" is a mystification. There is a single world capitalist system and thus a single world social product. The U.S. "gross national product" measures the share of world social product appropriated by the United States. "Gross national product" is thus a measure of distribution, not production.

industrial corporations, thirty-seven are deeply involved in international operations or military production or both. These companies are concentrated in oil, aviation, chemicals, steel, automobiles, electrical equipment and electronics, and rubber. Magdoff rightly stresses that these corporations' "community of interests" is based on "the interrelationship among the firms via the financial centers of power . . . the direct economic ties [between the federal government and] business. . . . And . . . the postwar merger movement among the industrial giants [which] has intermingled the typically domestic with the typically outer-market directed business organizations."

In short, it is precisely the men who control the largest and most powerful corporations who have the greatest stake in economic expansion abroad, together with the maintenance of a world-wide military network to protect their far-flung economic interests. Thanks to the recent work of radical historians and sociologists, we know that these are also the men who constitute the U.S. upper class, dominate nearly all of the country's major institutions, and effectively control the Executive branch of the federal government. So long as these men continue to rule there can be no major changes in either the foreign or domestic policies of the federal government, precisely because these policies are formed by the corporate ruling group on the basis of their own *interests*.

The second outstanding fact effectively obscured by bourgeois economists is that the American empire is in trouble economically. Space permits brief examination of only one of the many stresses and strains which are beginning to tear the empire apart, in particular one described by Magdoff in "The Financial Network," the most interesting chapter of his book.

Despite the growth of sales of overseas branches of U.S. corporations, superior productivity in the most technologically advanced industries, and export subsidies, U.S. commodity exports have not grown fast enough to pay for military expenditures abroad, military assistance and economic "aid" to underdeveloped countries, and foreign investments. But foreigners have accepted the dollar as a reserve asset, and hence the United States has been able to carry balance of payments deficits financed by an expansion of internal credit. Because foreigners have not "cashed in" all the dollars they hold for gold—that is, because U.S. dominance of world trade means that the United States has assumed the role of world banker—the U.S. economy has enjoyed unprecedented prosperity despite the costs of defending the American empire abroad. Had other countries failed to accept the dollar as a reserve asset, in the words of former Under Secretary of the Treasury Robert Roosa, "we might have been forced long ago to cut down our imports (perhaps through deflation in our economy), reduce materially our foreign investments, income from which make a substantial contribution to our current balance of payments, and curtail, perhaps sharply, our military and economic assistance to our friends and allies. . . . Instead of the rapid growth of world trade, we would have witnessed stagnation that would have been harmful to our own prosperity and to that of the whole free world."

Thus the cooperation of central bankers abroad, especially in the other industrial countries, has been absolutely decisive in keeping American imperialism intact—that is, in affording the opportunity for rapid overseas expansion on the one hand, and maintaining the "corporate liberal" consensus at home through regular increases in wages, on the other.

Immediately after World War II, of course, the central bankers had no choice in the matter. Even today, the last thing the European bankers and businessmen want is a depression in the United States. Yet to the degree that their own economies are running out of steam, and to the degree that they no longer fear the Soviet Union (and hence no longer need the military umbrella provided by the United States), they can be expected to defend their own national interests, perhaps mounting a large-scale offensive against U.S. economic hegemony.

Since Magdoff wrote his book, a two-price system for gold has been introduced under the prodding of the United States, and the decline in real wages in this country has shown no signs of abating. These are signs that the dollar continues to weaken, and that the system as a whole is beginning to be buffeted by winds which may reach gale force. More stopgap measures can be expected. In the last analysis, however, the détente with the Soviet Union and growing economic stagnation in Europe may signal the outbreak of national rivalries characteristic of an earlier day, obviously not in the form of imperialist wars but rather in the form of extremist nationalist economic policies which today are not considered "polite" in international ruling circles. This then is one weak link in the chain of U.S. imperialism. On the one hand, economic, political and military dominance tends to weaken the European economies and to force the Soviet Union into a "cooperative" stance. On the other hand, an economically weak Europe, unafraid of Soviet "aggression" and indifferent to China and U.S. interests in Asia, may be compelled to undermine the hegemony of the dollar, and thus one of the key pillars of the American empire.

These then are but two of the contributions—the author's description of the American empire and the role of the dollar—of *The Age of Imperialism*. Valuable as well are Magdoff's account of the economics of U.S. open-door policies, the extensive U.S. banking network abroad, foreign aid as an instrument of

THE MIRACLE OF THE FRESCOES SAVED FROM THE FLOOD

First nothing but angels
Holding cups of blood.
Wounds, crosses,
Saints and parables,
The busy and the damned.
Slowly the colors
Seep into my mind.
Some of the sinners,
Less preoccupied,
See me staring at them.
Gradually, the Virgins seem not so concerned
With the Last Judgment.
Then the calves and buttocks of the men,
The thighs, eyes,
Hands of everyone,
Remove themselves from the walls.
Even the eccentric halos
Around the Jewish-Italian faces
Become believable;
And Jesus, a human being,
Sitting with his friends,
No more betrayed than anyone.

FLORENCE VICTOR

control of underdeveloped countries, the reactionary role of the International Monetary Fund, and the new patterns of dependence of the underdeveloped countries on the industrial powers.

The Age of Imperialism is in no sense an exhaustive study of the American empire. Magdoff devotes little or no space to the impact of the giant international corporations on the economies of Europe and the underdeveloped world, in particular with regard to the degree and pattern of economic resource utilization. Little is said about the significance of the industrialization programs of the larger underdeveloped countries, and practically nothing about the internal functioning of the U.S. economy. Nor does the author attempt to assess the significance of either the development of the conglomerate, international corporation on the imperialist system as a whole, or the meaning of the extensive cooperation undertaken by the giant corporations based in Europe, the United States, and Japan—that is, he does not take up the problem of whether or not the growth of an "international ruling class" is tending to make extreme national rivalries a thing of the past.

No criticism of *The Age of Imperialism* is intended by this brief list, merely a suggested inventory of some outstanding problems. Magdoff set himself the task of sketching the major contours of the American economic empire in order to dispel the myth that "economic imperialism *is not* at the root of United States foreign policy." He succeeds admirably.

The Sanctuary of Imagination

HENRY JAMES: The Treacherous Years, 1895-1901. *By Leon Edel. J. B. Lippincott Co. 381 pp. $10.*

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The publication of Volume IV in his life of Henry James marks the completion for Leon Edel of forty years' research on his subject. The present volume in particular, with its attempt to provide the key to Henry James's heart, represents the harvest of the biographer's patient and sympathetic identification with the artist. Despite the undoubted difficulties of this long quest for the secret of a writer who dreaded personal exposure and did everything to cover his tracks, Edel's writing shows few strains. The poised urbanity of the narrative contrasts sharply with the muddlement of James himself in these years of crisis.

The current volume, the most inward of the series, is devoted in considerable part to psychoanalytic studies of the stories and novels. Edel argues in his preface that inquiry into the writer's most private fantasies is the proper function of literary biography. "All the rest" he dismisses as "gossip and anecdotage." Such snobbism has its disadvantages. One of the problems of this volume is Edel's propensity to interpret, his overeagerness to explain, point analogies, create patterns. Yet at his best Edel provides a useful account of the surface as well as the buried life.

The external narrative is uneven in interest and sometimes difficult to follow, but the opening section on James's years as a playwright is especially vivid and tightly woven, with its thumbnail portraits of Shaw, Wells and Arnold Bennett, and views of Wilde and Ibsen. In this part Edel writes dramatically himself, suggesting the larger tissue of relations by means of symbolic detail, and building toward the great catastrophe: the disaster of the opening night of *Guy Domville*, Saturday, January 5, 1895, when James was hooted off the stage by an angry audience. Shaw or Wilde would have held his ground and outwitted the hecklers, but James was shattered. He would remember the event as "the most horrible hour of my life." It was the act of violence that, deep within him, this novelist with his "imagination of disaster" had always, anxiously, awaited.

The hurt initiated a long period of profound bewilderment and withdrawal and a fundamental crisis in James's sense of himself. Psychological breakdown was nothing new in this brilliant and neurotic family. The elder Henry James had suffered a great "vastation" and for two years had been visited by a recurrent sense, as he said, of "perfectly insane and abject terror." Henry's older brother William, when he was 28, had experienced an overwhelming sensation of dread, which he recorded in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. Edel's *The Treacherous Years* is also a story of spiritual death and rebirth, a narrative of conversion and the twice-born self.

What was James doing writing for the theatre that "abyss of vulgarity and platitude," as he called it? Money was a reason, but he dreamed also of popular success. In his childhood competition with William, Henry had learned early the danger of masculine assertion and had retreated into a view of himself as powerless and not quite a real boy. Despite this abdication, however, he retained a "compelling drive to masculinity," as Edel writes, and the dramatic interlude appears now as his last bid to break the pattern of his ivory-tower fastidiousness and impose himself as a man in the world. We find James in his 50s voraciously reading biographies of Napoleon and memoirs of his generals. But *Guy Domville* repeated the example of earlier failures and proved to be the Waterloo of James's worldly career.

The novelist moved now from his De Vere Gardens flat in London to "Lamb House," Rye. Edel writes eloquently about this ancient and beautiful corner of Sussex, although I miss any mention of James's friendship with Stephen Crane, a near neighbor in Hastings until his death in 1900. We get a sense from James's letters how very important this house and the countryside were in helping him settle his confusions. "It is delightfully quiet and quaint and simple and salubrious," he writes William, "and the bliss of the rural solitude and peace and beauty are a balm to my spirit." A favorite in fashionable London society for twenty years, the inveterate guest who had dined out 140 times one winter "season," now James learned to ride a bicycle and nursed his spirit in his "bath of silence and solitude."

In the novels of these years there is also a marked withdrawal of interest in the outer world. The failure to conquer the stage had driven James back to the sanctuary of imagination. Unlike some artists, Hawthorne and Kafka for example, who experienced the isolation of the artist as a kind of entombment, James trusted his imagination and found it a "house of life." More than ever art became a sustaining faith and discipline. He never returned to the broad social canvases of the 1880s, the decade of *The Bostonians, The Princess Cassamassima* and *The Tragic Muse*. Now with the falling away of outer reality, there is the "surrender of experience to fantasy" which Graham Greene noted many years ago.

Reality itself is uncertain in these novels of ambiguity and conjecture, and the confusion about reality is typically a confusion about sexuality, as in *The Sacred Fount*, where the narrator spends a profitless country-house weekend studying the faces of his fellow guests for signs of who is sleeping with whom. Again and again James renders the corrupting world of adult sexuality from the point of view of a little girl. The stress is on the imaginative effort of these young innocents—there are no Lolitas here—

to make sense of the glamorous and terrifying activities of the grownups, and the objective events themselves are left distanced and shadowy. Edel argues persuasively that James was reliving painful childhood experiences in these fables of the death of childhood, but the confrontation with the repressed past is incomplete. Except for *The Turn of the Screw*, these highly charged situations have been drained of their emotional content; and, despite the wit and charm of *What Maisie Knew* and *The Awkward Age*, we are left with a sense of their psychological aridity and evasiveness.

In his personal life James was facing the implications of his late discoveries more openly. The most poignant part of Edel's story in this volume concerns James's belated awakening to the power of sexual love. In his hunger not to have missed his life, James fell in love in the waning days of the old century with a young American sculptor, Hendrik Andersen. The androgynous quality in the novelist's make-up, what Edel calls his "spiritual transvestitism," is evident in the passionately maternal longings expressed in James's letters to this young man.

The language of these letters, of James's comments on living at Lamb House, of his "epistolary elegies" on the death of old friends remind one continually of the writer usually regarded as his opposite in American letters: Walt Whitman. James in these crisis years was reliving the death of his childhood innocence and arriving at a deeper understanding of his mortality, and also of death as the source of beauty and love. At the age of 22, reviewing Whitman's Civil War poems in *The Nation*, James had been contemptuous: "It has been a melancholy task to read this book; and it is still a more melancholy one to write about it." But in his old age he thought Whitman the greatest of American poets. In her memoirs Edith Wharton evokes the image of the novelist "crooning . . . in a mood of subdued ecstasy" Whitman's great poem on death and the awakening of the poet, "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking."

Edel's interpretation is not persuasive in all respects. I think he mistakes the special nature of James's genius when he links him with Freud and Proust as pioneer explorers of the unconscious. But no book provides more understanding of the emotional sources of James's art and its recurrent psychological patterns. After this volume it will be impossible any longer to regard the later James as primarily a novelist of the international scene, a reporter of the surfaces of civilized society. And his conversion to the supreme sanctity of beauty and sexual love will seem to disqualify him as a Puritan moralist. He will no doubt be more and more appreciated as a visionary poet, and the great fantasies of the "major phase" will be seen not as renderings of the external scene but as projections of the vicissitudes of his own consciousness. *The Golden Bowl*, the greatest of the last three novels, will then figure for us as a magical fable of the violation and reconstitution of the imagination. In the end James found his theme. It was the traditional, the great theme: the loss and regaining of Paradise.

Landscape of the Heart

SPIRIT OF PLACE: Letters and Essays on Travel. *By Lawrence Durrell. Edited by Alan G. Thomas. E. P. Dutton & Co. 430 pp. $10.*

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Miss Goulianos teaches English at New York University. She has just completed a book on Lawrence Durrell, and has published articles and reviews in various quarterlies and in the underground press.

For Lawrence Durrell, places are holy. Landscapes are as powerful as gods or parents; men are their creations. "We are the children of our landscape," he writes in *Justine*. "I can think of no better identification." *Spirit of Place*, the new Durrell collection, is a testament to his lifetime preoccupation with landscape. "I willingly admit to seeing characters almost as functions of a landscape," he writes in an essay in the collection. "The important determinant of any culture is after all—the spirit of place."

Durrell believes that the task of the travel writer is "to isolate the germ in the people which is expressed by their landscape." Travel becomes "a sort of science of intuitions," "the education of the sensibility." To be educated, the traveler must first identify. "Ten minutes of this sort of quiet inner identification will give you the notion of the Greek landscape which you could not get in twenty years of studying ancient Greek texts." Identification seems simple, "for all landscapes ask the same question in the same whisper. 'I am watching you—are you watching yourself in me?' " Durrell's approach is that of the outsider and the romantic; places exist for his sake. They are—as titles of his other works suggest—private countries, personal landscapes. Living on private income and public relations jobs with the British Government, Durrell identifies with the mythic elements and *status quo* of a place, and closes his eyes to social and political problems.

Throughout his life, Durrell has been moving through foreign landscapes, mirroring himself in them and recording the interaction. Born in India he spent his childhood there, his adolescence in England, his young manhood on the Greek island of Corfu. During World War II he lived in Egypt. At the close of the war he returned to Greece, to the island of Rhodes. From Rhodes he went to Argentina, Yugoslavia, Cyprus. He now lives in Provence and still travels. Not all of Durrell's landscapes have had the same effect on him: "Everyone finds his own 'correspondences,' " he writes, "landscapes where you suddenly feel bounding with ideas and others where half your soul falls asleep. . . . Writers each seem to have a personal landscape of the heart which beckons them." For Durrell, landscapes seem to be either death- or life-giving. In Yugoslavia, Argentina, especially in England, and even in Egypt, he felt suffocated, uncreative. Durrell's landscape of the heart, the landscape that first nourished his art and that always seems to draw him back, is the Greek island.

Alan Thomas, Durrell's old friend, has edited a Durrell collage—a seemingly casual mixture of disparate materials that recalls the mixture in *The Alexandria Quartet*. Italicized biographical material, arranged by chronology and by place, prefaces some sections. There are letters as rich and as intriguing as the published correspondence with Henry Miller; vivid travel pieces; joyful illustrations by Durrell of some of his landscapes. Poems are interspersed, like the cryptic "Solange," that links sex and cosmology.

Thomas includes two early surrealistic pieces, "Zero" and "Asylum in the Snow," and selections from two of Durrell's little known early novels, *Pied Piper of Lovers* and *Panic Spring*. These four works, all written in the late 1930s, are marked by the same skyrocketing imagination that later powered the *Quartet*. Characters, motifs, symbols, foreshadow the *Quartet*'s creations. Ruth, the dying young girl who appears in both early novels, is a predecessor of Melissa. Tarquin, the homosexual schoolmaster in *Panic Spring*, appears in Durrell's *Black Book* and perhaps as Balthazar in the *Quartet*. In his early works, Durrell, already experimenting with timelessness, merges past and present. In "Zero," he delves into mysticism. He desires to bring to the West the message of the Eastern mystic: "Come. Enter into the creative activity in which you do not need your

understandings. Do not mistake truth for the possessive process any longer—ratiocination, knowledge. The real desire is *to be possessed.*" As in the *Quartet*, in "Asylum in the Snow," Durrell explodes personality. Diving into the spring of the unconscious, he becomes five—Fifi, Hamlet, Pieter, Vasec and the Dancer—figures of all sexes, figures of the imagination. "It is not making what goes on outside," Durrell writes in this early work. "It is what occurs in the inside spirits, where the great beings make their territory."

Inside Durrell's work is a quest for a self in union with the universe, a self-created godlike Eastern being antithetical to modern Western man. Durrell's writings are attempts to "deliver" this self. "Down the Styx," another surrealistic piece included in the new collection, records a journey through the rivers of death toward just such a rebirth. At the conclusion, there is a womb, and "the body of a young boy, lying in a pool of blood. . . . He is the firstborn." He is the same boy who, at the conclusion of *The Black Book*, written twenty years earlier, is reborn—without parents—out of the dead land, England, into the landscape of his heart's desire, the Greek island.

As a catalyst for rebirth, Durrell seems to need union with stony, sunwashed landscapes, landscapes like the Greek island or Provence, or the place of his birth and childhood, India. His repeated attempts to identify with landscapes like that of the Greek island seem, in part, a result of his longing for the childhood landscape. Uprooted from the foot of the Himalayas at the age of 11 and transplanted to the gray sidewalks of England, Durrell remembers India as a dazzling and holy place. Unhappy in England, he envisioned himself as a foreigner whose "real" self England was murdering. Corfu, the Greek island to which he went after "escaping" England, seems to have been potentially a return to the lost self. Island scenes in many of Durrell's works suggest that his longing for the island masks a longing for the Eden of childhood. There may even be an Oedipal aspect to that longing. In the conclusion of the *Quartet*, for example, Darley (the main author-identification figure) must cut Clea and himself away from a perfect but sterile island retreat in order to grow up.

Like his own description of Miller, Durrell is "the type of creative man who is *making use* of his art in order to grow by it." Durrell uses landscape and landscape writing to create and explore a self-image. His places are "spirited" by his compulsion to project himself as a mythic being enveloped by an immortal landscape.

Weimar and Edinburgh

A HEBRIDEAN IN GOETHE'S WEIMAR. *By A. Gillies. Blackwells (England). Distributed by Barnes & Noble. 168 pp. $6.50.*

GOETHE AND HIS AGE. *By Georg Lukacs. Translated by Robert Anchor. Grosset & Dunlap. 253 pp. $6.95.*

MARTIN GREEN

Mr. Green is an English writer, teaching at present at Tufts University. He is the author of Re-Appraisals: Some Commonsense Readings in American Literature, The Problem of Boston, Mirror for Anglo-Saxons *and* Yeats's Blessing on von Hügel *(all Norton).*

Though both these books are about Weimar, and both are by professors of literature, they are quite comically unalike. Gillies' is a pleasant gossip about a figure on the fringe of significant history, while Lukacs' is a sledge-hammer demonstration of the whole meaning of life and man's chief end, of what real significance and history are. It is Gillies who has the footnotes—several hundreds of them—but his real spirit is conveyed by the cover, a 1650 engraving of Weimar, and by the old-fashioned elegance, the high-necked typography and the slim-volume format, which Blackwells has given him. His biography of James Macdonald is a very British book; history is a repository of striking personalities and anecdotes, whose relation to the present is essentially comfortable, a pastoral domain. Lukacs is described on the cover of his book as a "sovereign" critic, "the most important" and "the most respected," and his criticism is said to be "muscular." The emphasis is all on *power*; and even the crudities of translation and faults of proofreading seem to express an impatience with the servile and cringing arts of correctness. Neither book is well written, in any sense of the word. But Gillies is just inefficient, pottering on across time and space, retracing its steps, losing our way for us among all the different Macdonalds, and tying up each new figure with so many trivial relationships to the famous ("His second wife's aunt was that Flora Macdonald who . . .") that they stand before us as stiffly beribboned as at a fancy-dress ball. While Lukacs is all severity and abstraction, except for the unpleasantly fawning, lackeylike citations of Marx and Engels. A casual phrase of Marx about the "honest thoughts" of the *young* Schelling is brought in twice, to justify Lukacs' quoting Schelling on his side.

The contrast is comic in that each brings out the weaknesses of the other. Obviously Lukacs brings out the nonseriousness of Gillies, the anti-disciplinary character of British humanism. But his own performance is vulnerable to the question, "What is all this in aid of? What literary purpose is served, what literary insights elicited, by all this muscularity?" Lukacs has a high reputation, and one can indeed see here, in scattered paragraphs, that he writes with a powerful mind. Certainly the *Faust* studies at the end of this book have some interesting ideas to put forward. Yet they are all ideas *about* literature—the relations between classicism and the Marxist interpretation of history, for instance; a parallel between *Faust* and the *Phenomenology of Mind*; and one between *Minna von Barnhelm* and Mozart. These are obviously highly speculative and nonsystematic ideas, despite the elaborate machinery of the dialectic and the severity of the style. Often, moreover, these ideas have only paradoxical interest. They are worth thinking about—for a few minutes—just because their plausibility can be so clearly and firmly denied. Thus his main proposition about *Wilhelm Meister* is that it expresses the ideals of the French Revolution. Quite apart from the dubiousness of personifying such a complex phenomenon so simply, there can surely be no more than paradoxical truth in associating that manifesto of aristocratic self-culture with, let's say, Robespierre. Above all, these ideas remain *about* the books, they never lead you *into* them, or leave you alone inside them.

Lukacs' essays were written mostly in the thirties, except the *Faust* studies of the forties, and in those decades they would have been much more impressive to read. The traditions of 19th-century bourgeois humanism and the distortions of Nazism were then enemies worth fighting against. But he did not give enough of himself to the books he was writing about, did not subdue his preconceptions to them sufficiently, to achieve truth. We are left with no vivid sense of Goethe, or even of Lukacs' sense of Goethe. He assimilated himself to Soviet communism, in all its crudities and brutalities. He *was* Soviet communism, in the realm of literary studies; he acquired some of his impressiveness from that likeness; and he must now suffer a similar depreciation.

James Macdonald (1772-1810) grew up in the Hebrides and spoke only Gaelic until he was 12. He was trained for the ministry and became a tutor to boys of noble Scottish family whom he accompanied to Germany and most par-

ticularly to Weimar. He became a friend of Wieland and Herder, and a faithful correspondent of K. A. Böttiger, the headmaster of the Weimar Gymnasium, and later the editor of two of the most important literary-intellectual periodicals of the time, the *Neuer Deutsche Merkur* and the *Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*. Macdonald wrote pieces about Scotland for these papers, and pieces about Germany for the *Edinburgh Review*. He spread the fame of Wieland and Herder in Edinburgh, and of Burns and Ossian in Weimar.

This sort of cultural mediator is important in literary history, yet often neglected and understandably so. Macdonald was not a very interesting critic. He had a certain pungency of phrase, but his opinions are not only predictable, they are in the significant sense defensive. The only person he risks taking a strong line against is Kant, feeling secure in the support of both Scottish commonsense philosophy, and the anti-Kantianism of Wieland and Herder. But of Goethe and Schiller too he speaks without enthusiasm; they were never *his* Germans. His literary taste was as typically liberal as his politics, which change from radical to conservative step by step in rhythm with the events in Paris and London. In principle he liked the new authors, but in practice he preferred the most backward-looking ones among them, the Wielands rather than the Goethes.

We could as properly call him a typical Edinburgh intellectual for this, as a typical liberal. After the death of Hume, Edinburgh had no really bold minds, though it was still the Athens of the North, outshining London, Oxford and Cambridge. Edinburgh's greatest period preceded Weimar's, and perhaps it was only the accident of Britain's isolation during the Napoleonic wars which rekindled its flame. For instance, Sydney Smith's stay in Edinburgh, without which there might never have been an *Edinburgh Review*, was an accident of war. He had set out, with a pupil, for Weimar, but the Continent becoming closed to him, took the road to Scotland as the next best alternative. It is in part the relation between the two cities that is so interesting. The two torches fed each other. Edinburgh gave Weimar much of the Shaftesbury ideal of the harmonious personality; Weimar, or rather Goethe, gave Scott the clue to the Waverley novels, in the form of "Götz von Berlichingen." Edinburgh and Weimar were the two great culture cities of the period, the two great centers of education in every sense of that word. The career of James Macdonald reflects the cultural flow that existed between these two centers of intellectual life; for that reason alone it is worth recommending Macdonald to your attention.

Learning About China

ORVILLE SCHELL

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In the last ten years the United States has become increasingly aware of China. Sadly, however, this new awareness has not grown out of a fascination and concern for a nation which has chosen to modernize in a way unfamiliar to us. American interest in China, long smothered by our sense of betrayal at the "loss of China" to the Communists, by McCarthyism and by the Korean War, has been revived out of fear of that country and the threat which it is said to pose to our own national security. We study China, not because it is instructive and interesting as we might study Western Europe or our own history but because it is an enemy. It has been assumed that China, by nature of being Communist, cannot be other than our enemy.

It has been in terms of our urgent need to understand an implacable foe that China has been presented to high school students learning about Asia for the first time. The country is dehumanized and treated as a crippling disease. The message is simple: every good American has an obligation to understand the nature of this threat before it is too late. As Hsün-Tzu said in the second century B.C.: "Know your enemy in a thousand battles, and win a thousand victories." Understanding China as a "threat" becomes confused with understanding China.

As our policy makers, increasingly concerned with "Chinese Aggression," encourage our educators to offer more courses on Asia in high schools and colleges, a multitude of committees, research centers, curriculum projects and conferences on China have been set up, by both government and private foundations. A tidal wave of books and other materials on China has been produced in recent years. While some have been insightful, most books and pamphlets published for use in secondary school world history courses, which often include sections on Asia, have been dismayingly poor. Writing intelligent and intelligible books for high school students has been a task eschewed by most blue ribbon "China experts" as unscholarly and unprestigious. The assumption seems to be that nothing of real interest or importance about a place as complex as China could be understood by students with little or no background. In any event, high school books do not serve to advance one's academic career in any field. And although some Asian specialists have attached their names to texts as "consulting specialists," the quality of these texts remains embarrassingly low. One suspects that their interest in such books has been more for lucre than love of educating the young.

Until recently the task of explaining China to teen-agers has fallen to a random assortment of second-string cold warriors. Usually only marginally familiar with China studies, these writers pass the old perceptions of China, formed in the fifties, on to the young like a congenital disease. A sample survey of some of their work goes a long way toward explaining why so many Americans, exposed to this and similar material, still understand China in as distorted a fashion as they do.

One of the most popular paperbacks on China for the high school market, *The Two Chinas*, by Oliver Bell, M.A. (Oxon), published in 1962 and reissued in 1967, is advertised on its fold-out back flap as belonging to a series called the Scholastic World Affairs Multi Texts, each of which "contains everything the student needs to know about geography, history, arts, economy, government, people and international relations of one of the important areas of the world. Written from both an American and a global viewpoint, each book shows how important that area is to the future welfare and national interest of the U.S." Education unabashedly assumes the burden of preparing young Americans for the global struggle. By the time Bell begins his second chapter, "A Wide Land, a Teeming People" (must every student be taught that China's people are "teeming," that China is a "hungry," "restless," "slumbering dragon," an "anthill," or an "awakened giant"?), he has divided the world up into US and THEM. He uses adjectives such as "ruthless" constantly to score the Chinese while our humanitarianism in "restraining Chinese Communist aggression" is unfailingly writ large.

In a later chapter entitled "China's Aggressive Policies," under the subtitle, "Aggression and Expansion," Bell writes that "China has used its military power aggressively to widen its sphere of influence. From Korea in the North, to Vietnam in the South and Tibet in the West, China's armed strength has advanced the Communist cause." Such statements are made as a matter of fact, totally ignoring much recent scholarship re-evaluating China's involvement in all of these apparently incriminating conflicts. "Aggression," like so many other terms, does not seem to warrant deeper

consideration and definition. What does "spreading communism" mean? Is he talking about foreign aid, espionage, invading armies, weapons sales or just the spread of ideas? He is never explicit.

Bell sees only two kinds of countries in Asia: Communist and non-Communist. There are no dictatorships, no oligarchies, no democracies, no Socialist states. The "free world" is apparently free of such ambiguities. For instance, Taiwan (the "other China") is described as "an outpost of the free world in the Pacific" in which "President Chiang Kai-shek dominates the government. He or his close advisors make all important decisions." But, "within these limitations, democratic institutions operate fairly well in Taiwan." Is he referring to the legislative Yuan (the "Republic of China's" National Assembly) whose members have not been elected since Chiang was expelled from the mainland some twenty years ago?

Bell talks about China's threat to us, but little about our threat to China. It must appear to a questioning student that China's foreign policy is either made in a vacuum or in the minds of irrational leaders. Do the Chinese have a "national interest"? Is there any reason for them to fear encirclement or attack just as we do? Bell would probably say no, for he does not entertain the notion that another nation might fear the United States as aggressive. Aggressiveness is their sickness, not ours.

Bell's discussion of the Chinese internal revolution is also incomplete, and does very little to help a student understand the dynamics of social change in a backward country. He notes that before 1949 the Nationalists had "ceased to be forward looking" and that "corruption and graft became widespread. The Government did little to help the peasants, who remained poor and oppressed by the landlords." Such facts are presented to the student, but devoid of the revolutionary conclusions that they imply. Bell does not show the causal connection between "oppression," "graft," "corruption," and revolution. This connection is extremely important, and no revolution can be made intelligible without it. If it is missed, one ends up with Bell, explaining revolution in terms of a series of unfortunate problems "skillfully exploited" by means of propaganda by crafty Communists. The revolution sounds like a *coup d'état* which is the product of the Chinese Communists having "fastened their rule on China." Bell does not convey to the student the sense of absolute hopelessness and despair felt by most Chinese during and after World War II as they watched their country disintegrate under the Nationalists. Nor does he convey the sense that profound revolutionary changes (Communist or otherwise) were inevitable in China, and that legitimate grievances justified the cause of revolution in the eyes of most Chinese. The final struggle between the Communists and the Nationalists is portrayed by Bell as a kind of gamelike struggle between A and B. What is important is that *we* were rooting for B, not the differing social programs and interest groups represented by each side. Bell typically decries the violence (i.e., land reform and the execution of landlords) of the revolution. But he fails to show the deep institutionalized violence of the whole economic and social system which kept the Nationalists in power while millions starved each year. A revolution, which is not put into its social context where the antagonists are shown to represent different social classes and different social visions, must seem pointless and wasteful to a student trying to understand it. He must indeed be perplexed by the ardor and commitment with which millions of people struggled to death against their own countrymen.

Bell concludes with a few lines apparently designed to relieve the consciences of any students still troubled by our hostile relationship with the Chinese:

> It is tragic that the triumph of communism in China should have caused that great nation and the U.S. to become enemies. We have had a long history of friendly relations. The American people sympathize with the Chinese people's desire for a better way of life, and in other circumstances would gladly have helped them attain it. . . .

Perry Chang of the Economics Department of Northern Illinois University has written a booklet called *China: Development by Force* for Curriculum Resources Inc., and published by Scott, Foresman. Although he is Chinese, he views China very much through the eyes of a Westerner for whom "economic development" is the only really important criterion of national development. He measures the success and failure of Communist China by the familiar standards used to judge the health of Western capitalist countries, namely, per capita income and consumption. He laments the fact that in modern China, investment capital created by "forced savings" is accumulated at the expense of consumption and personal freedom. But how else could a nation as backward and decimated by war as China was in 1949 accumulate investment capital? Chang uses Taiwan as an alternative and more successful model. Investment capital came primarily from U.S. aid. And the United States is not about to set up an AID office in Peking. Although Chang admits that forced saving ". . . is a desperate method reserved only for a poor country that cannot raise capital from other sources," the fact that China is poor and has no real alternative does not lead him to put the issue of Communist Chinese forced savings in a more sympathetic light.

But there is a deeper and more serious blindness in Chang's kind of analysis. Economics are of course an extremely important part of the whole Chinese revolution. But social development plays an equally important part in Mao's vision of a revolutionary society. In the simplest terms this means the destruction of class lines and social inequalities. It means organic social change, the destruction of all traditionally oppressive social relationships such as those between landlord-peasant, father-son, man-wife, city worker-country farmer, gentry-common man and educated-uneducated. It also means the destruction of traditional values such as the veneration of the past and the aged instead of the new and the young, the quest for harmony and tranquillity rather than struggle and change, and respect for leisure rather than manual labor. These goals are all just as vital to Mao as increasing GNP, upping the growth rate or per capita consumption. While they are also prerequisites for economic development, Mao sees them as good and necessary in themselves. Unless a student is able to evaluate as goals in themselves the collectivization, communization or the *hsia-fang* movement (in which city people were sent into the countryside to work, where no doubt they were not always paradigms of competence), much of the Chinese revolution will not make sense.

China is not the United States nor is it trying to be like the United States. Mao does not share the visions, social



and economic, of Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson. If we want to help students understand how the Chinese see themselves and the world, Chinese development must be examined in terms of Chinese goals and values. Only through understanding Maoist theory from the inside can we expect to find logic and reason in events as seemingly irrational to Americans as the Great Leap Forward and the Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

A third booklet, *The Chinese Dilemma*, funded by a Ford Foundation grant to the Foreign Relations Project, is part of a series of "experimental" units put out by a Midwestern group called the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The author, John Armstrong, who has worked in Burma and Indonesia with a Johns Hopkins teaching group in the 1950s, and who has "traveled widely through Southeast Asia, Europe and Central America," would seem qualified to be writing on China. His title, *The Chinese Dilemma*, bespeaks the kind of cold-war *Weltanschauung* which informs the entire work. From his point of view, the impasse between the United States and China is seen simply as the product of unexplained Chinese belligerence; we have done little to deserve such opposition; there is no dilemma at home, only in China. China is portrayed as a crazed, hostile, aggressive, immature child driving its mature, reasonable, law-abiding humanitarian parent (the United States) to the end of its patience. Like exasperated parents who refuse to acknowledge their own involvement in their problem child's behavior, Armstrong absolves the United States of almost all responsibility in the historical formation of China's hostility to us.

He talks of "Chinese pride" and how the Chinese were "subject to political and social humiliation at the hands of the West. . . ." And yet these considerations figure little in his final analysis of the struggle going on between the United States and China today. For instance, he makes no mention of how the West brought opium to China in the 19th century against Chinese protestations in a successful attempt to create a favorable balance of trade. He calls the Opium Wars (1938-42) the "First Anglo-Chinese War." This convenient evasion of facts about the introduction of opium into China would sting the pride of almost any Chinese, especially since China lost that war and every other war with the West since.

There is a failure here to see history through Chinese eyes. The Chinese have historically held an animosity for the West, but they have lacked the power and self-confidence to demonstrate it visibly. And thus it is assumed that the Chinese were "friends of America" until the Communists destroyed all that in 1949. There is an unexplained gap between the good old days of Sino-American friendship and present times when China is ruled by an " 'American hating Chinese dictatorship' which is stirring up trouble around Red China's borders [with] . . . communist methods of subversion . . . too well known to warrant discussion here."

I am sure bright students must wonder: why all this hate? Why all the strident talk directed against the United States and imperialism? Are the Chinese crazy? Armstrong provides few answers. He does not allow history to be used as a framework for the present. He attaches little significance, for example, to the fact that men like Mao Tse-tung have spent their whole lives fighting foreigners or governments backed by foreigners. Armstrong's explanation of Chinese antagonism is sophomoric: "ruthless inspired leadership transformed a battered and disheartened people by means of propaganda, persuasion, and force, into a vigorous and dedicated engine that did the bidding of its masters." One wonders why Chiang Kai-shek, try as he might, could not do the same.

Similarly, Armstrong's approach to China's social revolution, like Bell's, is ahistorical. The terrible misery of the Chinese peasant is mentioned, but not used to explain why so many people in the countryside supported land reform and the Communists when they came. Armstrong talks of the replacement of one government by another. He makes Mao and his coterie of Yenan comrades indistinguishable from a Latin American military junta. But what of the transformation of a whole society? The social dynamics of the Chinese revolution have been overlooked. The Chinese are portrayed as violating and ignoring their interests rather than fulfilling them.

All three of these books have a problem in common which seems typical of the treatment of China in general at the high school level. China's place in the world is not explored in a dialectical fashion. Students do not get the very important message that in studying China, we are also studying ourselves; that much of what China has professed or done has been in reaction to what we have professed or done. The United States and China are locked into a circle of action and reaction, and neither side is intelligible without the other. Our bogy man is communism: their bogy man is imperialism. We each end up afraid of the other out of all proportion to the threat actually posed. Neither side understands why it is felt to be a threat to the other, and thus actions or reactions on both sides seem all the more irrational and menacing.

But there is no reason why high school education need continue reinforcing this doomed cycle. A new generation of Asian scholars (many of them motivated by concern over the war in Vietnam) are beginning to teach and write. It is true that there is probably nothing that can be done to effect a radical change in the ideas of the present U.S.-China establishment. But one need not despair. Like China's greatest contemporary writer, Lu Hsün, in the 1920s long after he had given up hope that the older generation (his own) could save his confused country, one can cry out, "save the children!"

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

With *The Lost Man* (originally *Odd Man Out*) following upon *Up Tight* (originally *The Informer*) one may hazard the emergence of a trend to transpose the conditions of the Irish struggle for independence into those of black militancy. One can understand why film makers are attracted by this notion: the parallels work out in a rough sort of way, and the IRA generated some first-class drama that can be given an exhilarating rebirth in the American ghettos. I'm not sure, though, that it should go on much longer. Popular theatre does not operate in a social vacuum, and tensions are already sufficiently high without encouraging a general supposition that the blacks are forming themselves into a national underground army for the purposes of terrorism and the eventual seizure of power. The goal of the IRA was to drive the British from Ireland: how far do we want to press that parallel for the purpose of entertainment?

As might be expected from their respective origins and makers, *The Lost Man* contains considerably less black power rhetoric than did *Up Tight*. *The Informer* was a tragedy about the revolution; *Odd Man Out* was a melodrama with the revolution as background. Jules Dassin is a more intensely social-minded director than Robert Alan Aurthur, and Julian Mayfield, star of *Up Tight*, is close to the movement, whereas, as far as I know, Sidney Poitier, star of *The Lost Man*, is not.

Indeed, the latter film should, and I hope will, be taken as simply a superb amusement, relying on one of the screen's most skillful of suspense plots and contributing fine performances by Poitier, most particularly by Al Freeman, Jr.,

as his reluctant henchman (he believes in protest and confrontation, not in heisting payrolls for the "cause") and a generally compelling cast. The acting level is far superior to that of *Up Tight*; comparisons at a distance are tricky, but *The Lost Man* is probably at least as well performed as *Odd Man Out*. However, its color photography is not in the same class with Carol Reed's black and white.

In all, very refreshing entertainment—as long as people don't take it into their heads that there exists an "organization" on whose behalf Negroes of high moral purpose are prepared to rob and kill. Incidentally, I suspect that the black militants will not be happy about the interracial relationship played by Poitier and Joanna Shimkus, though it is moving and done with great dignity.

For *The Wild Bunch*, Sam Peckinpah has rediscovered something that I suspect was known to the Elizabethans: if you carry violence far enough, the audience will laugh. In this most expansive, and indeed most artful, eye-filling and mind-boggling of Westerns, men, women and children die in hecatombs; not once but twice a whole town is wiped out; the slaughter is utterly indiscriminate, a handful of desperadoes on either side cutting down the population to get at one another. The director has also picked up, possibly from *Bonnie and Clyde*, the device of showing the actual instant of annihilation in slow motion, so that scenes of hysterical activity are constantly punctuated by floating, dreamlike vignettes of death. And finally, he has decided, on what medical authority I do not know, that when hit by a bullet the human body bursts like a ripe melon.

At all this the audience laughed (and so did I), not with merriment, exactly, but in tribute to such virtuosity of gore. Any excess is a kind of joke. I know what moral indignation I should express at this unrestrained violence—the words almost write themselves—but in fact I don't feel that way. It may well be that Peckinpah is making a point on "our" side—saying that it is no good showing the likes of the American public an orderly duel or rationally limited casualties, that America is the new Rome and its arenas must be red to the brim. I did think, though, that the outrage displayed by the Yankee outlaws of the film at the cruelty of some Mexican revolutionary irregulars was misplaced. I shared their revulsion but thought they were hardly the ones to express it. The real moral offense of the picture is the implication that an Anglo-Saxon, no matter how wolfish, is a model of compassion when compared to a Mex. The Wild West is a historical amusement, but racism is not.

For the rest, *The Wild Bunch* is superb scenery, splendid riding, ingenious and reasonably plausible criminality, involving outlaws, bounty hunters, Mexican villages and their ravening exploiters, the intercontinental railroad and the U.S. Army. A picturesque cast is led by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine and Robert Ryan. American movies, when they deal with rough life in the range country can look marvelous—the detail authentic, the performers incredibly adept, the dialogue crisp (and now with the new tolerance they can even talk more like ruffians than like scout leaders). Of course, this kind of film has almost no content, only incident, but that is true also of ballet. Like any well-designed Western, *The Wild Bunch* is the choreography of our most persistent legend.

Except that its promoters have found in the reviews some enticing quotes, I would not mention *The Boys of Paul Street*. It is such a terrible film that it seems almost unfair to pan it. A cast of English boys, directed by Zoltan Fabri, who evidently has no idea of how boys look or sound, is set to staging a mock war in a Budapest lumberyard around 1900. The story (incredibly attributed to a novel by Ferenc Molnar) is mawkish and self-righteous; the acting is stupefying (children miserably aping their elders); the dialogue can scarcely be uttered by human mouths. *The Boys of Paul Street* is being pushed as an anti-war film: it is an anti-audience film.

GLENVILLE SHOOT-OUT *(Continued from page 45)*

righteousness toward those attempting to put pressure on the county prosecutor rings hollow.

Judge McMonagle said to Evans after the conviction: "Now if it can be said there was any defense that you presented or interposed as far as this case is concerned, it was that you did not agree with *our* laws, and apparently you were not bound by them. . . ." He charged that Evans had "caused really a dreadful and awesome state actually to exist in our community and nation. You know, actually before we had this Glenville incident, that has been adjudicated as caused really by you, there was never any open display of firearms by youngsters. Now boys of the same age as your followers and who are, however, college students, now feel that apparently it is the proper thing to do and the legal thing to do, to have a show of rifles, shotguns and bandoliers; basically these children are really emulating the example you set as part of the incident which is now coming to a conclusion."

Evans, who did not testify, said to the court: "This will not end by the means that have been used today against the black men who are willing, who are able, who are strong enough to stand up. The electric chair or fear of anything won't stop the black men of today." He said that he was not a murderer, adding, however: "I want it fully understood by all the men that I have known and all the people whom I have associated with, that they are on the right path; because when you are on the right path to righteousness in a world such as we now live in, you are bound to run into opposition, the likes of this."

The Civil Violence Center report concluded that the Glenville battle may have "marked the beginning of a new pattern" away from black violence against property to "violence aimed at personal injury." Its failure, however, to put the same test to the motivations and actions of white policemen at the outset of the conflict opens the report to criticisms of reaching the conclusions it set out to find, if not of succumbing to a racist view of violence. This is suggested by its failure to examine the implications of escalating white violence, despite gory accounts of it in the report. The desire to measure the rise of black violence may produce a self-fulfilling theory as each new black-white confrontation is tested by the question, "Is this an escalation of the black revolution?" Black violence may escalate, and if it does one may be sure that the state and the courts will not condone it. But with the results of the Ahmed Evans case before us, one cannot be so sure of the same opposition to white violence.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

To be a collector of Western art at the Kennedy Galleries does not mean you have to have a taste for Renaissance bronzes, Dutch genre painting, or English landscapes. Here Western art means cowboys and/or Indians on the plains and mountains of the American West in the 19th century. The gallery specializes in the art of the West so defined. With the present amplification of American art history, until recently fragmentary and amateur, Western Scene art has become of increasing interest. It is one of several styles, parallel or tangential to the received outline of recent art history. It is already very expensive, as high in price as Abstract Expressionism, sometimes higher.

Western Scene art is far more extensive than has been generally noticed. There are broadly three main phases: the first, somewhat tentative, exploratory phase treats the Indians in terms of exotic documentary. One of the artists is George Heriot, who described his subject as "the habits of savage life"; another is George Catlin (the best of all the Western artists) who said of the Indians: "they are a dying nation who have no historians." (Both quotations are from the "Kennedy Quarterly," an essayistic catalogue published by the gallery.) Heriot's scenes have links back to the Baroque fantasizing of 18th-century anthropological illustrations (which lagged far behind the literary description of alien societies). Catlin changed this, not so much by his power of formal invention as by the weight of his sympathetic sense of fact.

The second and main phase of sophisticated genre scenes and sublime landscape views belongs historically to the second half of the 19th century. It extends into the 20th century, until about World War I. A theme of great interest in this phase, well shown in the present exhibition, is the annexation of European modes and their transformation here. Probably the best Western Scene painter of this phase is Albert Bierstadt who revised the forest and mountain imagery of German romantic landscape to depict the other West. Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, one of the artists who provided Currier and Ives with raw material, in the form of paintings, translated the iconography of British sporting art into the new environment: red skins take the place of red hunting coats in his episodes of ambush, chase and death.

The total of such modifications of European art amounted to a major shift. Changes in the thing contained (the subject) gradually altered the form of the container (the work of art). Thus a painting like Frederic Remington's "Comanche Brave. Fort Reno, Indian Territory," 1888, a profile portrait of a rider, is Americanized by its forthright detailing of native gear, its well-observed non-European riding posture, and by its pervasive, but non-impressionistic (i.e., non-experimental) plein-airism.

Western Scene art was international, not only because of its borrowings but in the use made of its subjects by European artists. For example, Paul Troubetskoy, a Russian sculptor in Paris, turned Don Quixote into cowboys, and another sculptor Carl Dauba, cast many of his spiky bronze Indian equestrians in Vienna. Those artists who can be described unequivocally as American, such as Cyrus E. Dollin, maintained some European traces: the form of his Noble Savage sculptures, for instance, have the placidity of overweight neo-classicism.

As European genre was stretched to cover American subjects two things happened: the choice of subjects became increasingly topical and contemporaneous and their treatment ever more dramatic and spectacular. In Europe, genre painting, even when devoted to scenes of military action, tended to remain within the bounds of fine art. (Battle art had precedents going back at least to 16th-century Venetian ceiling paintings.) In America not only did many painters work for magazines but their paintings were partially shaped by the popular iconography of the works done for mass reproduction. Thus Charles Russell's "Indian Maiden" is as much pin-up as symbol, despite an iconographical hint traceable back to Delacroix's personifications of Greece and, perhaps, Liberty. Minor artists like Jules Tavernier and Charles Graham did not fundamentally differentiate the stylistics of their paintings from that of their illustrations for *Harper's Weekly*. American artists achieved easily the "modernity" that Baudelaire conferred on Constantine Guys, that ability to combine topical sensibility with a humanistic fund of knowledge.

The overlapping of fine art and popular culture is a recurrent feature of American art. The early 20th-century Ash Can school, for example, as grittily urban as the Western Scene artists were frontier-conscious, depended largely on painters with experience as newspaper illustrators. Social protest themes of the 1930s are common to (public) murals and (public) graphics, as well as to the traditionally more personal, more restricted form of easel painting. American Pop art, more than most of its European forms, has benefited from contacts between fine art and popular culture, in this case with comics, advertisements and pin-ups serving as the artists' subjects.

A fair quantity of contemporary Western Scene art and pieces of this third phase is presented by the Kennedy Galleries on equal terms with work of the two earlier phases. In a way, why not? They are the same, except for their flashy virtuosity and labored nostalgia. The weakness of the new work is its dependence on the second phase as classic. As a result, there is in the new work a degree of revivalism that approaches ghost-writing in its abject effacement of original sensibility. The artists are all in reservations now and we know what that does to a man.

The iconography of the great, ebullient second phase has not been lost, but it must be sought in another medium, the movies. (I understand movies to include, in this context, TV Westerns which are, of course, always filmed.) The easy exchange between fine art and pop culture, as it developed through the 19th century, has ceased to be a two-way function in Western Scene art. It was still working before World War I, however, when Charles Russell's paintings and Thomas H. Ince's movies were contemporaneous. Their coexistence prepares us for the fact that the present inheritors of Bierstadt and Remington, Alfred Jacob Miller and Paul Kane, are John Ford and Delmer Daves, Budd Boetticher and Sergio Leone, movie directors and not painters and sculptors at all.

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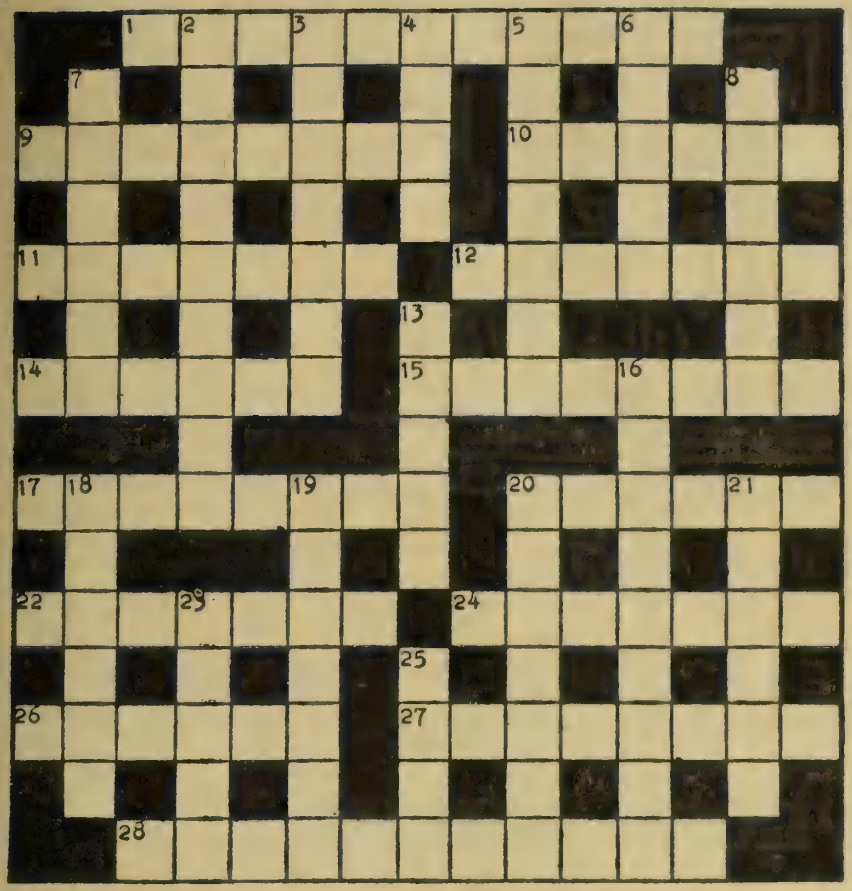
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1306

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Giving out affection, in a spirit of co-operation? (4-2-5)
9 Show up? Quite the opposite to indicate something less than enthusiasm. (4,4)
10 Evidently not a single shot fired! (6)
11 Naturally they aren't liked, being dust-gatherers commonly. (7)
12 Shield. (7)
14 Built like a bird behind! (6)
15 One might make such a pan hot in response. (8)
17 The fabric you pick out might be significant. (8)
20 Tipped—with money, of course! (6)
22 Within range of vision or understanding? (7)
24 Caught slumped around the pole? (7)
26 One ointment about as backward as another! (6)
27 What an Italian road sign might say with a complaint descriptive of 26. (8)
28 What Friday's marketplace might have is somewhat apart from the rest. (11)

DOWN

2 This might be a military order to turn back, in time. (2,3,4)
3 Act purposefully, else a person might stand at the entrance. (7)
4 See 25 down
5 Animal always allowed outside? (7)
6 Certainly not a lady's man! (5)
7 Staple and fold with them? (6)
8 Sound on sound, in three choruses. (6)
13 See 25 down
16 Sips lager brewed for those in a reflective mood? (4,5)
18 Flower book, probably dated. (6)
19 Certainly not like 3, with no way to get in. (7)
20 The quarterback might, with the worker on holiday. (4,3)
21 Some medicines are, to quote yours truly in retrospect. (6)
23 The fashionable crowd, perhaps, include just a small picture within the framework. (5)
25, 4 and 13 down Roman writer with a number of stories, according to sound method of punishment. (3-1-4-5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1305

ACROSS: 1 Disconsolate; 10 Politic; 11 Martini; 12 Surer; 13 Sackville; 14 Redactions; 16 Oder; 19 Part; 23 Invention; 25 Ovoid; 26 Extract; 27 Iberian; 28 Resurrecting. DOWN: 2 Ill-bred; 3 Cataract; 4 Necessity; 5 Osmic; 6 Arrive; 7 Enisled; 8 Apostrophized; 9 Vice president; 15 Not on time; 17 and 20 Innocent bystanders; 19 Riveter; 21 Emotion; 22 Sneaks; 24 Inter.

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New Politics
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JACK NEWFIELD

OUT TO GET THE PANTHERS

L. F. PALMER, JR.

David Joravsky on Kremlinology

LETTERS

ambassador in error

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: The article on Brazil by Dom Bonafede in your May 26 issue ["Blunder in Brazil: Washington Backs the Pooh Bahs"] contains a number of historical errors which call for correction. . . .

The charge that the U.S. armed forces "acted as counsel and banker" to the Brazilian armed forces when they deposed Joao Goulart in 1964 has no foundation whatsoever. As I testified in Senate hearings in 1966, that action was a purely Brazilian affair. We not only did not instigate it but were unaware of a serious movement to that end until a few days before it happened. . . .

I did welcome the revolution when it took place because the speeches and actions of Goulart over the previous nine months, and especially from March 13 through March 30, 1964, made it crystal clear that he was embarked on an effort to establish a Populist dictatorship of his own, in the pattern of his mentor Getúlio Vargas three decades earlier. I did then believe, and still believe, that success by Goulart in his campaign might well have led to a subsequent Communist capture of power, because of Goulart's own weakness. . . .

The charge that I later became a "virtual viceroy" to President Castelo Branco and "was consulted at every turn" is equally unfounded. My relations with Castelo Branco were cordial and friendly, but he consulted me less than President Kennedy consulted David Ormsby-Gore in Washington. Our AID mission and I did indeed consult extensively and frequently with Planning Minister Roberto Campos and Finance Minister Octavio Bulhoes. . . .

The most extraordinary assertion in Mr. Bonafede's article is that the Fifth Institutional Act of December 13, 1968, and the subsequent extremely arbitrary actions of the present regime, were "inevitable." They were no more "inevitable" than the resignation of President Quadros in 1961, the clash between Castelo Branco and Carlos Lacerda, and many other critical events in Brazilian political history. When I wrote hopefully in July 1967 of prospects for constitutional democracy, it was because much evidence then pointed to the taking root of the 1967 constitution . . . with effective guarantees of press freedom and of individual civil liberties. I turned out to be wrong. . . .

The real tragedy, which goes back to late 1964, is that neither Castelo Branco nor President Costa e Silva made use of the opportunity to build a new political infrastructure for Brazilian representative government on a more stable basis than the three increasingly obsolete and irrelevant political parties that dominated the scene from 1946 to 1964. From early 1965 on, I tried, as a friendly outside observer, to make this point with President Castelo Branco and his associates. . . . It is a true measure of how little a "viceroy" I was that these efforts made no headway.

Lincoln Gordon

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: It seems that when on the defensive, Mr. Gordon resorts to the blunderbuss technique of claiming "historical error" on the part of his critics, as he did in response to my article in *The Nation*, and earlier to *The New York Times* editorial to which I made reference.

However, in a glaring oversight he fails to support his charge against the thesis of my article with substantive evidence. In no instance does he even attempt to cite one error of fact. Instead, he makes an impassioned argument in defense of his ambassadorial role during the 1964 Brazilian revolution. Yet he demolishes the appeal with his own words.

As a case in point, he denies being in on the ground

(Continued on page 83)

EDITORIALS

What Price Moondust?

There is cause for genuine admiration, even awe, at what the Apollo program has accomplished. At this writing, the spacecraft is on its way, and there is reasonable expectation that the rest of the trip will be accomplished on schedule. After the tragic failure in January of 1967, American engineering talent took hold, and the most complex machine ever conceived by man has performed almost faultlessly on every test. The courage and self-control of the astronauts is to be applauded; there may even be some unforeseen benefit to mankind in what they bring back from the moon, but even the most unsurprising results will serve to extend human knowledge of the universe.

But knowledge of another type could be gained from the undertaking: knowledge of ourselves. Our national response to the first Sputnik has astonished the world—including, probably, the Russians. Its appearance in the skies on October 4, 1957, triggered U.S. production of adrenalin to a new record. Not Pearl Harbor, nor Sen. Joseph McCarthy's discovery of the Communist conspiracy, had caused the collective American pulse to pound at such a rate. Had a five-pointed Red Star, in place of the moon, been seen in the heavens the following night, our national panic could not have been greater. The event was subsequently alluded to in NASA's public relations pronouncements as a "disaster," creating a "national emergency." Webb's Magical Flying Circus was off the ground from then on.

Had there been no Soviet satellite in 1957, Americans would not by now be reaching for the moon. Our whole space program has been fuelled by the U.S. reaction to the first and subsequent Russian exploits. A predictable, almost Pavlovian reflex has developed; the Russians and the world have learned much, in the process, of what makes us tick. Have we learned as much about ourselves? Over the past twelve years, we have successively been challenged, enraged and spurred into action—and have demonstrated to all our courage, strength, speed, ingenuity and technical skill.

The Russians' role in the lunar rivalry may perhaps have been as reflexively competitive as our own, or it may have been more sophisticated and more subtly motivated. But with Luna 15, which was threatening at the last possible moment to beat us to the moondust strike (at a small fraction of the cost and risk), Pavlov's bell rang once more. The saliva has already started to flow. Mr. Agnew has urged, as a new objective, a landing on Mars. And Thomas O. Paine, who succeeded James Webb as head of NASA, indicates his approval. It was Paine who, after the successful return of the Apollo 8 astronauts, defended NASA's budget by saying that the technology involved would be helpful in "winning" the next war, a comment that somewhat tarnishes the "Space Olympics" image of the moon race, and a further reason for greeting the agency's annual budget demands with more than legislative huzzahs.

NASA has spent a total of $50 billion since the start, half of which has gone toward the Apollo program. Much has been quite rightly said about the irony of spending billions getting to the moon while the mass of humanity at home lives in a stew of exploding population, poverty and pollution. But all that will be but as a pinprick in our hide, should we seriously decide to strike out for the planets. They are more than a hundred times more remote than the moon in distance, in time, in economic and human cost. The time of decision is here, and the euphoria of the moment—however understandable it may be—must not be allowed to obscure our judgment.

The ABM Debauch

Before much was said about the ABM in the Senate, the public debate was conducted on a fairly high level. It involved technical questions, such as the workability of the proposed system, and questions of foreign policy: would deployment enhance or diminish the chances of reaching an arms-limitation agreement with the Soviet Union? When the issue reached the Senate floor, the usual thing happened—the debate plunged from intellectual responsibility into a political debauch, with the Nixon Administration and the military-industrial complex bidding for the votes of the uncommitted Senators, and some of the latter holding out for the best price they could get in the way of tangible benefits for important interests in their respective states, and the promotion of their own political interests.

It is a natural and perhaps inevitable descent. The technical questions are intricate, and few members of Congress possess the background necessary to differentiate between heuristic arguments and those based on objective engineering analysis. Such matters are alien to their temperaments and remote from their experience. Nor are the majority of Senators and Representatives any more inclined to take a statesmanlike view of the great political questions that the country faces at home and abroad. To a man, they esteem themselves as patriots, but nothing is easier for a politician than to identify his own interests with those of the country—especially when the latter involve the dilemmas posed by 20th-century technology in the service of 19th-century traditions and institutions.

What the ordinary Congressman does understand is power politics, whether in the international arena or in the give-and-take of the legislative process. Getting himself re-elected, and increasing his influence among his colleagues, are the objectives closest to his heart. Thus the story by John Finney in the July 16 *New York Times*, "ABM Debate Is Becoming a Political Struggle for the Votes of 3 or 4 Senators," though it makes depressing reading, does not come as a surprise. Technical, military and diplomatic arguments may play some part, but such issues as oil drilling in Alaska, a nuclear rocket for New Mexico, a supersonic transport for the state of Washington, a Naval shipyard in Maine, become the preoccupying considerations. And so do promises and pressures known

IN THIS ISSUE

July 28, 1969

EDITORIALS
66

ARTICLES

70 New Politics: More Mood Than Movement — *Jack Newfield*

73 Latin America: Challenge from the Intellectuals — *Manuel Maldonado-Denis*

76 The Disney Imperative — *Wesley Marx*

78 Out To Get the Panthers — *L. F. Palmer, Jr.*

82 Harry Golden

BOOKS & THE ARTS

84 Kremlinology: Power and Terror — *David Joravsky*
86 The Poetry of Earth — *Armand Schwerner*
87 Los Angeles' Golden Goose — *Anne Strick*
88 Accident (poem) — *William Pillin*
89 Book Marks — *Sara Blackburn*
90 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
92 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*
92 The Poor Man Moves Through Washington, D.C.: Spring 1968 (poem) — *Eugene Ruggles*
93 Music — *David Hamilton*

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No. 3

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: July 21, August 4, August 18.

only to those concerned. Finney puts it as a "common presumption" that Sen. John G. Tower of Texas, the chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee, was instrumental in shifting the vote of Sen. Winston L. Prouty, Vermont Republican, into the pro-ABM column, when it had been widely expected that he would line up with his senior colleague, Sen. George D. Aiken, one of the ABM's principal opponents.

Or take the case of a New Englander on the other side of the aisle, Sen. Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire, who at this writing is one of the uncommitted. He is the author of a proposed compromise plan under which radar and computers, but not missiles, would be installed at the initial two Safeguard sites. This is a one-sided compromise: one can be pretty sure that the missiles would follow, but since the Administration is obdurate on passage of the complete system, the partial installation satisfies no one and the amendment is expected to lose. Senator McIntyre's inclinations are believed to be against deployment, but he has his worries. One is the pro-ABM *Manchester Union Leader*, the largest (and most venomous) newspaper in New Hampshire. Then Mr. McIntyre is understandably reluctant to lock horns with Sen. John C. Stennis, who is chairman of the Armed Services Committee, of which Mr. McIntyre is a junior member. Nor can he afford to antagonize the Defense Department, which wants to close the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard.

Yet the vote on the ABM is expected to be close and, as Mr. Aiken pointed out, if the Administration prevails it might be a Pyrrhic victory, since the opposition will have shown formidable strength. As always, Sen. John Sherman Cooper has been a leader on the side of reason. Such men are not invited to the White House and subjected to the Presidential blandishments; it would be a waste of time all around. Frank Church of Idaho is another of this stalwart band. The ABM controversy elicited from Church a brilliant speech on foreign policy which was released July 11 and seems to have produced hardly a ripple of interest in the press.

Mr. Church points out that regardless of the outcome of the ABM debate, our military budget will not shrink significantly as long as our foreign commitments remain at the present level and there is no determined opposition to a policy abroad that rests upon the premise that we must be ever ready not only to repel an attack but to engage in as many as three foreign wars simultaneously. "If we can but liberate ourselves from ideological obsession," Church says, "from the automatic association of social revolution with communism and of communism with Soviet or Chinese power, we may find it possible to discriminate among disorders in the world and to evaluate them with greater objectivity, which is to say, more on the basis of their own content and less on the basis of our own fears." Such observations serve to remind us that the degradation of politics is by no means universal and that men of intellect and enlightened judgment do manage to get into Congress—and sometimes to stay there.

The Indicted Diplomat

David Dellinger has organized numerous demonstrations against the Vietnamese War and is under indictment in Chicago on charges arising out of the clashes during the Democratic National Convention last August. More recently he has been functioning as the American negotiator for the release of three U.S. fliers, offered by the North Vietnamese (not without ulterior motives) to assist in the celebration of the American Independence Day. In these negotiations Mr. Dellinger is in effect representing the State Department, which made it clear to the U.S. Attorney in Chicago and the federal judge having jurisdiction that the travel restrictions imposed by the indictment should be lifted to enable Dellinger to fly to Paris.

On July 8 the State Department confirmed that Dellinger had arrived in Paris to confer with North Vietnamese officials about the release of the prisoners. Dellinger returned to the United States on July 12 and told reporters at Kennedy International Airport that a team of negotiators, of the same persuasion as himself, would leave shortly for North Vietnam to bring the men back. He added that he had assurances that the U.S. Army would not "intercept" the released prisoners after they left Hanoi (see "The Petty Route Home" by Howard Zinn, *The Nation*, April 1, 1968) and that the arrangements precluded their assignment to further war activities against North Vietnam.

Of course Mr. Dellinger did not act *officially* on behalf of the U.S. Government. He went to Paris in his capacity as chairman of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. The North Vietnamese had requested that a delegation representing the American peace movement be sent to arrange for the repatriation of the prisoners. The State Department had no choice but to comply or leave itself open to the accusation that it had refused to cooperate in the freeing of the men. Thus it came about that an arch-peacenik was empowered to conduct the talks instead of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who is not having conspicuous success in the broader task of negotiating an end to the war.

These odd, though not unprecedented, negotiations throw still another revealing light on the political schizophrenia of the Nixon Administration. A few days before Mr. Dellinger flew to Paris, our fatuous Vice President rebuked U.S. critics of the Vietnamese War for allegedly "undermining our negotiations for peace and prolonging the war." It is not enough that those who warned successive administrations against the course that led us into the quagmire should be ignored—now it is *they* who are prolonging the war! Yet in the Dellinger matter it is most unlikely that the State Department acted without Presiden-

tial approval. If so, one of the principal peace activists was assigned by the Nixon Administration to a mission that could not be handled effectively in any other way. Evidently these people have their uses. And where does that leave Mr. Agnew?

'Security' in HEW

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare clings to a security system so redolent of the Joe McCarthy era that it sometimes bars from its consultative committees scientists who are serving the Department of Defense in the same capacity. An investigation conducted under the direction of Bryce Nelson and reported in the June 27 issue of *Science* implies that HEW is perhaps the most hagridden of the Executive departments—and with the least excuse. The magazine found that several professors who were serving on high-level Defense Department or National Science Foundation advisory panels were not "clearable" by HEW.

That such HEW organizations as the National Institutes of Health or the National Institute of Mental Health should be so afflicted, and should continue to spread their contagions among the country's physicians, psychologists and life scientists, is surely a matter warranting the early attention of Secretary Robert Finch himself. What he says—and more, what he does—will go far toward enabling the scientific community to gauge his ultimate stand in the political conflicts raging within the Nixon Administration, and to make their organizational and personal decisions accordingly.

While HEW has some 100,000 staff employees, *Science* was not concerned with these. Its investigation was limited to the advisory groups, which draw on outside scientists for counsel. These groups are largely composed of scientists not employed by the government. They are customarily recruited for a few days a year at a fee of, usually, $50 a day plus expenses, practically always on nonsensitive, nonsecurity matters. Why such people should be so rigidly screened is understandable only on the hypothesis that since it is not a defense agency, HEW is so harried by fear of Congressional budget cuts, in reprisal for refusal to continue zealous engagement in the witch hunt, that it will do almost anything to avoid suspicion.

But this defensive posture entails two consequences which should concern Secretary Finch and his top subordinates. One is that debarments on "security" or "suitability" grounds may deprive the department of assistance from the men best qualified. The other effect concerns the scientists themselves. "If you haven't been asked to be on one of these groups," one scientist noted, "it looks as if you haven't made it in your field."

When questioned by *Science*, Secretary Finch said that he was "looking into" the matter of security and suitability checks for HEW advisory groups. But he must do more than look; if he does not act, inertia will continue to rule in the lower reaches of the bureaucracy. One HEW official remarked: "Most officials take the course of least resistance; we don't have enough people with guts in government." A former head of the National Institute of Mental Health feels that many people in government "run scared" all the time. They are afraid that if they protest the security system, the security people may start to wonder about them.

"Of course," *Science* concludes, "with some display of interest from Secretary Finch or from the White House, the whole system of security checks for part-time advisers in nonsensitive areas could be thoroughly reviewed and revised." If this were done at the initiative of the present occupant of the White House, it would be something of a miracle, but perhaps Mr. Finch can steer one of Mr. Nixon's zigzags in the right direction.

The Loss of Mboya

A few weeks after the murder of Tom Mboya on a street in Nairobi, world opinion seems to be gravitating to the opinion that the deed was a political assassination brought about by strains within Kenya. It is known that Mboya himself, who two years ago was fired upon by a sentry (officially declared deranged) stationed to guard his house, believed that developments in Kenya increased his personal danger. According to *The New York Times*, on his last trip to America he told friends here that the general elections planned by President Kenyatta for later in the year would inevitably call upon him, as secretary general of the President's party, to play a leading role, and that his enemies would be spurred to silence him. And on a plane returning to Africa, he wrote to one of these friends, saying that he had determined to hire the bodyguard his American wellwishers had been urging on him.

One thing that his foes held against him was that Mboya liked and was able to communicate with Americans. And another thing was that he had moved out of the tribal context that still thwarts African development in all the new states south of the Sahara, and stood as a leader of his nation. As the *New Statesman* remarked recently, the fact that he had no tribal base was at once his greatest political weakness and his greatest potential contribution to Kenya. Mboya rose to prominence in a highly contemporary manner: his support from the start came from the detribalized workers and unemployed of the cities, Nairobi and Mombasa, and he acted for them as a modern trade union politician, "educating them," the *New Statesman* continues, "in nationalist politics."

Tribalism is a sentiment of great emotional power—indeed emotion is the essence of its power—and Mboya may well have spurned it at the cost of his life. Whether or not that was the reason, and whether or not we ever know the reason, it is clear that Kenya, as well as the rest of Africa and indeed the international community, has suffered a loss it cannot easily overcome. Mboya was probably admired more widely than he was beloved—he never minced words over what he saw as the problems ahead, and he never tailored his words to the expectations of his audience. He wrote recently in *The New York Times Magazine* that whereas there were many similarities between the African and black American struggles for polit-

ical and economic freedom, black Americans should not hope to find an escape for the problems still confronting them in any "back to Africa" movement, in fact or in spirit. He was a very modern man, of whom Africa has too few; and he was a very straightforward political leader, of whom the world has too few.

More Fat for the Germans

In an innocuous story (buried on the back pages of most local newspapers), the Associated Press recently indicated that West Germany would "cover" about 80 per cent of the cost of maintaining U.S. forces in Germany for the next two years, leaving but a minimal drain on the U.S. balance of payments. As its part of the bargain, West Germany will buy about $295 million in U.S. goods and services (presumably instruments of war). The agreement further provides that Bonn will lend the United States an additional $760 million per year.

And is this supposed to reimburse the American taxpayers for money spent on military forces in Germany? We spend billions in Germany on military installations, and the Germans kindly agree to lend us funds! Meanwhile the German economy becomes stronger, and the German mark among the strongest currencies in the world.

By continuing this wasteful policy, the American Government adds to the German coffers while raising taxes at home. Worst of all, borrowing abroad in order to spend abroad stimulates inflation, and Americans will pay doubly for this government folly.

The Resistance

For a long time, almost the only effective Congressional opposition to the Vietnamese War was furnished by Senators Gruening and Morse, who simply refused to approve the money. Deaf to the argument that they were letting the "boys" down, they voted "no" on the appropriation bills. They knew how fraudulent that argument was. There is always enough material in the pipe line to support combat activities, whether defensive or offensive, for an indefinite period.

Now that Gruening and Morse, to the country's loss, are no longer in the Senate, others have adopted their courageous tactic, and in far greater numbers. On July 9, forty-nine Representatives voted against the Supplemental Appropriation bill, which not only contained funds for Vietnam but increased the amount. These forty-nine cast negative votes, despite the fact that the bill provided funds for domestic purposes to which they had no objection.

The overriding objective was to show disapproval of the war in the most emphatic terms available to a member of Congress. The best people in the House are on that roll of honor: Brown, Burton and Edwards of California, Mrs. Chisholm, Conyers, Diggs, Farbstein, Kastenmeier, Ottinger, Podell, Rosenthal, Ryan, Saylor, Scheuer among them. One may hope they will be joined by a still greater number who will vote against *any* appropriations for the prosecution of the war, regardless of other purposes that may be served, and will explain to their constituents why they are doing so.

NEW POLITICS

More Mood Than Movement

JACK NEWFIELD
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> The new technology or the new politics—call it what you will—has arrived.
>
> —James M. Perry, *The New Politics*

The New Politics is becoming a huckster's phrase, invoked by plastic politicians, to con what they think is a gullible electorate. It is as much a cliché as the New Journalism or the New Theatre. It has become like Silly Putty, bent and twisted into dozens of distorted and unnatural shapes by careerists trying to redefine it to their particular advantage.

Jacob Javits, who campaigned last autumn for Richard Nixon, proclaims himself a partisan of the New Politics because "it means problem solving." Theodore Sorensen, who tried to convince Robert Kennedy not to speak out against the war in Vietnam, says he is for it because it "means participation, like giving 18-year-olds the vote." Organization men like Jesse Unruh and Stanley Steingut claim to be part of the New Politics. James Perry and Penn Kimball have written whole books defining the New Politics exclusively in terms of manipulative technology, computers and mass communications. Hubert Humphrey and Fred Harris say they are "for" the New Politics. But then Albert Shanker *says* he is for decentralization and Mayor Richard Daley *says* he is for civil liberties. It all makes one recall George Orwell's prophetic quote:

"In our time, political speech and writings are largely the defense of the indefensible. . . . Political language has come to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging and sheer cloudy vagueness. . . . The inflated style is itself a kind of euphemism. A mass of Latin words falls upon the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up all the details."

The sociologist Daniel Boorstin has written perceptively

about "pseudo events" and "pseudo personalities," but the New Politics just might be the first pseudo movement. It has no program, no money, no leadership, no power, a weak national organization and almost nothing for its citizen supporters to do. An Albany meeting of the cannibalistic New York group in May broke up in petty bickering. Candidates running in the name of the New Politics —Tom Bradley, Henry Helstoski and Herman Badillo— all lost important elections within the last month. Instead of an issues convention, the New Democratic Coalition (NDC) spent its energies last spring organizing a fund-raising dinner in Washington.

At this point, the New Politics is still more mood than movement, more desire than reality, more label than program. I hope in this exploratory and fraternal article to suggest a few reasons why the New Politics groups have been ineffective, and why, since the Chicago convention, they have lost the political initiative to the Nixon Administration, and to the old politics, machine Democrats, corporate managers, union bureaucrats and senior Southern Congressmen.

One reason is that most of the organizational leaders of the New Politics seem wedded to the notion that incremental change should come exclusively through electoral politics. They have geared their state groupings toward the 1970 elections, and are already preoccupied with the personalities of 1972. At their conferences they talk at length about taking over irrelevant, hollow shells like the Young Democrats and the Democratic National Committee. This parochial electoral vision has tended to flood the local organizations with anal technicians and power-tripping hustlers, while turning off the younger activists, who prize ideas and confrontations more than candidates and campaigns.

Up to now, the orators of the New Politics have sounded much too optimistic and impatient. They recall 1968 in shades of victory, and see the Democratic convention of 1972 as a final vision of Armageddon. They are not mentally preparing for a movement that will span a decade or more of hard work in local communities. They have a furtive eye fixed on a short cut. And they see the Democratic Party as the only possible vehicle for reform, even though it was the Democratic Party that involved us in fighting the Vietnamese, ruined the poverty program and sanctioned the police violence during the Democratic convention.

Although I shall speak here primarily of cooperation with grass-roots movements to the left of the Democrats, I also believe that an excessive preoccupation with the Democratic Party is causing the New Politics to ignore the progressive wing of the Republican Party: the Ripon Society, Senators Goodell, Aiken and Percy and Mayor Lindsay.

The Democratic Party still houses the worst institutionalized elements in our national politics: the Meany-Lovestone-CIA complex; the Dixiecrats, the missile contractors and the Mafia. We should try to think of the New Politics as historically ten minutes old, and still view the idea of a new political party, including Ripon Republicans, as an open option. The endless talk of "capturing" the Democratic Party is both elitist and delusional. And much harder than folks think.

This narrow electoral bias seems based on a bad misreading of the history of this decade in America. Since the sit-ins of 1960, history has been pushed forward by insurgent movements rather than by political candidates. The black movement, the student movement, the anti-war movement and the dump LBJ movement should be the models of a new participatory politics. These were—and are—long-term, issue-oriented movements, on the margins of parliamentary politics, that engage thousands of



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ordinary citizens. At the necessary moment these movements invented their own leader—Eugene McCarthy—and entered the electoral process. By emphasizing infighting over nominations and positions within the Democratic Party now, the New Politics groups are cutting themselves off from the generators of energy and imagination on the campuses and in the ghettos. If the New Politics becomes a broad enough movement, it will once more have the power to create its own leaders at the right time.

The electoral strategy also neglects two of the most significant lessons to be extracted from the events of 1968. One is that *the basic institutions of liberal politics —the unions, the convention system, the mass media and the Democratic Party itself—are undemocratic.* Only by exposing and reforming these institutions—and by building alternatives to them—can citizen politics be made to work. One must remember that Vice President Humphrey lost every primary where his name was on the ballot, and was still nominated because of the power of three men—Mayor Daley, Governor Connally and George Meany. And the convention adopted a hawkish Vietnam plank, even though the policy had been repudiated by 80 per cent of the primary voters.

The other lesson of 1968 is that you can no longer base



mass movements on charismatic heroes in this country, because those heroes get assassinated. Any American insurgent movement must be anchored on participation and commitment in order to survive the gunmen.

The New Politics will have to root itself in issues that move masses of people: an end to the endless war in Vietnam, a drastic reduction in military spending; community control, citizen participation, and opposition to the general over-centralization of American life; reform of the draft; democratization of the rules and structures of the Democratic Party; a guaranteed annual income, socialized medicine and the closing of tax loopholes for corporations and the very rich. And possibly most urgently, it must devise a program that addresses the legitimate needs and frustrations of the powerless white working class. Robert Kennedy won the votes of the steelworkers, farmers and cops in Indiana, Nebraska and California, and they can be won again by men who speak in plain Populist language against remote experts and bureaucracy; against big business and the war; and against the casual hypocrisy of programmed politicians.

This should be the agenda of a New Politics, not the small maneuvers for small positions within the existing Democratic hierarchy.

Another shortcoming of the New Politics has been its inability to win the trust—or even the curiosity—of the high school and college activists, a group of about 3 million. I don't mean to suggest that this is an easy thing to do these days. The young today quite properly believe in no adult authority in the country. With Dylan they sing, "I've got nothin', ma, to live up to." But if there is any New Politics, in the sense of ideas and constituency, it is the radical, activist students, from McCarthy volunteers to draft resisters. They are the one authentically new element in the body politic of the country since the union movement of the 1930s.

No current national political leader now expresses the feelings or demands of the students. Worse, none even adequately defends them against the swelling backlash of repression. Yet, they all covet the students as volunteers in their future campaigns to climb the greasy pole.

Rep. Edith Green, who was Robert Kennedy's Oregon campaign manager, is emerging as the major draftsman of the vicious new anti-student bill in the House Committee on Education and Labor. Eugene McCarthy, the man for one inning, refused to testify on behalf of his own delegates when they were on trial in Chicago last spring. Theodore Sorensen tells the National Book Association that the enemy is equally Herbert Marcuse and Ronald Reagan, neglecting to mention John Mitchell, Melvin Laird and Richard Nixon, who hold actual raw power, but whose names lack the safe symmetry of the two cited. No Senator as yet has called illegal the indictments of the eight New Left leaders in Chicago, or dared suggest that Mayor Daley should have been indicted instead, if the grand jury had only read the Walker Report. What Senator has spoken out against the systematic roundups of Black Panthers, or the Congressional probe into SDS? There is a new McCarthyism in the land, and the New Politics has hardly noticed it, much less fought back.

One thing the liberal politicians can do is understand the cultural root of the generational alienation. The kids hate the environment most of them grew up in—impersonal split-level suburbs, homogenized religion, dull 9-to-5 jobs, sex by the marriage manuals, a mass media that promotes banality and suppresses the Smothers Brothers. The young just can't live in that world.

They are in revolt against the most traditional values of the middle class—God, money, status and the family. One small way in which the New Politics can begin to relate to these kids would be to develop a cultural analysis of America that takes the adversary culture of the young seriously.

To summarize: the New Politics seems too committed to the Democratic Party as the one historical agency of renewal. It seems too remote from the para-political movements at the base of the society: blacks, students, the poor, women. It has not begun to raise the idea of redistribution of wealth and income. It is white and elite.

The New Politics should be more activist, more radically concerned with institutions, more concerned with cultural issues, more like a social movement than a political campaign. For example, it should now be leading the opposition to the war in Vietnam, organizing a new March on Washington, or perhaps a national strike. It should lend its support to the basic demands of the campus

movements, and not contribute further to the paranoid backlash against the young. It should try to strike alliances with low-income whites on issues of economic self-interest, possibly through the new Alliance for Labor Action. It should be able to grasp the enormity of the present crisis, and realize that the business-as-usual ritual of making good speeches and nominating assemblymen is insufficient as long as 350 Americans are dying each week in Vietnam.

Right now the New Politics hardly exists, except as a simplistic slogan easily appropriated by hacks and hucksters. What we do have, out of the ashes of 1968, are some *excellent new politicians*: Sam Brown, Adam Walinsky, Paul Schrade, Don Peterson, Julian Bond, Channing Phillips, Representatives Chisholm, Koch and Lowenstein. But we do not yet begin to have a *new politics* that can generate a new majority for radical reform. I will end by quoting the candid and passionate speech Adam Walinsky delivered to the founding meeting of the National Democratic Coalition in Minneapolis last October:

> We are a rump faction of a party which is sliding—indeed, rolling—into an abyss of ruin.
>
> It would be easy and comforting to attribute this failure to the sins of Humphrey, Richard Daley, or John Connally, to a killer five years ago or a killer more recent. It would be easy—and it would be self-deluding and self-defeating and wildly, catastrophically wrong. . . .
>
> These men, the current villains in the liberal demonology, have played their full part in these events . . . [*but*] there is no hope for this coalition, no hope for a regeneration of our politics, unless we are prepared to learn from the errors and illusions that have brought us to our present pass; not the errors of others, though they have been more than plentiful, but our own. It is time to face our truth. . . .
>
> This is not only a matter of the war in Vietnam—where we promised peace in 1964 and then stood silent for too long as that pledge was broken and our Administration went to war. It is a matter, sadly, of almost all the great social legislation of the last four years.
>
> We promised education—but our education programs have not taught the children. We promised new cities—but our housing programs have gone far toward destroying the ones we have. We promised health—and our vaunted medicare program has shot the cost of medical care up while doing little or nothing to improve the quality of care for which we now pay so much. We promised help to the farm—and nearly eliminated the farmer.
>
> We promised blacks that patience would bring justice. We promised whites that justice would bring order. We have achieved neither. We promised and promised, passed laws and appropriation bills, taxed and spent. And when it was all over, who is there to say that life is truly better than it was before?

LATIN AMERICA

Challenge from the Intellectuals

MANUEL MALDONADO-DENIS

Mr. Maldonado-Denis is associate professor of political sciences at the University of Puerto Rico (Río Piedras). His book Puerto Rico: una interpretación histórico-social *will be published shortly by Editorial Siglo XXI (Mexico). He has just returned from a trip to South America on a Guggenheim grant that was given him to study the role and position of intellectuals in 20th-century Latin American society.*

Analyzing recently the realistic possibilities for revolution in the United States, Barrington Moore, Jr., mentions as one of the preconditions for such change "the desertion of the intellectuals" from the existing institutions, that is, their "challenge to the prevailing modes of thought and to the whole perception of the possible causes of and remedies for human suffering." Despite its enormous complexity, and notwithstanding the differences in attitudes and ideologies that divide intellectual opinion in Latin American society, it can be said that this situation defined by Professor Moore now prevails in the southern part of this hemisphere. If the "desertion of the intellectuals" is the signal that a society is ripe for revolutionary change, then Latin American society is on the brink.

In a continent where only 0.5 per cent of the population reaches college and where enormous masses can neither read nor write, most members of the intelligentsia spring from the middle- or upper-middle class. With the single exception of Cuba under Castro, formal education in Latin America is still the privilege of the very few. The fact that the majority of intellectuals have deserted their class and identified with the radical forces vying for revolutionary change goes far to explain why communication between North and South—between the haves and the have nots—turns out to be so difficult. It is illusory to speak of North America being "misunderstood" by its poorer counterpart. On the contrary, I believe that Latin American intellectual opinion understands only too well the true character of U.S.-Latin American relations.

The increasing tempo of radicalization, of the intellectual's alienation from his traditional society, expresses itself in a general mood of despair and protest, of impatience with and contempt for old political formulas echoed by a generation that failed to carry through its promises for a more just society. The United States is in turn made responsible for the ever increasing gap between the underdeveloped South and the overdeveloped North, for its policy of supporting reactionary regimes and for its consistent espousal of John Foster Dulles' famous dictum: "The United States has no friends; it has only interests." The attitude cannot be dismissed

as traditional Latin hostility toward the "Yanqui." The facts marshaled by Chile's Chancellor Gabriel Valdés —who can scarcely be called a radical—in order to explain to President Nixon how Latin America is actually financing United States economic development, show to what extent the hard facts of exploitation are voiced even by those who have in the past supported North America's imperial role in the hemisphere.

Insofar as the mass media are in the hands of the traditional ruling classes, this mood of alienation, and the radicalization it engenders, are played down, dismissed as the expression of "a small minority of extremists." Reading the local press in Latin America is one of the most unrewarding and misleading of experiences. And yet this press reflects in a way the gap that exists between the traditional elites and the new generation of intellectuals that has matured in the last two decades. This is the generation of writers and artists who witnessed the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of their teachers and of the political movements that promised a true revolution but once again delivered the *status quo*.

This new intellectual Left in Latin America seeks to do away, on the one hand, with the rigidity and dogmatism of the traditional Left; and on the other attempts to achieve a truly radical critique of Latin American society. In this sense, support for the Cuban Revolution sets those intellectuals who are truly in favor of a revolutionary change apart from the others who are willing to compromise with the impartial role of the United States.

Cuba has been for Latin American intellectuals what Spain was for European intellectuals during the Civil War or what Vietnam is today for American intellectuals. Before Castro there was at least an element of unity among intellectuals of different ideological persuasions in their common fight against dictatorships. The Cuban Revolution, by raising the expectations for revolutionary change throughout Latin America, helped to unleash the forces of Latin American reaction and to bring to the forefront the role of the United States as world policeman for capitalism. This in turn led to a polarization of intellectual opinion for and against the United States and, of course, for and against Cuba. Santo Domingo and now Peru have enforced this trend.

It is true that there is a great fragmentation within the Latin American Left, the divisions occurring mainly over differences as to strategy and tactics. But one thing serves as a common denominator for all leftist movements: the radical opposition to American imperialism in all its many aspects. The new breed of intellectuals in Latin America are thus united not so much by what they like as by what they detest. And their detestation of American hegemony in the hemisphere is too apparent for even an ostrich to ignore.

The restrictive, and at times insulting, policies of the U.S. State Department in the granting of visas to writers and artists from Latin America hardly improves the atmosphere of mutual understanding. Not long ago Carlos Fuentes was forbidden to disembark in Puerto Rico for only a few hours by U.S. Immigration authorities, who treated him—in his own words—"as a common criminal." Something similar happened to the Colombian writer, Gabriel García Márquez, on a stopover at San Juan on his way to Madrid last year. The harassment and insolence of the procedures for the granting of visas is best illustrated by the following example. Dr. Germán Carrera Damas, Chairman of the School of History at the Central University of Venezuela, was invited by the Dean of the College of Social Sciences of the University of Puerto Rico to deliver a series of lectures. He applied for a visa. The United States Embassy in Caracas said they were willing to grant it, but for one week only. And would he be so kind as to tell them exactly when he was leaving and where he was staying while at Puerto Rico. The reason: they had to report to the FBI. In the case of a Chilean sociologist I met, the situation was even more insulting: he would be granted a visa to enter the United States but would have to report every other day to Immigration authorities. And when Carlos Fuentes was allowed to enter the United States some years ago for five days (he was attending a film festival) he was ordered to restrict himself to Manhattan Island. Needless to say many in-



Vadillo—Siempre, Mexico

tellectuals I met refuse to be so humiliated. As a result—and with a few exceptions—the majority of writers and artists who do get visas are those who will tell the American public what Washington wants it to hear—not what it *should* hear.

While this process takes place, the other side of the coin is that North Americans of the sort whom Mary McCarthy has dubbed "the paramilitary intellectuals" can roam at will over the Southern continent in pursuit of their research projects. Only when a major scandal occurs, as in the case of Project Camelot in Chile, do some governments take measures against the very real possibility of sociological espionage. Nevertheless the seeds of distrust are deeply planted. The Latin American radical intellectual is as wary of American intellectual "advisers" as his political counterpart should be of the military "advisers." At least in the field of social research, Projects Camelot and Simpático have seriously impeded the pursuit of research projects financed by American institutions in many Latin American universities. In fact, the faint smell of American money behind a research project today dooms it at its inception.

This distrust extends even farther into the literary and artistic fields. The fate of the literary journal *Mundo Nuevo*, edited originally in Paris and now in Argentina, illustrates further the extent of intellectual polarization. Founded originally under the auspices of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, *Mundo Nuevo* was meant to be the successor of the much discredited *Cuadernos* of Paris. Emir Rodríguez Monegal, a man of talent as a literary critic and with a somewhat leftist background (he had been a regular contributor to the Uruguayan weekly, *Marcha*) was chosen as the editor of the new journal. In his appeal to writers over all of Latin America, he promised to open the journal to every shade of opinion. At this point, several things happened. The Congress for Cultural Freedom was publicly exposed as a CIA conduit. The Cuban intellectuals and *Marcha* denounced *Mundo Nuevo* as an intellectual front for United States interests and as an enemy of the Cuban Revolution. (Some leftist writers, among them Carlos Fuentes, took a different position and decided to collaborate with the new journal; they were, however, the exception to the rule.) The very fact that it was financed by an American institution (in this case the Ford Foundation) made it suspect to many writers and artists in Latin America. With the resignation of Rodríguez Monegal, *Mundo Nuevo* has relapsed into the anti-Communist gimmicks of its predecessor, *Cuadernos*. It is now practically buried in Buenos Aires, a fitting symbol of the difficulties standing in the way of a true dialogue between those who defend and those who oppose American imperial power.

But perhaps even worse than the distrust bred by American efforts to carry out both military and intellectual counterinsurgency in Latin America, is the mutual ignorance as to the true nature of the respective societies, an ignorance that can hardly be remedied by improvised "crash programs" or by such public relations gimmicks as the Rockefeller mission.

The new "discovery" of a continent heretofore neglected has focused the attention of American scholars and students upon its institutions and its historical and social development. But the tendency to judge economic and social development by the standards of American liberal democracy (even the best of it) dooms many visitors from the North to a repetition of the platitudes about a system that hardly works in the United States itself. With few exceptions they end up by telling the Latin Americans what they ought to do, thus provoking the inevitable angry response.

The new generation of Latin American intellectuals —represented by such spokesmen as Mario Vargas Llosa and Gabriel Márquez—is in no mood to listen to the weary rhetoric of American liberals who come down to Latin America in order to preach the virtues of "liberal democracy." The most influential current among Latin American intellectuals is well to the left, not only of New Deal liberals but of their counterparts in the South: "the Democratic Left." It is to Cuba, not to colonial Puerto Rico that they look for an example of revolutionary change. They admire, not Kennedy or Betancourt but Fidel Castro and Che Guevara.

(Perhaps no one illustrates this radicalization of Latin America's intellectuals better than Juan Bosch. Originally a member of the "Democratic Left," Bosch has become increasingly radical since the American intervention in Santo Domingo. He now speaks against imperialism—which he calls "Pentagonism"—and in favor of a "dictatorship with popular support." Completely disillusioned with representative government, Bosch has turned increasingly away from his former anti-Communist stand. His own party, the Partido Revolucionario Dominicano, has undergone a similar metamorphosis.)

The death in action as a guerrilla fighter of the Colombian priest Camilo Torres (see review by Robert F. Smith, *The Nation*, June 30) has served as a spur for the emergence of the "Christian Left" in the Southern hemisphere. The Catholic Church itself—one of the strongest agencies of conservatism in Latin Ameria—is being shaken by the increasing radicalization of the young clergy. In Chile a new political party has emerged as an offshoot from the ruling Christian Democratic Party. Led by the prominent economist, Jacques Chonchol (who is to be its secretary general), the Movimiento de Acción Popular Unitaria (MAPU) considers the Christian Democratic "Establishment" too conservative. Its leaders propose more radical solutions to Chile's problems and are willing to try an "opening to the left," including a common front with Communists and Socialists if necessary. A similar process—although on a smaller scale—is taking place among some sectors of the Christian youth in Venezuela.

American support for the military regimes in Brazil and Argentina, noted for their ruthless persecution of intellectuals; the war in Vietnam; the Marines in Santo Domingo; the blockade and continued aggression against Cuba; the black and student revolt within the United

States itself, all these events merely reinforce the attitudes described above. And the parallel hopelessness of underdevelopment, illiteracy and exploitation that seem to be the lot of a continent literally plundered by its ruling class and by American interests helps to explain the belief among intellectuals that revolutionary change is inevitable.

Whether this change will come about now or in the near future is difficult to tell. The trend right now is running contrary to intellectual opinion. The swing seems to be toward the right, toward military dictatorships, interference with universities and widespread repression. The United States is not going to reverse this swing. On the contrary, it is more likely to give it an additional push —particularly if things get out of hand, as they did in Santo Domingo. This can only add to the polarization and contribute to a still more marked alienation of Latin American intellectuals. And to their radicalization.

THE DISNEY IMPERATIVE

WESLEY MARX
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Santa Ana, Calif.

Recently, a newspaper headline proclaimed that a "game preserve" would be set aside near my home in Southern California. My heart jumped. For many months, I have belonged to a citizens' group that seeks to protect Southern California's last remaining natural bay, Upper Newport Bay, from being compressed into a boat storage area for luxury waterfront residences. This life-giving estuary lies near my home; I dared to envision a bay sanctuary for blue herons, scallops, young halibut and red-berried California toyon trees. However, the game preserve turned out to be a commercial zoo spectacle called Lion Country Safari. It is being sponsored by the same developer who, with the sympathy of public authorities, makes a paying proposition of the bay. If my faith in land developers is justified, a game preserve called Grizzly Bear Rodeo is rising in a jungle clearing somewhere in South Africa.

This curious expression of conservation confirms my suspicions about the increasing persuasiveness of a trend I call the Disney Imperative. It is the compulsion to create artificial environments in place of natural environments. Fantasy thus becomes reality, i.e., Lion Country Safari in Orange County, Calif., and residential marinas atop life-giving estuaries. It is a trend particularly attractive to developers on the make as well as to impetuous architects, and it promises to play more hell with the cause of conservation and environmental quality than the fixations of dam builders and lumber harvesters.

I don't want to hold the late Walt Disney responsible for all the aberrations of the Disney Imperative. However, Disney was instrumental in setting a pretty high standard to inspire disciples for many years to come. I don't have Disneyland in mind. That Magic Kingdom in Anaheim was a dress rehearsal, an entertainment if you will, for the precedent-setting application of the Disney Imperative at a place called Mineral King. If you haven't heard of Mineral King, that's to be expected, because, in terms of the Disney Imperative, Mineral King doesn't yet exist—it is still natural. Mineral King is a glacial valley set in California sequoia country. It contains twenty lakes, numerous cascades, incense cedar and bold rock outcroppings. It lies in the Sequoia National Forest, right next door to Sequoia National Park, which gives you some idea of just how unreal it is.

In Disney's later years, Walt Disney Productions submitted a master plan for Mineral King to the Forest Service. "Disney stressed that his master plan is based on the need to preserve Mineral King's natural beauty," declared a Disney press release. That certainly is a laudable objective. This alpine valley is rather rare, being part of the last remaining 2 per cent of land in the United States in the "wild" category. Ostensibly, the spirit of Smokey the Bear, not Donald Duck, would reign. Yet the means of preservation seem odd, to say the least. Forested hills are to be stripped to make way for ski slopes serviced by fourteen lifts. Mountain peaks will be topped with restaurants. The valley floor will provide space for a conference center, two hotels, a cafeteria, a skating rink, a chapel, convenience shops and a heliport. For some reason, this sounds more like a plush ski resort than natural beauty preserved. Just where does preservation come in? In response, the press release declares that Walt Disney Productions "would preserve the area's natural character by camouflaging ski lifts, situating the village so that it will not be seen from the valley entrance, and putting service areas in a 60,000-square-foot underground facility beneath the village." Remember the alpine trees and the bold rock outcroppings? "Stout columns of timber and concrete set with stones brought up from a nearby quarry will establish the American-Alpine style," declares Disney Productions.

"Preservation" thus becomes an outdoor type of interior decoration to provide a contrived environment. The bulldozers become sculptors' chisels, the road graders become paint brushes, and the chain saws on the tree slopes become magic wands. Nothing cheap like colored snow or litter baskets in the shape of tree stumps. Wilderness is not being desecrated; it is just being out-charmed. The result is a Swiss ski resort 55 miles from Visalia, Calif., a Disneyland with guts. "When I first saw Mineral King more than five years ago," Disney recalled for reporters, "I thought it was one of the most beautiful places in the world, and we want to keep it that way. It is going to be a pleasure to make it even more attractive and accessible so that more people will enjoy its beauty."

There may well be room for such real estate creativity, particularly in the urban environment, but why Mineral King? It is here that one begins to realize that there is more to the Disney Imperative than artistic indulgence. Old-fashioned wilderness preserves don't lend themselves to high-density, high-revenue outdoor activities. While lumber people, mining people and amusement park operators grouse about such public land lying "idle," their buzz saw and pickax enterprise hardly conveys a sense of public service and responsibility. The artificial environment approach, on the other hand, oozes with public service. Skiing interests have been eyeing Mineral King for some time, but their straightforward plans were a bit too brutal even for the Forest Service. About a decade ago, Walt Disney Productions purchased a small amount of private land in Mineral King Valley. After that, came the Disney master plan to make Mineral King "even more attractive and accessible."

And if a suit brought by the Sierra Club, and now before the courts, does not prevail, that is exactly what they will do. The Forest Service is so excited that it has given Disney Productions a thirty-year lease to indulge in its style of wilderness improvements. Walt Disney Productions expects 2.5 million paying visitors by 1976. The National Park Service, albeit reluctantly, will permit 8 million cubic yards of Sequoia National Park land to be pushed about for a high-speed access highway into Mineral King. The highway, which will undoubtedly become a linear butcher block for mule deer and other unwary pedestrians, will be named the Walt Disney Memorial Highway, if the promoters have their way. While this may be a fitting monument, I wouldn't wish this designation on anybody.

This transformation of wilderness into an artistic profit-making venture doesn't miss any bets. During the summer, the fourteen ski lifts will be available for "hikers, campers and wildlife students." While Walt Disney Productions makes no promises to the effect, I have a hunch that chair-borne hikers and wildlife students may find themselves gazing down upon Son of Lion Country Safari.

The Forest Service's willingness to succumb to the Disney Imperative at Mineral King will not be lost on the creators of Six Flags Over Texas, Marineland, Frontierland and other mass-rec promoters. Ski and marina promoters are undoubtedly scanning Forest Service maps and latching onto architects itchy to outdo nature. The ability of the National Park Service to be suckered into this frenzy for packaged fantasy is probably not being overlooked either.

Another semi-natural domain in public hands promises to become an even greater victim of the Disney Imperative. I read recently an advertisement in which a landscaping firm was expanding into "underwater landscaping." I wondered if the market for plastic sharks in Bel Air swimming pools was really that large; then I read on. "Specialists in preserving, restoring and creating special effects in the undersea environment utilizing the natural beauty and ecology of the region," explained the



Conrad; Los Angeles Times

"We Need Offshore Drilling So That You People Can Drive Your Cars to the Beaches and Enjoy Them!"

advertisement. "We travel anywhere. . . No job too small."

Disney sea is already in the making. The Santa Monica shore consists of a long, spacious beach that abuts the metropolitan Los Angeles area. The present use—public beach—is natural enough, in fact too natural. One agency noted for its inventive verve proposes the creation of a giant marina. A 6-mile-long earth-filled breakwater would protect the boats and be the basis for an artificial, i.e., real, offshore beach. Let's see if you can apply the Disney Imperative by filling in the blank. The breakwater will be topped by ————. The answer is not barnacles but freeway. This perhaps suggests the identity of the fantasy maker: it is the California Division of Highways. The Division would set aside generous shoulders on the proposed Santa Monica Causeway to accommodate marinas, high-rise apartments and other institutions eager to leapfrog public beach frontage and acquire high-revenue footholds on the "idle" nearshore. A sure sign of the Disney Imperative at work is the developer's willingness to defy natural laws. The curtaining off of the nearshore into a still lagoon permits the laying of underwater air hoses to keep the pollution circulating. Curiously enough, the Los Angeles City Council has been reluctant to endorse the Santa Monica Causeway project. The highway people have demonstrated that they don't have closed minds about this thing. They have offered to move the freeway off the causeway and onto the present existing beach. To "replace" this beach, underwater artificial reefs would be installed to nurture an artificial offshore beach. The fact that the "perched beach" concept is untested suggests how well the planners are remaining true to the Disney Imperative. Dr. Kenneth Inman, of the Scripps Institution

of Oceanography, a beach erosion expert, suggests two possible accidents: the shunting of the sand into deep water beyond recovery and the stimulation of potentially destructive waves. However, a consultant on the project, James Dunham of Moffat-Nichol Engineers, sees the "greatest single problem of the entire project" as being a supply of enough earth fill. Mr. Dunham then goes on to suggest a suitable "borrow pit": a coastal hill range. And once Mr. Dunham gets going, there is no stopping him. Why not, he asks, borrow from the hills in such manner as to transform them into the site for another freeway and for terraced homes?

Other noted fantasy makers have their own master schemes to improve on the nearshore. Airport planners now realize that the solution to airplane noise is not quieter airplanes but the extension of runways out to sea. These runways, seductively tipped with marinas and beaches, are packaged as complete environments, ostensibly soundproofed. At last count, some twenty coastal cities were considering such seaward intrusions. At this rate, the United States itself may become a borrow pit to accommodate the air age. Once installed, the runways have a way of continually growing outward. Kennedy International Airport, outside New York, is even now proposing to push a super runway out into Jamaica Bay, used from time immemorial as a resting and feeding site for migratory water birds. It is feared that this intrusion might put an end to the entire Atlantic flyway by forcing the birds to make too long a jump. Some people feel that San Francisco Airport and Oakland Airport will finally bisect San Francisco Bay, to form the world's first supersonic runway.

There is no end of ways to reclaim the ocean. I heard one planner talk about the "Real Estate Potentials of Offshore Island Development." His inspiration did not come from traditional islands. He suggests that offshore oil drill platforms can double as real estate if mounted on earth fill. He proposes that these oil-inspired islands be connected to the mainland by causeways, there being no sense in having islands entirely surrounded by water.

Natural islands can also be upgraded by recourse to the Disney Imperative. The owner of one pastoral island off Southern California, Santa Cruz Island (being considered for national park status), plans to dredge out part of the scenic shore to accommodate a marina. But he doesn't call it a marina; he calls it an "artificial fjord." Part of the shore already boasts a vacation camp, Polynesian style. Progressive developers in Tahiti may see the light and erect igloo motels.

The craze to redesign the nearshore, particularly as a luxury boat storage area, suggests that we may soon be able to claim that there are more boats than fish in the offshore waters. The hectic transformation of estuaries into high-revenue environments already promises to sterilize the offshore and the skies above. Some two-thirds of our marine catch, as well as our shore birds, are estuary dependent. Yet the fantasy makers even have a way of capitalizing on this purge: box-office aquariums, featuring seals who can balance rubber balls on their noses.

The most disconcerting fact about the spread of the Disney Imperative is its misdirection. There is a place for well-designed, man-made environments that provide underground services and transportation facilities, achieve thematic architecture, diversify recreational opportunities and create an illusion of beauty and excitement. But this place should be the urban environment, not the prime wilderness. Perhaps the greatest service our conservation agencies can perform in the future will be to tell the devotees of the Disney Imperative to get the hell out of the Mineral Kings and go back to Chicago, New York and Newark. The concepts of compact beauty and illusion that Disney employed in Disneyland deserve much larger application, but not in the role of improving nature.

OUT TO GET THE PANTHERS

L. F. PALMER, JR.
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A few minutes before dawn on June 4, Merlin Nygren, Assistant Deputy Superintendent of Chicago police and the officer in charge that morning, got the word from his dispatcher: "The FBI has informed us they are going to raid the Black Panther headquarters on Madison Street. They request that all Chicago police cars stay out of the area." The message came through loud and clear; this was going to be a performance by the Feds.

The first thing they did was to seal off the area surrounding the ghetto building at 2350 W. Madison Street, nestled solidly in the heart of the riot-ravaged West Side. One police car swooped down on the intersection of Madison and Western to reroute traffic. An FBI car did the same thing a block away. By sunrise, the operation was under way.

FBI cars with revolving red Mars lights blinking moved in on Panther headquarters and disgorged an array of agents. On their left arms, they had safety-pinned white armbands with red letters: "U.S. Department of Justice." Across their chests, they wore light olive-green bullet-proof vests, harbingers of an expected shoot-out.

Marlin Johnson, special agent in charge of the Chicago FBI office, came dressed in a dark brown suit, white shirt and a wide-brimmed hat, like a businessman. His business was to lead a raid on the black revolutionary organiza-

tion which is developing a nasty habit of unsettling local, state and national defenders of the *status quo*.

Several G-men quickly clambered up a fire escape of the building next to the Panthers', jumped to the roof of the headquarters, spread out for escape attempts and in perfect gun position for any action that might occur on Madison Street. Down in the street, more agents took cover behind cars and glued their eyes to the doorway leading to the second- and third-floor offices of the Panthers. Their weaponry included heavy firearms, machine guns, shotguns and tear gas.

When efforts to coax the Panthers out of their offices failed, the G-men took the sledge-hammer route, rushed the headquarters and took into custody—without resistance—eight Black Panthers, two of them female. By the time the G-men left, revolutionary posters had been torn from the walls, lists of names of Panther lawyers, contributors and other supporters had been confiscated. Office equipment and some weapons were carted out and petitions with more than 9,000 signatures seeking an appeal bond for jailed Illinois Panther leader Fred Hampton had disappeared. Cash—something more than $1,700 —was taken. Food for the Panthers' breakfast for poor children program had been trampled and slung around the office. At this writing, only the money had been returned. The FBI raided the Panther headquarters without a search warrant. They carried only an arrest warrant for George Sams, Jr., whom they described as a Panther wanted for murder in New Haven.

Sams was nowhere to be found in the Chicago Black Panther headquarters. But the eight Panthers arrested were charged with harboring a fugitive. Sixteen days later, the charges against the eight were dismissed.

After the Chicago raid, the FBI or police conducted in rapid succession raids on Panthers in Des Moines, Indianapolis and Denver. Panthers have been arrested in Seattle, Eugene, Ore., New York City, Newark, Baltimore, Salt Lake City, numerous California cities, to mention a few incidents of recent weeks.

The nation-wide harassment of Black Panthers, which includes extraordinary means of trying to keep the Black Panther newspaper from being distributed, has reached such proportions that the Panthers scheduled a Revolutionary Conference for a United Front against Fascism in Oakland, Calif. on July 18-21. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, were to gather for what could be one of the decade's most influential meetings.

On the day after the Chicago raid, Black Panther Party chairman, Bobby Seale, said that more than forty Panther leaders and more than 100 members had been arrested across the country in two months. In Seale's words, the arrests are "nothing more than Richard M. Nixon's operations of attempting to destroy the national and state level Black Panther Party leaderships." Describing the G-men as "Fascist FBI pigs," Seale said the reason behind the alleged plot to destroy the Panthers is the federal government's horror of Socialist programs, which the Panthers advocate. He said U.S. officials are employing local law-enforcement agencies in their conspiracy to remove Panther leaders from the streets and thereby kill off the movement. In his annual report, released July 15, J. Edgar Hoover singled out the Panthers as being, among Negro militant groups, the "greatest threat to the internal security of the country."

The Panther party's top leadership has already been skimmed off, each with a different kind of spoon. Minister of defense Huey P. Newton is in prison, convicted of killing an Oakland, Calif., policeman. Panthers view him as a political prisoner. Bobby Hutton, the party's treasurer, was killed by police a little more than a year ago. The Black Panther newspaper declares that "from that point on there have been some twenty Panthers murdered by the nation's pigs and their running dogs."

Eldridge Cleaver, whose best-selling *Soul on Ice* has made him the party's most widely known member, is in exile. About to be returned to jail on a charge of probation violation, Cleaver vowed he would never go back behind bars and disappeared from sight. He is reported to be living in Cuba.

Seale himself is under federal indictment on charges growing out of the Democratic National Convention disturbances in Chicago last summer. Those close to that extraordinary chapter in American malfeasance know that Seale played only a marginal role in the clashes. Indeed, Jay Miller, director of the Illinois chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, while searching for a motive for the Seale indictment, was told by a high-ranking official in the Justice Department that "the Panthers are a bunch of hoodlums and we have to get this guy." It is, then, entirely reasonable to come to the conclusion that it is only a matter of time before Seale joins Newton, Hutton and Cleaver in America's peculiar and chilling version of Siberia.

With these formidable national leaders out of action, it appears that many local and federal officials are almost paranoid in their determination that the Panthers shall not continue to ride herd on what they call the "oppressive capitalistic system."

As Donald Freed, assistant to the provost of the California Institute of the Arts, put it: "If what is being perpetrated against the Black Panther Party was being done to any white group, including the Nazi Party, the liberal establishment—from the ACLU to *The New York Times* —would absolutely refuse to tolerate it further. Since the party began its hot breakfast for children project (now feeding 5,000 a day, which is, in the words of California's Jesse Unruh, 'more than the government feeds'), Panther arrests with charges later dropped, and bail in the millions, constitute an unprecedented national scandal which beggars the fifties." Freed sees official action against the Panthers as "a growing conspiracy which would have the most awful climax this ominous summer."

What has been happening to the Panthers in Chicago provides as good a spectacle as any for Americans who may want to make a serious examination of Bobby Seale's charge that a national campaign is in full swing against the group which calls itself the "vanguard party"

of the revolution. The experiences of the Illinois Panthers vary little, if any, from those of the group that founded the party in California and from those of the others that now seek to carry out its aims across the country.

After a few months of underground organizing, the Illinois Black Panther Party emerged in December 1968. Many of its members had attended college and labored in the nonviolent civil rights movement. At that time, few members had criminal records of any consequence. Now the charges against them run into three figures, including one of stealing a garbage can.

Only two convictions stand against the record of the Illinois Black Panthers. Significantly, they are both against the party's top two leaders. Bobby Rush, deputy minister of defense, was convicted in a Champaign (Ill.) circuit court of illegal possession of a weapon, following a visit of Panthers to the University of Illinois. Rush—a husband, father of two and an army veteran—has appealed the conviction. Fred Hampton, the Illinois party's deputy chairman, was convicted of robbing an ice-cream truck driver of $71 worth of ice cream and is serving two to five years in the Menard Penitentiary. Hampton is an ex-Roosevelt University student and former head of the Maywood (Ill.) NAACP Youth Council.

Hampton's conviction came despite his testimony that he was not on the Maywood school playground last April when the ice cream was stolen. In an out-of-court statement, Hampton told reporters: "I may be a pretty big mother, but I can't eat no 710 ice-cream bars." However, the words which attracted the attention of Panther watchers were those of the judge who refused to set an appeal bond for Hampton, dooming him to immediate incarceration: "This defendant admits to me that he advocates armed revolution," said circuit court Judge Sidney A. Jones, a Chicago Negro. "I cannot take the responsibility of allowing him to remain at large."



"The Cops Don' Bother To Wear The White Hats. . . . All They Needs Is The White Faces."

Aside from the fact that advocacy of armed revolution is scarcely relevant to a charge of stealing ice cream, the U.S. Supreme Court on June 9 outlawed Ohio's syndicalism law. This statute, passed by several states during the "Red scare" after World War I, makes it unlawful "to advocate or teach the duty, necessity, or propriety of crime, sabotage, violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing industrial or political reform."

The Supreme Court ruling made it clear that convictions cannot be upheld against persons who simply advocate the necessity of overthrowing the government. Under the High Court decision, it is imperative that the advocate actually intends lawless action that would produce violence. If such a judicial opinion holds on a conviction, it would seem that it would be equally applicable to the granting of an appeal bond.

Bobby Rush expressed this same sentiment in somewhat different language: "Cloaked in the black robe that surely smells of the mire that he lives in, pig Jones, black puppet manipulated by the pig power puppeteers of Chicago, has carried out this system's policy of legal and sanctioned persecution. The State's attorneys' every effort was not to show that Fred was a thief, which is what they called him, but it was to show that Fred's political ideas are in direct opposition to his and all others who embrace injustice."

Kermit Coleman, head of the ACLU's ghetto project in Chicago, who has handled many cases of accused Panthers, provides insights into the attitudes of officials who find themselves in confrontation with revolutionary blacks. One assistant State's attorney, says Coleman, opens his prosecutions of Black Panthers by saying: "This is a Black Panther case, your Honor."

Among the cases for which Coleman has handled the defense have been that of two Panthers charged with violating a city ordinance on the use of public ways by selling the Black Panther newspaper. The charges were dropped. In another, two Panthers were arrested for handing out leaflets. The charges were dropped. Other cases involved charges of aggravated battery, disorderly conduct, resisting arrest and a variety of weapons charges. These, too, were dismissed.

"It would seem to me," Coleman says, "that it would be irrational to assume that the Black Panther Party and each of its members is deliberately setting out to get ar-

rested. And yet it seems that every member has been arrested, with the leaders being arrested many times. This raises in my mind a belief that there is a concerted effort among law-enforcement agencies and political forces in this city and throughout the nation to wipe out the Panthers."

Coleman explains why: "They see the political nature of the Black Panther Party as being a danger to entrenched political and economic interests. These are young black people who cannot be bought off with a loaf of bread and the promise of pie in the sky. A great many of their members have come out of the traditional movement after seeing that this kind of protest is not effective."

Coleman expressed what many people, no doubt, have been thinking: "You'll notice that other black groups that are just as active in the community are not getting busted because they are talking about opting for black capitalism. As long as you talk about black capitalism, you don't go to jail. But when one comes out of a revolutionary bag that does not encompass the present political and economic structure, that's when the powers of repression are brought to bear."

That they are being brought to bear was made abundantly clear in this remark by a veteran Chicago police reporter who is about as well informed on such matters as any person in the city: "I can't remember in my entire career witnessing the quantity nor the quality of repressive force unleashed against the Black Panthers. I don't think it is all a matter of a national conspiracy, though I believe this is certainly a part of it. I think this massive repression also results from the naked fear many policemen have of the Panthers. They want to do them in as a kind of self-defense measure."

Repression takes many forms and it certainly is no coincidence that there is a striking similarity between the Washington hearings into Black Panther activities and the probe of Chicago's Blackstone Rangers by the same agency, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigation. While the Rangers are not considered to be revolutionaries, this former street gang, now known as the Black P. Stone Nation, is—like the Panthers—decidedly at odds with the political ruling elite.

The direction of the McClellan committee's hearings on the Rangers discounted any efforts these black youths were making toward constructive community programming. It also pulled the financial rug out from under an Office of Economic Opportunity project designed to experiment with means of rehabilitating black street gangs. A major performance before the McClellan committee came from a former Ranger who "told all" and who, informed sources insist, was taken off the hook of a criminal charge in exchange for his "exposé."

As the same committee "digs" into the workings of the Black Panthers, it is no surprise that they have come up with a former Panther whose stories of sexual, criminal and exploitative activities are remarkably parallel to those credited to the Blackstone Rangers. Panther leaders, including Seale and Chief of Staff David Hilliand, insist that ex-Panther Larry Clayton Powell was telling the story the committee wanted to hear and that he did so to gain clemency on robbery charges.

The committee has made much of a Panther coloring book which allegedly was distributed to boys and girls at their free breakfasts. The book depicts youths attacking police and the legend under one reads: "The only good pig is a dead pig." Seale told newsmen that the book was "rejected" by the Panther leadership because it is "racist." He said it was never distributed. The McClellan committee, which encouraged the impression that the book received wide dissemination, took absolutely no notice of the fact that for many years a popular slogan declared, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." After the Indians were all but dead, the slogan was revised to "The only good nigger is a dead nigger."

Out of the Oakland conference may come solid and ominous documentation of America's frightening drift away from a democracy which it has always mouthed but never practiced, toward a version of fascism which it has never mouthed but is practicing with a creeping zeal. I attended the National Black Economic Development Conference in Detroit at which James Forman introduced and gained approval for the Black Manifesto, demanding $500 million in reparations from white churches and synagogues. Shortly thereafter, a federal grand jury was impaneled in Detroit and began to subpoena witnesses for an investigation into the circumstances of the Manifesto.

I received a short time ago a communication from the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization, which sponsored the conference. The letter, addressed to all who had attended the three-day meeting, said in part:

> Within the last four weeks, the FBI has been systematically contacting persons attending the National Black Economic Development Conference. The agents have represented the investigation as being ordered by the United States Attorney General, supposedly in regard to possible extortion charges against James Forman. We are advised by attorneys that this is a preposterous notion. Although presumably the investigation is on the extortion issue, there is apparent interest in other individuals' roles in the conference, including that of Lucius Walker, Jr. [IFCO's Executive Director].
>
> If the indications we have received are true, there is no legal basis for such a charge, if the purpose of this is intimidation to drive the movement back into the wall, it leads one to believe this is just another effort to hold back the thrust for black liberation. If enough people can be frightened by the massive use of agents across the country, that might be more effective than an actual case. We shouldn't be duped by this kind of strategy.

Nor should white Americans be duped into thinking that the kind of official repression which has been described in this article is limited to Black Panthers, Blackstone Rangers, or other minority organizations and individuals who are aggressive in their challenge of the *status quo*. As violence breeds violence, so does repression breed repression. Whites can feel the sting, too.

An extraordinary incident which happened in Chicago

recently bears this out, and at the same time provides a bizarre commentary on the American racial circus. The Better Government Association, a prestigious civic organization, had planned a meeting with representatives of the ghetto, including several gang leaders. The purpose was to open a dialogue which might reduce dangerous tensions. The meeting was set for the Inland Steel Building in the Loop and was to be a luncheon.

But members of the police department's gang intelligence unit (which was prominent in the Blackstone Rangers hearing before the McClellan committee and which, some believe, promoted the investigation) demanded invitations to the meeting and upbraided the hosts for not telling the unit's head, Capt. Edward Buckney, what they were doing.

Gang intelligence police swarmed over the building, staked out in the lobby, and started shooting pictures of everybody who entered. When the gang leaders arrived and found the fuzz all over the place, they "split the scene," rendering the meeting impotent. Chicago *Daily News* columnist Mike Royko, who broke the story, described one of the intimidated hosts of the meeting: "Robert Gaylord Donnelley—Credentials: A member of the wealthy family that controls R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company, the giant printing firm (*Red Book*); Yale '60 and Harvard Business School '63; executive of the First National Bank of Chicago; Social Register, society pages and civic leader. In other words, a top-drawer, white member of the Establishment."

Said the startled Donnelley, after he had recovered from the shock of his introduction to intimidation and repression, American style: "I had never believed most of the things I read about the tactics the police use. Most of the people I know still don't believe it. If this is an example of the type of thing that is happening to black people, then I can appreciate their feelings and their reactions."

The irony is that Captain Buckney is a Negro.

HARRY GOLDEN

The rare-book dealer in New York City, H. P. Kraus, announced recently that he had acquired the papers of Julius S. Grinnell, who prosecuted the Haymarket rioters. Mr. Grinnell's notes dealing with several stages of the legal proceedings are among these papers. Historians and scholars have never seen this material. Grinnell's prosecution was successful. Four innocent men were hanged.

The Haymarket Riot took place in Chicago's Haymarket Square on May 4, 1886. Three anarchists were publicly denouncing police brutality and the clubbing of strikers; a small audience listened. One hundred and seventy-six policemen tried to disperse the meeting. Someone in the crowd threw a bomb, no one has ever discovered who. Eleven persons were killed and more than 100 injured. The police started firing. Anybody was a target.

The next day the police rounded up nine anarchists, including a yeast manufacturer named Oscar Neebe who happened to be visiting one of the arrested men. The state indicted seven of these as accessories before the fact in the murder of police officer Matthew Degan, whom the bomb had killed. An anarchist named Albert Parsons of his own free will came out of hiding to surrender to the court. The jury found seven of the defendants guilty of murder.

The newspapers at the time editorialized that these men had tried to destroy society: in turn, they must be destroyed. Five years later, John Peter Altgeld, one of the first immigrants to become a governor, pardoned the three surviving men in a 16,000-word message. "The jury which tried the case was a packed jury selected to convict," wrote the Illinois Governor who proceeded to list the errors of the presiding jurist, Judge Gary, and reasoned that there was no proven connection between the man who threw the bomb and the men in prison. Altgeld concluded the police were just as guilty, for they had broken up a peaceful meeting and clubbed the heads of workers. Of these labor wars, Altgeld asked, "Does clubbing a man reform him? Does brutal treatment elevate his thoughts?"

The pardons were political suicide for Altgeld. The consequences were clear to him, however. "If I decide they are innocent, I will pardon them if I never hold office another day in my life." He never did.

What has always compelled me about the heroism of Altgeld and the significance of the Haymarket case were the reminiscences of a friend who clearly remembered the day the four men were executed. The schools were let out so the children could celebrate the state's efficiency. Eleven-year-old Carl Sandburg was going home in Galesburg, Ill., and he heard one man hail another with the four words Sandburg says he never forgot, "well, they hanged 'em." The joy with which the information was conveyed shamed Sandburg. The statement struck him as a glad howl, and neither his mother nor his father's defense of the execution diminished his shame.

Whether scholars and historians are ever able to determine the guilt or innocence of the Haymarket rioters will now make little practical difference: dead men are dead forever. But I hope they get at these papers soon. It is surprising how little things change in ninety years. Police apparently do not need strikers if they want to bend their clubs. What we should be reminded of is that when the state exercises its efficiency without the quality of mercy, it is the most terrifying horror in the universe.

floor of the coup but concedes he "did welcome the revolution." Surely . . . Ambassador Gordon's feelings on that vital point were well known to the Brazilian military leaders prior to their take-over, thus providing them with the push they needed to go through with it. . . .

Mr. Gordon insists that a "Communist capture of power" threatened Brazil under Goulart. This old, reliable specter, however, has been pretty much put to rest. James W. Rowe, one of the most respected scholars on modern Brazil, has written: "The revolt of March-April 1964 has most often been interpreted as a reaction of the Brazilian middle classes against the threat of Communist or leftist-nationalist subversion—or else as a reactionary uprising of the privileged classes against the increasingly articulated demands of a reform-minded alliance of Populists and leftists. Neither interpretation will stand careful scrutiny."

Next, Mr. Gordon modestly depreciates his closeness to President Castelo Branco. . . . Yet he acknowledges: "From early 1965 on, I tried, as a friendly outside observer, to make this point [the need to build a new political infrastructure] with President Castelo Branco and his associates." He further concedes having frequent and extensive consultations with Planning Minister Roberto Campos and Finance Minister Octavio Bulhoes. As is well known, Campos was the eyes and ears and often the brains of Castelo Branco. . . . Indeed, one of the private complaints of Costa e Silva is that he has no aide-de-camp of the stature of Campos.

A *New York Times* story as late as June 1, 1969, identifies Mr. Gordon as "a former high State Department official once closely identified with United States support for the military-dominated Government in Brazil." . . . Need more be said? *Dom Bonafede*

Columbia's proving ground

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Readers of Frank Donner's fine analysis of the use of the injunction on campus [*The Nation*, June 9] will be interested to know of the development of the case against the Columbia SDS. The undersigned are a group of parents of Columbia students. Some of us are the parents of the eight Columbia students and former students (all were students through the spring of 1968) who are now serving a thirty-day contempt of court sentence in the civil jail in New York for sitting-in in two buildings this spring. Their demands included open admissions for the underprivileged who live directly outside the Columbia University community, opposition to expansion and militarization of the campus, and support of the Black Panthers. . . .

Of these eight, two have been served with additional arrest warrants while in jail for criminal contempt of court and other legal charges under the penal code. They will be taken directly from the civil jail when they are released, and arraigned under the new charges, which are being pressed by individual Columbia professors (Smith and Coulter) in an unusual use of the injunction proceedings. Columbia has also moved to make the injunction permanent. In addition, the office of Dr. Andrew W. Cordier has yielded the names of twenty-nine students and eight former students, most of them members of SDS, to the Senate Permanent Committee on Investigations, and it is reported that the data included information on the sources and amounts of scholarship aid they had received. Finally, in the court hearings on the contempt citations, Columbia professors allowed themselves to be used as finger men by the administration.

Columbia . . . was the first to call in the cops; the first to use the injunction and the courts; the first to involve its academic staff in punitive legal actions; and very quick to inform on a body of students to a highly discredited investigative committee. [Its] . . . methods are promptly tried elsewhere. The use of the injunction spread to Dartmouth, Brooklyn, City, Queens, etc. Students are increasingly being jailed by means of this handy device. Out of our experience in having lived through McCarthyism, we have learned enough to reject the methods being used to silence the young, and to turn away from the hypocrisy with which they are being lectured. We believe that talk of "force and violence" and "Left fascism" is cant, a highly selective weapon used for highly selective ends. . . .

Elizabeth Bobrick	Joseph Roth
Bernard Cole	Morton Siegelbaum
Leo Hurwitz	Helen Yglesias
Peggy Lawson Hurwitz	Jose Yglesias
Audrey Meyer	Dora Ziegellaub
Martha Roth	and others

New York City

DEAR SIRS: On June 19, thirty-nine members of the Queens College community were sentenced in Queens County Criminal Court. Acting on legal advice, the thirty-eight students and one faculty member chose to plead guilty to the reduced charge of criminal trespass in the third degree, a charge that the District Attorney had agreed to accept. The expectation was that the defendants would receive minimal or suspended sentences. Instead, the thirty-one male students and one faculty member were given sentences of fifteen days in jail, the maximum jail sentence for the charge of third degree criminal trespass. The seven female students were given sentences of fifteen days in jail or a $250 fine. We feel strongly that the sentences in both cases were excessive considering the peaceful nature of the sit-in and sentences in other similar cases. At present we are attempting to have the sentences of the male students reduced and to raise money to pay the fines of the female students. We need a minimum of $2,000 to pay this fine and other expenditures incurred in the defense of the students. Frankly, we are faced with a serious problem in raising this amount of money. The sources from which we can draw are limited and the time is short. Contributions should be sent to: The Queens College Defense Fund, c/o Solomon Resnick, 316 West 94 Street, Apt. 5D, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Solomon Resnick, Frank Warren, Michael Wreszin

flimflam

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Feeling strongly that those of us who wish to view the *Beverly Hillbillies* or Lawrence Welk or *The Dating Game* should have that right, and that the same goes for the Smothers Brothers, I wrote to C.B.S. protesting their censorship (and canceling) of the latter.

Ray L. Beindorf, general manager of the local outlet, KNXT, answered me that C.B.S. had no alternative but "to exercise that responsibility [in matters of taste] in a medium that comes into the home and is seen by viewers of all ages." Is Mr. Beindorf reaffirming the old concept once applied to radio that all TV programming be aimed at the 12-year-old mentality?

Even if we accept this unacceptable standard in theory, C.B.S. doesn't accept it in practice. At about the same time the Smothers Brothers were being ousted, *C.B.S. Playhouse* presented "Shadow Play" which featured (*1*) a seduction scene; (*2*) an attempted rape; and (*3*) two mugging incidents and was seen by viewers of all ages.

Personally, I think this is all flimflam. The Smothers Brothers were fired not for lack of talent, not for moral reasons, not for technical problems but for an anti-Establishment slant evident in their humor. *Harry Cimring*

Kremlinology: Power and Terror

THE GREAT TERROR: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties. *By Robert Conquest. The Macmillan Co. 633 pp. $9.95.*

POWER IN THE KREMLIN: From Khrushchev to Kosygin. *By Michel Tatu. Viking Press. 570 pp. $10.*

DAVID JORAVSKY

Mr. Joravsky teaches history at Northwestern University. He is the author of Soviet Marxism and Natural Science *(Columbia University Press).*

Kremlinology is the effort to do archival research in high Soviet politics without access to the archives. Its method and appeal are as simple as the local gossip's: supposition turns incoherent bits of information into an exposé of the sin and stupidity that the neighbors try to hide. The details vary endlessly but the theme is quite monotonous: within the Kremlin, big shots only pretend to be deciding great issues of policy; they are really engaged in a sordid struggle for personal power. The unending exposé simply bores most people. Who cares whether Khrushchev really was pushing Ilichev to replace Suslov until Suslov linked with Brezhnev to bump Khrushchev-Ilichev? Or, going back to the time when losers were bumped off, who cares who killed Kirov?

A sensible argument is implicit in rhetoric of this type. Who cares who killed the Austrian Archduke in 1914? In each case a single assassination triggered state power into violence against millions of randomly selected victims. The initial assassinations can hardly be considered significant causes of such enormous processes, except to the gossip mentality, which persistently confuses the discovery of causation with the laying of blame. What caused the enormous convulsion of Soviet terror in 1936-38? Stalin's insatiable lust for power. That is Robert Conquest's main explanation of the Great Terror (he loves to magnify by capitalizing), by which he does not mean the whole spasmodic history of extralegal jailing and shooting, only the spasm of 1936-38. The Russians call it *yezhovshchina*, the Yezhov thing, after the chief administrator of terror in those years.

Conquest concedes that analyzing Stalin's mind is "peering into the glooms of an extreme reticence"; it is hard "to tell how far he had made his aims explicit even in his own mind." At this point Conquest makes a reasonable guess that should have led him away from Stalin's little dark mind to more important causes of the terror: "What he had, politically speaking, was less definite than a planned control of developments. It was rather the feel of events, the flow." If seriously pursued, this line of thought leads from the flow of events at the summit of the political hierarchy, which cannot be studied in detail until the archives are opened, to broader social processes, which are copiously documented in the public record. For example, one can argue a connection between mass terror and forced industrialization, as Borys Lewytskyj did in his history, *Vom roten Terror zur sozialistischen Gesetzlichkeit* (Munich, 1961). Conquest ignores the book, and only occasionally touches on the connection, in order to deny its significance.

In 1929-33 mass terror was used to drive peasants, technicians and managers toward the impossible goals of the first Five Year Plan. If the quantity of victims and the qualitative transformation of society are indices of greatness, this convulsion of 1929-33 deserves to be singled out as the Great Terror. But Conquest hurries past it to the Yezhov thing, which obviously damaged the economy by mauling the whole class of leaders and specialists. Pointing this out, Conquest thinks he has disproved the economic function of the terror even in the convulsion of 1929-33. "For it cannot simply be switched off. It builds its own interests and institutions, its own cadres and habits of mind. Any good it may be . . . at a particular moment is likely to be offset at a later stage when it is no longer applicable, but still applied." Unwittingly he has suggested an institutional approach to the Yezhov thing; but remarks of this kind are only momentary departures from wearisome elaboration of his main theme. The Great Terror was a Great Plot, executed with unfaltering mastery by that "political genius," J. V. Stalin, who virtually destroyed the party in order to change "despotism," which he had achieved by the end of the twenties, into "absolute autocracy," which he won through the Yezhov thing.

The difference between despotism and absolute autocracy is not explained, for Conquest is hardly more serious at constitutional analysis than he is at economic. He simply declares that the periodic spasms of mass terror in Soviet history were not the product of evolving systems, whether political or economic, or each acting on the other. An individual was responsible, at least for the Great Terror of 1936-38. Even the belief that Lenin's monolithic party-state predetermined Stalin's terror, a widespread view that Conquest finds attractive, is nevertheless rejected in an introductory discussion that ignores the longest argument for it, Hellmut Andics, *Der grosse Terror* (Vienna, 1967; recently issued in English by Holt, Rinehart & Winston as *Rule of Terror*): "The nature of the whole Purge," Conquest insists, "depends in the last analysis on the personal and political drives of Stalin."

With breathtaking boldness Stalin's drives and plots are reconstructed from ambiguous scraps of circumstantial evidence, rumor and conjecture. If a bit of information can fit a supposition that fits Conquest's general theme, the supposition is not only made, it is quickly transformed into a factual basis for further supposition, which in turn becomes fact, and so on to the preordained verdict, quite in the bullheaded style of the Stalinists. It may be poetic justice to turn their method against their great leader, but it is hardly fair to the general public, which still believes that Stalin was omnipotent. Anti-Communists have long cooperated with Communists in spreading this myth. Khrushchev explained the Yezhov thing simply by turning the "cult of personality" upside down, and Conquest does much the same. Not divine but satanic omnipotence is attributed to one person, and with that the search for an explanation stops. Togliatti's famous objection, that this is un-Marxist reasoning, can be recast in the language of common sense: social phenomena must have social causes of appropriate magnitude.

Soviet Communists ignore this truth for fear of condemning their system. Anti-Communists fear that talk of social causes will exonerate Stalin and his henchmen. Such people are confusing moral judgment with historical inquiry, which tries to explain changing patterns of mass behavior. Old-fashioned political history, the story of politics at the royal court, offers a little help, but even that little is not to be found in Kremlinology. It is a guessing game of old-fashioned political historians, whiling away the decades till the archives are opened.

Conquest is not merely a Krem-

linologist. He is also a passionate moralist, outraged by wanton destruction of human life (especially when Communists are guilty of it). The result, in his non-Kremlinological chapters, is a masterful description of the Yezhov thing. From many sources, chiefly the memoirs of surviving victims, he has compiled a catalogue of horrors, skillfully driving the shrinking reader along on a current of dismay and outrage. The shootings seem less cruel—perhaps for the simple reason that he has found virtually no eyewitness accounts of them—than the humiliation and torture of the accused, the starvation and freezing in the camps, and the protracted torment of the "wreckers' " families.

The ultimate horror was the futility of the whole thing, even from the Stalinist point of view. Nearly all the victims were not simply innocent of the "anti-state crimes" to which they were forced to confess; they were utterly powerless and even unwilling to think about resisting the state that destroyed their lives. What possible justification could there be for such mad use of the state's power? If Conquest had left that unanswered question reverberating in the reader's mind, his book would have merited comparison with Hersey's *Hiroshima*. But he confused the problem of justification with that of explanation, which he sought in Stalin's mind. It is as if Hersey had interspersed through his tale of woe the demonology of Tansill and Beard, picturing the war with Japan as Roosevelt's plot.

At the end, Conquest is gloomy. He feels that mass terror will probably be revived by some future dictator. Like the later Roman Empire, the Soviet Union can only oscillate between good reigns and bad, depending on the personality of the man who wins the throne. Michel Tatu, a fellow Kremlinologist, comes to an opposite conclusion, showing once again that Kremlinological data are like bits of colored glass; they can be arranged in any pattern that suits the artist's fancy.

Tatu is not a facile optimist. Mass terror is unlikely to be revived, he argues, for the bosses know how badly they can be hurt. But they are still overwhelmingly the class of '39, fearful young beneficiaries of the terror, now grown into fearful old oligarchs, interested above all in preserving each his own power against encroachment from any quarter. The result is "one of the most conservative administrative structures in the world," ruling over "a conservative, chauvinistic society," which may be entering a long period of stagnation.

In the past, Tatu reasons, personal dictators upset the inherent conservatism of the Soviet system; Stalin by sporadic use of terror, Khrushchev by sporadic liberalization. Each was able to take decisive action on crucial problems because he was able to undercut the opposition, whether real, potential, or imaginary. In Khrushchev's case the opposition was quite real; his bouts of de-Stalinization were linked with administrative reorganizations designed to improve the country's economy *and* to destroy the satrapies of his opponents. His colleagues in the Politburo finally banded together in self-defense, kicked him out, and stopped de-Stalinization. Thus collective leadership, the Soviet euphemism for oligarchy, is necessarily linked with resistance to further liberalization, which was part of Khrushchev's drive for complete personal dictatorship. Oligarchic stultification or Caesaristic caprice would seem to be the only possibilities for the Soviet political system.

Nevertheless, at the end of his book Tatu predicts a third way: a long-run transformation of the oligarchy into a parliamentary regime. This is the last of his repeated departures from the basic rule of Kremlinology that he endorsed on the very first page: the Soviet Government's "objective problems"—constitutional development, economic growth, foreign relations, the restive intelligentsia—are subordinate to the struggle for power among a few dozen men at the top, driven by "the ancient motive force of the thirst for power." Fortunately, this trivial rule of gossip about personal relationships is repeatedly replaced by analysis of the system. At one point Tatu even admits the fatal weakness of "our science," as he calls Kremlinology: it "lacks sufficient means to enable it to identify the various groups operating in each conflict, and it is still less in a position to fathom the intentions of those groups." He cannot be sure which leaders stand for consumer goods and which are "steel eaters," though the existence of such interest groups is undeniable. The most revealing studies of them are impersonal economic analyses of the shifting policies that result from their conflict.

If the Kremlinological gossip were cut, Tatu's book would be one of the most readable analyses of the real Soviet constitution, that is, the largely unwritten rules deciding which offices and bodies have what rights and powers regardless of the individuals who sit in them. Tatu shows how the political crises of 1957 and 1964 locked the dozen men of the Politburo into a new relationship with the 300 of the Central Committee. In 1957 Khrushchev used the Central Committee to beat down opposition within the Politburo; in 1964 his colleagues in the Politburo played the same game against him. Since then each member of the top leadership has known that "his own team may dismiss him at a moment's notice." The result so far has been a constitutional impasse, paralyzing the government's ability either to proceed with reform or to retreat to full-fledged Stalinism.

The obvious way out would be to make the Politburo clearly responsible to the Central Committee, to *increase* the power of top officials by carefully *defining* it. At present Brezhnev "enjoys far fewer prerogatives than the chief executive in a Western democracy." Tatu thinks that Soviet leaders will ultimately see the obvious way out of their constitutional impasse, along with the obvious necessity of increasing autonomy for economic managers. His reason for hope is simple. He assumes that the Soviet rulers are committed to something more than guarding their own power, or rather that they see the connection between political power and economic progress. The painful fact can hardly be avoided, even by fearful deadlocked oligarchs: they are overtaking America at a snail's pace. They have made timid efforts to remove the grosser inefficiencies of their economic system, but the constitutional impasse prevents the enactment of sweeping reforms. Thus Tatu tries to set the political struggles of the leaders within the larger context of an evolving system, primarily constitutional but also socio-economic.

The traditional approach to history must be reversed in the Soviet case. Instead of starting with old-fashioned political history and then going on to the study of evolving institutions, we are forced to start with institutional history and put off knowledge of politics at the royal court until the state begins to wither away, at least to the extent of opening the archives. Must a thorough history of the terror also be postponed? Probably, for this institution was pathologically secretive. But there are two approaches that might produce enlightening studies, while we wait for the archives to open. One would be small-scale studies of the interaction between the terror and some other institutions, as reflected in local, specialized publications, or in statistical data on the changing career patterns of officials.

The other approach would be very broad and seriously speculative. The four great spasms of terror (1918-21, 1929-33, 1936-38, 1948-53) can be compared with respect to methods, types of victim, and changing social functions (and dysfunctions). It is noteworthy, for example, that the intelligentsia suffered in every spasm (though most of all in the Yezhov thing), while other prey varied markedly from one convulsion to the next. Comparisons and contrasts should also be made with pre-revolutionary spasms. Conquest repeatedly drops the name of Ivan the Terrible, but never says anything mean-

ingful about his famous *oprichnina*. Neither does he say anything about the *bironovshchina*, the Bühren thing, a pointless convulsion of terror in the 1730s, or about Peter the Great's earlier use of terror to force modernization.

It has been said that the modern state was created to establish peace within the nation and wage war without. It does seem true that modern states kill foreigners more effectively than their clumsy predecessors, while showing greater efficiency in exempting their own citizens from violence. It is tempting to speculate that states in transition to this modern efficiency find it hard to distinguish between the native "us," who deserve the protection of the law, and the foreign "them," who do not. Perhaps the ultimate analogy should be sought in the random processes of natural selection, by which poisonous species of snakes and insects acquire immunity to their own venom.

The Poetry of Earth

TECHNICIANS OF THE SACRED: A Range of Poetries from Africa, America, Asia & Oceania. *Edited by Jerome Rothenberg. Doubleday & Co. 520 pp. $6.95.*

ARMAND SCHWERNER

Mr. Schwerner's latest books of poems are The Tablets *(Cummington Press) and* Seaweed *(Black Sparrow Press).*

Technicians of the Sacred is an anthology in two sections. The first, some 350 pages in length, includes primitive and archaic texts grouped by theme or by geography; the second—the "Commentaries"—tries, in the editor's words "to fill-in the scene or to indicate a little of what the original poets would have expected their hearers to know." As a counterpoint to these "commentaries," the second section furnishes a generous variety of contemporary writing—poems, happenings—by Creeley, Breton, Neruda, Kaprow, Lorca, Wakoski, Gary Snyder, Ginsberg, Apollinaire, Gertrude Stein, Dick Higgins, Emmett Williams, La Monte Young and Jackson MacLow, among others.

What is the function of this double thrust? The wealth of available primitive and archaic materials certainly suffices for an anthology of *any* size, unaccompanied by writings of another order. The editor seeks to emphasize the bonds and orders common to both ancient or primitive materials and the products of contemporary producers, whether folk rock, random poetry, jazz poetry, concrete poetry, picture poetry, "beast-language" poetry. Perhaps the most insistent problem in compiling such a collection involves the very definition of *poem*. This is a good time to approach the Sumerians or the Sioux: the republic of poetry is increasingly inclusive; such catholicity allows a contemporary collector—especially a formal experimenter like Rothenberg himself—great latitude in the discovery of *poems* within archaic or primitive matrices. Rothenberg takes for granted the metaphysical unity of primitive thought, its wholeness evident in the coalescence of dance, song, magic, rite. And that of course is the source of editorial headaches. How do you pick out individual, self-defined units, *poems*, from within a traditionalist context which makes no such extra-ritualistic separations? Rothenberg's concise—"primitive is complex"—and useful "pre-face" meets the problem head-on:

> Like any collector, my approach to delimiting and recognizing what's a poem has been by analogy: in this case (beyond the obvious definition of poems as words-of-songs) to the work of modern poets. Since much of this work has been revolutionary & limit-smashing, the analogy in turn expands the range of what "we" can see as primitive poetry. It also shows some of the ways in which primitive poetry & thought are close to an impulse toward unity in our own time, of which the poets are forerunners.

There's no news in poetry as nonlogical dream, as noncausal image sequence, as nonlinear and random verbal adventure. What *is* new is the editor's encyclopedic stress on the ties that bind "us" and "them," a stress validated by Rothenberg's discernment and experience.

Poetry is hard put to retain significance and wide cultural status. This book is a monumental attempt to reclaim these attributes. We are in more trouble than the Britain of 1800, but our problems often bear similar markings. The destructive vise of the modern city has tightened. But with Wordsworth we also are victims of "the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies." In the welter of such noisy mass-com irrelevancies, this book asks, what can we meaningfully salvage and depend upon?

No other anthology of which I am aware so adequately manifests what Rothenberg calls the "post-logical" phase of modern poetry; still within the context of Coleridgean organicism and Blakean prophecy, *Technicians of the Sacred* represents a modern attempt to nourish the sundered spirit. Throughout this book, overtly and inferentially, the editor insists upon what Cassirer found in the "primitive" ethos—"the consanguinity of all living things." And how does man reach out to this experience of common being? Rothenberg answers:

> No people today is newly born. No people has sat in sloth for the thousands of years of its history. Measure everything by the Titan rocket & the transistor radio, & the world is full of primitive peoples. But once change the unit of value to the poem or the dance-event or the dream (all clearly artifactual situations) & it becomes apparent what all those people have been doing all those years with all that time on their hands.

The primitive and archaic materials in *Technicians of the Sacred* are comprehensive, involving vision, song, spell, exorcism, origin myth, naming sequence, mourning song, event, dream, animal tale—taken from such divergent cultures and areas as Australian Arnhelm Land, Tibet, Aztec, Sumeria, Andaman Islands, Fox, Egypt, Gabon Pygmy, India, African Bushman. And how about *that* time-trip as a counter to the coming Moon-voyage?

What makes so many of the anthologized entries available to the reader is the frequent high level of translation or adaptation. Done by poets or particularly sensitive ethnological writers, these versions commonly manifest a *poetic* relevance lacking in much of the primitive or archaic materials so far in general currency. The following magnificent adaptation, "To the God of Fire as Horse," from the Indian Rig-Veda (ca., 1500 B.C.) will stand as instance; the adapter is Robert Kelly:

Your eyes do not make mistakes.
Your eyes have the sun's seeing.
Your thought marches terribly in the night
blazing with light & the fire
breaks from your throat as you whinny in battle.

This fire was born in a pleasant forest
This fire lives in ecstasy somewhere in the night.

His march is a dagger of fire
His body is enormous
His mouth opens & closes as he champs on the world
He swings the axe-edge of his tongue smelting & refining the raw wood he chops down.

He gets ready to shoot & fits arrow to bowstring
He hones his light to a fine edge on

the steel
He travels through night with rapid & various movements
His thighs are rich with movement.
He is a bird that settles on a tree.

This collection of man's oldest and newest poem makings, enriched further by the mass and breadth of allusion, comment and interpretation in the "Commentaries" section, constitutes one of the significant aesthetic documents of the postwar period. Out of its almost infinite variety rises a deeply felt metaphysical monism whose ultimate claim to relevance involves the self-transcendent sense that "we" are "they."

Los Angeles' Golden Goose

ANNE STRICK
Miss Strick has published articles and short fiction, and most recently has written monthly theatre essays for Fortune *magazine.*

High on a hill, commanding a 7-acre crown in the center of Los Angeles, sits the new three-building performing arts complex known as the Music Center. Costing $33.5 million, the Music Center consists of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, and the two structures of the Center Theatre Group: the Mark Taper Forum and the Ahmanson Theatre. The Pavilion is home for the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Civic Light Opera and the Choral Society. The Center Theatre Group is Southern California's most ambitious regional theatre.

The complex, designed by architect Welton Beckett, rises like an acropolis above the city's squatting gray office buildings, swirls of clotted freeways, and drab scuttle of civic center. The Taper Forum is a low circular structure of sculptured concrete set in a square reflecting pool and surrounded by a colonnade that joins it to the neighboring Ahmanson. It provides 750 seats, rising in fourteen amphitheatre rows around a thrust stage. The Ahmanson is a tall square structure, with proscenium arch and three audience levels seating 2,100.

The Forum was created to deal predominantly with experimental material, and because of its size was expected to have a $300,000-a-year built-in deficit. The larger Ahmanson was to present works of broader appeal, and was expected to cover the entire Center Theatre operation, plus its own production costs, out of income. In 1967, the Center Theatre Group opened in both theatres, and that first year not only stayed within its projected budget but actually made a profit in the Ahmanson. In the red-inked history of regional theatre, that was a first.

Artistically, too, 1967 was admirable. The Ahmanson offered three premières and brought the Royal Shakespeare Company for the first time to the West. Two of the Forum's four plays were world premières, and seventeen short new works were presented in a special Monday night series. There had been only one brouhaha: the Taper's opener was *The Devils*, John Whiting's play based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun*, which dealt with religious and sexual hysteria in the 17th-century French church. It is not exactly an unfamiliar theme, these days, but the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors panicked, and as a result a standards committee was created "to avoid," in the words of a county board spokesman, "future presentations of such controversial selections." However, the flurry died down, *The Devils* went on, and the standards committee was forgotten.

As a matter of fact, the entire complex was doing very well indeed. The Music Center rests upon an eight-level, 6,000-car subterranean parking structure, and its two restaurants, coffee shop and six bars are all open all day long. Patrons flock to these oases from over the vast civic center area.

Everyone, then, was happy: artists, public and entrepreneurs. Among the happiest should have been that same five-man County Board of Supervisors. For it happens that the entire Music Center occupies land "donated" by the county, and the Taper and Ahmanson Theatres, although built entirely with private money, were on completion deeded over to the county, as was the Pavilion. Which makes the county landlord—through its arm's-length adjunct, the Music Center Operating Company—of a vast and highly lucrative operation. (The operating company collects the healthy rents and handles maintenance; and since it is officially "non-profit," all profits are promptly turned over to county coffers.)

But apparently the county supervisors weren't quite happy enough, because in the Center Theatre Group's second year, these five elected county officials, under

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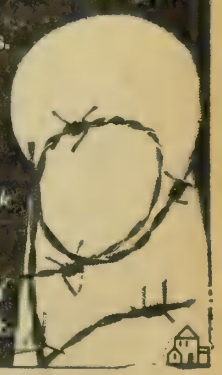
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"*The Death of Privacy* is a troubling, convincing and necessary book."—John Leonard, *The New York Times*

THE DEATH OF PRIVACY
By Jerry M. Rosenberg $6.95 RANDOM HOUSE



a statute which permits them to tax their own buildings, levied a 10 per cent tax against the gross profits of the three Music Center structures. Never, in budget or nightmare, had the resident companies contemplated such a drain.

At best, and always, regional theatre is financially marginal. Constant struggle for survival and growth is waged against community inertia, relentless rise of costs, and the specter of box-office flop. How, then, can a regional theatre cope not merely with these expected pressures (and Establishment censorship) but also with a landlord who skims the cream off the top? The Center Theatre Group threads a tricky course.

Los Angeles is a complicated theatre town. Distances are great: even when a show is a huge success, there are no sudden box-office lines as on Broadway; it's too far to drive. So subscription must be the heart of the business. But the city is highly fluid: each year 25 per cent of subscribers move out of the community, the highest figure in the nation. Whole mailing lists are dead after two years. Still, the Ahmanson boasts, at 51,000, the largest regional subscription in the nation; the Taper is 85 per cent subscribed. And plays run for six weeks as compared for instance to two weeks in San Francisco, or one in Cleveland. "By these standards," says a CTG spokesman, "the Los Angeles community is supporting us beautifully."

The critical factor is the 10 per cent tax. Until this season, despite hazards usual and unusual, the Center Theatre Group was on budget. Now, the Center Group is not even in a competing position with other theatres in town; it pays a tax the others don't. Inevitably, artistic quality must be affected: expenditures cut, design concepts limited, productions sparsened. The large Ahmanson will have to forgo new work and limit itself to sure-fire hits. Even so, there is a limit to penny pinching. Scenery, for example, costs a certain basic amount; so do actors and technicians. The costs continue to rise. There is now a deficit, and it is increasing.

Through this economic maze, the Center Theatre Group manages to do excellent, imaginative work. There is a New Theatre For Now program at the Taper, a special series in addition to the Taper's main season. Inaugurated to "give new playwrights some modest production," and backed by a small Rockefeller grant, New Theatre has so far presented twenty-eight plays by twenty-six playwrights. A number of these works have gone on to other life, to Broadway, film, television. Each year the program has been expanded, and there is still more demand than seats. Large audiences with a sense of adventure, are willing to chance unknown works of unknown writers.

A Taper production this spring was *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search For God*, adapted by Christopher Isherwood from Shaw's novella, and one of two works commissioned by Taper artistic director Gordon Davidson. "*Black Girl*," says Davidson, "has reached out in a very special way . . . because as soon as you put a black person in a white situation, 1969, you have a whole other thing. A considerable black audience has come, and that's a growth. And we've used the play as a post-performance discussion-catalyst with audiences. I think creating a style means making your own plays. Brecht did. Molière did his own plays with his own company. Martha Graham has a style because she doesn't do anyone else's material, she does her own. That, ultimately, is the mark of a real theatre, and that's what we have to do."

Davidson's drive is to "develop a style and a way of working that has vitality and meaning for this stage and this community. To make a theatre, not just put on plays. But it takes time. . . . We're just beginning to discover the full use of this stage, its possibilities. . . ."

Has censorship by the standards committee been a real problem? Replies Davidson. "Not the standards committee. No. They're responsible members of the community, and have generally approved of the work done. But the fact that one lives in county-owned property, in a big Establishment situation, is a problem. I mean . . . yes, I edit plays. I don't do every play that interests me. It's an implicit pressure. For instance, I couldn't have done *Hair*. Sure, that's frustrating, simply because any creative person wants not to have to edit in that way."

Elliot Martin, overall director of CTG and an independent producer in New York before coming West, speaks with deep concern: "How desperate is the situation? I'm not sure yet. Of course in the theatre we live on hopes and dreams. . . . But I think theatre is an investment each city should analyze very carefully. When Lincoln Center nearly went bankrupt, it stopped the summer film festival, and restaurant, taxicab, summer convention business all dropped. Action begets action, culture begets culture. And regional theatre needs all the help, from everybody, it can get. Not a drain. We'll have to see. . . ."

Will the Music Center and the Cen-

ACCIDENT

A hundred died
in traffic last weekend
among them a little girl
whom I often saw

skipping like a sparrow
or tagging like a kitten
after her father,
a widower,

whom I now observe
picking up her toys
off the lawn.
His eyes

are broken
headlights,
his forehead
a furrow of tire-tracks.

I hide from him.
I am ashamed
to be seen by him.
I sit in darkness

holding
with outstretched
invisible hands
those I love,

while one by one
the shining specks
of life
sink softly into the night.

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ter Theatre Group survive? With enormous enthusiasm, creativeness and a slightly frantic edge, the CTG people have accelerated their drive for growth and community support. An extensive program brings poetry and theatre to schools, teen centers, religious and community groups. Another program raises funds to bring poverty-level adults and children to the theatres. Press conferences are held for college and high school papers, high school workshops are run on the journalistic aspects of theatre production; the CTG's technical people go out to college theatre arts departments to discuss problems and answer questions. Performance level continues first-rate. But the money pressure imposed by the county supervisors may be greater than all the energy and imagination possible can defeat.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles' citizenry is almost totally unaware of the tax that may kill. No shrill of outrage has lifted. And the County Board of Supervisors seems never to have heard the tale of the golden goose.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

EREBUS. *By Robert Hunter. Grove Press. 255 pp. $5.95.*

Mr. Hunter, a young Canadian, writes with the enthusiastic desperation of the early Henry Miller. His witty, alienated 25-year-old narrator has selected a nightmare job in a Winnipeg slaughterhouse, and spends the rest of his time drinking, screwing, and despairing over his own life and the more spiritually wretched ones of assorted friends. There are other resemblances to Miller here: the energy, the depressed but funny slapstick humor, and the depiction of women as combination passive nuts/nymphomaniacs. Mr. Hunter has talent, but perhaps too much time has elapsed between the writing of his novel and its publication; his characters emerge as beat generation stereotypes, rendered square and ancient by the passage of a crucial few years. It is an irony that cultural lag is one of the bloodiest battle cries of young Canadian writers, for *Erebus* is a victim of exactly that.

WHO TOOK THE GOLD AWAY. *By John Leggett. Random House. 468 pp. $6.95.*

This solemn, thoughtful, and finally ridiculous novel asks us to ponder the fact that values among the privileged at Yale in 1938 just don't seem to hold up in the hurly-burly of the American sixties. Mr. Leggett's two main characters, one rich and one poor, are intended to provide a study in contrast as they move from Yale, Newport and youth to Cambridge, marriage and Washington over a couple of decades. The author's John O'Hara-like concerns are embarrassing. (What are the responsibilities of having money? With what tragedies are people who have money faced? What is integrity in business and personal relationships?) This well-meant but ugly novel equates the failure to achieve money and status with spiritual disaster.

ELISE or The Real Life. *By Claire Etcherelli. Translated from the French by June P. Wilson and Walter Benn Michaels. William Morrow & Co. 286 pp. $5.95.*

Elise, a working-class girl from the provinces, comes to Paris in 1957 in search of "the real life." In fascinating detail, the first-person narrative records her daily life as a worker in the Citroën plant, her doomed love affair with an Algerian fellow worker, and her understanding—too late—that there is no middle ground between justice and oppression. Elise's voice—personal, direct, absolutely unsparing in the cumulative barrage of accusation against herself and the society she failed to act against—makes this a memorable and important work of fiction. And Mlle. Etcherelli's deadpan, emotionless descriptions of what it was like to be Algerian in Paris in 1957 are unforgettable.

NIGHT WATCH. *By Stephen Koch. Harper & Row. 212 pp. $5.95.*

Night Watch is an intentionally frozen, Robbe-Grillet-ish account of the events, mostly sexual, which culminate in incest between a teen-aged brother and sister. Mr. Koch's sex scenes are absorbingly clinical, but there is something about this ominous, brutal novel that makes one want to laugh as its rich, tormented siblings move inexorably toward their fated coupling. For all the care and skill which have gone into its construction, the novel depends entirely on the promise and delivery of the incest to gain its effects. Unless one has a suitably creepy emotional response to the idea ("Forbidden!"), the novel is a not very interesting exercise.

THE TIMID ADVENTURES OF A WINDOW WASHER. *By Georges Michel. Translated from the French by*



Helen Weaver. Doubleday & Co. 192 pp. $4.95.

The publisher aptly compares the hero of this very funny and very sad novel with the early Chaplin. Gugusse, a French window washer, is pretty dumb, but he is not too dumb to know that there is something insane about a society in which he's unbearably lonely, abused by his employers, completely ignored by almost all of his fellow citizens, beaten up at a demonstration, and incessantly conned into believing that it would all be different if he had more money to buy more goods. I hope M. Michel's novel is widely read here: he's original, daring, and always directly on target. Helen Weaver's translation of the book is excellent.

EAGLE IN THE AIR. *By Rose Robinson. Crown Publishers. 159 pp. $4.95.*

People who enjoy Sidney Poitier films will admire this brief and often touching story by a new young black writer. Its heroine, a black girl hitchhiking to San Francisco after some sad encounters with her boy friend and her family, is badly abused and almost raped before her journey with two white hicks shows her that life isn't all bitterness, and whites not all uniformly hateful. Although its silver-lining ethos places it dangerously close to standard commercial fiction, Miss Robinson has a tough, open style that makes one hope another, more substantial novel is in the works.

LONG TIME COMING AND A LONG TIME GONE. *By Richard Fariña. Random House. 271 pp. $4.95.*

This posthumous miscellany of stories, poems, essays and song lyrics by the talented author of *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me* is a disappointing memorial. Most of the stories and essays are either disturbingly dated or imitative, and the poems are pretty ordinary. Joan Baez's superhonest introduction to her brother-in-law's work ends up (unintentionally?) holier-than-thou, and Mimi Fariña's breathy introductory remarks about the respective selections, which might have been deeply moving to a friend, are gooey in print. Publishers' avidity to the contrary, there are still some things which shouldn't be made into books.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

Vol. XIII, No. 3 Summer 1969

HARRY BERGER, JR.
Leonardo da Vinci:
The Influence of World View on Artistic Style

HEINZ POLITZER
Franz Kafka's Completed Novel:
His Letters to Felice Bauer

GEORGES J. JOYAUX
A Further View of the "Revolution of May"

RICHARD WASSON
"Like a Burnished Throne":
T.S. Eliot and the Demonism of Technology

J. DENNIS HUSTON
"The Wonder of Unexpected Supply":
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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The theatre "capital" of my recent one-month excursion to Europe was Bucharest.

In Budapest where I attended a conference of the International Theatre Institute—"The Theatre as Companion of Man," about which I shall speak further on—I was distressed to find the theatre laggard as compared to other cities in Eastern Europe. This may be too hasty a judgment as I was informed by some of my Hungarian colleagues that the better productions—one for instance of Gorky's *Lower Depths*—were not to be seen when the ITI affair was in session. What I saw were rather dull versions of Hungary's "classics" on heroic subjects occasionally redeemed by effective décor.

The big Budapest hits were *Hello, Dolly* and *My Fair Lady*. Noticeable too were revivals of old-time Molnar and Lengyel comedies, recalling a way of life that is gone for good. There are able actors on the Hungarian stage who work very hard to earn a living commensurate with their station as honored artists. To compensate for her meager pay, one prominent actress was playing the lead in *Hello, Dolly* at one theatre, *Electra* at another and a movie star at a third —all in one week.

In a play called *The Family Tot*, a presumably superior contemporary Hungarian play, said to be a lampoon of the Soviet mentality camouflaged under the mask of an absurdist parable, I saw an actor who the next night at another theatre was in Molnar's *The Play's the Thing*. Many of the actors add to their earnings by undertaking roles in pictures while playing on the stage in the evening.

The Bucharest stage—along with that of Prague—is the liveliest in the Balkan countries. There were no signs of Socialist realism, and there was something "experimental" or adventurous in almost every performance I attended. Literalness or strict fidelity to the texts as the authors may have conceived them seem to be consciously shunned, as if dependence on the play script were a sign of mediocrity or banality. The intention seemed to be somehow to *contradict* the dramatist. Everyone strains for originality. The results were nearly always stimulating even when they failed to be altogether convincing.

The most satisfying of these productions was the least pretentious. It was a production of *Carnival Scenes*, a play written in 1885 by I. L. Caragile, a dramatist highly regarded in Romania. The production, tumultuously and hilariously inventive in the wildest sort of *commedia dell'arte* tradition, is a triumph of gaiety and malice. Where the author was, I am sure, poking gentle fun at local manners, the young and brilliant director, Lucian Pintele, turned the play into extravagantly physical farce in which the scrubby fun of the old days was mercilessly exposed in raffish riot. The acting was superb.

The same director has produced *The Cherry Orchard* in a mode which would bewilder its author and must horrify those Russians who see it today. However, it pleases the Romanians, who have never been particularly enamored of Chekhov. Chekhov considered his play a comedy; Pintele's production verges on farce. The characters are kidded; pathos is almost entirely absent. The atmosphere is bright, sight gags abound, there are quasi-cinematic effects. The achievement here, the actor-director-producer, Liuiu Ciulei, told me, was to make Chekhov popular for the first time in Romania.

Ciulei plays Danton in his own production of Büchner's *Danton's Death*. It is scenically so complex a production that it was rehearsed for five months, of which five weeks were devoted to dress rehearsals alone. The most gratifying aspect of this occasion was its detail of characterization. It developed an individual life for each member of the large cast down to the last supernumerary, and there was a wonderfully truthful interplay in the entire company.

The most original production of all was that of *Rameau's Nephew*, a philo-

sophic dialogue by Diderot which was never intended for the theatre as it is wholly devoid of what is commonly called "action." But it is all action and a visual feast in the amazing staging by David Essig. It employs a battery of man-sized mirrors constantly turned to different angles so that the two speaking characters become multiple images representing many more figures than occupy the stage: they constitute a whole environment, a society. The man who plays Diderot's interlocutor, the no-account, "bohemian" iconoclast who is Rameau's putative nephew, is an extraordinary young actor of fabulous verve, Gheorghie Damisca, who also plays Robespierre in *Danton's Death*. What makes this production important as well as memorable beyond the fascination of its setting and the graphic power of its acting is that it demonstrates how purely intellectual material can be translated into vivid theatre.

Ionesco too is played with fierce energy and considerable ingenuity. A very young director, André Serban, has made a colorfully handsome spectacle of Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan* with an excellent student company from the provinces. Serban has taken liberties with the text and has made the play much more of a vociferous social protest than Brecht intended his largely ironical play to be. But even the Belgian Ghelderode, a dramatist who was something of a "maniac" (a creator of enormous seminal imagination), would have been astonished by what another director has done with *Escorial* in which the play's two characters, a king and his jester, are just seen hanging together on the two hooks of what looks like a large anchor. This play, the director explains, demonstrates that the end of the quest for power is always murder.

One of the most highly regarded among the new plays is *Jonah*, a monodrama in which that personage is immured in the whale's belly. He is never delivered from it: instead he commits suicide. As there was no translation available for me to read I could only surmise that the play reveals the influence of Beckett. No such play could be produced today in the Soviet Union.

Two characteristics were especially evident to me in all these productions. They sought and displayed unusually scenic devices of the most modern (eye-catching) design—always in fantastic departures from realism. Indeed the concern for startling settings almost constitutes a vice, but as they are fleshed by lusty acting there is no real cause for complaint. One manifestation of the robustness in the acting is the continuous vocal forte in virtually every production.

The actors' voices are thoroughly trained as well as strong, so once again I cannot say that I was particularly disturbed by the bellowing. Still I wondered why it was so prevalent. Was it exultation at the freedom the theatre permitted (all the theatres are state supported), or a means of shouting some sort of protest or a cry for liberation (against what and whom?), or was this only an expression of ebullience, enthusiasm, a glorified battle cry? Theatre folk in Bucharest all look satisfied, confident, happy as almost nowhere else in Europe.

I have already referred to the Budapest ITI conference. There was another and more engaging one in Bucharest that was supposed to deal with the training of new directors. Certain significant tendencies declared themselves at both these occasions. The Russians and those who echo them—the Russians themselves said little—emphasized the theatre's function to serve as the "companion of man," by which they meant that drama must be affirmative, encouraging, optimistic. When I interjected that this was all very fine but that I wished the talk would turn to the nature and definition of good and bad plays and that furthermore certain "pessimistic" plays possessed more vitality than some of the "optimistic" ones I had seen in the Soviet Union, a Bulgarian delegate took offense at what she believed was my inference that good plays were written only in the capitalist countries.

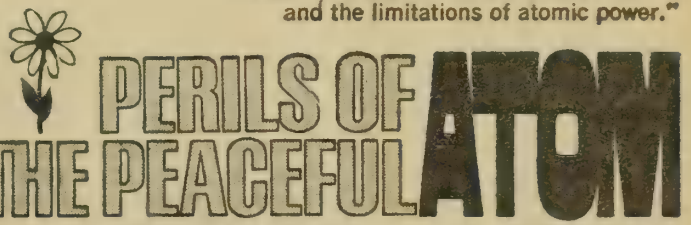
Again in Bucharest a Polish critic took exception to what he called my "pragmatism" because I insisted that specific values be discussed rather than ideologic generalities. The lack of "philosophy," the Pole insinuated, explained why the American theatre was so impoverished. I responded that what we needed in the American theatre is not so much a "philosophy" as economic and organizational means to break through the show-biz bottleneck.

Then Charles Marowitz, an American director active in London, chimed in with the thought that the *new* theatre was totally unlike the theatre both the Polish critic and I had been talking about, for we were both speaking of a theatre that took for granted a reality which no longer existed. The "new" men—and he cited John Cage in this regard—were bent on exploiting the ambiguity or chaos of present circumstances, in making a theatre of permanent revolution, in other words "happenings." Happenings do not intend to represent anything but to foment reaction.

I was tempted to rejoin that some of these latter-day theatre aesthetes made me imagine a person espousing a new school of architecture which consisted entirely in the destruction of all existing

"One of the ugliest clouds overhanging America."
—David E. Lilienthal

"Once a bright hope shared by all mankind, including myself," writes the former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, "the rash proliferation of atomic power plants has become one of the ugliest clouds overhanging America. Whether the pace can be slowed, it is difficult to say; but that this book will have to be answered by those responsible for this proliferation . . . seems to me clear . . . PERILS OF THE PEACEFUL ATOM is far and away the most comprehensive and sensible statement ever made about the hazards and the limitations of atomic power."



BY RICHARD CURTIS & ELIZABETH HOGAN

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DOUBLEDAY

buildings. One thing did become clear in the prattle that followed on the validity of happenings: there now is a breach (in theory at least) between those who want to "theatricalize" the theatre by doing away with the pre-eminence of its literary sources and those who resist resolving the problem in such negative terms. This debate also struck me as much too abstract to lead to practical clarity. There is more sociological meaning in it (apart from a certain taint of personal pushiness) than artistic relevance. The proof of the puffing will always remain the product in public view.

Those who find literary texts (especially the "classics") stultifying often set up a great clamor in the name of Artaud, whom they barely understand, and talk about "total theatre," "the theatre of cruelty" and the like; or they give themselves up body and soul to the new Magus, the Polish director, Grotowski, whose work they still know only superficially. Courses on Grotowski's methods are already being given in English schools and theses written about it by Americans for academic honors. I saw students in Amsterdam make hash of a Ghelderode play produced "à la Grotowski," in which I was assured they had no real interest.

If the master is inappositely quoted, imitated, falsified, it is certainly not his fault. I look forward to seeing his productions, some of which will be given in New York in September, and I shall not be prejudiced by what has previously been said, done or written by the hordes of his ready-made epigoni. Everyone knows that Marx was no "Marxist," Freud no "Freudian" and Stanislavsky no "Methodist." Even Brecht finally exclaimed, "To hell with my theories!"

THE POOR MAN MOVES THROUGH WASHINGTON, D.C.: SPRING 1968

"But now on that hill whose mass is hung as a wave behind us. . . . It is not going to be easy to look into their eyes."
James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*

This afternoon he is walking
down the city's sunlight,
his vision shaded by the scar tissue
above his heart. And he is bringing
a load of firewood in his arms.
These are the different logs of his rage.
The identical bones of his children.
The days that have stayed there
in his hands,
wanting the ashes of evening.
The White House gleams before him
ringed with clean National Guard rifles
that fire votes.
Against these the poor man owns
one pile of belongings,
swelling beneath their cord . . .
Pulled from the abandoned slum
of his fathers body.
They are penetrated only by the insects.

EUGENE RUGGLES

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Whereas a great deal of the graphic art produced in Paris between the wars was aimed to preserve the artist's autographic touch, as fleshy and nuanced as possible, the present boom in American graphics allows for greater play with mechanical reproductive processes. Jasper Johns's graphics, seen lately at Castelli, are a kind of research into co-expressibility, a play with crossovers of imagery between the different channels of painting and printing. Roy Lichtenstein's lithographs of Monet's "Rouen Cathedral and Haystacks" (Castelli Graphics) consist of six versions of Rouen Cathedral and seven versions of the double haystacks. Monet showed twenty versions of the cathedral in 1895, all from the same point of view, but each painting a unique episode, an unrepeatable record. Although Lichtenstein shows only six versions, they have a potential for continuation and repetition, because he used a technique of overlap, that connotes machine reproduction rather than uniqueness of experience. Lichtenstein handles architectural form better than loose or casual forms like the plumped-down haystacks, so it is the cathedral façades that I shall pursue here, as more congenial to his formal sense.

The multiple coruscation of Monet's colors are reduced to a combination of two or three one-color screens, the regularly perforated grids of which produce a dazzle effect derived from Lichtenstein's Op Art landscapes of four years ago. A blue-red combination makes the façade jump like a rippling flag, a blue-black combination is dense and secretive, a yellow-black pairing hammers at the retina, and a pure yellow image is as sweetly staccato as a shower of petals. The dots are large, as firm and clear as drops of mercury, and smaller starlike forms appear where superimposed screens overlap. The dots clot and coagulate (without any linear framework to brace them) into zigzagging interstices that set up equivocal readings. We have, as it were, choices of space location in reading the image. Sometimes the façade of the cathedral appears behind the screen of color dots, sometimes it is locked within the lattice, and sometimes it is a mirage in front of the screen.

This is not the first time that Lichtenstein has borrowed the work of another artist. As early as 1962, before people were used to his comic-strip images, he applied his technique of black contours, flat colors, and areas dotted to simulate Benday screens to subjects derived from fine art. His first were a Picasso seated woman and a Cézanne portrait of his wife. Since "Picasso has become a kind of popular object," Lichtenstein remarked, why not paint one of his works as subject matter, which he did. When he painted Mondrian as a grainy reproduction in 1964 he brought out the period look of the geometry in a way that contributed to the subject of his own subsequent Art Déco paintings, in which a style rather than one artist was the subject.

"When I do a 'Mondrian' or a 'Picasso' it has, I think, a sort of sharpening effect because I'm trying to make a commercialized Picasso or Mondrian." The impulse to "switch" (a word Lichtenstein used in conversation with Alan Soloman) the work of Monet to a commercial technique is more complex, because at least the other artists are linear to start with (the Cézanne was mediated by a compositional diagram). Lichtenstein's intentions apropos Monet can be clarified by an observation he made in

an interview with John Coplans: "There is something humorous about doing a sunset in a solidified way, especially the rays, because a sunset has little or no specific form." And there is something "humorous" in switching Monet's painting to a flat, hard, systematic graphic technique. (Lichtenstein has also done paintings after Monet, but with the same graphic technique of overlays.) Monet's subject was not only the west front of Rouen cathedral but its appearances at different times of day and perceived with different emotional stresses. The sensuous and the momentary are quantified by Lichtenstein as a Morse code of color separations.

I don't want to get into one of those dutiful apologies for tough words bruising tender pictures, but one difficulty of art criticism should be mentioned here. It is possible to project too much art history onto contemporary artists, overlooking the fact that the knowledge of artists does not necessarily square with that of critics and historians. Nevertheless, Lichtenstein's *hardening* of Monet does have a historical precedent. The Haystack series influenced Mondrian to do a haystack series of his own around 1908. A little later Mondrian developed a plus-and-minus form of drawing derived from the west front of a church in Paris. This form of notation, in which systematic small points serve as a code, are in the background of Lichtenstein's own use of dots. (In a way these lithographs are like a neo-Impressionist revision of Monet, done not by Seurat but by Signac with his large and blunt version of Seurat's pointillism.) Thus Lichtenstein, after imitating Mondrian, has gone back through him to Monet, or so it seems. The sequence is not in the least esoteric or theoretical, as both Mondrian's early work and Monet's series-paintings have become very familiar in recent years. The subjects have the congenial currency of clichés, which would make them available to an artist without his becoming a graduate student.

Lichtenstein has a firm design sense, usually rather traditionally employed, with a reliance on graded checks and balances, and his forms are usually stable in relation to the edge of the picture area. However, the function of allusion in these firmly composed works is not so settled; in fact, a radical notion of cliché as subject matter is proposed. Lichtenstein has declared that by selecting existing subjects to paint, he is freed from having to invent them (a stand he shares with abstract painters, who repeat single images in series to escape the drama of invention). His work is nonabstract without being realist. By choosing unknowing collaborators, to whom he leaves the chore of invention, Lichtenstein frees himself to *switch* a comic strip by an anonymous or unknown artist into a fine art content, or a work of art that belongs in one system of values to another set. Thus at the heart of the picture, where we expect the property called *meaning*, the work's humanistic validation, Lichtenstein places a problem of conversion. In this slightly demoralizing collaboration, the dimension of cliché claims the status of meaning. Actually, Lichtenstein's act of switching is his equivalent of the act of invention, but his annexing of existing sign-systems has a malicious ambiguity that his formal neatness deceptively shields.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The musico-theatrical opportunism evident in Krzysztof Penderecki's first opera, *The Devils of Loudon* (given its première on June 20 at the Hamburg State Opera), was not exactly a surprise in the light of his previous works, notably the *St. Luke Passion* (well performed last season in New York by the Minnesota Symphony; recorded on Victrola VICS-6015) and the *Dies Irae* (on Philips PHS 900-184). The recent vogue for this exceedingly primitive music may be seen as one possible consequence of an ill-informed listening public, as could the fad for Carl Orff in the 1950s. The latter's *Carmina Burana* adapted the rhythmic procedures of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* to an easily acceptable harmonic context, with vast success among an audience then hardly acquainted with the original source.

Penderecki's means are, of course, different (for one thing, meter is out of fashion nowadays), but the principle is related. Using an amalgam of tone-cluster harmonies and flashy instrumental sound effects, he conjures up a spectacular surface that is totally novel to the traditional oriented listener—although tone clusters have been around for decades, and most of the textural effects can be traced back at least to the music Xenakis was writing more than ten years ago (at a time, incidentally, when the much younger Penderecki was writing music that clearly demonstrated the direct influence of Orff: see the *Psalms of David* recorded on Polish Muza XL 0260). The secret of success in this context—and the root of the objection—is not the eclecticism but rather the superficial, nonstructural use of the borrowed techniques: the "novelty" is used only in a trivial way, no demands are made on the listener, and much less resistance encountered than is normally the case with "advanced" contemporary music.

Thus, in the *St. Luke Passion*, the harmonic basis of much of the piece consists of a series of progressions from a single note to a cluster of all twelve tones, a tightening of the screw from repose to maximum dissonance, and the only large-scale movement is the progress from one to another of those single notes, ending with a Great Big common chord of G major that has all of the associations, if none of the functions, of a point of arrival. Similarly, the instrumental and choral devices operate purely as sound effects for narrative illustrations and—frequently—shock value. Add to

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this the friendly associations of Gregorian chant, and you have sure-fire "modern music for people who hate modern music" (it is also probably true that Penderecki's position as a Catholic composer from a Communist country tends to predispose audiences in his favor).

The new opera, interestingly enough, found little favor with the Hamburg audience and press, but I would be hard put to apportion this response among the various possibilities: local opposition to Rolf Liebermann's directorship, the theatrical ineptitudes of the work, and growing awareness of the insubstantiality of this particular emperor's "new" clothes (the reception at Stuttgart, a few nights later, is said to have been more favorable). The composer made his own libretto from John Whiting's dramatic adaptation of Aldous Huxley's book; for the most part, it is simply a crude abridgement, with a few characteristic additions: extended passages of liturgical Latin, and elaborations of the Grand-Guignol aspects. What is left, pretty well stripped of its political overtones and many of its narrative points, is a bare tale of sexually motivated diabolism, pivoting around a series of ever more elaborate possession scenes (rather reminiscent of the traditional structure of pornographic novels, in which each orgy surpasses the previous one in quantity, variety and perversity).

Of course, the librettos of many successful operas have little more substance than this, but they compensate by the consistency, relevance and organization of their musical content. Much of *The Devils* follows Penderecki's well-worn paths, with sonic Grand-Guignol to match the visual (up to and including what I do not doubt is the first musical depiction ever of an enema). Backstage choruses scream, laugh, mutter, hum and even sing, while the orchestra alternates between long-held notes or clusters and dense clouds of quick notes: most of this made its obvious intended effect. The surest danger sign of the composer's basic unwillingness to come to terms with the problems of operatic composition, however, was the extensive reliance on spoken dialogue, even in crucial scenes, many of which are simply played straight over those interminable pedal notes and clusters, thus in no way relating to even the primitive musical ideas present elsewhere. It is true that nearly every word of the text could be easily understood—but if your only means of achieving this is to speak the text, why bother with music at all? Aside from the ululations of the possessed sisterhood, the only consistently profiled musical material was that allotted to the chemist and the surgeon, modeled with embarrassing directness on the doctor in *Wozzeck*.

The Hamburg staging was slick and professional, carefully underlining the work's sensationalism, adding a company of grotesque whores, dwarfs and idiots who cavorted obscenely about the stage between and during the scenes. From what I heard about rehearsal circumstances, it seems likely that many details of the score were not accurately realized—they are not in a number of the "official" Polish recordings of Penderecki's music, for that matter—but an examination of the score suggests that this cannot have mattered too much, given the considerable imprecision of compositional conception to begin with. (A recording was said to be in preparation, so doubtless this point can be verified at a later date.) Among the singers, Tatiana Troyanos as the Ursuline Prioress confirmed the exceptional impression she made during the New York visit of the Hamburg company in 1967. The conductor was Henryk Czyz.

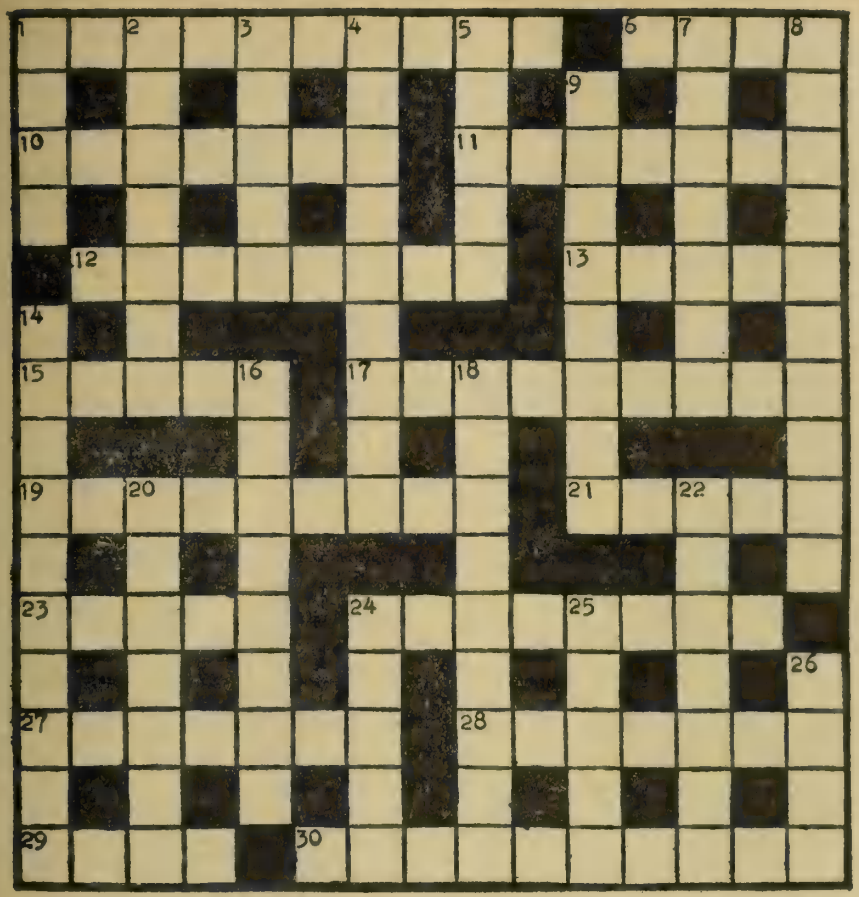
The Devils was the major event in a season of contemporary opera presented in Hamburg in conjunction with the festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music (about which I hope to report in a later column). I was also able to hear another recent Hamburg commission, *Die Reise* by the Swedish composer Lars Johan Werle. Its trite, densely symbolic plot—the futility of modern life, the eternal triangle, man's need for a quest or cause—is expressed in an endlessly repetitive series of epistolary flashbacks, and the music relies far too heavily on pastiche and montage effects. Nevertheless, for the first third of the evening, *Die Reise* was a skillfully paced amalgam of traditional and modern orchestral clichés, contemporary pop sound, and taped *concrète* material, enormously enhanced by the stage design of Josef Svoboda, whose virtuosity with multiple film and still projections should be put to use by one of the New York opera companies (in the unlikely event that they should undertake an appropriate contemporary work). Unfortunately, Werle eventually bogged down in an overextended parody episode and never recovered even the superficial theatrical flair of the opening scenes, let alone a really convincing musical continuity.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1307

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What some tourists look up to, suggestive of "Fiddler on the Roof"? (10)
6 and 1 down It might indicate how to take off and roll up the hose. (4,4)
10 What Baum's lion didn't have of yours and mine inside his bars. (7)
11 Stand for just about anything? (7)
12 The disorderly type gain a Nilotic example, perhaps. (8)
13 One might take it on board ship, but not when associated with the log. (5)
15 It has fragrant rootstock. (5)
17 Such cotton is not found around the eye.
19 Estimated to be a very quiet sign erected. (9)
21 Only a vegetable comes back to oppose by contrary proof! (5)
23 See 5 down
24 One should look out for a horologist. (8)
27 At least it's close to the funny bone! (7)
28 Point to a returned article on grammatical form—the garden variety, perhaps.
29 Complete absence of a person being in order, one hears. (4)
30 They don't see things so good! (10)

DOWN

1 See 6 across
2 It's impossible to get it, though you might look. (7)
3 Commonly the best bite. (5)
4 The Red, perhaps, in a person's makeup, shows what most of you readers are! (9)
5 and 23 across The mysterious character of Dickens. (5,5)
7 Descriptive of the strife of crowds? (7)
8 Might be roasted, not necessarily charged, and perhaps set to go off. (10)
9 Type of current automobile; stick around for the game! (8)
14 Occasionally a form of present and past. (3,3,4)
16 and 22 down Commonly established essentials for some safaris, but they should hold their colors well. (8,7)
18 Ties saved by those that lower functional activity. (9)
20 How to hold up a person—one the stage coach might rely on. (4,3)
22 See 16 down
24 How to ruin a stew, and make it worthless? (5)
25 One that might be pursued in the game with a number of quarters, but not for the men. (5)
26 Girl who might raise something joined with 6. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1306

ACROSS: 1 Hand-in-glove; 9 Play down; 10 Volley; 11 Vacuums; 12 Protect; 14 Astern; 15 Antiphon; 17 Material; 20 Heeled; 22 Insight; 24 Snagged; 26 Balsam; 27 Aromatic; 28 Standoffish. DOWN: 2 As you were; 3 Doorman; 5 Leveret; 6 Valet; 7 Pleats; 8 Reecho; 16 Pier glass; 18 Annual; 19 Inhuman; 20 Hand off; 21 Emetic; 23 Inset; 25, 4 and 13 Cat-o-nine-tails.

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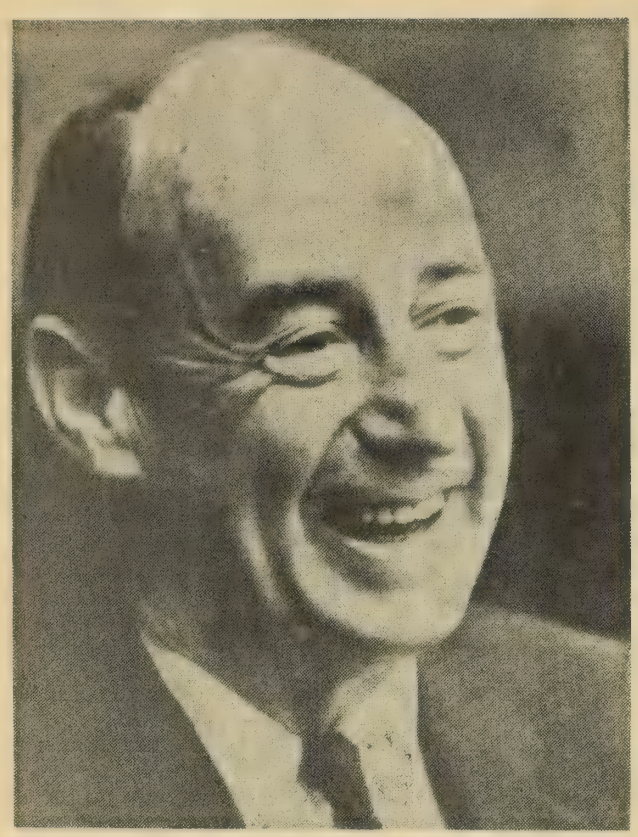
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LETTERS

for scenarios

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I found the article by Yorick Blumenthal, "Scenario Society" [*The Nation*, June 23] superficial in the extreme. While it is possible and necessary to deplore the silliness and ill effects of Pentagon scenarios, this hardly makes a convincing case for doing away with them in general.

Scenarios are nothing new, for military purposes or any other. If one substitutes "plans" for "scenarios," very little is lost. . . . Now, plans may "profane the imagination," but they may also help people deal with the future. For instance, a *good* scenario (a realistic one) may help a person anticipate the consequences of his own actions; I wish the United States Government would try to do more of that. . . .

Ronald Westrum

offshore rights

Joplin, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: I notice in your editorial "PR Diplomacy" [June 16] a reference to Ecuador's insistence on a 200-mile territorial limit offshore. During World War II Roosevelt pressured Peru and Ecuador to establish this 200-mile jurisdiction. So Peru and Ecuador are at present within their rights to act on it, and the United States is simply wrong.

W. A. Seiler

masculinists

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In my review, "Women's Liberation" [*The Nation*, June 16], I described The New Masculinist, a category developed by Caroline Bird, and included David Riesman as an example. In fact, there is no evidence in Mrs. Bird's *Born Female* that Professor Riesman endorses the view of The New Masculinists. She reported only that he has "stated the prevailing view."

Nancy Reeves

he has his own

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: The author of "yet another of those liner notes that blindly and uncomprehendingly repeat the composer's opaque farrago of pseudo-musical pseudo-science" [*The Nation*, June 9] would like to ask if David Hamilton inherited the typewriter as well as the staff position of Benjamin Boretz.

Harry Neville

crossed wires

Akron, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: In the June 30 issue of *The Nation*, Arthur E. Rowse ["The 'Failing' Newspaper Probe: The Press Dummies Up"] includes Knight newspapers as one of the "chief backers" of the "Newspaper Preservation Act." Mr. Rowse is in error. At no time have we participated, either publicly or privately, in behalf of this legislation.

John S. Knight, Editorial Chairman
Knight Newspapers, Inc.

Mr. Rowse informs us that he based his statement on the testimony of Morris J. Levin, an attorney and chief lobbyist for the bill, who said he was speaking "on behalf of all the publishers who are engaged in joint newspaper operations."

The Editors

EDITORIALS

Mr. Nixon's Journeys

The British would call him a "tripper." He has always been more interested in foreign affairs than in the domestic problems of the Executive, and no one will begrudge him the opportunity, if he feels it will give him fresh insights or a broader perspective, to acquaint himself personally with the views of his opposite numbers in other countries. With modern means of travel he can cover a great deal of territory in relatively little time and, once started, he might as well continue around the world as retrace his route. But it does seem that this President has spent a rather disproportionate part of his first six months on the move, or in dealing with foreign affairs while at home. And, so far, there is not much to show for it all.

Mr. Nixon's most urgent problem is, of course, Vietnam. Related to Vietnam but on a larger scale, is American policy toward the countries of Asia generally, and particularly those that are in substance military and diplomatic allies of the United States. It is difficult to see how the current trip has clarified either situation; if anything, they are more muddled than before.

As to Vietnam, Mr. Nixon is caught between popular opposition to the war at home and the reluctance of his military commanders to abate the fighting. His distress is compounded by a desire to conclude an "honorable" peace, i.e., one that will not grossly compromise American status as a great power (by definition undefeatable) nor damage his Administration irreparably in domestic politics. In trying to end the war on these difficult terms Mr. Nixon seems to be trying to placate both the hawks and the doves, with the predictable result that he satisfies neither. Somewhat the same mechanism seems to be operating in the area of general Asian policy. The contradictions are swathed in vague language compounded of a desire to keep the local dignitaries happy and dissatisfied parties off the Presidential back—at least for now.

Thus, starting on his journey to apprise his hosts that the United States did not intend to move masses of infantry into Asian countries threatened by subversion, in Bangkok Mr. Nixon attempted to allay Thai fears with the statement that the United States "will stand proudly with Thailand against those who might threaten it from abroad or from within." "Stand," of course, might mean anything; still, the statement, while perhaps reassuring to the Thai satraps, is at variance with a statement Mr. Nixon made four days earlier on Guam, where he seemed to promise a reduction of American involvement in Asian defense. The difference is that any such reduction is poison in Thailand (among the governing elite at least), while from Guam it is relayed home, where it may boost Mr. Nixon's rating in the popularity polls.

Badgered by the newsmen, the unhappy White House press secretary, Ronald L. Ziegler, insisted that Mr. Nixon's remarks in Bangkok were "totally consistent" with what he had said on Guam. Later Mr. Ziegler produced a written statement which Mr. Nixon, or someone in his

entourage, had prepared on the flight from Jakarta to Bangkok. "Our determination to honor our commitments," Mr. Nixon wrote, "is fully consistent with our conviction that the nations of Asia can and must increasingly shoulder the responsibility for achieving peace and progress in the area." But when he was accepting the keys to the city he stood "proudly" against those who might threaten Thailand from abroad or from within.

From Bangkok Mr. Nixon flew to Saigon. Although he had seen President Nguyen Van Thieu in June, apparently it was necessary to reassure him. Whatever the reason for this side trip, the opportunities for additional mischief seem greater than those for clarification. In fact, when one reviews Mr. Nixon's foreign policy record to date, does this judgment not seem to apply generally?

The Kennedy Ordeal

If a ruthless political enemy of Edward Kennedy had seized the opportunity placed in his hands to destroy the Senator's career, we might have witnessed some such scenario as that which followed the accident of July 18 on Chappaquiddick Island. We make no such assumption, of course, but the fact is that, following the accidental drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne, the long sequence of actions and omissions by the Senator and his family, friends, advisers, lawyers and even the court and the press, have struck a dismaying blow to his heretofore promising political future. Nearly everyone involved seems to have cooperated to escalate a tragic accident into a full-scale disaster. Disclosures have been made to seem sinister, silences to seem guilty, and the rash, impulsive, understandably ill-considered acts of the central figure have been made to appear as disingenuous attempts to conceal, deceive, or mislead.

We sympathize deeply with the Kopechne family; we sympathize also with the Senator and his family who, counting the cost of a moment's inattention at an unmarked bridge, must be finding it unbelievably high. Condolences are also in order for the millions of disaffected Democrats, young and not so young, who have been looking to Mr. Kennedy to lead them through convention and election in 1972. Predictably, the Democrats of Massachusetts have rallied to support of one of their own. But in the rest of the country it is another matter; it is doubtful that the Kennedy name, for some time to come, will have its former appeal. Honest disbelief, jealousy and resentment, and the persuasion that the terrible jam he is now in must be largely of the Senator's own making, have been getting in their work.

The events preceding and following the death of Miss Kopechne, even the time and exact manner of her death, have not been ascertained and made known. Many questions which should have been answered as a matter of course in circumstances such as these have not even been asked. It is understandable, perhaps, that local authorities would hesitate to question aggressively a Senator of their state or his associates. It is much less understandable that the press would not do so, yet at

NOV 24
MAR 8

IN THIS ISSUE

August 11, 1969

EDITORIALS

98

ARTICLES

102 Front Against Fascism: Panthers' White Conference — *Robert A. Jones*

Crossroads of Africa

104 Ethiopia's Unknown War — *Jack Kramer*

106 After Tom Mboya — *Stanley Meisler*

108 Why the Draft Should Go — *John M. Swomley, Jr.*

110 Harry Golden

111 Campus Witch Hunt: The Colleges Play Ball — *Frank J. Donner*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

116 Narrative, History and Prophecy — *Florence Howe*

118 Since Malcolm's Death — *James Weinstein*

119 The Arithmetic of Silence — *Leslie Epstein*

120 A Note to Morning (poem) — *Terry Moser*

121 Architecture in Mexico — *Nathan Silver*

122 Poems

Words out of Darkness — *Sister Maura*
To Ripen — *André du Bouchet*
Tattoo — *Nancy Sullivan*
Sea Horses — *Flora J. Arnstein*
Goose Island — *John Judson*

125 Music — *David Hamilton*

125 Films — *Robert Hatch*

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this writing they have not. But it is beyond belief entirely why answers—complete and satisfactory ones—to the obvious questions in this case have not been forthcoming voluntarily from those who participated in the events. A few of the unresolved matters:

(*1*) The car turned sharply off the macadam road leading to the ferry dock, onto a narrow dirt road, and proceeded to the bridge more than half a mile away. One may imagine a number of innocent or understandable reasons why Senator Kennedy made this detour, and doubtless the real cause is among them. But it could not have been a mistake: nobody in condition to drive a car could confuse a dirt road with a macadam one. Why did not the Senator, in all candor, explain this diversion? Was he advised not to do so, and by whom? The worst possible construction is being put on his lack of frankness here, as was inevitable.

(*2*) The car, a late model Oldsmobile with a curb height overall of about 4½ feet, was lying on its crushed-in top and the wheels were out of water at low tide. High tide at Edgartown that night came at 3:54 A.M., and its rise and fall is only 2 feet. The accident, if it occurred around 11:30 P.M., came at about two hours after low tide, and therefore there could not have been much more than 4½ feet of water, and perhaps less, at the point where the car lay. The bottom is presumably sandy, since the entire island is made of sand. Senator Kennedy gives credit to Messrs. Markham and Gargan for having "dived" at "risk to their lives" in an attempt to reach Miss Kopechne. It would be more appropriate to refer to wading and stooping. And in water where a person could easily stand, it would appear that the only life that was in hazard was that of the girl trapped in the car. Mr. Kennedy's graciousness seems ill bestowed, and one wonders if he was reminded later, when his shock had worn off, of the great risks taken by his associates.

(*3*) There is no disputing, however, the serious risk run by a man who, having undergone a severe trauma, a blow on the head, intense physical effort, and with his back in a brace, plunges in the dark into a tidal channel and swims unaided 150 yards to the other side. His chances of making it would have been nil had the current, which in Edgartown runs fast, not been at its slack stage around 1:48 A.M. One wonders why his friends, who had so recently been "risking their lives" in a venture so much less hazardous, did not restrain him and insist he take one of the available boats. Why, indeed, did they allow him to go off alone into the night?

(*4*) The most crucial question of all is why the police were not informed, either immediately or within the hour. Had this been done, there is some indication that the girl might have been saved with the equipment and manpower which could have been brought up; medical opinion is said to estimate the time of death around 3 A.M., and persons have been known to stay alive for hours in sunken automobiles. Mr. Kennedy, understandably and by his own admission, was in a state of shock and confusion, and cannot be wholly blamed for this failure—which he himself called "indefensible." How defensible, then, is the inaction of two men, in full possession of the facts, not in any state of shock, trained in the law and politically astute? The legal technicality trotted out to explain the failure to do this obvious, necessary and vital act is that a lawyer in Massachusetts cannot take action without the consent of his client. This seems monstrous. A life was at stake. Kennedy was not a client to these men. He was their friend. They proved no friends to him.

Senator Kennedy has been tragically ill-served. His televised statement to the people of Massachusetts, presumably largely the creation of the high-caliber advisers who came and went in Hyannis through the week following the accident, was perhaps sufficient to enlist the voters of his state to his support. But it was woefully inadequate to the needs either of justice on Martha's Vineyard, or to the demands which this country makes of a potential President. He will know this soon enough.

He cannot initiate another statement, of course, but some things could be done. Markham and Gargan could be sharply interrogated by authority empowered to demand answers, instead of the insolence meted out to the press. District Attorney Dinis' call for an inquest is a constructive step. And Senator Kennedy could make use of the press to let the whole story be known. That is easily arranged, and until it is done the Kennedy haters will continue to have a field day, and the future of a young man who has already proved himself a valuable legislator and whose prospects were exceedingly bright will continue to dwindle away.

The *Times* Does It Again

The story is of major spread and significance. It starts on page one of the July 29 *New York Times* and runs over into a full page and nearly two columns. The reporter is Walter Rugaber. The subject is testing of new drugs for harmful side effects and collection of blood plasma. It therefore concerns everyone who takes medication—that is to say, the great majority of Americans. In some cases, it would seem that the fewer prescription drugs one takes, the better off one might be.

Asked about precautions in testing new drugs, the average well-informed layman would reply that the manufacturer first tests it on animals, then, with due caution and every possible control, on healthy human beings, and that the Food and Drug Administration supervises the procedure in detail and will not allow the drug to be marketed until it is completely satisfied that it is safe and that such side effects as may be encountered will be publicized within the medical profession. Many physicians are probably under the same impression. This description does not fit the facts, and what is most astonishing and dismaying is that it took our foremost newspaper—but still a newspaper—to ferret out the truth, while the medical press seems to have been oblivious to it.

The facts are that the testing, on behalf of some of the most important pharmaceutical houses, has largely been done on prison inmates by an Oklahoma-born physician,

Dr. Austin R. Stough, who started this work after a brief career as a general practitioner and without formal training in pharmacology. Further, Mr. Rugaber adduces evidence to the effect that the prisoners who were used as test subjects were under only cursory conrtol, and had incentives not to report adverse effects in that their supplementary income depended on their continuing to receive the drugs. Some are said to have failed to swallow the pills, some failed to report illness resulting from the pills they did swallow, and stringent laboratory checks were lacking. All this, according to the *Times*, was known to the manufacturers and to agencies within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, but because of bureaucratic lethargy, loopholes in the law and eagerness on the part of the manufacturers to get their product onto the market, no significant corrective action was taken.

None of the states in which Dr. Stough operated (Alabama, Arkansas and Oklahoma) was satisfied with his operations and these were eventually halted in all three. Moreover, serious hepatitis epidemics occurred in some cases where Stough technicians collected blood plasma from prison inmates. Many of those who participated in Dr. Stough's experiments have sickened and some have died. But the drug houses continued to employ his organization. Some officials of these houses were disturbed by what they saw, but one of the largest, Cutting Laboratories, continued to pay Stough hundreds of thousands of dollars because of his "contacts" and because it was through him that permission could be obtained from prison officials to operate the program. He is even now seeking prison connections in new areas.

On the day after the *Times* published the Stough material, and quoting liberally from it, Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D.,Wis.) said that he would propose legislation to take the responsibility for testing new drugs away from the manufacturers and place it with the Food and Drug Administration. There a testing center would be set up, to which all pharmaceutical companies would submit new drugs on a fee basis. Senator Nelson also announced that the monopoly subcommittee of the Senate Small Business Committee, of which he is chairman, would began investigating Dr. Stough's activities.

The *Times* is to be congratulated for its enterprise, and the public can be grateful that, at least on this occasion, a newspaper has exposed a shocking and dangerous situation which government authorities and the medical profession should have acted on long since.

But the Problem Remains

After a tumultuous session, the Organization of American States succeeded in establishing peace of a sort between Honduras and El Salvador. Subjected to protracted arm twisting, El Salvador informed OAS that it would withdraw occupation forces from Honduras. The announcement by Dr. Francisco José Guerrero, the Salvadoran foreign minister, was greeted with cheers and applause by the assembled foreign ministers. It remains to be seen whether a durable peace has been achieved. El Salvador insists on security guarantees for its 300,000 nationals who live in Honduras, and it may withdraw its troops only slowly and reluctantly while this question remains in abeyance.

What underlies the two-week war between these two small countries is the poverty and social injustices that plague all of Latin America. The war may have a useful side effect in calling attention to a situation that is certain to result in further outbursts, very likely on a larger scale. Honduras has about four times the land area of El Salvador and a low population density—about twenty-three inhabitants per square kilometer. In El Salvador the population density is the highest in Central America—158 per square kilometer. Consequently some 300,000 Salvadoran peasants migrated to Honduras; this, rather than a riot at a soccer game, precipitated the war.

But even this disparity does not get to the bottom of the conflict. In both Honduras and El Salvador land tenure is on a feudal basis, with 1 or 2 per cent of the farms covering half of the arable acreage. In Honduras the United Fruit Company is one of the large land owners; in both countries wealthy families, allied with the military, are the government. And in both cases American military missions cultivate good relations with the local militarists, lest communism gain a foothold.

Faced with the threat of severe economic sanctions, El Salvador yielded. But as long as Latin American countries are ruled by feudal oligarchies liberally supplied with American arms, peace will exist in name only.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: August 4, August 18.

Law and Conscience

When sincere moral conviction stands in defiance of the law, the conscience of a democracy is placed on its mettle. It is a sound argument that private principle may not be allowed to override public laws; and indeed those who break the law in the name of a higher compulsion do not often seek to evade the legal consequences.

But when a man stands convicted for acting as his conscience commanded, the law seems blind and unresponsive if it treats him as a common criminal. That, one presumes, was the belief that guided District Judge Carl Muecke when he recently sentenced an Arizona State University draft evader in the federal court at Phoenix. Instead of sending Rodney Bias to jail, Judge Muecke placed him on probation for three years, provided that he work during that period for the government, a nonprofit organization or a charitable institution. Thus the sanctity of the law is upheld, the power of conscience is recognized and a young man of character is sent off to useful work instead of to degenerating confinement.

PANTHERS' WHITE CONFERENCE

ROBERT A. JONES
Mr. Jones is on the editorial staff of the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

We must make a distinction between the enemy and ourselves. We must not treat our comrades as we would the enemy. We must not adopt an antagonistic stand, and there must be no ridiculing.

—Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

And when those dirty racist provocateurs tried to interrupt our meetings, we took care of them, didn't we? Right on.

—Bobby Seale, congratulating Black Panther officials after the Conference for a United Front Against Fascism, Oakland, Calif., July 1969.

The people Bobby Seale referred to as "dirty racist provocateurs" were a few white radicals who had, on the opening night of the Panthers' conference, attempted to shout down one of the Panthers' speakers. Failing in that, they walked out, and having walked out, they were barred from the conference. The next day they returned to pass out leaflets condemning the conference. A Black Panther guard grabbed the leaflets; a student grabbed them back. The Panther swung and the student went down, the leaflets fluttering in the air.

A tight circle formed around the two, and for a moment the Panther and the white student looked silently at each other as if they were puzzled. Then the student stood, gathered the scattered leaflets, and left.

"You are witnessing," someone said to his friend, "the reason why the Left will always lose to the Right. It's easier to punch a kid than a cop because the cop has a gun. If the Left has no internal differences it will create them and call a conference to settle them, all to delay facing the cop. You know what we're gonna do at this conference? We're gonna spend three days telling ourselves we're united, and then go out and fight about it."

The genesis of the First Conference for a United Front Against Fascism in America began, according to Seale, almost a year ago when the Panthers and the Peace and Freedom Party, for different reasons, saw the need for support from other militant groups. The Peace and Freedom Party had all but withered after the elections in the Fall of 1968. The Panthers, depending on your interpretation, were about to have the best of years or the worst of years. Huey Newton, the Panther co-founder, would be jailed for two to fifteen years for manslaughter; Eldridge Cleaver, perhaps its best-known leader, would flee the country; two more Panthers would be assassinated in a Los Angeles power struggle with another black militant group; still more would be arrested in New York, some accused of the murder of a fellow Panther, others for an alleged plot to blow up several Manhattan department stores and the Penn Central-New Haven mainline tracks that pass through Harlem. Increasingly, wherever there was racial trouble the Panthers would be charged and a few carted off to jail. In June, with the McClellan investigations well under way, Attorney General John Mitchell gave up all pretense of specific cause and began raiding Panther offices across the nation.

Sometime during the year, according to Seale, plans began to formulate for a mass meeting of "all proletarian type organizations." Lasting a week, it was to construct a single organization from the mass of farm workers, laborers, students and minorities.

Although the Panthers had, in the past, formed alliances with predominately white groups, as in the Peace and Freedom Party coalition in 1968, this was the first time they took the initiative. The pre-conference literature was hopefully and carefully worded to avoid hints of racial bias. The accompanying pictures repeated the symbol of oppression common to all groups: a policeman with a menacing club or gun. As James S. Kunen, recent college graduate, hitchhiker and nationally syndicated columnist has put it, "Everybody I know has been hit by a cop."

The conference began in the moderate splendor of a summer night in the Oakland flatland. The smog wafted softly in the trees. On the lawn in front of the Oakland Auditorium the young, and many not young, gathered in what looked like a huge picnic. Although the police had several carloads of men ready blocks away, they were well out of sight and would remain so throughout the weekend (except that, some time between 8 A.M. and 10 A.M. on Saturday, every parked car for blocks around the auditorium was ticketed for violation of the one-hour parking limit). On Friday evening the air was warm and relaxed. When the doors opened almost two hours behind schedule, the 4,000 or so white students, blacks, Chicanos, Indians, Japanese, laborers and farm workers lined up, were frisked at the door, and the conference started. If for nothing but its composition, the meeting was remarkable.

But, as one local priest lamented on the last day, the heterogeneity of the participants was much more theoretical than real. In fact, at least 85 per cent, and perhaps 90 per cent, of the crowd was white, and almost all of these were students. Of the remaining few per cent, almost all were black.

There were other reasons for apprehension on the first night. Despite repeated denials of racism and separatism, the Panthers sat in a closed semicircle of seats in the rear of the auditorium. Usually their section was silent and staring. A Panther leader passed by,

glanced at the faces and smiled: "Don't look so evil, brothers."

Even among the huge body of militant whites there was a mosaic of loyalties, shaky coalitions and open competition. As the evening began a young man gathered names for a petition. After one signature he asked the signer:

"You in any organization?"

"Peace and Freedom Party since October 1967. I helped found it."

"Yippee."

"Yeah, yippee. I guess you're Progressive Labor."

"That's right."

"Shit."

"Yeah, shit."

Understanding the gamble that was inherent in such an organizational collection, Seale used his keynote address to focus the conference away from rivalry and onto its principal villain: the police and what Seale identified as "the two chief weapons of fascism—demagogy and terror."

> You must understand the two faces of fascism in America today. On one hand you see some lying politician like Mussolini Mafioso Alioto [Joseph Alioto, Mayor of San Francisco] saying that what he wants is academic freedom in San Francisco, and on the other hand you see that same man on the same day sending his personal storm troopers, the tactical squad, out to San Francisco State to bust heads and kick asses of anyone and everyone willing to tell the truth.
>
> Fascism means the brutalizing terror that the state uses against the people to enforce their enslavement. We will not sit around and wait to fight fascism just because 6 million people are not in concentration camps—yet.

Seale had struck both the tone and the content of the weekend. In the three days more than fifty speakers would repeat what he had said. The prescribed categories for the sessions, Women vs. Fascism, Workers vs. Fascism, Students vs. Fascism, and Religion vs. Fascism, would be largely ignored. Arriving late on Saturday night, I asked another reporter what I had missed. "Were you here last night?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Then don't worry about it."

There were a few exceptions. In the three days no one caught the mood of the audience as well as a stocky Southern boy who had moved to Chicago, lived for years in its northside ghetto, and eventually formed the Young Patriots, a white copy of the Panthers. "When I go up before that McClellan committee," he said, and his voice tapered in a practical drawl, "I'm gonna bite off that old man's head and spit it in Tricky Dick's eye." The crowd went wild.

But as speeches followed one after another, an uneasiness settled on the conference. The organizational meetings that were to form the structure for the Front were not taking place. On Saturday night the SDS caucus was called and called off three times. The few meetings that did take place accomplished little. Mrs. Margaret Wright, a high school teacher from Los Angeles, described the closed caucus of the conference women: "The woman who was leading it got up and said 'Now ain't this great; all these white radical women together in one room.' Well, I stood up and said, 'Well, there were a *few* blacks here,' and walked out. Hell, it wasn't nothing anyway; a bunch of females going off to a corner for some intellectual masturbation. Going off to some room to talk about revolution. Shit. Wasn't one in the bunch willing to face down the men, to tell them we want power or we're getting out."

Mrs. Wright leveled her eyes over the crowd at De Fremery Park (renamed by the Panthers Bobby Hutton Memorial Park) where the afternoon session was holding forth. A dozen microphones carried the speeches for blocks into the surrounding Oakland ghetto. "I'm going back to Los Angeles," she said. "Look out there. Here we are, in the middle of a black city, and how many blacks do you see? See those old folks on the porch? You know why they don't come over to the park? Cause they think we're a bunch of nuts, that's why. A handful of blacks fooling around all day with thousands of white college kids, talking about socialism and capitalism. Shit."

Seale, who seemed to understand the dangers of cornucopia rhetoric better than any other leader at the conference, struggled to give structure to the Front at the last meeting. Producing maps and charts, he outlined a petition campaign for the decentralization of police into neighborhood districts, with each district controlled by the neighborhood. The campaign, he said, would eventually be run by fifty or so chapters of the United Front Against Fascism throughout the country. In addition to the decentralization campaign, the Front's main task would be the release of political prisoners, support for Panther lawyer Charles Garry's legal seminars for attorneys defending political prisoners, and pressure tactics on local politicians.

But the last meeting was still 85 per cent white, and Seale had lost the enthusiasm of his audience. For three days the Panthers had supplied speakers who stoked the fires of revolution, and now they were offering a program that was reformist at best and smelled faintly of liberalism. A steady stream of people began to ooze out the back door. "We've been used," muttered a girl to her boy friend. "No," he answered. "You're just mad because we didn't use him."

Not only did the students believe that the Panthers' program was far too moderate; they felt that it was a Panther program and nothing more. "*Most* political prisoners are Panthers, *most* decentralization programs will be in black ghettos, and *most* political pressure is obviously intended for black ghetto problems," said William Shire, a Berkeley graduate student.

The high enthusiasm of the opening session died slowly in the three days. By the time the program had ended, the auditorium was half empty. And when the conference finally closed, a loud staccato chant of "Power to the People" shook the building—but it came from the rear of the auditorium, from the tight semicircle of Panthers, and from almost nowhere else.

CROSSROADS OF AFRICA

1. Ethiopia's Unknown War

JACK KRAMER

Mr. Kramer, who graduated from Leland Stanford in 1965, has worked on the Southern Courier, *the civil rights newspaper circulated in Alabama and Mississippi, and for a group of provincial newspapers in England. He has been to Vietnam twice as a journalist, in addition to the recent trip to Ethiopia. Mr. Kramer is enrolled next fall as an International Fellow at the Columbia School of Journalism.*

Henry Kissinger stood by the White House gate early last month, explaining American deaths in Vietnam to a group of pacifists. As Dr. Kissinger spoke, His Royal Highness Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, strode by, flanked by a squad of armed Marines.

The coincidence was chilling. Infrequent but highly reliable reports coming from the Horn of Africa indicate the barely suspected but perfectly real possibility that Dr. Kissinger may some day be explaining to a group of pacifists American deaths in Ethiopia—while many more than a squad of Marines protect His Royal Highness, and at a point considerably distant from the White House gate.

Just before he left Washington, the Emperor spoke with President Nixon about "the Biafran conflict in Nigeria." There was no report that they discussed a more germane issue: the Eritrean conflict in Ethiopia.

The war in Ethiopia goes largely unreported. In a full-page article anticipating the Emperor's visit, the July 14 *Newsweek* gave only one sentence to "the serious revolt in former Italian Eritrea." (The rebels refuse to be called Ethiopians, insisting on identification as "Eritreans.") Engaging the Addis regime daily, the regular forces of the insurgency fluctuate between 10,000 and 30,000 men, and by now are in virtual control of the countryside in an area of northern Ethiopia that includes all of the empire's seacoast. Moreover, the guerrillas are organized into a uniformed, disciplined "Liberation Army," the military arm of a disciplined, Chinese-supported, "Liberation Front." The soldiers of the Front are armed with modern Kalatchnikov automatic assault rifles, Czech Stens and Chinese rockets and mortars.

The United States, in turn, is giving the imperial regime more economic aid, and more military aid than it extends to any other African country. U.S. "advisers" are involved. American spokesmen have admitted that as early as 1965 a U.S. helicopter, manned by U.S. Army pilots, was brought down while flying reconnaissance against the guerrillas.

There are activists within the Front, particularly senior activists of the exile organization in Syria, who tend to play down its leftist politics, and even entertain a notion of American neutrality. But a considerably more radical attitude holds among the young cadres in the field. They believe the United States is using Ethiopia as a client state, through which America can dominate the Organization for African Unity (its headquarters are in Addis Ababa) and all of Africa.

The conflict derives in large part from social unrest mounting throughout the empire, even among Haile Selassie's own ruling Amhara tribe. The little Emperor, who from the rest of the world elicits reflexive clichés about game courage and true nobility, looks at home like one more American-sponsored generalissimo.

But the war in the north has deeper roots, going back to the defeat of the Italians after World War II. Eritrea —the northern and Red Sea coastal areas of what is now called Ethiopia—had been an Italian colony since the 19th century, whereas inland Ethiopia (Abyssinia) was an Italian colony for only five years. The emperors of inland Ethiopia historically coveted Eritrea's Red Sea ports, but were never able, totally, to conquer them. After the defeat of the Italians, the big powers and the UN gave Ethiopia what she had never been able to win by force of arms.

Eritrea, over the protests of its 40 per cent Muslim population, and of many Eritrean Coptic Christians, who comprise another 40 per cent of the population (20 per cent of Eritreans are standardly reckoned as "animists"), was "federated" with Christian-ruled Ethiopia. In 1962, the pretense of federation was dropped and Eritrea was made an imperial colony. The Coptic governor had fled and is now the Vice President of the Front. Intensive Ethiopian repression followed: the virtual liquidation of the Eritrean civil service, which was taken over by Amharas; the imposition of a foreign language (Amharic) as the exclusive state language; criminal penalties for publishing in natively spoken Arabic, Tigré or Tigrinya; tight secret police surveillance; mass arrests; in the countryside a campaign of official terror which has now led to "fortified hamlets"; the euphemism for detention camps originally coined by the Americans in Vietnam. By now the bulk of the Coptic population in Eritrea has followed the example of its former head of state, and supports the Muslim-led Front either overtly or covertly. Young Coptic "freedom fighters" are trained along with their Muslim compatriots and other Africans —by the Chinese on the Tanzanian island of Pemba, and by Arab officers in Iraq and Syria.

The Front is not free of its own problems; indeed, the war might have escalated to Vietnamese proportions already were it not for them. Largely, they are the difficulties of most revolutionary movements in Africa—tribalism and religion. Though joined by their Coptic compatriots in the struggle against the empire, the Muslim Eritreans have been reluctant to cede any power to them. In the words of one Copt, a young revolutionary of con-

siderable dedication, and probity, "Muslims have difficulty separating religion and politics." Two years ago, the political commissar of the largest of the five revolutionary districts, a Copt, defected to the Addis regime.

Still, the revolution builds apace, impelled by the force of a fundamentally revolutionary situation: an unresponsive, oppressive ruling regime, propped by foreign support, against a popular guerrilla movement. Osman Saleh Sabbe, the Front's secretary general, a Muslim, speaks without rancor of the defecting Coptic commissar; indeed, almost apologizes for the condtions that led to his defection. Such an attitude would seem to indicate that the Eritrean revolution is well beyond the stage where the immediate enemy is what Latin revolutionaries call the *vendido* brother. Energies are directed at the larger enemy. The Italian weekly *L'Europeo* earlier this year described Asmara, Eritrea's capital, as "surrounded" by besieging guerrillas.

Asmara, as if its situation weren't perilous enough, is also the site of a major U.S. national security agency monitoring base, the full function of which is classified. The State Department nevertheless manages to deny that the war is even happening—"anymore." Late last year, the U.S. consul at Asmara told me the same story one hears from the Addis regime—the only trouble now is with the *shiftas* (bandits); the revolution is dead. When I asked about a young European journalist who had been with the guerrillas several years before, the consul told me it could never be done again, that any guerrillas operating in Eritrea would be detected and apprehended almost immediately; and if a white man were with them, they would be caught even sooner.

In fact, I had just come from twenty-five days with the guerrillas. Nor was the effort anywhere near as suicidal as he indicated it should have been. Ethiopian security, so far from detecting our group immediately, never detected us at all during an overland march from the Sudan border in the sparsely populated west to Keren and Asmara in the much more heavily populated east.

The Ethiopian war is not altogether unreported. In addition to the article in *L'Europeo,* mentioned above, François Debré reported in *Le Monde* last May that the Eritrean Liberation Front had the major part of the Ethiopian Army—two divisions—pinned down. But noting the territory's isolation and its barbaric customs, he acknowledged that there might be some confusion between *shiftas* and guerrillas.

It is true that the customs of the area are barbaric. The tribes of the territory are those whose bridegrooms Sir Richard Burton described as presenting their prospective brides with gifts of human gonads; they were notorious for castrating Italian soldiers.

However, it is impossible to confuse guerrillas with *shiftas*. Burton's tribesmen are still as fierce (at least to look at)as ever, in flowing burnooses, with wild heads of hair, staves, knives and sabers. But when a young man enters the Liberation Army, he is transformed utterly. His head is shaved, his robes discarded, and he puts on a standard uniform. Moreover, there is no question of



Cover from propaganda leaflet distributed in Ethiopia by Eritrean Liberation Front. The style suggests a Chinese source.

shifta activity in the areas the Front controls. Our group, always small and armed only with World War I Enfields (the Kalatchnikovs being reserved for assault troops), with only one camel that we rotated among us, might easily have been overcome. Yet we were not only unmolested by any of the tribes during our twenty-five days across Eritrea but welcomed, fed and entertained by them. Except for the few days we spent with various large concentrations of troops during periods of battle, we were literally dependent for our survival on the tribes we met, and they never failed us.

More than a refutation of the *shifta* myth, their behavior is a measure of popular strength. And the strength is growing. In Addis, on the other hand, even Amharic students are rebelling; arrests and riots are frequent. There has been liaison with the Eritrean insurgents.

The Eritrean Liberation Front is developing with the Third World movement generally. In late March, an Ethiopian Airlines (read Pan American) Boeing 707 parked at the airport in Frankfurt exploded into a worthless heap. It was the work of Eritrean "fedayeen," who did their job more cleanly (no lives lost), and more efficiently than the Arab "fedayeen" who trained them. Recently, at Karachi airport, they struck again.

The West may overestimate the cultural weaknesses

which inhibit this fury. Africa, and the Arab world particularly, are seen as hamstrung by primitive and inefficient habits. Until recently, for example, the Sudan, ostensibly "Arab Socialist," was severely restricted in its foreign and domestic policy by a vicious war to subdue the Christian and pagan tribes of the south. The Khartoum government, ridden by corruption, had a *modus vivendi* with Haile Selassie whereby each agreed to do nothing to disturb the other's oppressive wars. That meant, in effect, no Cambodia-like sanctuary for the Eritrean Liberation Front. On May 25, a leftist coup took Khartoum, determined to settle differences in the south, and the Ethiopian *modus vivendi* has already begun to fall apart.

2. After Tom Mboya

STANLEY MEISLER
Mr. Meisler is the Africa correspondent of the Los Angeles Times.

Nairobi, Kenya

The aftermath of the murder of Tom Mboya has mocked what he stood for. Mboya, who seemed to represent all that was modern in Africa to the rest of the world, always shunned the appeals to tribal allegiance that have crumbled political stability elsewhere in Africa. His constituents were mainly the urban workers groping for a modern way of life. Yet his assassination on the first Saturday in July unleashed intense tribal hatreds. Kenya faces a long and dangerous period of instability unless the government can somehow placate his grieving Luo people.

Mboya was shot and killed in downtown Nairobi on a street crowded with shoppers trying to make their last purchases before stores closed for the weekend. Two weeks later, police charged a young African with the murder. They released no details about him but his name, but that was enough to confirm all the suspicions that had been excited by tribal passions. The name, Nahashon Isaac Njenga Njoroge, identifies the accused as a member of the dominant Kikuyu tribe, the people of President Jomo Kenyatta. Without a shred of evidence, most Luos, whether educated townspeople or illiterate peasants, had decided from the beginning that the killer must be Kikuyu. Now they had proof.

The Kikuyus are the largest tribe in Kenya—perhaps 2 million of the country's 10 million people. Aggressive, better educated than other tribes, solidly behind the government, the Kikuyus have dominated independent Kenya, holding the presidency, several key ministries, and a disproportionate share of top civil service positions. The Luos, the second largest tribe with 1.3 million, have never gained their share of the fruits of independence. Their political divisions have hurt them. A large number accepted the leadership of Mboya and supported the government. He was a founder and the general secretary of the ruling party, the Kenya African National Union (KANU), and the minister of economic planning and development in Kenyatta's cabinet. But many Luos, perhaps the majority, followed the tribal call of Oginga Odinga, a Luo chief who was a long-time enemy of Tom Mboya and the leader of the opposition Kenya People's Union (KPU)

As soon as news of the assassination reached them, the division was healed. Most Luos blamed KANU, Kenyatta and the Kikuyus, and reasoned that if Kenyatta's KANU did Mboya in, they all must support the other party, Odinga's KPU. "Tom, why did you join with them?" they shouted in Luo as the funeral procession brought Mboya's body back to Luo land. "When things get worse," a mourner chanted at the graveside, "there is only one man who can save us. That is Jaramogi [Odinga's Luo title]. Where is he? I am looking for him in the crowd." Ironically, Mboya's old political enemy, Odinga, became the hero of the Luos mourning for Mboya. Tribal hatred had melted political alignments.

On July 8, jeering, mostly Luo crowds in Nairobi hurled stones and shoes at the long Mercedes of Kenyatta as it took him to a requiem mass for Mboya in the Roman Catholic cathedral. The crowds chanted the Swahili word, *dume,* and stabbed their right thumbs upward in the air. Both *dume*—the Swahili word for bull—and the upward thumb thrust are symbols of Odinga's KPU. The jeering and the stone throwing frightened and enraged the police, who began swinging their axe handles at the crowd and firing tear gas. The outburst set off three hours of rioting, which damaged scores of cars and killed two persons, including a young German, stoned as he drove home from work.

It was a sad and singular day for Kenyatta, the *mzee* or old man of Kenya politics. Never before had Africans jeered him publicly. The old African nationalist, now almost 80, had long been looked on as the father of the young country. But blinded by hatred and anguish, many Luos now saw him more as the leader of his Kikuyus than of his country. Tribal feelings were even more raw in the Luo areas of western Kenya. When word of the killing spread, Luos hunted for Kikuyus in their midst. One was beaten to death, and the government had to evacuate

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all the Kikuyus from the rural areas of the Luo people.

The anti-Kikuyu feeling was intense at the burial of Mboya in his traditional family homestead on Rusinga Island in Lake Victoria. "War, War," Luos shouted. "War with the Kikuyus." A self-proclaimed witch doctor chanted, "May the wombs of all Kikuyu women dry up." Another mourner shouted, "Where is Jomo Kenyatta? If he were here, even if he were guarded by 100,000 soldiers, I would kill him." Every non-Luo member of the cabinet stayed away from Rusinga Island.

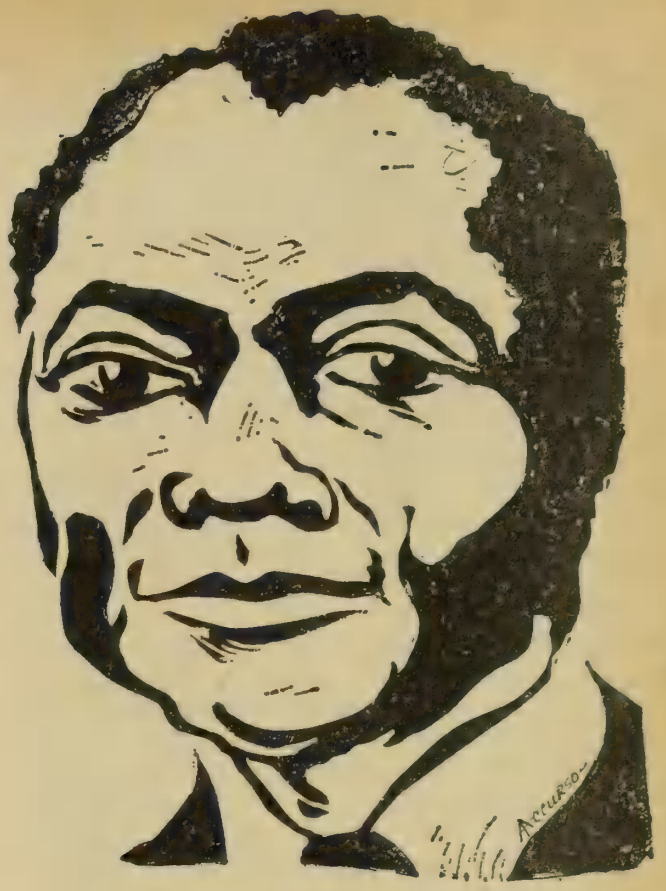
Mboya, who was 38 when he died, had made many enemies during a political career that began when he became a labor union leader in 1953. Other African politicians resented his popularity abroad. Jealous and annoyed, they felt the rest of the world saw him as the magazine cover boy of Africa. In addition, Mboya had an arrogant manner that lost him political friends. He was cold, tough and superior, and that frightened or angered many of his colleagues.

Odinga, resentful that this young Luo had not stepped aside for him, always tried to thwart the ambitions of Mboya. Before independence, Odinga helped revive the popularity of Kenyatta to frustrate any hopes Mboya might have had to take control of the country. The young Kikuyu politicians also sided very quickly against Mboya, even though they all belonged to the same party. They were jealous of him, for he had won renown in the Mau Mau years when the British had banned all political activity by the Kikuyus. They believed that the place held by Mboya rightly belonged to them.

As long ago as 1962, Mboya told me: "There is no doubt that the young Kikuyu intellectuals are against me. I am aware of this. It is nothing new. The problem is that there is no second man to Kenyatta whom they see as the leader of the Kikuyus. I represent a threat to them."

But at the time of his death, Mboya's chance of succeeding Kenyatta as President seemed slight. His path was blocked by an alliance between these same young Kikuyu politicians and Vice President Daniel arap Moi, a member of the small Kalenjin tribe. Few outsiders, however, were ready to count Mboya out completely. He had a way of outsmarting hostile alliances.

Since the assassination, Nairobi has been inflamed with rumors about the identity of the plotters, since few believe that Njoroge acted on his own. The rumor mongers have little evidence to back up their accusations, but some facts should emerge when the trial of Njoroge begins. Whatever its outcome, however, Kenyatta's government must deal with the tribal hatreds unleashed by the killing. As the Rt. Rev. Maurice Otunga, an Abaluya tribesman who is the Catholic bishop in the Luo area, put it, "*Mzee* now has to show that his government is not a Kikuyu government." But the government's response to the threat of tribal conflict was at first hesitant and vague. Eleven days passed before President Kenyatta made a radio appeal to the nation for "unity, love and peace." Meanwhile, Vice President Moi had hinted, in an unclear and stumbling way, that the government would try to prove that Communists were behind the murder. Mboya's death then could be laid to outside Reds rather than inside Kikuyus. Luos, however, would have had difficulty believing the theory.



Later, the government began to move more decisively. On July 24, Kenyatta appointed Joseph Odero-Jowi, a Luo and close friend of Mboya, to succeed Mboya as minister of economic planning and development. A second Luo was named to take Odero-Jowi's place as minister representing Kenya on the East African Community. Kenyatta picked still a third Luo as assistant minister for foreign affairs. To soothe Luo feelings, however, the government must also start appointing more Luos to posts in the civil service.

Tribal conflict is not the only legacy of Mboya's assassination. His murder destroyed the touchstone of Kenya's politics. For years, its politicians had one main issue on which to align themselves: they either sided with Mboya or ganged up against him. With Mboya dead, a new politics will have to develop; the murder has crumpled all the old assumptions.

Kenya also will feel the loss of Mboya's technical and organizational skills, rare in a developing country. An American adviser to the Kenya Government once said that Mboya was the only minister in Kenya who had the ability to fill a cabinet post in Washington. He had the hardest job in the Kenya cabinet, running the ministry that coordinates all of Kenya's foreign assistance and tries to

insure that its economic growth remains orderly and constant.

Perhaps more significant, Mboya was always called upon by fellow cabinet members, even those who disliked him, to push unpopular legislation through parliament, to defend them against embarrassing attacks, and to organize their election campaigns. The government may founder without him.

Finally, Mboya was an irreplaceable salesman for Kenya. In his many trips abroad, he always seemed to make his audience feel that he was one of them. Despite all the depressing news about Africa, he somehow managed to inspire confidence in the continent. His death shatters that image. Kenya, with an economy dependent on tourism and foreign investment, will surely suffer. And so will Africa.

WHY THE DRAFT SHOULD GO

JOHN M. SWOMLEY, JR.

Mr. Swomley, former director of the National Council Against Conscription, is the author of The Military Establishment *(Beacon Press) and of* Religion, the State and the Schools *(Pegasus).*

The United States has had military conscription for almost thirty years, and few Americans now remember how little influence the armed forces had in the nation's life when the draft was first adopted in 1940. Conscription and the increase of military influence have gone hand in hand, so that for many Americans military values and compulsory military duty have come to be a part of the culture.

The reluctance to abandon conscription is today evident chiefly in liberal circles where largely new arguments are being used. These imply that conscription is needed to foster anti-war values, to encourage a limited war strategy instead of nuclear war, to keep the Army from becoming all black and thus forcing Negroes to bear the brunt. An examination of these and similar arguments is essential if they are not to become part of the popular wisdom.

One major argument for the draft is stated simply: A professional-volunteer-career army is more of a threat to peace or to involvement in empire than a citizen army. However, "citizen army" is a term not to be equated with conscription. It refers basically to militia such as the National Guard, which could be raised either by voluntary or compulsory means. The essence of a professional army is an officer and noncommissioned officer group that makes a career out of the military. Such an army may enlist short-term volunteers or use a draft. The United States today has a professional force which uses the draft as a method to raise additional manpower—during the war in Vietnam, the Air Force, the Navy, the bulk of the Marine Corps and the Army have been made up of volunteers.

Conscript armies are no less destructive than volunteer armies. The armies of Napoleon, the Kaiser, Hitler and Stalin were raised by conscription and supported either imperialist or totalitarian purposes. The United States used volunteer armies in the Mexican and Spanish-American Wars to add foreign territory to its empire. It has employed volunteers to invade Latin American countries and conscripts to invade Vietnam or occupy other Asian countries. Drafted men do not prevent the use of armies for imperialism or war. The crucial decisions are made at a different level, by generals, presidents or emperors.

A second widely held belief about the draft is that campus and GI protests against the war in Vietnam would have been much less vigorous if the government had been able to get along with volunteers only. Campus protests are only partly draft motivated. There have been significant protests against military recruiters, Dow Chemical personnel recruiters, ROTC and university involvements with military research. Although the draft is part of this whole complex it cannot be said to have motivated students in the early protests when all students including graduate students were automatically deferred. This argument implies also that the resistance within the Army has come chiefly from conscripts, whereas much of the evidence points the other way.

Most men subject to the draft who resist the military do so before induction by filing as conscientious objectors, accepting voluntary exile in Canada or going to prison. According to Arlo Tatum of the Central Committee on Conscientious Objectors, "the majority of deserters in Sweden are volunteers." His colleague, Mike Wittels said: "The volunteer is a man who wants to control his own life, and is more likely to resist." My own contacts with numerous friends and relatives of those who visit military prisoners in the Army Disciplinary Barracks in nearby Leavenworth confirm this impression. There are, however, no reliable statistics. What is certain is that both volunteers and draftees have resisted war duty.

Sometimes it is asserted in support of the draft that its repeal would result in smaller armed forces and would mean, therefore, greater reliance on nuclear weapons. There is, however, no necessary relation between the draft and the size of the armed forces. It is possible to have a pre-Vietnam size army without the draft if, as a Pentagon report indicates, adequate pay were used as an inducement for enlistment. Or the military could have a combat army of the present size if civilians were hired for noncombat work in the United States. Only about 20 per cent of the army is ever involved in combat. Or it could lower recruiting standards, since not all army jobs demand the high test scores now required of recruits.

Neither is there a necessary relation between the ab-

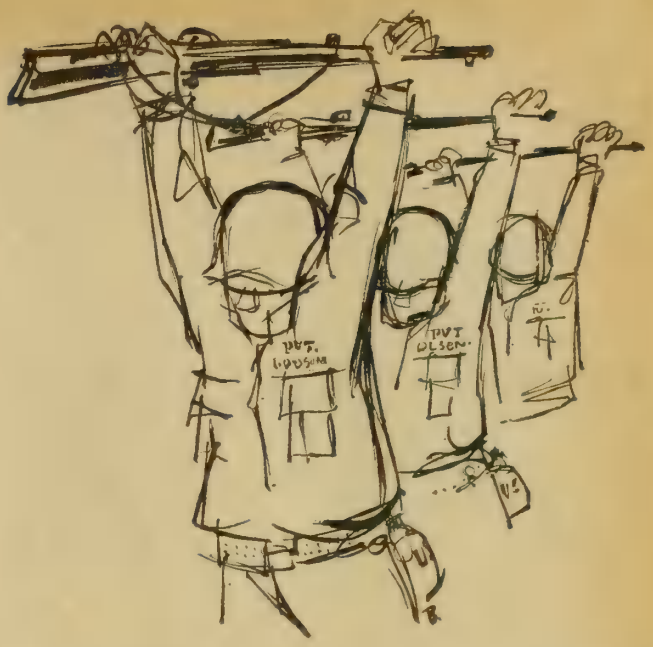
sence of a draft and reliance on nuclear weapons. Nuclear weapons were developed and used during World War II when the largest draft army in United States history was in the field. Both bomber and missile installations have been equipped with nuclear weapons during the peacetime draft. If nuclear weapons were used for other than deterrent, pre-emptive or retaliatory purposes (none of which has any relation to a draft) they would be used to escalate a conventional war when defeat seems otherwise likely. In that case it would be possible to argue, as President Truman did, that nuclear weapons were employed to save the lives of drafted men, or to win the war more quickly or decisively or because an adversary permitted no alternative.

Another argument is that an end to the draft would mean an increased reliance on troops of the developing world to fight our wars, as British and French imperialists relied on Asian and African troops. One response to this is the historical record that the United States has relied on South Korean troops both in Korea and in Vietnam while there was a draft. During the draft, United States troops were not used in Iran, the Congo, Guatemala or elsewhere where the CIA with ample funds managed *coups d'état* or assisted pro-American native forces to consolidate power.

The Army has steadily pursued during the peacetime draft a policy of training for counterinsurgency the armies of Thailand, Latin America and other nations. The United States did not rely fully on the troops of the South Vietnamese Government only because they were unreliable, showing a high desertion rate and an unwillingness to kill other Vietnamese.

It is frequently asked: "But wouldn't a volunteer army mean a mercenary army?" The word "mercenary" refers to the hiring of foreign troops to fight a nation's battles as the English employed Hessians during the American Revolution. In the United States Army, all officers and enlisted men, whether volunteers or draftees, are paid at the same rate for their rank. The presence or absence of a draft has nothing to do with whether men are paid. The only point at issue here is that the Pentagon, to raise an all-volunteer army, might have to offer an adequate wage to men of the lower ranks.

Some political leaders have claimed that foreign policy changes must come first, including big-power agreements for disarmament; only then, they say, will nations be secure enough to end the draft. Such a position assumes that nations want disarmament, or that foreign policy is changed independently of the military capabilities of nations. Military power is one of the most decisive factors influencing foreign policy. It is the ability of the United States to garrison other nations and invade, with or without invitation, nations such as Vietnam and the Dominican Republic that makes possible the dominance known as the Pax Americana. Such actions can be undertaken with or without the draft. But the draft, even in stand-by form, gives the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the President a blank check on the nation's manpower to escalate any



overseas action into a major war without Congressional approval. It thus helps determine foreign policy.

If we assume, first, that nations will ever negotiate disarmament and, second, that the draft is essential to real military strength, then a vigorous campaign to repeal the draft would be an important way of telling those in power to begin serious negotiation toward an international abolition of conscription. Any way one looks at it, foreign policy and military policy are intertwined; both must be changed. Support of the foreign policy goals of the military-industrial complex necessarily implies whatever means are essential for such support, such as access to unlimited manpower via the draft. Likewise, support of the means, including a blank check on manpower, nuclear weapons, etc., is support of the goals of those who can use these means.

Leaders who are disinclined to talk disarmament say the United States needs the draft until such time as we work out binding treaty arrangements with China and the Soviet Union, since these nations are the chief source of potential military threat. Even if the United States were to draft its every man, woman and child we would be outnumbered by the Chinese millions; no military man suggests the draft as a way to subdue either China or Russia. Nuclear weapons, missiles, submarines, control of air, seas, etc., are much more in the minds of military strategists than land warfare against more densely populated nations with larger land areas. The proposal that we need the draft until we work out agreements with China and Russia is an excuse, not a reason. We have made little or no effort to explore the overtures of these nations toward nonaggression pacts or other treaties decreasing tensions.

Sometimes racists and sometimes liberals, for differing reasons, claim that a volunteer army would probably in time be all black, since black youth is denied access to other jobs with decent pay and turns in increasing num-

bers to the Army. This argument is based on the fact that the black re-enlistment rate is currently higher than the white. But white initial enlistment is higher than black even at existing pay rates. If higher pay for recruits were authorized, the Army would attract ample numbers of young white men as well as those from other racial groups.

Among the factors discouraging black enlistments are the following: (*1*) Black militants encourage youth to avoid the army because it serves the white power structure. (*2*) The black discovery of power, begun under Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., has made it necessary for hitherto white schools, businesses and industry to employ Afro-Americans if they are to receive black support. This competition for skilled or educated personnel is likely to continue. (*3*) Because of inadequate economic, educational and other opportunities there are not enough qualified black youth among the approximately 250,000 who turn 18 each year to fill up the armed forces even if every qualified black youth did enlist.

Still another argument against ending the draft is the idea that a volunteer army is better trained, shows higher morale and a greater eagerness to fight, and is, therefore, a greater threat to world peace. The level of training is determined by length of enlistment. If a man is drafted for two years and re-enlists, is he more of a threat to world peace than he was when a draftee? If so, this is an argument not for the draft but against re-enlistment, and for requiring the armed forces to discharge everyone before they can develop a vested interest in war. No advocate of the draft seriously suggests ending all voluntary re-enlistment or enlistment. In fact, the Air Force and Navy are built with volunteers and the Army relies chiefly on re-enlistments.

Finally, it is claimed that the injustice and inequity of the draft can be corrected by modifying rather than repealing the law. Against this is the argument that a lottery or any other chance approach is not more equitable than human decision. The lottery, whatever its impersonal values, has two serious defects. First, it assumes that inequality of treatment is the primary defect of the draft and that the national or world interest is served best by disregarding a man's abilities, education and potential when forcing him to enter the Army. The second weakness in present lottery proposals is the camouflage it provides for a traditional army demand. The Army has always wanted boys in their teen-age years, when they are most malleable and least able to resist complete regimentation. Liberals in Congress are now offering teen-agers to the Army under the guise of an "equitable" lottery instead of via the more naked military formula of the younger the better.

Actually, the draft can never be equitable because some will be drafted and others not; of those who are drafted some are sent to battle and others remain in safer areas. Some are killed in battle; others not. The fundamental injustice is that a man who is compelled to enter the Army feels a loss of freedom. The American system of freedom, insofar as it operates in employment, is one of persuading or inducing persons to engage in work rather than in compelling them to do so. It is a cardinal point in our religious faith as well as our democratic philosophy that ultimate values reside in the individual human being. The idea that the individual must be subjected to the state, or that compulsory "service" is preferable to a voluntary society, contributes to the alienation of young people. The power to reach into every family, to take a boy from his home and subject him to complete military discipline for months or years is the most serious limitation America places on freedom.

In the final analysis, the issue is freedom, rather than equality under compulsion.

HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N.C.

"Church bells ring, are ya listening?"

Thus the eternal ditty on the radio sponsored by religious groups, the WCTU and probably the North Carolina bootleggers, who know a good thing when they see it. The bells were ringing because the General Assembly of North Carolina was taking a vote on whether to permit liquor by the drink. The church bells tolled all day to warn that John Barleycorn was about to wreak havoc on the most progressive state in the South.

North Carolina has local option; the counties can vote themselves wet or dry. One of our counties has been dry since 1909. No one there has ever confessed a thirst but that is because the dry county adjoins a wet county. Just drive over the line and tote it home. You can have your drink and feel good, too. It is probably the only way to defeat the hangover: get drunk in Mecklenburg but sleep it off in Rowan.

The wet counties boast ABC stores, liquor stores staffed and run by the state, the profits of which go toward support of the public school libraries. The limit per customer is one gallon. To stage a big party, therefore, a hostess must enlist the aid of friends. You can bring a bottle of liquor into a restaurant as long as you keep it wrapped in a brown bag. Brown bagging was finally legalized by the legislature after the superior court had ruled the practice was breaking the law the Prohibitionists had written.

Everyone in Charlotte hoped for passage of a bill per-

mitting liquor by the drink under local option. Charlotte loses many conventions because it has a dearth of restaurants and a dearth of what the conventioneers like to call "night life." Liquor by the drink would probably induce the restaurateurs to open gaudier establishments and we'd probably be able to boast three night clubs instead of the old Pecan Grove, which is so staid that even the Baptists have conventions there.

If a certain number of legislators had absented themselves, the representatives from the big cities, Charlotte, Greensboro, Raleigh and Asheville, would probably have put liquor by the drink over the top. But the ministers found out which legislators intended to "walk" again and the ministers and their congregations kept up the pressure. Church bells heralded the defeat of the liquor by the drink. It was like having Christmas in June and you didn't have to hand out presents even.

The defeat takes the breath out of the city boosters. Having to transport that fifth of whiskey into the restaurant is hardly the height of sophistication. If the nice folks would lay off our moral welfare, say the Chamber of Commerce fellows, this town would really go somewhere.

The night the bill for liquor by the drink lost, I went to see the movie, *100 Rifles,* which starred the colored football player, Jim Brown, and Raquel Welch. The love scene between these two which has been extensively described in magazines and newspapers was missing. I asked the manager about it. He said the city of Charlotte had asked him to cut this section.

The irony of it was that battle scenes which portrayed bloody, dying men constituted three-fourths of the picture. To show a battle scene and cut out a sex scene is as ridiculous as life itself. The additional irony, which I received from the headquarters of the State Police, was that arrests for drunken driving have risen constantly over the years no matter how the legislature votes.

CAMPUS WITCH HUNT

THE COLLEGES PLAY BALL

FRANK J. DONNER
Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantines).*

> *We have grown weary of being promised a dialog. What we urgently need is a meaningful response. . . . We are asking that you allow us to realize the very values you have held forth. And we think you should be with us in our request.*
>
> —From Meldon E. Levine's Harvard Law School Commencement Address

In May the Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Government Operations (the "McClellan Committee") turned its investigative eye from urban riots and civil disorders caused by racial unrest to the problem of student disorders.

In connection with the investigation, subpoenas for the production of documents were served on a number of universities, including Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, Stanford, the University of California, The College of the City of New York and Brooklyn College. These and at least ten more institutions which had experienced campus disorders are required to identify individuals and to produce records of organizations (including the names of their officers and faculty advisers) involved in campus disorders. The Columbia subpoena, which is typical, requires the trustees to

> produce any and all records from January 1, 1968 to the present date showing the identity of students or other persons or organizations who took part in the seizure of Columbia University buildings or parts thereof without the permission of university authorities as well as records showing the identity of officers and faculty advisers of Columbia University student organizations including Columbia University Students for a Democratic Society, Students for a Restructured University, Student Afro-American Society, Hamilton Hall Steering Committee. Also records showing the extent and nature of assistance rendered during this period of time by any agency of the United States Government or by any legal entity exempt by United States law from taxation, to any student or other person whose name is provided in compliance with the terms of this subpoena.

It must be stressed that if the committee were really concerned with reviewing or implementing the denial-of-benefits legislation passed in the last Congress as a means of policing campus rebellions, it could merely have sought the *number* of grant recipients who engaged in disorders. It could then have questioned university authorities as to what extent the statutory sanctions had been applied. But the committee wants the universities to *identify each participant* and then to specify those who receive grants.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the McClellan committee is powered not only by the same jurisdictional mandate as was the McCarthy committee but by the same spirit. McClellan's investigative subject matter—federal subsidies to campus lawbreakers (remember his committee is confined to "government operations")—masks a highly personalized attack on individuals and organizations. Through this punitive use of the legislative power, McClellan hopes to force credibility into the thesis that campus unrest is the fruit of a subversive conspiracy of bad guys ("hard-core revolutionaries"). It would then follow that, once they were identified and



purged (by college administrators, informers and Red squad operatives), tranquillity would descend on the campus.

McClellan has used this same technique of counterfeiting a legislative purpose in order to conduct a conspiracy-informer exposé in his now two-year-old probe of urban riots. His committee has become a forum for name mongering and irresponsible defamatory references by local security narks and an assortment of racists. Most recently, the use of these tactics by a member of the Chicago Police Department's "Subversive Unit," testifying before the committee, drew the outraged protest of a new panel member, Sen. Charles Percy, who was a friend of his victim. As *The Washington Post* bitingly editorialized, "Not everyone slurred in a proceeding of this sort is lucky enough to have a Senatorial friend on hand to spring to her defense."

That the committee's goal is names has been made quite clear by the extraordinary comprehensiveness of its probes. During the urban riot hearings and in the campus hearings up till now, endlessly repetitive testimony and identifications have been received into evidence. The universities' subpoenas seek the exposure of *everyone* involved in disruptions. This exhaustiveness is justified by the committee staff on the ground that it is "building a record" of an intricately coordinated subversive conspiracy, national in scope. Both the earlier ghetto and the present campus investigations elicit from police witnesses arrest records without indication of conviction or acquittal. When Sen. Abraham Ribicoff protested the inclusion of these records in the hearing transcript, the practice was briefly halted. But he left the hearings for two weeks and the record was again loaded with the names of arrestees.

The decor of the hearing room gives the show away: the walls are petaled with "power-structure" charts of the singularly structureless SDS and Black Panthers, together with pictures of "activists" in both organizations. Names and photos are selectively leaked to reporters for local and regional coverage. This scapegoating technique is reflected in the roster of witnesses, carefully chosen to echo the prejudices of chairman McClellan and Senator Mundt, who fill the record with warnings against "outside agitators"—the Johnny Appleseeds of campus rebellion.

The campus hearings are already almost exclusively the forum for hard-line witnesses such as S. I. Hayakawa and Bruno Bettelheim. The youth rebellion, according to Dr. Bettelheim, mirrors pre-Hitlerite developments; young people need a "youth service program of a few years' duration," a compulsory civilian program alternative to the draft which would melt away the rebellion and reduce the following of its leaders, for whom substitute emotional experiences or psychotherapy should be provided to get them back on course. Eric Hoffer testified that "it would have been a wonderful thing if Grayson Kirk got mad and got a gun and killed a few"; and cartoonist Al Capp denounced as "totalitarian" the moving anti-war speech of Harvard's Nobel Prize winner, George Wald.

In this wearisomely familiar script—a parallel version is being performd by HISC (formerly HUAC) on the House side—there is no role for the student. The rage for change which has inspired the great mass of students—not only in this country but world-wide—is attributed to manipulation through, in Senator Mundt's favorite phrase, a "master plan." The major testimonial role of the college administrator is to confess to overpermissiveness in the past and to promise toughness in the future, coupled with business as usual. There is no room in the script for the causes of campus discontents or an exploration of feasible reforms, even when a few *mea culpas* pointing to the need for change are offered by the educational establishment. The Senators want to use their power to force universities to keep the lid on the *status quo*.

The committee conveniently dramatized the whole legislative swindle a short time ago when President Nathan Pusey of Harvard appeared for questioning before the panel but never actually testified—even though, as Dr. Pusey vainly protested, he had shortened a vacation and risen at 4:30 in the morning to keep his committee date. Dr. Pusey cooled his heels because the testimony of a teaching fellow at Harvard was delayed by an argument as to whether he would supply the committee with names, the panel refusing to hear this otherwise "friendly" witness until he came across. The fellow (who called himself a "moderate," but who is known on campus as the "resident Fascist") finally agreed after the luncheon recess to supply the names in executive session—a ploy invented by HUAC long ago.

Having recited the eagerly sought list of names in camera, the witness spent the rest of the afternoon reading into the record an article he had written for *The Wall Street Journal*, as well as a mimeographed 32-page transcript of his testimony. This recitation appears to have been encouraged for the express purpose of

keeping the president of Harvard waiting, since the usual practice is to accept such material, unread, for inclusion in the record. (The incident has stirred amused speculation in Cambridge as to whether McClellan may have radicalized Pusey as much as the April police bust radicalized the student body.)

The committee's insatiable hunger for names mocks its profession of a legislative purpose: a bona fide legislative investigation deals with some subject matter, a presumed evil, and only incidentally with individuals. Nor is this a garden-variety exposure hearing; the committee's real agenda is highly political. For more than a century the response of repressive governments to the challenge of student unrest has been to develop an undercover surveillance and dossier-keeping network. These practices intimidate and demoralize the radical movement in its day-to-day activities. More important, they are directed toward the future as well; identification and dossier keeping are the pillars of the politics of deferred reckoning, the classic means adopted by the state to insure that its youthful critics will be dealt with when the time is ripe.

But the mechanism of domestic intelligence developed in the United States during the 1930s has become rusty and obsolete, its old Left norms no longer appropriate to a changing political scene, its files choked with millions of useless dossiers. It is no secret that a modern surveillance and dossier-keeping technology is being developed to combat the new political Left with an up-to-date intelligence network institutionalized on the federal, state and local levels. Legislation which plausibly might be directed at student unrest furnishes pretexts for intensive surveillance activity. In an exchange at the Senate Appropriations hearings in May, Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard let the cat out of the bag when he was prodded by Senator Byrd about the use of a civil rights statute that prohibits interference with beneficiaries of federally funded programs as a weapon against student unrest. Leonard stated that he had just been working in two situations together with an associate "in which we had a briefing from the local police department, which had movies and pictures and had undercover agents on this particular campus and we are reviewing information from that campus with an eye or with a possibility in mind of prosecuting there. . . . We . . . need a [task] force of two or three lawyers . . . and some intelligence input, as I indicated earlier, from outside of the Department itself, military type intelligence. . . ." On the basis of Mr. Leonard's testimony, the Appropriations committee approved funds for thirty new employees in the civil rights division. But when the testimony came to light, Leonard smoothly denied that he was seeking to organize a task force to gather intelligence for use in quelling campus disorders.

We are entering an age of political surveillance and informing on a scale undreamed of in the past. The real mission of the McClellan committee is to amass for this new operation dossiers of student radicals, and it intends to extract them from university administrations which have custody of information otherwise difficult to obtain. These subpoenas will set up an estimated 1,000 quarries for the security apparatus.

The false legislative façade of the hearings conceals another illicit aim—the use of investigative power for law-enforcement purposes. The Department of Justice has seized on the anti-riot rider already deployed against the Chicago convention demonstrators as its "chosen instrument" against student leaders, hoping that proof can be found that they engaged in interstate travel to disrupt campuses. Undercover agents are scouring the campuses and infiltrating student groups to develop such evidence. And in a press conference on July 15, Attorney General Mitchell announced that he "expected a number of indictments" under this criminal statute. The McClellan hearings are designed to support this activity—hence the repeated stress on "outside agitators" and their "master plan." Thus, universities that cooperate with the committee risk exposing student leaders to criminal conspiracy indictments and furthering a thesis about the causes of campus unrest that they must know is both fraudulent and dangerous.

All the universities which I have named complied completely or partially with McClellan's subpoenas, turning over to the committee some or all of the names demanded. The surrender of the names verifies the charges of student protesters that our universities have betrayed their basic ends; it will surely widen the breach between students and administrations. It comes at a moment of strong legislative pressure to take the student Left to the woodshed, and the almost inevitable result will be a campus witch hunt on federal and state levels. Already in New York City, state Senator (and mayoralty candidate) Marchi has plastered the city university with subpoenas for records of individuals; and similar probes are being hatched in other states, among them Pennsylvania and New Mexico, quite apart from the anti-student legislation enacted and pending.

In 1966, HISC subpoenaed lists of names from Stanford, California and Michigan [see "HUAC: From Pillory to Farce" by Frank J. Donner, *The Nation*, September 5, 1966]. Compliance by the three universities resulted in a nation-wide wave of protest and self-questioning by college administrations, faculty and students. The American Civil Liberties Union circularized almost 1,000 colleges, urging adoption of a policy of resistance to such subpoenas on the ground, substantially supported by constitutional arguments, that enforced disclosure of names violates the protected freedoms, threatens the independence of the university, invades the confidentiality of academic records and collaborates in the punitive exposure of campus dissenters. In response, some universities promised to resist such subpoenas in the future, while others changed their record-keeping policies so as to eliminate or narrow the problem.

The most forthright response to the ACLU's appeal came from Columbia's Grayson Kirk, who wrote in De-

cember 1966 to ACLU's executive director, John deJ. Pemberton, that in the event a name-seeking subpoena were served on the university, "every attempt will be made to resist legally requests for such information and to foster in all appropriate ways freedom of expression and inquiry." Kirk's vow that Columbia would resist was ignored by his allegedly more liberal successor, Acting President Andrew W. Cordier.

When the McClellan committee served Columbia with a subpoena this spring it was almost the first important business confronting the new university senate, a representative body that had been approved by the trustees earlier amidst cheers that self-government was finally being introduced on Morningside Heights.

The majority of the university senate representatives uneasily acquiesced in Cordier's initiative after he told them that it would be dangerous to rock the boat during delicate negotiations between the university's lawyers and the McClellan committee staff. As a result of these negotiations, he assured the senate, he was sparing the student members of the "moderate" SRU and SAS and was releasing only SDS names (more than thirty in all). This "compromise" was presented to the senate as a great victory. The fingered students were not notified that their names had been submitted to the committee until long after the event.

Compliance was publicly justified on the odd ground that the university's objective to defeat repressive legislation would be furthered "by voluntarily responding to the subpoena rather than being forced to do so on terms which might be much less to our liking. . . ." Acting President Cordier further explained that the university had successfully shielded SRU and SAS because "they have conducted themselves peaceably and have acted constructively as organizations," a poorly concealed admission of a deal to assist the committee in harassing the SDS in exchange for protection of the "moderates."

Particularly disingenuous was the university's reliance on a federal court decision dismissing an attack by SDS members and others on the Columbia subpoena. "This decision," Cordier announced, "reinforced the legal obligation of the university, which had never been in serious doubt, to comply in an appropriate manner with the requirements of the subpoena." The decision did nothing of the sort. It does not deal with the merits of the case at all but rests on purely technical grounds.

If the faculty members of the senate were uneasy about Cordier's "victory," its student members were outraged—not only at the fact that the university's newly created instrument of self-government had been by-passed but because the university had failed to make a legal challenge of the subpoenas. The students were especially disturbed because names of students had been submitted who had been merely charged with disruption but not convicted under internal disciplinary procedures. Their protesting resolution recited: "By submitting the names of students whose cases are still pending, the university administration has violated campus due process" and, moreover, supplied information not demanded by the subpoena. The faculty at large, most notably the signers of a *New York Times* advertisement, "The University as a Sanctuary of Academic Freedom," were silent.

At CCNY and Brooklyn College, at Cornell and Harvard, the same sad tale was repeated. According to the complaint filed by the university senate of the City University, in a legal action challenging the CCNY and Brooklyn College subpoenas, comprehensive committee demands for names of students, faculty members and organizations, were served on both college administrations and were complied with despite faculty objections communicated to the administration as well as to the Board of Higher Education. (Brooklyn College turned over about 100 names.) At Cornell organizational records of campus radical groups and SDS officers' names, together with the SDS faculty adviser, were supplied; Harvard identified those involved in the April bust who had received financial aid from federal sources.

The University of California turned over the arrest and disciplinary records of some 298 students and ninety-eight nonstudents; also faculty members. The list even included names of individuals arrested but subsequently cleared. The university also supplied names and titles of officers of eleven campus organizations specified in the subpoena; they ranged from the campus branch of the American Federation of Teachers through the Radical Students Union, the SDS, the New Left Forum to the Third World Liberation Front.

At California, as at all the other subpoenaed institutions, the matter of compliance was decided, not by counsel familiar with the workings of anti-subversive committees or civil liberties experts but by the university's general counsel, T. J. Cunningham. Executive Vice Chancellor Earl Cheit vainly implored Mr. Cunningham to withhold the records, especially of those who violated the rules "in a moment of passion or in what they believed to be an act of idealism." He urged that beyond the legal issues, the university's responsibility for its students raised a strong moral question.

Chancellor Roger D. Heyns in transmitting the names to McClellan urged that they be kept confidential. Wistfully appealing to "the committee's sense of justice and fair play," he pointed out that "under California law misdemeanor records of minors may be sealed or expunged" and pleaded also that "public exposure would further punish those already disciplined by the court, the university, or both."

Stanford's President Kenneth Pitzer issued a defensive public statement: "For the university to disobey a lawful order of a governmental body would be to turn our backs on the very standards by which we are attempting to govern ourselves." The administration identified twenty-three aid recipients but expressly repudiated the inference that those identified had been involved in or associated with campus disorders. It also supplied the names of sixteen persons "taking part in campus disruptions."

In a talk to the student legislature on the day after the

service of the subpoena, Stanford Provost Richard W. Lyman warned that universities are in for "several seasons" of legislative probes but admitted that the university had "every intention" of complying. Student leaders were not so resigned. The university's student governing body denounced the subpoena as "a clear assault on the university's right to handle its own affairs internally and on the freedom of students and faculty to pursue their academic activities no matter what their political beliefs and irrespective of their group associations."

The response to the McClellan subpoenas shames the widely shared resolve not to permit a repetition of the 1966 compliance. A perceptive analysis of the earlier fiasco by a University of Michigan faculty committee notes that the administrators gave "no explicit consideration to any threat to the civil liberties of those" whose names were surrendered, "to the autonomy of the university, or to the basic freedoms of the university."

If such consideration had been expressed by the universities now subpoenaed to a lawyer specializing in this field, it is almost certain that he would have counseled his clients to resist. He surely would have explained that a great American university possesses standing and resources not available to a lowly "unfriendly witness." An experienced lawyer knows all too well the might of the phrase *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi* when dealing with Congressional committees.

What were the risks? If a move to quash the subpoena failed in the federal district court, there still remained appellate possibilities, with ultimate recourse to the Supreme Court on a precedent-protected First Amendment issue. And what a powerful case could be made to demonstrate lack of legislative purpose! At the very least, the Court could be expected to limit the scope of the compelled disclosure to the committee's narrow jurisdictional boundaries and a clearly defined legislative purpose, a restriction which would undoubtedly obviate the name requirement altogether.

Even ultimate failure to quash the subpoena could not result in a contempt citation without a vote of the entire United States Senate—assuming the full committee voted such a citation. And before the committee submitted its citation of a representative of a great national university to a Senatorial vote, it would seek to minimize the risk of defeat by offering—there is precedent for this even in the case of a recalcitrant witness—the university administrators an opportunity to purge themselves by compliance. Resourceful and aggressive when wooing power and money, the universities bumbled and cringed when their values were threatened by the security establishment.

It is precisely the universities' failure to take risks in support of professed principles that makes their compliance so pitiful—if not tragic—in the light of the value crisis now engulfing the entire educational establishment. As a bitter student member of the Columbia University senate put it to me:

> I am convinced that a powerful resistance to the subpoena is possible. Even Cordier says that compliance is distasteful, but that the subpoena is legal because his Wall Street lawyer told him so. Cordier desperately needs credibility if he expects to run Columbia. Isn't it worth buying a little credibility by refusing to bend the knee to the bastards? Suppose he loses in all of the courts including the United States Supreme Court, the only risk he or the trustees face is a possible fine, or more probably, an order to comply. What a cheap price for an institution to pay for the defense of a principle. I'm sure that if a threat to the University's property were presented by a Congressional subpoena, the path of resistance would be a natural choice.

The widespread compliance underlines the fading of th faculty voice even in matters that trench to the heart of university freedom. Faculty were uniformly not consulted in the decision making about the response to the subpoenas and only sporadically demanded to be consulted—even when subpoenas called for identification of faculty members.

The approval of administration compliance by some university faculties—even though half-hearted—and the apathy of individual faculty members, many of whom feel caught in a tightening regent and legislative squeeze, will undoubtedly further convince student critics that the privileges of the professoriate have converted even the liberals into a tenured gentry. Still, lawsuits *were* brought by faculty bodies attacking three subpoenas (Prof. Douglas Dowd of Cornell joined the SDS as a plaintiff in the Columbia action). And faculty response might have been more extensive and vigorous had the issue not risen so late in the term and had they been more freely consulted by the administrators, a few of whom dealt with the matter in tight secrecy.

But the overall pattern of compliance supports the charge that the university is incapable of independence because it is hopelessly indentured to reaction. A more troublesome question is also raised by the compliance: will the American university—like its counterpart in 19th-century European autocracies—permit itself to become a clearinghouse for a political intelligence network redesigned for deployment against a new generation of rebels?

The meaning of McClellanism is illuminated by three decades of anti-subversive investigations. If the university is to be harnessed to the needs of corporate America, the power of Congress must be used to exploit the long-range objective of a small student group in order to destroy the independence of the university and to thwart desperately needed institutional reforms. In a grimmer replay of the fifties, the fear engendering myth of a student-inspired threat to the national security, Aristotle's invented terror, is being feverishly revived to meet the challenge of a new time.

McClellan has launched this new strategy with a successful raid against an unprepared and unresistant enemy. Ignoring his claimed legislative purpose, and without even waiting for the conclusion of the hearings, he has just now filed a savagely punitive bill that would make campus "disruption" a federal offense. Will the university fight back while there is still time?

Narrative, History and Prophecy

THE FOUR-GATED CITY. *By Doris Lessing. Alfred A. Knopf. 614 pp. $7.50.*

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The Four-Gated City is bulkier by far than any one of the four preceding novels in the series known as *Children of Violence* (*Martha Quest,* 1952; *A Proper Marriage,* 1954; *A Ripple from the Storm,* 1958; *Landlocked,* 1965). Like them, it is a chronicle of change, a *Bildungsroman* of character and history. Unlike them, it charts not only a decade and a half of the recent past (the previous four volumes together cover about two earlier decades) but moves on to view the apocalyptic years that will conclude this century. It is thus not only narrative and history but a stab at prophecy as well. For that reason and one other, *The Four-Gated City* is more important than its four predecessors.

The other reason has to do with turning a corner into mostly uncharted regions. Here, the concluding novel reminds me of *The Golden Notebook,* published in 1962 and generally considered to be the best of Lessing. As in that book, the immediate scene is England in the fifties. In both novels, the heroines move toward a descent into madness and then release from it, though the terms and values of the experiences differ significantly.

The heroine of *The Four-Gated City,* Martha Quest/Hesse, now 30 years old, continues to be particularly useful for *Bildungsroman,* since she is never finished learning. Living is for her "simply a process of developing different 'ears,' senses, with which one 'heard,' experienced, what one couldn't before." The four earlier novels have seen her through adolescence, two bad marriages, one meaningful love affair, a conversion to communism, and a decade of left-wing politics in Zambesia (Rhodesia). Her life has coincided with the rise of fascism, the Second World War, and the ultimate victory of racism in Rhodesia. Now, in Volume 5, she has wrenched herself free of family, friends, politics and "nation." She is the conventional exile of our time: an intellectual with political skills she no longer wishes to use; intelligent, resourceful, energetic, dependable, but suffering from self-doubt, a sense of shattered or evasive identity and a lack of purpose. She is nearly as war-torn, in short, as the England she lands on in 1950.

For the following fifteen years, Martha is hooked into British life (and its international reverberations) when she agrees to take a job as secretary to novelist Mark Coldridge and to reside in his large house on Radlett Street, Bloomsbury. The Coldridge family, significantly involved in public life, becomes the vehicle through which Martha observes and participates in the history of the fifties and early sixties. At first, Martha attempts detachment, but her life is transformed when the cold war strikes directly at Radlett Street and she is sucked into the muddy waters of a holding action. Mark's scientist brother Colin defects to the Soviet Union, leaving his wife to commit suicide and his 6-year-old to be cared for by Mark (and Martha). Mark's simple loyalty to his brother results in a siege of the house by reporters, friends-become-spies, and hysterical relatives. Martha supports Mark through his conversion to communism, and eventually, in spite of the cynical feeling that she has been all through it before, joins the "unconstituted committee," a growing alliance of the now tiny, fragmented Left in London.

These are the politics of frustration and paralysis, broken up as unaccountably and incomprehensibly as they began—by the death of Stalin, by Hungary and Suez. In 1956, an "idea of change" is in the air, new "movement" begins to alter the surface of British life. Some Coldridges help organize the series of Aldermaston peace marches, the younger generation join the Committee of One Hundred, and the older become leaders in the Labour Party. The political Left and the two generations now begin an internal struggle. But Mark and Martha remain, though for different reasons, peripheral to the politics of the next decade. Mark returns to writing novels, then to trying to understand what has happened and is happening, then gives up the present entirely to plan for the future. He believes that there is no point either to party or to street politics. For we are headed inevitably toward an accidental holocaust: "What will happen is a development," he writes in a memorandum, "of what is already happening and what has been accelerating, out of control, since 1914 and the green light for mass extermination." At the end of the novel, therefore, he gives up life in London to become planner of a new "city in the desert" for refugees from the destruction to come.

But to summarize the novel in this way is to do it a disservice. I have omitted other strands of Martha's life and Mark's, chief among them the children they raise together and Mark's "insane" wife Lynda who lives with them from time to time. Most of all, I have not caught the novel's essential character, its layered quality. In truth, it does not have the felicitous form of *The Golden Notebook*: ordered chaos made possible by the creation of a single novelist/political/heroine who keeps a set of four notebooks. That compendious work now seems, when weighed beside this new compendium, neat and self-contained. *The Four-Gated City* is not built on consistency or uniformity but on variety. At first sight, Mrs. Lessing seems to be doing just what she will. If she wants to stop her narrative for an essay on the Labour Party or for several paragraphs on the error of reading novels as though they were autobiography; if she wants to stop for an interpolated summary of her hero's novel about an *Ur*-city or the early biography of other characters; if she wants to include portions of her heroine's diary as she deliberately experiences "insanity"; or if she wants to write in the form of notes or scenarios, she simply does so. But there is method here. For example, almost at the center of the book, just before the breakup of the cold war, we leave London for Johannesburg, where Martha's mother is about to follow her daughter into exile. We are baffled, perhaps irritated by the shift, but then we are seduced by Mrs. Lessing's story of a black child named Stephen, the first black person whom Mrs. Quest talks to in thirty years of life in Africa, the first black person to touch her physically and emotionally: "You have a black heart, missus, you are my mother," Stephen says one day, and Mrs. Quest, having been rejected by her own children, can only weep in response. It all seems casual, even roughly done. And yet, coming where it does in the novel, and in the series of novels, it is hardly that.

Martha's history has always included guilt for the racism of her English parents and fear of a past she has wanted only to deny. Each of the previous nov-

els has carried in it, moreover, the image of her mother, exemplar of the middle-aged woman Martha does not want to become: useless, hating and hated by her children and fearing the country she was forced to live in, bitter and destructive, an appalling human whose ultimate function is only death. Martha, who has coped efficiently with the Coldridge household, including a number of children, and the exigencies of the cold war, cannot face her own mother. The visit brings Martha to crisis about herself, a dangerous one at age 35. Her first response is characteristic: "Somewhere in Martha's life it had been instilled in her, or she knew by instinct, that one should never read anything until one wanted to, learn anything until one needed it." She sets about, therefore, reading the "equivalent of a university course" in psychiatry and emerges "with one essential fact. That these practitioners of a science, or an art, agreed about absolutely nothing." Hence it is up to Martha's intelligence to solve her problems. But as she tells the psychiatrist she decides to see anyway, "what her intelligence said had no effect at all on her emotions"—a typical enough complaint. And Martha's own solitary "work," as she calls it, of "resurrecting her past," does not seem either, by itself, adequate to solve her problems. Her mother's visit thus begins by changing Martha from nurse to patient. But after she has gone and Martha is declared officially well by the psychiatrist, Martha's critical intelligence remains turned inward. She becomes absorbed by the question of how minds work.

Her experience has led her to question the line usually drawn between neurosis and psychosis, especially in relation to hallucinatory "seeing" or "hearing." Why does Dr. Lamb declare one patient (Martha) "entirely rational" and another (Lynda) schizophrenic? Presumably because of the distinction between hearing "real voices" and hearing voices that one knows are simply in one's imagination. Lynda had been unwise enough as an adolescent 14-year-old to tell her father that she could hear what her future stepmother was thinking. Martha, on the other hand, knows enough at age 35 to put the case to Dr. Lamb as a supposition: "suppose I insisted I had seen Dorothy's suicide exactly as it was. . . ." Dr. Lamb remains caught in his professional distinctions: Martha is not shouting and insistent; *ipso facto*, she is sane.

The inadequacy—and even the irrationality—of Dr. Lamb's judgment is clearer when we remember how carefully Mrs. Lessing has prepared for this moment. She has laced the early chapters of the novel with accidental extrasensory experiences of Martha that are entirely convincing. Very soon after her arrival in London, Martha spends time walking "the interminable damp hostile streets of this doomed city, all cracked and thinned and darkened by war." Especially when she is tired and hungry, she finds a "wavelength," a mental "space" in her mind. To get there, she has to move first into a "band of noise," "a din of appalling sound, music, voices, screaming, the sounds of war." Sometimes she finds that it is possible to separate the sounds to hear something useful, but mainly she has to reach "through not being afraid of or irritated by the silliness and jumble of this area, a state of quiet and distance. . . ." This is not a drug experience: the book may be read, in fact, as a tract against the use of drugs even for some mental patients. Martha enters the "door" to the mind in the ancient manner, as a "reward of not-eating, not-sleeping, using her body as an engine to get her out of the small dim prison of every day." In the last quarter of the novel, Martha's teacher becomes Lynda. Nursing her, Martha enters "Lynda's country," hears her voices, and communicates profoundly with her. In a final, climactic episode, Martha arranges a a three-week experiment in self-induced and controlled "insanity." She lives in one room, on coffee and little sleep, and passes through various "Stations of the Cross" that are cultural (in the Jungian sense) as well as personal landmarks. The experience takes her back again into her past, into anti-Semitism and racism, for example, and purges her *emotionally and intellectually* as the hours of deliberate, cognitive "resurrecting" earlier had not.

I have sketched only the bare outline of the single and most important thread of the book. It is not one that Mrs. Lessing's readers will expect from her. With a correct instinct, she anticipates some hostility by describing Martha's own reluctant conversion. As she begins to read the literature of Eastern and Western mysticism, Martha is aware at first of a sense of "distaste" which she recognizes as "a form of fear," "identical with" what "she had experienced in politics. . . ." But then she describes "a prickling challenging liveliness, a vitality at work. But not in the backwaters of 'rationalism' which was the official culture, and not in the mirror of the official culture"—astrology and other forms of pseudo-scientific occultism. Nor is her discovery Rimbaud's notion of the necessary disordering of the senses, nor the simple spontaneity and impulse-hunting of contemporary youth's response to bureaucratization. Martha's discovery is different not only in kind but in a social purpose, in having an end beyond personal freedom.

As in *The Golden Notebook*, mental breakdowns of all kinds are, in part, a response to the politics of the West, the bureaucratization, the incipient fascism, the irrational violence, and to the dehumanized, propaganda- and drug-addicted culture we live in. But for Mrs. Lessing in 1969, madness is not merely a debilitating affliction or an escape, or even a novelist's tool. Developing particular forms of what Western man calls "madness" may be the only way out of his afflicted culture. Can anything —any persons or organizations—Mrs. Lessing asks in this novel, call halt to the inevitable destruction to come, given the growth and movement about the earth of mad machines, on the one hand, and the lack of internal human commonsensical and moral controls, on the other? Her answer is unequivocally No. Our dulled apathy to the condition of daily life and to the cries of war signals what Robert Bly has called "the deep longing for death," a suicidal rush to annihilation, as though the half-drugged of us were longing for total immolation, for the relief of the end. Mrs. Lessing, on the contrary, envisions a struggle toward life, through the use of extraordinary sensory powers by intelligence and a moral consciousness.

In this respect, Mrs. Lessing is a perfectly consistent novelist. When at the end of *The Golden Notebook*, Anna Wulf decides to take a job as a marriage counselor and to begin working for the Labour Party, and, perhaps, some day to write another novel, she is following her concept of the intellectual's function: to be a boulder pusher, that is, a teacher of the humane principles—freedom, nonviolence, for example—that a few great men have promulgated. Hence, living means pushing Sisyphean boulders up endless series of mountains —a struggle with "human stupidity." At the end of Martha's experiment in insanity, she comes to several conclusions, the most important of which she labels the "central fact," that "without knowing what I know, through Lynda, I'd not have been able to hold on." For the experience had sent her "over the edge"; she judges it finally as "not only very dangerous, but extremely inefficient." And yet, she is also telling us that, however "defective," her experiment had taught her that the mind stretched "was not all chaos, it was not just a jumble: one could make some kind of sense of all this by using one's ordinary faculties of memory, judgment, comparison, understanding. In short, one could use one's common sense here, in this uncommon area, just as one could in ordinary life." When the novel per se ends, we do not know precisely what Martha will do, though it is clear that she will not leave England with Mark

and his group. She will work where she is. From the "documents" in the 55-page Appendix to the novel, we learn that she becomes an organizer and *teacher* of people with similar extrasensory knowledge and equipment, in preparation for the destruction that comes. In the tradition of teacher still, Martha's last act before her death, sometime between 1995 and 2000, is to write a long document describing her incarceration with some seventy others on an island off the coast of Scotland, their methods of survival, the culture they establish, and most significantly, the "new" children born on the island.

Martha, we may note, ends where she begins—on an island. It is no casual happenstance. The epigraphs with which Mrs. Lessing introduces the novel's four parts chart the movement of her book: from the geography of Rachel Carson that can be read mystically to the mysticism of the East that we can see as a map of the future. A quotation from *The Edge of the Sea* describes green mangrove seedlings that drop into the water along the Florida coast to "root firmly in any muddy shoal" and eventually "create new islands," Mrs. Carson describes the ecological process as "eloquent of a continuing change now actually in progress, a change being brought about by the life processes of living things." It is obviously also a description of Mrs. Lessing's novel and her reading of human history. The novel's final epigraph (from *The Sufis, Idries Shah*) is plain enough: "What ordinary people regard as sporadic and occasional bursts of telepathic and prophetic power are seen by the Sufi as nothing less than the first stirrings of these same organs." The "new" children born on the island, of several races, can both "see" and "hear," and as Martha describes them, they "are our guardians. They guard us."

In her final volume Mrs. Lessing has given narrative form and significance to ideas that, as Martha says, others are also feeling. Readers of *The Nation* may recall a recent essay by Ronald Sampson, lecturer at Bristol University, titled "What is a University?" (May 5, 1969). Sampson describes "student unrest" as reflecting "a fundamental questioning of and dissatisfaction with the very philosophy of knowledge on which the university as an institution is ultimately based." He analyzes the "metaphysical" basis for the "cultural crisis of the West" and concludes that Western culture "rests on a false condition of human consciousness." He continues, "More and more people become aware of Blake's 'mind-forged manacles.'" It is these *manacles* that Doris Lessing's novel is ultimately concerned with. *The Four-Gated City* challenges many if not most of the central tenets of our culture: our definitions of sanity/insanity; rational/irrational: our understanding of how people learn and the purpose of knowledge: even our guesses about mutation, genetics and the future of the human race. With bittersweet optimism, Martha describes the "new" children of the future as naturally nonviolent. These ultimate children of violence "include" and "have transcended" the history of our century: "They include us in a comprehension we can't begin to imagine." Sampson's essay ends with a sentence that might stand as epigraph for all five volumes of *Children of Violence*: "A true metaphysic makes explicit the human obligation to mitigate and reduce suffering, to strengthen the unity and freedom of mankind—without violence—in a world surfeited and nauseated by violence."

Since Malcolm's Death

THREE-FIFTHS OF A MAN. *By Floyd McKissick. The Macmillan Co. 223 pp. $4.95.*

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER. *Edited with an Introduction by Robert Scheer. Random House. 211 pp. $5.95.*

DIE NIGGER DIE. *By H. Rap Brown. The Dial Press. 145 pp. $3.95.*

JAMES WEINSTEIN

Mr. Weinstein is the author of The Decline of Socialism in America, 1912-1925 *(Monthly Review Press),* The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State, 1900-1918 *(Beacon Press) and, with David W. Eakins, the forthcoming* For a New America.

In the last fifteen years of public agitation and struggle, Afro-Americans have developed three distinct, if sometimes overlapping tendencies. There are the liberals (the "Negroes" in current black parlance), the cultural nationalists (including the Muslims), and the revolutionary nationalists (led now by the Black Panther Party). Of these, the first and the last speak directly to different groups of whites with the aim of enlisting them, or allying with them, to change the American social structure: the liberals by gaining admission for blacks into the existing social order, the revolutionary nationalists by the overthrow of corporate capitalism and the establishment of a Socialist democracy. The cultural nationalists seek a solution apart from white America, which they despair of changing, and into which they disdain to integrate.

The goals of each group define the broad outlines of its politics and roughly determine the way in which it relates to whites of various groups and classes. The liberals ultimately direct their appeals to liberal corporation, trade union, religious and political leaders. They seek to win the support of those who hold power, either formally or informally. The style of the Negro liberals varies from the deferential pleading of a Whitney Young to the angry warnings of a Floyd McKissick, and from an appeal to conscience or rational interest to threats of social disruption or disaster. But the content is essentially the same: grant Negroes equality (or, at least, equal opportunity for advancement) or face continued (or accelerating) disruption and turmoil. Give some real power and resources to the responsible (liberal) leaders, or be forced to deal with the revolutionaries.

At one time, prior to the emergence of the mature Malcolm and revolutionary nationalism, Negro leaders and organizations could be classified by their degrees of militancy. All those who related purposively to whites fell within the civil rights movement: all were liberals. Beside the liberals (militant and nonmilitant) there were only the earlier nationalists, who rejected white society *in toto*. Nationalists of all kinds, both the then dominant cultural nationalists and the emerging revolutionary nationalists, were condemned by most white leftists as racist, separatist, even as allies of the Ku Klux Klan.

Since Malcolm's death all that has changed. It is clear now that militancy per se means little, that there are two distinct movements among Afro-Americans relating directly to white politics, and that these movements have their counterparts in white America. One need only read Floyd McKissick's *Three-Fifths of A Man* to be struck with how quickly and how much things have changed. For McKissick was one of the most militant leaders of one of the most militant civil rights organizations (CORE), and yet his book is strikingly archaic. Its mood is neo-boogey-boogey-boogey: it is another warning that unless comfortable white America makes room for the blacks on the basis of absolute equality there will be guerrilla warfare to the death. To be sure, McKissick is intelligent, militant and sophisticated. He fully understands the importance of black nationalism, and of its development from Garvey, through Elijah Muhammad, to Malcolm, Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown (although

he has not yet assimilated the Panthers). And he makes it clear that he believes most blacks choose not to integrate into white society, but desire their own communities, as economic equals to the whites. But how to achieve such self-determination and equality? It is there that McKissick is back with the liberals. His solution is the Constitution combined with black nationalism; it is an appeal for governmental transfer of ownership of land, business and educational facilities in the ghetto to the blacks—either as individuals or collectively.

All that is lacking, McKissick insists, is will on the part of "the American Government," since it has "the power, money and resources" to initiate such a program. To evoke that will, McKissick conjures up Che Guevara and the possibility of violent revolution. "It may still happen in the manner Che expected; in fact it is highly likely," he writes. "But," he adds hastily, "it need not be so."

Perhaps not, but it does seem a hopeless endeavor to appeal to an abstraction called "the government" to transfer substantial amounts of property and capital goods from the corporations to the black masses, when "the government" is the political incarnation of those corporations. Such a massive redistribution of wealth might take place after a prolonged and successful struggle—as a means of preventing even more drastic consequences. But what McKissick asks is clearly beyond the realm of what even the most flexible liberal men of power are prepared to consider at present.

In sharp contrast to McKissick, Eldridge Cleaver addresses himself to the mobilization of the black masses and to those whites whom he and the Panthers see as allies or potential allies in the struggle for socialism. The book, a collection of writings and speeches since the publication of *Soul on Ice*, was hastily thrown together after Cleaver's flight to escape reimprisonment. It is a very good book, one that reflects Cleaver's integrity and constant intellectual and political development, as well as the reasons for the emergence of the Black Panthers as the leading black revolutionary organization. The book is valuable, among other reasons, because it provides the reader with a sense of the development of the Panthers' political thinking. In it, Cleaver emphasizes the hostility of the Panthers to racism in any form, and stresses the earnest desire of the BPP to form alliances with white groups, such as the Peace and Freedom Party. He also writes about Ronald Reagan, Humphrey and George Wallace; but while he indicates that their politics sets the framework within which Panther politics must operate, he makes it plain that the Panthers are not in the business of pleading with, cajoling, or threatening the whites in power in order to gain concessions. Cleaver and the Panthers stand for Socialist revolution; it is for that reason that they address whites; and it is white radicals, particularly students, to whom they speak.

Die Nigger Die, in contrast to *Eldridge Cleaver*, is not a good book even though the politics of Cleaver and H. Rap Brown are similar. The book is most valuable as a partial biography of Brown, and as an example of his agitational style. Too much of it, however, is Brown honking his own horn, or else pure jive. The strongest and most compelling aspect of the book is Brown's determination to help create a culture of struggle—to flesh out Cleaver's aphorism that either you're part of the solution or you're part of the problem. Mostly the book consists of exhortations to blacks to struggle. Unfortunately those to whom it is directed will not likely read it, while those who do will not learn much.

The Arithmetic of Silence

YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING. *By Isaac Babel. Translated by Max Hayward. Edited by Nathalie Babel. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 283 pp. $5.95.*

LESLIE EPSTEIN

Mr. Epstein's fiction and essays have appeared in New American Review, Tri-Quarterly, Partisan Review *and* Yale Review. *He teaches English at Queens College.*

The recent publication in the West of the novels of Bulgakov and Solzhenitsyn, together with the endless stream of stories and poems smuggled into the hands of Italian editors, must confirm what the readers of Babel, Pasternak and Sholokhov could only assert: that the national literature of greatest merit in our times is Russian. What is astonishing about the vigor of Soviet writing, of course, is that it has been sustained under a regime whose initial impulse has always been to hound recalcitrant talent to death. The paradox can be explained any number of ways. The revolution opened an immense gap between what was promised and what was achieved, not altogether unlike that dislocation of desire and fulfillment that is the stimulus to the creative process itself. Moreover, despite or because of that revolution, Russia has remained a 19th-century country, full of horses and onions and 19th-century arts. McLuhan applies here much less than he does throughout the rest of Europe, which is to say that the Russian people are among the few who have not discovered the irrelevancy of reading and words. Apart from the global village, they have been spared much that is debilitating in the international style. But the most crucial factor in the stubborn excellence of Soviet writing has been the attempt to suppress it. In our era the censor, the commissar, the goon represent a species of restriction which, in the absence of all other formal limitations, may actually do more to preserve an art than destroy it. There should be no need to say that I do not recommend repression in the arts any more than I would, say, anti-Semitism in religion. It is just that, in certain circumstances, and on balance, the effect of such policies is far from what was intended. Hence Russia is the last land with a great national literature, and, despite its repeated forays into anti-Semitism, the only nation where the Jewishness of its Jews is still preserved.

Which brings us directly to Isaac Babel, about whom the question must be not only how did he write so well but why did he write so little? Babel always answered this question with studied irony and deliberate camouflage:

> *Q.* Readers are puzzled by your more than lengthy silence.
>
> *A.* It puzzles me too, so in this respect there's not much difference between us. To tell the honest truth, I am simply not very well equipped to do this job, and I wouldn't do it if I felt in a better position to do something else. But this is the only job that, with a great deal of effort, I can do more or less decently. That's the first thing. In the second place, I have a well-developed critical sense. In the third place, we live in stormy, revolutionary times and I am among those people who are not so concerned with the word "what." . . . By temperament I am always interested in the how and why. These questions need careful thought and study, and you have to approach the business of writing with great honesty in order to answer them in literary form. That's how I explain [my silence] to myself.

Virtually every critic I know has seized upon the ambiguity of such remarks to turn Babel's silence into a case study of the conflict between artist and state. As his daughter remarks, quite typically, in her preface to *You Must Know Everything*: "His style [did not] improve according to the Leninist-Stalinist theories of literature. Instead, Babel chose silence rather than compromise—he wrote for himself." To a certain extent—Babel

was, after all, murdered by Stalin—such judgments are accurate. But the chief virtue of this book is that, quite by accident, and largely in the appendices, it forces us to realize that the causes of Babel's silence lay not so much in the demands of the state as in the exigencies of his own art.

These appendices—the last third of the book—consist of an interview with Babel and four brief reminiscences of him by colleagues and friends, most prominently Ilya Ehrenburg and Georgy Munblit. In these pages, certainly, we hear much about terror, panic, torture, loneliness, hiding, pursuit, but is is not the tyranny of Stalin to which these words refer but the torment of writing:

> You have to have strong fingers and whipcord nerves to be able to rip out of your drab prose, until it bleeds, those bits you happen to like most but which are needed least. It's like self-inflicted torture. Why did I get into this hellish writing business? I just don't understand it. I could have gone into agricultural machinery, like my father.

[The same sense of obsessive devotion to his craft emerges from the portrait of Babel in Konstantin Paustovsky's "Isaac Babel Talks About Writing," *The Nation*, March 31.]

The main reason Babel wrote so little, stopped altogether, is that silence was always intrinsic to his method of creation and at last simply overwhelmed it. He would sit for days on end, squeezing out a half a page, a quarter of a page, and then tearing it up. One story, "Lyubka the Cossack," was rewritten twenty-six times. A lifetime was spent in search of the perfect period, the full stop, in paring away as much descriptive material as possible. "If ever I write my autobiography," he tells his interviewer, "I'll call it *The Story of an Adjective*." At one point he even speaks of words as a kind of disease, an infestation of parasites:

> It's wrong to think that talent for writing is a matter of being able to rhyme or think up abstruse, startling epithets and metaphors. That used to be my trouble, and I still have to squash these metaphors in what I write, just as some not very clean people squash the vermin they find on themselves.

In a sense, Babel was the greatest editor who ever lived. And in that capacity he even refused to call his own work writing.

> Babel always spoke with contempt about wordiness. Any unnecessary word in a piece of prose made him feel outright physical disgust. He crossed out unneeded words with such fury that his pencil tore the paper. He hardly ever said "I am writing," but rather, "I am composing."

A NOTE TO MORNING

No one knows when beaches began
mouthing the sea,
their surface the smooth, wet
inside of lips.

In low tide
docks ride high on the sand
and dogs are careful.
The morning fog
brings strange birds to pick
where kelp tried to follow the water.

The beach is naked then
(naked as my trail here
I meant to say,
but that's half a lie)
When the moon's lode
rocks the sea to madness,
it can toss docks high as birds
and vomit dogs like spittle.

There was no death when beaches began,
only the quiet dying.

TERRY MOSER

The sum of such reduction must be zero, and the portrait of such an artist must inevitably resemble that which Munblit paints from memory: Babel sitting firmly upon a battered trunk, inside of which his manuscripts moldered, safe from "prying eyes," brought out "only to correct a line or a word, after which the yellowing pages were put back, doomed to lie there undisturbed for many long months, if not years, to come."

Babel made at least one attempt to escape the agony of this arithmetic. "One should write novels," he told Munblit with a kind of bitter facetiousness, "long novels in installments, and turn them out quickly, easily and efficiently." "The Jewess," the longest story in this book (at 15 pages the longest Babel ever wrote), is his attempt to follow that advice. It is a disaster, a weary saga full of padding and cluttered with details, redolent with sentimentality ("I must keep something from sixty years of my life besides the ashes in my heart and the tears"), wholly dependent upon redundant abstractions ("Boris held passionately, even morbidly, to the *spirit of comradeship* and *the honor of the group*. It was perhaps because his people had for so long been denied one of the *finest of human feelings*—that of *comradeship in the field* of battle—that Boris felt such a *hunger for friendship*, a need to defend comrades and *display loyalty* to them"), and devoid of the irony, the compression, the irrationality, the *weirdness* of Babel at his best. Nathalie Babel, who does not understand her father's work, remarks that with "The Jewess" Babel "finally achieves the 'objectivity' for which he had always striven," and goes on to ask, "Why did Babel leave 'The Jewess' unfinished? Why did he abandon a work that shows such mastery of craft, originality of conception, and a development toward a different view of the world?" Babel gives the answer—though it is obvious enough from the story itself—in the interview at the back of the book.

> Let me tell you a secret. I have wasted several years trying, with due regard to my own tastes, to write lengthily, with a lot of detail and philosophy—striving for the sort of truth I have been talking about. It didn't work out with me.

The ellipses at the end of "The Jewess," the three dots, the years that came to stand between all Babel's work, do not, then, represent a response to pressure from without, the state, the revolution, but are a sign that Babel realized he was doomed, as he put it, to five minutes of reality at a time—or four, or three, and finally nothing.

Most of the twenty-five stories in this book, with two or three exceptions, are quite worthless—scraps from a diary, youthful sketches that were later transformed into more complex and successful works, exercises in translation and editing, false starts and abandoned manuscripts, straightforward journalism full of unlikely moralizing, experiments that went awry, and now and then simply a bad story that Babel himself discarded and hoped never to see again. To impose such things upon a writer, an *artist*, as excruciatingly self-conscious and selective as Babel is very nearly a criminal act. (So was publishing his entirely unedifying letters in *The Lonely Years*, another effort of Miss Babel's.) But there *are* the exceptions—the story "Sunset," for example, in which Benya Krik, soon to be the king in the wonderful Odessa series, plots to kill his father and take over the business. There are no tears and ashes in the heart of Benya's mother; instead, she confronts her family and rolls on the ground:

> "Mendel Krik and my sons, my bastards. What have you done to me, my bastards, what have you done with the hair on my head, what have you done with my poor old body, where are they, my teeth? Where is my youth?"
>
> The old woman howled, tried to tear her nightshirt from her back, and, getting to her feet, began to turn round and round on the spot, like a dog trying to bite its tail. She scratched her sons' faces, kissed them, and dug her nails into their cheeks.

And there is the heretofore unpublished title story, "You Must Know

Everything," the first Babel wrote. In it, a young Jewish schoolboy walks through the familiar streets of Odessa, remembering how he once looked in through the window of a girdle and corset shop. He arrives at his grandmother's apartment and has a wonderful traditional meal. Then—after a full day at school—he forces himself to study some more, after which he reads a few pages in Turgenev's "First Love" and becomes upset by a scene in which one of the characters is struck by a riding crop. Then, while the room grows progressively hotter and stuffier, he endures two more lessons, in music and Hebrew. It is night by the time they are over and in a neighboring apartment a woman starts to sing, "Why do I love you so much?" To the accompaniment of tea and the breathing of the old dog, Mimi, the boy's grandmother tells him grotesque stories of God's solicitude for Jews:

> "Go in peace," the rabbi said to him. "The government inspector will quiet down." The Jew went home. He found the inspector on the doorstep of his inn. He was lying there dead, with his belly all purple and swollen up.
>
> Grandmother fell silent. The samovar hummed away. The neighbor was still singing. Everything was covered with blinding moonlight. Mimi began to wag her tail—she was hungry.

Nothing further happens, except that the old woman falls to thinking of her dead husband and suddenly declares:

> Study! . . . Study and you will have everything—wealth and fame! You must know *everything*. The whole world will fall at your feet and grovel before you. Everybody must envy you. Do not trust people. Do not have friends. Do not lend them money. Do not give them your heart!

The maid breaks a saucer, the grandmother rages at her and dismisses her, and she and her grandson eat a late evening supper without exchanging a word.

This is yet another silence that works its way through Babel's writing, a profound stillness in which all the parts of the universe—a samovar, a song, moonlight, the slap of a hungry dog's tail—discover one another and, despite the greatest disorder and madness (a corset and girdle, the sting of a whip, senile temper, a swollen purple belly, bullets, finally, pumped into cavalrymen's brains) stay clinging, hushed.

Architecture in Mexico

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect teaching at Cambridge University, and is architecture critic of the New Statesman. *He is the author of* Lost New York *and is working on a new book with a Guggenheim Fellowship.*

I went to Mexico to see some modern architecture and to look at the sites of the pre-Spanish cultures. I also had the hope of generally sizing up a visual culture still pretty much national and in focus, unwhirled by the Laundromat of industrialization and urban predominance. When I lived in New York, Mexico wasn't for Europe-oriented me. It was the place where fancy friends would go for long weekends and short vacations in early spring. At the other end of a cheap flight was a country where you could get at half-price the goods available at Fred Leighton's in the Village: tin candelabra, clunky silver bracelets, goblets that looked as though they were blown from melted-down dirty Coca-Cola bottles. I thought Mexicans were gold-toothed hotheads like that bandit in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, or drunk, or lazy, or callous like *Los Olvidados*. That was before I saw it, and only some of it turned out to be right.

From England, Mexico seems to be neither the nearby source for craftsy bargains nor an extended Hollywood back lot. It looms in the imagination as the most exotic country in the world for myth seekers ready to generalize from appearances, and if T. E. Lawrence had other favorites, there were D. H. and Malcolm Lowry. I'm not sure which remote regions suck at the imaginations of other Europeans, though the French at least appear to find affinities in South America: Brazil and Peru. Mexico—locally it's a serious *gaffe* to classify it otherwise—is in North America (sometimes "Mesoamerica" to archaeologists), just beyond the frontiers of the English language, a colony *manqué* in English affections, starting at Sonora.

Certainly this applies to Mexico City, as North American a place (visually) as there could be. The tall buildings in the center of the vast urban area look like those on Manhattan's West Side, and some of the suburbs, like the Pedregal Gardens district, match Beverly Hills wealth for wealth, and folly for architectural folly. Except that in Mexico the stupefying exhibition of idiosyncratic personal pelf is modified by the walled enclosures of Spanish tradition. The characteristic element to be seen in Pedregal Gardens is the wall. Even where materials garishly change every 100 feet, these walls produce altogether a well-mannered public exterior lining the streets and also contribute to a suburban concentration possible only through enclosed privacy. The display of wealth being paraded in suburbs like this came to me as a shock, but one learns that Mexico is among the ten or dozen richest countries in the world, another thing making it more like the United States and Europe than like its southern neighbors.

Even after the building boom encouraged by the 1968 Olympics, the hotel situation remains tough in Mexico City during the big tourist months of February and March, though it is hard to believe this is true when you look around at the quinity of super-luxury hotels. The city remains better equipped for Grand Tourism than for mass tourism. The airport tips you off when you arrive—it is an overworked terminal dating from a less crowded past, now becoming dirty and souvenir-crazy. What the Olympics has mainly led to in the way of public improvement is what Expos and other such affairs usually contribute: a few sleek highways out to the activity's site, an impetus for posh new transient accommodation, a city "beautification" program, and a collection of leftover buildings to be adapted afterward. Now Mexico at least has some useful stadiums, with an attractive one just across from the university. The "Olympic village" has been converted to public housing. The excellent Olympics graphics remain on view all over the place.

A noteworthy national resource exploited for a change during the Olympics was the virtuoso ability of Luis



WORDS OUT OF DARKNESS

(for Nelly Sachs—Nobel Prize Recipient, 1966)

When the packed cattle cars
stank into Belsen and Dachau,
she fled to Sweden with

nothing left but language.
All the children whose hair
would never again need

to be brushed, all the men
whose tongues had licked up
latrine flies,

all the women whose wombs
had been filled with experiment
never left her thought.

The flesh of prophets
tore on the barbed wire
fences; wings of angels

were gnawed by hungry rats.
Solomon kept a journal in the attic
of Anne Frank.

Distance is more terrible than
presence. Horror the mind envisions
copulates with sleeplessness.

In Sweden Yahweh burned like snow.

SISTER MAURA

TATTOO

(for Leonard Quirino)

I had forgotten
the butterfly
that lights up
your skin,
spread out in
a bright stain
of wings.

"It's my soul," you said,
and I believe it.
Now
it is obvious.
But you knew first
and had to remind me.

The soul,
a brave little carnival
right there
on your arm.

NANCY SULLIVAN

SEA HORSES

The mottled swimming hordes,
Profiles and lidless eyes,
Circle aquarium walls,
As though mere fin and tail
Defined all motion.

Only the sea horse, perpendicular,
Erects his Gothic stance,
Turns in a slow periphery
His claim for starkness,
The acid edge of cliff and crag.

FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

TO RIPEN

(Translated from the French by Anthony Rudolf)

The sky pulls me too hard
out of here

I wander
through the street of the earth
which sweats and shines

its tyranny

fruit

the sparks from the cold and heavy page

the wind will not allow me to die

ANDRE DU BOUCHET

GOOSE ISLAND

A napkin tumbles through a bed
of dried-up daisys like a yellow ghost
or a summer poem, bouncing
from briar to bittersweet to birch.
Given enough time, the wind takes everything,
drives it into the marsh where papers hang
like flags from grass and scrubby trees.
They'll be captured in the spring by
park attendants, if their schedule
and the truck allow them that mobility.
Hosed and on their backs, the picnic tables
rest like cross-kneed, stiff green beasts,
tickled to death or into hibernation by the leaves.

Here, we don't need an Ishmael to drive us waterward,
we drift like a slow herd outflanked by wind,
as if in search of what all these tossed containers once contained,
until the whole family is stopped at the slough's edge,
left with skim ice, the waterbirds, or what beavers
salvage from the state to live within.

Like scouts grown keen-eyed in the autumn light,
we shout to flush our food from sanctuary,
and as three white forms thrash their wings to rise,
feel our slow natures taken by their need.

JOHN JUDSON

Barragán, whom I have come to regard as Mexico's finest architect. For most of his long life he has been a cranky loner: a designer for a few of the rich or a consultant to other architects on gardens, walled courts or fountains—these being Barragán specialties (Louis Kahn got him to design the central terrace for Kahn's Salk Institute in La Jolla). The sparsity of Barragán's work is partly explained by his preference for connoisseur clients, which is a pardonable outcome of the social role of architects in Mexico. (They enjoy the high professional standing of MDs in the United States and lawyers in Spain. The University of Mexico architecture school is colossal, to train thousands, though only a small proportion ever practices. For most, architectural degrees are top credentials in society, politics, business or scholarship.)

Barragán was one of the architects who worked on the sprawling, usually overpraised university campus, but some of his most characteristic designs were for the French Riding School in the Las Arboledas suburb several years ago, and his recent project for the nearby stables and house of Mr. and Mrs. Folke Egerstrom. The Riding School is a big landscape with details—a series of walls, fenced enclosures, watering troughs, fountains and pools, all around and through an immense double avenue of eucalyptus trees. Something as simple as a mounting block becomes an elegant marker along the heroically scaled riding trail, though materials still remain simple.

Barragán's design kit is made up of log sections, stucco walls painted pink, vermilion and yellow, and concrete slabs poised over sheer wall planes. Water often bubbles or pours over the walls in sheets, or lies in vast dark rectangular pools. It's all on the scale of the horse, to be seen from 10 feet up and at a canter. The Egerstrom *rancho* began a few years ago with one of the neatest stables anywhere, beautifully detailed box stalls in a long building covered by a low sloping roof. The stable wing also makes a covered entrance to the compound where horses exercise within an enclosure surrounded by a looming pink wall, an orange one, and a great flat pool fed by water pumped through one of the walls. Dark thoroughbreds look even more marvelous as they are walked around the courtyard. The house with swimming pool continues beyond with the shameless *haut bourgeois* values that Barragán doesn't mind laying on as thick as he wants. But his design is a perfect response to the climate, the culture and the environment, as well as to the money.

Las Arboledas is near Pedregal Gardens. The whole suburban district bears Barragán's marks, because he once started to plan the subdivision of land in detail. As it is, the garden he built for himself remains (though he now lives elsewhere): great black lava boulders in concrete terraces with wild vegetation (magnificent lines of branches) growing out of them, all played against the delicacy of a white, thin-membered tall iron fence. The highway from the center of town branches off to Pedregal with an interchange the old man designed, and using the simplest means—boulders set in the concrete shoulders like nougat candy, crisp earth forms—it is breathtakingly better than the other highway exits.

Back closer to the city, Barragán, before the Olympics, was consultant for some monuments on traffic islands. The one on the Pedregal Gardens road is a set of towering concrete prisms of various heights, painted orange or yellow like a magic city along the nebulous highway. Small plots in Pedregal Gardens (no more than about a third of an acre each) were made by Barragán into great rectangular basins of water with sluices gushing down into them from brightly painted planar slabs of concrete above. For public works, each of these projects is really very modest in size and cost, yet they have in common a surprising visual importance that comes from using natural elements such as the native stone (*pedregal* means lava), and elementary geometrical forms in contrasting juxtaposition to one another. This suggests a scale larger than life size. Man-made surfaces are often simplified, denatured, with stucco or paint or both, and the colors—characteristically Mexican of course—make a finish which is effective and cheap (though the paint jobs to be seen now, mostly ten years after completion, need to be renewed). One simple wall in Las Arboledas at a street intersection, about 10 feet high and 100 yards long, breaks only once, vertically, as it drops out of sight over the hill. The uniformity of the stucco finish gives it an incredible kind of minimal art presence (but it's not a trendy conception, this was designed years ago).

In these days the personal style of Luis Barragán can be seen more easily than formerly because it is everywhere at the new Camino Real Hotel near the center of Mexico City, though how much of the Barragánesque was the result of a fee-paying consultation and how much was a faithful imitation by disciples is, as usual with him, unclear. The hotel's architect of record is Ricardo Legorreta, interiors were by Knoll International; Luis Barragán is listed as consultant for "landscaping and art." Still, considering Legorreta's other hotel work (the nearby Alameda) and what I know of Knoll's facile stylistic adaptability, I think Barragán deserves credit for the spirit of the place. Our stay at the Camino Real was fortuitous, since the room shortage meant we had to book at a place much more expensive than we had planned. Though the guest rooms had been rushed to completion for the Olympics, some of the ten different restaurants and night clubs were still being decorated. Completely finished or not, it was about the best commercial hotel we'd seen, though the old designation "commercial" may not mean much any more since many rooms run about $35 a day for a double, and a lot of recreation facilities in the open spaces of the courtyard plan make it more of a resort hotel. The furnishing and decoration of rooms and passageways is expensive and good but the public spaces—lobbies and courtyards—are what show the Barragán hand. The hotel main entrance is an opening in a perforated street wall. Inside, cars turn round a large pentagonal courtyard paved with white stone. A fountain in the middle sprays a column of mist by day; for contrast at night there isn't a pillar of fire but a watery difference: wave action like the ocean, surging noisily in the fountain's hemispherical marble bowl.

One side of this crisp space marked by white light and the sound of water is a glass wall, with the relatively dark lobby behind. The side you enter is not a side at all: it's an open slot, or rather an open room without a front wall. A bright green carpet that must be a quarter of an acre in area runs right down to the curb where the limousines stop. Above is a concrete slab roof the same size as the carpet, without a column or

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a beam for support over the vast two-way span—just that flat plane of concrete. A line of square concrete stumps is the only "furniture," holding lights for the back wall; this enclosed croquet field of carpet is where bags get set down and guests gather to embark on tours. Beyond come the real doors to the real lobby, a two-story space with another vast ceiling unbroken by structure. Then the public spaces go on and on up giant staircases, around corners, through courtyards and past interior shops. This is the Camino Real's sprawling "royal road" and its terms of invention are those of the public areas in Pedregal Gardens: plaster finishes painted solid bright colors on top of homely building materials; impressive contrasts of space; ingenious expansions of apparent size. The courtyard gardens have groves of huge transplanted trees in them. When large trees are transplanted some branches must be cut to allow for the loss of roots that have to be left behind. Normally this is done by thinning, with careful tree surgery designed to make the trees look the same as in nature; but Barragán's gardens seem always to be explicit about nature in the service of man. His branches are lopped straight across, and the trees become personal sculptures.

Despite all his fancy clients and rich man's aesthetics, the influence of Barragán will probably become more and more valuable to Mexico as it somewhat accidentally bleeds into the culture at large. Of more direct sociological importance—or anyway, of more obvious and accessible public significance—is Mexico City's building of the National Museum of Anthropology, completed in 1964. I was keen to see the museum itself as well as the collections, because the architecture had been praised highly. However, the praise had largely come from laymen.

To start to understand the museum's unsubtle display of richness and opulence, let alone its scale (44,000 square meters indoors; 35,700 square meters outdoors—besides car parking and gardens), you must contemplate Mexico's "heritage," as guidebooks say. Archaeologists have unearthed native Mexico back to the earliest farming societies. There used to be scores of cultures, changing slowly and mostly independently of one another; there were dozens of languages. An incredible profusion of artifacts has been uncovered, mostly only since 1865, and despite gross looting and exporting, the archaeological riches have hardly been scratched. A systematic program of investigation since 1938 suggests that there are at least 13,000 mappable settlement sites perhaps worth a look, so the discoveries, vast as they are, will become vaster. Faced with all this, the government had didactic reasons for placing materials from early cultures on display, beyond the usual scholarly and artistic ones. It was a matter of public social education. Many Mexicans are still Indians literally—for example the Mayan language, incredibly, lives on in Merida, capital of Yucatan; there are also calendar seers who still interpret for interested parties the 260-day count of the ancient Calendar Round. So a big objective was, as the mangled English of the handout on the Anthropological Museum puts it, "to make studies and urgent acquisitions in virtue that the progress of the country, drives more and more the native groups to a fundamental change in his original characteristics of life."

If those words mean what I think, the extravagance—indeed, the vulgarity—of the museum may be justified at least according to the narrow requirements of public propaganda. The museum is undoubtedly intended to be a means of flattering provincials and making them proud to join up with the rest of the Mexican Great Society. Attendance records do suggest that this is happening, so, as with the thick surface of "culture" literally laid onto the exteriors of buildings at the University of Mexico, maybe the trustees know best. Certainly the basic decision at the National Museum of Anthropology, the one that kept it from being a mere art museum with a lot of dubious, patronizing and changing aesthetic distinctions to be drawn from the contents, was correct—the displays are anthropological, which is to say scientific, and things are classified rather than ranked or rated. I wish New York did the same with the collections there of "pre-Columbian art."

The trouble at the Mexico museum comes from the fact that it's always folly to play up some old culture with a supposedly sympathetic modern architectural counterpart. Here not only does this swamp the museum's priceless artifacts in a tacky environment whose intention is all too well-meaning and obvious; but the look-alike forms and materials even confuse objects with their backgrounds in display spaces that are necessarily crowded to begin with. The result is that the displays are very bad because the architecture tried to make objects more wonderful than they already are. The exhibits conflict, upstage one another, and are horribly lit. A big outdoor courtyard serves as a convenient area of circulation dispersal for the various sections of the museum, but even this unprepossessing idea is ruined with a mind-boggling piece of structural exhibitionism—a vast canopy supported by a single column, which spouts water *and* is covered with bronze reliefs.

The Mexican countryside, with its volcanoes, deserts, strange foothills and dense jungles, is all but unbelievable, and as we drove through it circumstances were always reminding us that we weren't to believe our eyes—kids holding up snared iguanas by their tails for sale along the roadside, small ruined chapels with tall fronts cut out as if by cannon balls for vanished bells, easily recognizable marijuana plants growing wild everywhere. It is clear from appearances that the 1910-36 revolution was fought between the forces of Coca-Cola and the armies of Pepsi-Cola. Whole villages and towns still declare allegiance to one or the other. Sometimes one leaves a Pepsi village to read "Coca-Cola" painted in large letters on the guerrilla-occupied hill just opposite. Presumably the war goes on, with 7-Up an anarchist faction having a toehold here and there.

We stayed mostly at cheap hotels, we mostly ate at wonderful ones like the Hacienda Vista Hermosa between Mexico City and Taxco, and resolved to return to stay. Then we attempted thorough coverage of southern Mexico in a limited number of days. As a result we discovered that we had elected to fly in planes of a sort that made even my disgust with BOAC and hatred of TWA take a back seat (as it were) to the by now almost *recherché* emotional perils of twin-engine flying on obscure internal carriers. One day some Ralph Nader of the airlines will expose the hazards of the equipment being used on Mexican hops, and when that happens tourists will be forced to return to the ground, to the savannas and the forests. We flew over them instead to get to Oaxaca and Merida, in order to see those cities, and also the ruins of Monte Albán, Mitla, Chichen Itzá and Uxmal. We had motored earlier to the pyramids of Teotihuacán from Mexico City, and we never visited Palenque at all, since it lies some distance from Merida and is most easily accessible only by short-runway plane.

One soon gets a feeling for archaeological sites. We regretted missing Palenque later when tourists with better tans than ours reported about it. As a Mayan settlement it isn't supposed to be as good as Chichen Itzá or Uxmal, but those two are in flat savanna country (Chichen Itzá in a well-manicured park), while Palenque emerges peeping from the thick undergrowth, allegedly a thrilling sight. This probably exposes the Grand Tour mentality we all shared on those juddering planes: not how excellent (beautiful, etc.) was this place, but how wildly ruined? How remote? It explains also, perhaps, the real nature of the popularity of Angkor Wat and the hot tourism to Machu Picchu, which is a third-rate Inca settlement but a marvel of the picturesque. To state my opinions in these superficial terms, I came to admire Uxmal and Teotihuacán for their

architecture, and Chichen Itzá for its extent.

Besides their looks, two things impressed me about Mesoamerican settlements. One was that, unlike the Incas, the main Mexican cultures did develop written languages; this gives *norteamericanos* a leg up on the score for attributes of civilization. On the other hand the Maya, at least, never developed true cities; those so called are apparently loosely called—they were elite centers, rather, with their native populations scattered far into the hinterland. A leg down on the Maya civilization for not building cities, unless perhaps they should be credited instead with a very advanced Los Angeles-type urban structure. My main sources of information on the whole Mexican trip were a pair of the best general introductory books I have read, and the best guidebook I have used: *Mexico* and *The Maya* by Yale anthropologist Michael D. Coe (Praeger, $3.45 each) and *Terry's Guide to Mexico* by James Norman (Doubleday, $5.95). These proved to be thorough, scholarly and truly entertaining handbooks in their respective areas of competence. I only regret they didn't satisfy the dark suspicions we had that the extensive restorations the Mexican Government is now carrying out on the most popular archaeological sites are neither scientific reconstructions, nor show even sensitively intuitive guesswork about the original appearance of structures, the locations of steles, and so on. The archaeologists should have the support of people accustomed to using their eyes, and with a notion of how buildings are sited and made.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Arnold Schoenberg's visionary opera, *Moses und Aron*, is at once a statement about religion, politics and art, with the incompatability between Moses, prophet of an inconceivable, indescribable idea of God, and Aron, who interprets—and thereby distorts—that idea for the people of Israel, symbolically operative on at least these three levels. The musical embodiment of the Moses-Aron dichotomy begins with a basic textural concept—Moses as a low speaking voice, Aron a high singing voice—and continues down into the work's deepest structural levels. Basically a Wagnerian dramatic conception (the similarities to *Meistersinger*, also an opera about artistic communication, include a degree of parallelism between the first two acts that emphasizes the Hegelian thesis-anti-thesis structure), it is nevertheless set forth in some of the most original, imaginative and forceful music that Schoenberg ever composed. The writing for multiple choruses, both speaking and singing, still sounds original today; that it was composed in 1932 is remarkable.

In the nearly two decades that remained of his life, Schoenberg never succeeded in composing the music for his third-act libretto. In 1950, apropos a projected performance in Florence, he suggested that the third act (presenting the synthesis of the conflict) might be performed as spoken dialogue, or it might be omitted entirely. Since the 1954 concert performance in Hamburg (recorded on Columbia K4L-241), the opera has received five stage productions, of which those in Zurich, London and Boston chose for the two-act form. Scherchen's Berlin version and the 1968 Düsseldorf staging (which I heard in June at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino) used the spoken version—but with musical accompaniment: in Berlin, a reprise of the opera's opening scene minus the solo parts; in Düsseldorf, Schoenberg's 1945 *Genesis Prelude* for orchestra and wordless chorus (I understand that the third act has been dropped from recent Berlin performances).

Obviously, there is reluctance to present the scene without any music at all; after what has preceded, the results would almost certainly be anticlimactic. However, the Berlin and Düsseldorf "completions" introduce serious musical problems, for what one hears from the orchestra pit is far from the synthesis implied by the words spoken on stage. The *Genesis Prelude*, in particular, is a complete irrelevancy; however superficially similar the musical idiom, a five-minute piece will not function effectively, in terms of musical time scale, as the conclusion to a two-hour opera. In practice, the second act finale has been generally accepted as presenting a satisfying and moving conclusion, rounding off the first two phases of the opera's dialectic and representing the conflict's fundamental insolubility. Unlike Berg's *Lulu*, there is not enough material extant on which to base any legitimate musical "completion" of the opera, and there is reason to believe that Schoenberg would have regarded his failure to complete the work as fated (he was a superstitious man) and would have preferred to be judged by the work as it stood.

With this said, there can be little but praise for the musical accomplishments of Günther Wich's Düsseldorf ensemble, which performed the work with the sort of security and familiarity that one expects to encounter in a standard repertory opera. It was as good a performance of the opera as any I have heard, as remarkable an achievement in its musical way as Sarah Caldwell's Boston production was on the visual side, demonstrating once and for all that the opera is effectively performable by a competent opera company. (The Deutsche Opera am Rhein serves both Düsseldorf and Duisburg, cities with a combined population less than that of Cleveland; there is a moral here, which I will leave for our cultural managers to deduce.)

Unfortunately, not as much can be said for the visual production, which returned to the kind of abstraction characteristic of the Zurich performances, eschewing the trend toward literal interpretation of Schoenberg's explicit (and explicitly composed out) stage directions for the *Dance Around the Golden Calf* evident in the London and Boston stagings. That the opera can make such an impression even when so statically presented—for the repetitive group gymnastics of the Düsseldorf ballet were nothing if not static in effect—speaks well for its dramatic power.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Since *Easy Rider* is the film that is said finally to separate the men from the boys—at a time when the generation gap has placed a stigma on being a man—I want to point out that those who make heroes of Wyatt and Billy (played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper) have a reasonably acrid dose to swallow at the start of the picture. Wyatt and Billy (names borrowed from the fumigated memory of the two outlaws of the Old West) make the bankroll on which they hope to

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live a life of easy-riding freedom by smuggling a considerable quantity of heroin across from Mexico and selling it to a nutty looking addict in a goon-chauffered Rolls Royce. Pulling off one big job and thereafter living in virtuous indolence is a fairly common dream of criminals, and dope peddling is a particularly unappetizing way of doing it. Is it thought O.K. on the other side of the gap, to buy freedom at that price? If so, grooving youth has a wealth of conscience to spend.

Clearly the makers of the film think it O.K., and they are Fonda, Hopper and Terry Southern, the very knowing, if no longer very young, trio who in various combinations wrote, directed and produced. Wyatt and Billy are presented as attractive and enviable; gentle, courteous, peaceable, sliding through the heroic Western landscape on their luxurious touring motorcycles (with the swag hidden in one of the gas tanks). It is true that they come to a bloody end, gunned down by a couple of Southern rednecks for their long hair. But it is not retribution; indeed, they might have passed safely if the cretins in the pickup truck had realized that they were big traders on holiday.

And another question I would like to shout across the gap is why, if these two are so freely doing their thing, they are so morose about it. They seem crushed speechless by melancholy, and though I understand that taciturnity is the preferred style—each initiate being absorbed in his private secretions—I noticed that Wyatt and Billy came at least wanly to life when they picked up a rebellious and alcoholic young lawyer in a crossroads town (Jack Nicholson). His imagination, wit, curiosity and love of life seem effervescent (and he is only the rich-boy drunk of a very small town) by contrast with the flat impassivity of the others.

It is true that every night over their campfire Wyatt and Billy smoke pot, achieving thus a sudden irrational loquacity, accompanied by inane giggles. They pity friend George for his addiction to booze. But, so the script goes by these knowing men, when George is sober he is wide awake; when the other two are not high they are merely low, if indeed not half asleep. It may only be coincidence, and marijuana may yet be recognized as the cure for what ails us all, but the demeanor of Wyatt and Billy does not seem to prove the point.

I should say something of the picture. It is a beautiful evocation of America as a ribbon of road through magic lands. The scene unreels like a silky, hypnotic dream, because the odd effect of the strident rock and roll that blares from the sound track is to make the action seem wrapped in eerie silence. And the two men look like fair warning, outriders of apocalypse, as they glide past in their schizoid costumes (one dresses to hide oneself in fantasy) on their indolently powerful mantis-like bikes.

There is a beautifully sustained episode of suspended animation at a hippie commune, where again the air is gentled by pot, all human relationships seem easy and entertainers of abysmal incompetence absorb the benevolence of the chemically pleased. The tragedy is that these young have escaped from something genuinely destructive into something that is only an illusion of new birth. Americans are forever bruising themselves on utopia; now it is the turn of the flower children.

Once it reaches its destination, New Orleans, the picture falters, losing its momentum in a sequence of innocent larking with a pair of girls from the town's finest bordello that suggests the film makers know more about motorcycle vagrancy than they do about the customs and manners of prostitution. There is also another of those strobe-and-free-association passages that attempt to approximate the subjective effects of LSD and succeed only in producing headaches.

And then follows quickly the concluding outburst of hate, really a repetition, since drunken George had died earlier in an encounter with the locals. The hate is that of Fonda, Hopper and Southern: they hate the element in American life that tries to destroy anyone who fails to conform, who demands to ride free. And it is quite right that they should. But Wyatt and Billy are more rigidly conformist, their life more narrowly obsessive than that of any broker's clerk on the nine to five. The ads say they went looking for America and never found it, but what they really went looking for was freedom, and of course they never found it. Which is what *Easy Rider* seems to mean on my side of the generation gap. But I would rather know what it means to those on the other side, who stand in block-long lines all day and all night to see Wyatt and Billy, those cosmetic derivations from American myth.

It was hard to get a grip on *Putney Swope* until it occurred to me that Robert Downey, its author and director, is an admiring student of the Marx Brothers. The film is a compilation of visual and verbal gags, strung together for the purposes of lampooning entrenched respectability, flouting convention, upending pomposity and thus providing merriment. Situations and characters are introduced, less because they augment the story than because they are thought to be intrinsically funny (which they may or may not be, as the humor strikes you). There is no reason why a minor character should contribute a jabberwocky monologue while seated on the toilet, and there is no reason why the President of the United States should be presented as a midget (on second thought, though the President is scarcely necessary to the film, his stature may be relevant). This willingness to interrupt the show for what look like ad lib inventions—and the tendency to repeat a device that seems to work—produces some bumps in the general bounciness, but the pace is so fast that one rarely suffers much from loss of momentum.

All that is standard comment for the Marx Brothers, and beyond it Arnold Johnson, who plays the title role, has the voice, an approximation of the lope and very much the lethal dead pan of Groucho. Johnson is black, whereas the Marxes were Jewish, but even so the parallel holds—the outsider gets his kicks by preying on the relatively slow metabolism of the ruling squares.

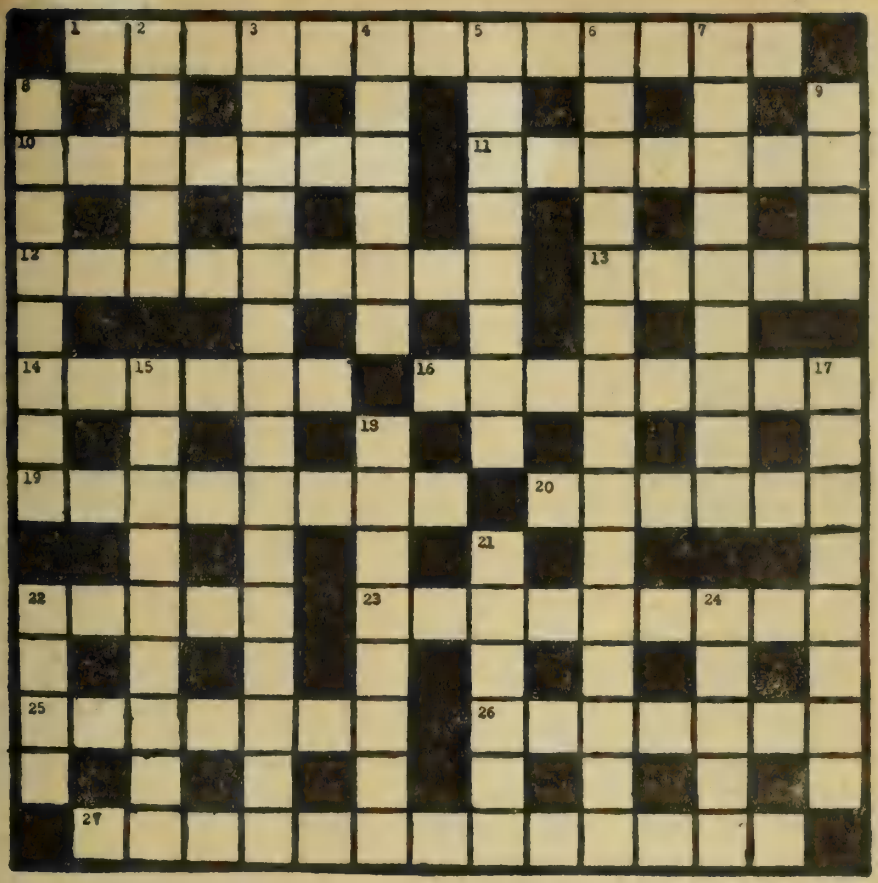
What is not at all the same, of course, is the times, which is why it took me a while to realize that I was watching a legitimate descendent of *The Coconuts* and *Horsefeathers*. The Marx Brothers flourished when the bases of American society were assumed to be so sound that its chicaneries and foibles were fair game for burlesque. Their stock in trade was peccadilloes. Johnson's Swope is dealing with the degeneration of affluence into commercial whoring and with the militant racial confrontation. You expect a movie on such themes to proclaim the word—and the basic joke of *Putney Swope*, perhaps, is that it does not.

What it does instead is brandish the slapstick with an evenhanded disregard for color. Swope is pretty well free of pigmented bias because he has pretty well given up on the whole human race. He takes over a moribund advertising agency, rededicates it to truth and soul, hires brothers in eccentric garb to work for him (his own garb fits his moods, which are always violent) and turns out TV commercials (these in color) that mock the sanctity of maidenhood and the verities of the market. He is deftly lecherous (his followers are lecherous, but hardly deft), and unimpeded by scruples. He does suffer the illusion that his staff would rebel if he took on advertising for cigarettes, booze or war. When that proves not so, he scrams—taking a pot of money with him and leaving the agency in disarray and the audience exhausted.

This just might be therapy disguised in motley. The derisive disgust of Putney Swope, expressed in monosyllabic obscenity on occasions when custom demands emollient cant, is broad-based enough to imply that racial hangups are a wasteful diversion at a time when all the boys and girls are up to their knees in the garbage of a stalled domocracy. No doubt, Swope would have a crisp word for that moral, but then he's much tougher than I am.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1308

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A little horse trading on Wall Street? (5,8)
10 I have to state shortly how to operate in secret. (7)
11 He'd sell mixed nuts may be! (7)
12 Marked adherence to the unusual. (9)
13 Not much capacity in small quarters! (5)
14 By the sound of it compare one of the compound plants. (6)
16 One might find this appealing. (8)
19 Dis-hinge those of which one might be tender? (8)
20 Returns to pry around a show. (6)
22 They used to cry so before pillaging! (5)
23 One might with one, if properly suited. (5,4)
25 Keep back! The aggressive type are commonly so loaded! (7)
26 Conducts the wrong score a little way back. (7)
27 Such get-togethers as Uncle Ari's sons might organize! (5,8)

DOWN

2 Part of the joint comes up with what some acrobats use. (5)
3 Fair game for Mao's watchmen, perhaps. (7,8)
4 Watch the cover! For good sleeping, one would expect it to be down. (6)
5 One would have expected the British to properly hang such a window! (8)
6 Americans wouldn't be without him! (7,8)
7 Startle by possibly putting on a special coat? (9)
8 Modified the effect of a painting so that even the lowest types appeared wounded? (8)
9 Sounds like what the summer might do to a number in the entrance. (4)
15 Now Kennedy should get to make a statement in one type of zone! (9)
17 One of the most valuable grains? (4,4)
18 One who makes capital, perhaps. (8)
21 Office furniture? (6)
22 A fit of resentment offered by a wolfish threat? (4)
24 Pinafore, perhaps, as part of the stage.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1307

ACROSS: 1 Skyscraper; 6 and 1 down Windsock; 10 Courage; 11 Whatnot; 12 Egyptian; 13 Cabin; 15 Orris; 17 Absorbent; 19 Appraised; 21 Tuber; 24 Watchman; 27 Humerus; 28 Verbena; 29 None; 30 Pessimists. DOWN: 2 Younger; 3 Champ; 4 Americans; 5 and 25 Edwin Drood; 7 Ignoble; 8 Detonators; 9 Baccarat; 14 Now and then; 16 and 22 Standard bearer; 18 Sedatives; 20 Prop man; 24 Waste; 25 Harem; 26 Lass.

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LETTERS

moonshine

Peekskill, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: It is an ominous sign that a number of Senators who have been critical of our government's war policy in Vietnam made speeches as the astronauts were returning, urging national unity behind the President's "peace" proposals. According to *The New York Times*:

> Seven Republicans and one Democrat took the floor for a half hour to pledge their support of the Paris peace negotiations and urge North Vietnam to make some response to the announced American troop withdrawals.
>
> The demonstrations were organized . . . after conversations with Henry A. Kissinger, President Nixon's chief foreign policy adviser in the White House. Mr. Kissinger was reported to have encouraged the project.

Isn't it obvious that the great achievement of our scientists and the heroism of our astronauts are being used to strengthen the policy that has already cost 40,000 American lives and millions of Vietnamese casualties?

Those who understand the terrible danger of a nuclear and chemical-biological holocaust have the responsibility to speak out now and not let our people or Congress get moonstruck. . . .

Walter Lowenfels

R.I.P. for Ripon

Rockville Centre, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Jack Newfield's mention of the Ripon Society in "New Politics: More Mood Than Movement" [*The Nation*, July 28] is a little out of date. I am a member of Ripon, and have come to sense a smell of successful cooptation, a neutralization achieved by bringing a couple of Riponeers near the seat of power, while the power continues to be wielded by Laird-Thurmond ideas.

Newfield's ignorance of this fact (if it is a fact, as I suspect) prompts me to suggest that you assign a piece on "What Did Happen to the Idea of Liberal Republicanism and the Ripon Society?"

Howard N. Meyer

off again

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: From time immemorial our philosophers have wrestled with the question of why man was put on earth. Now Richard Nixon has come up with an answer. Commenting on the moon landing, he said that it was "the greatest week in the history of the world since the creation. . . ."

If that is true, then man was put on earth so that he could ultimately escape from it.

Harry Cimring

wrong twist

Edmonton, Alberta

DEAR SIRS: For shame, *Nation*! The drawings in your article ["Drew Pearson: An Interview" by Robert G. Sherrill, July 7] show a Washington *Ferris wheel*, not a merry-go-round. You would not have made such an un-American error if you had remembered that the Pentagon spins like a roulette wheel.

Robert F. Fischer

Yes, we knew. But a Ferris wheel was what the artist drew, time was short, and we thought the spin was the main idea.

The Editors

EDITORIALS

The Illusion of Good News

Paul Bern, a movie producer of the thirties, used to say that when you set out to make a picture, you must ask yourself what the masses lack in their everyday lives, and give it to them in fantasy.

A similar principle seems to be the key to success in current politics. About the only cheerful piece of news in recent years is the flight to the moon and the safe return of the astronauts to earth, precisely as decreed by President Kennedy. Otherwise, in foreign and domestic affairs alike, the public sees nothing but problems for which there is seemingly no solution, and wars to which there is seemingly no end. As a result, a tremendous appetite for good news has built up, and this gives President Nixon, himself a showman of no mean ability, a chance to substitute the illusion for the reality. Most notably in Vietnam, he has not overlooked the opportunity and, with few exceptions, the publicity media have given him unstinting support.

Thus the Presidential announcement of a 25,000-man troop withdrawal was heralded as the beginning of American extrication from the baffling situation in Vietnam. True, 25,000 out of at least 540,000 (not counting Naval forces, CIA operatives, et al.) was really no more than a token reduction; moreover, the Americans were to be replaced by Vietnamese units of equivalent capability. Still, it was enough to make headlines. But even the meager promise of peace that the troop withdrawal held out has no basis in fact. By the end of August U.S. strength in Vietnam was to be down to 515,000 men. Now it is said that this level may be reached by the end of September, but for the present the manpower level is rising, not falling. The men who are being transferred had completed their tour of duty in Vietnam and were due to be sent home, or to other stations, in any case. "There was a little overrun into September," Sen. John Stennis, the chief explainer for the Pentagon, says soothingly. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield joins in bipartisan apologetics. The President is placed in an embarrassing position, he tells newsmen, but it's not his fault. "It may be his subordinates in the Department of Defense didn't carry out his orders." Apparently they are not aware that they are subordinates, or they realize that it is all fantasy anyway and the important thing is to keep the public happy, or at least less miserable.

Viewing the scene from Saigon, Arthur J. Dommen of the *Los Angeles Times*—no dove he—reports that the war looks as if it is quite "out of control. . . . It could become another Thirty Years' War, sweeping millions into the armies, regular and irregular, as the only steady source of livelihood, depopulating the countryside, overcrowding the rural slums, destroying the cultural heritage of those fortunate enough to survive the killing." Mr. Nixon would like to see the war end, of course, yet if Dommen's prognosis is correct, the President may find himself occupying the doghouse Mr. Johnson vacated.

Laos, ostensibly neutral by the terms of the 1962 agreement, is also in the grip of civil war, and just what the U.S. commitment in Thailand may be only the Pentagon knows. Besides the treaty obligations the United States has assumed in Thailand, the Pentagon has a "contingency plan" which, Sens. Frank Church and J. W. Fulbright suspect, may call for intervention by the United States with ground troops if Thailand is threatened with internal subversion.

Probing a little way beneath the surface, the public will only find more disquieting information of this type. But Mr. Nixon, capturing the headlines with his round-the-world trip and vague promises of a circumspect U.S. policy in Asia, keeps the public hopeful. The comfort the public gets from the newspaper astrology columns is scarcely more illusory.

One Cheer

A striking example of the ebullient market for "good news" is the manner in which press, public and a sizable section of the political leadership of both parties hailed President Nixon's welfare message as though it were a Magna Charta for the poor and oppressed. Actually the message is designed to relieve not the poor but political pressures which expanding welfare costs have generated. Politically it is exceedingly clever: one must favor the proposals as against the existing state of affairs if only because, by providing long-needed federal standards for assistance, a great many poor, primarily in the South, would benefit by them. In brief the message—at the bleakest reading—merits one cheer. But the program it outlines is not nearly so progressive as it has been made out to be; the press should give it a second, third and fourth reading by way of correcting first impressions of its real thrust and meaning.

In general—one must wait for specific details—the President's proposals would help welfare recipients in the South and in other areas which have low welfare standards. The "working poor," of whom there are sizable numbers in the South, in the agricultural areas of the Midwest and in the far West, would also benefit. These are, of course, areas in which the President has a particular political interest. If his proposals are adopted, he will have added a new dimension to the political base he is building in the South.

At the same time, what he proposes will please another political constituency: lower-middle-class and middle-class home owners concerned with rising real property tax rates, which many attribute to soaring welfare costs. In the North, many of these elements will feel a sense of relief on three counts: the flow of Negroes to Northern industrial areas will now—they think—abate (as a matter of fact it has been tapering off for quite some time); "the welfare system," so they imagine, is about to be abolished (it isn't); and, finally, the President's resounding reaffirmation of the Protestant ethic offers reassurance that "all those loafers on welfare" will now have to go out and get a job. Who knows? It may

OCT 20
NOV 18
NOV 24
MAR 16

IN THIS ISSUE

August 25, 1969

EDITORIALS

130

ARTICLES

134 Poisons, Profits and Politics — *Ruth Harmer*

137 Belfast: "In Glorious Remembrance" — *Carey McWilliams*

142 Pop Sex Among the Squares — *Desmond Smith*

145 The Fallacy of Decentralization — *Amitai Etzioni*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

148 The Theatre of Interpretations — *Eric Bentley*

150 Poetry:
The Release — *Arthur Gregor*
Worlds of Different Sizes — *Sandra McPherson*
Music in Michigan — *William Hunt*
Moths at the Window — *William Hunt*
Mount Kearsarge — *Donald Hall*

151 Black Theatre in America — *Isaiah Sheffer*

152 Order & Freedom — *Julius Novick*

156 Closet Openings — *Albert Bermel*

157 Music — *David Hamilton*

158 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

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NATION *Volume 209*
No. 5

even be possible again to get domestics at "fair" wages.

The President's proposals will not help the poor in the Northern industrial states, where most of the ghetto Negroes reside. Nor will they provide much financial relief to the big cities. On this score, it would be interesting to know the private views of the President's proposals held by the Republican governors of such states as California, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. To what extent Mr. Nixon's proposals would strengthen family structures is not clear. A Negro mother with, say, six or seven children—all minors but all over 6 years of age—might well feel that her primary duty was to care for her children rather than "go out and get a job" in order to provide for them.

And what jobs? At what rates of pay? The President says nothing about making the government the employer of last resort or of providing new jobs. To the extent that he "cools" the economy, there may be less, not more, jobs, particularly decent, well-paying jobs. An unemployment rate of 4.5 per cent is already being forecast for next year. But his proposals may well have the effect of indirectly compelling more people to take low-paying or substandard jobs.

As to manpower training, the federal employment service is precisely *not* the agency, on the basis of past experience, to which this responsibility should be delegated. One suspects, in fact, that manpower training may turn out to be a camouflaged form of relief. And it is by no means sure that the President's friends in the Senate from the South will want to see their constituents "spoiled" by the welfare standards which he proposes; the effect might be, for example, to raise the rates for plantation labor. The one sound proposal—the imposition of federal standards—was probably dictated by recent court decisions as much as by any desire to correct an obvious injustice of long standing.

But the President's proposals may open the door for other plans which have more merit. Following his message, Reps. John Conyers (D., Mich.), Charles W. Whalen, Jr. (R., Ohio) and Jonathan Bingham (D., N.Y.) introduced a comprehensive public income assistance plan which would provide a family allowance of $3,200 for a family of four, as well as coverage for single individuals, childless couples, and couples with grown children. So in the end it may be that the President has opened more doors than he has closed. But for his message, one cheer is really all it deserves.

The Pastore Bill

Initially FCC licenses were granted for six-month periods; gradually the licensee's tenure was extended to three years. For thirty-five years the quality of programming was never an issue. Actually the Federal Communications Commission, with only four employees assigned to investigate program deficiencies, could not possibly cope with 7,200 broadcasting stations (AM, FM and TV). Consequently licenses were renewed automatically—a situation which was naturally much to the liking of those who held the licenses. Until recently, the FCC would not permit ordinary members of the public to file petitions to deny license renewals. It took a mandate by Chief Justice Burger (then on a lower appellate court) to force the FCC to entertain such petitions.

However, opposition petitions are not an adequate remedy. It takes large amounts of money to fight such cases—up to $250,000 in some instances. Few groups and even fewer individuals can spend such sums to defend the public interest, but a considerable number of people would like to acquire a license worth millions by taking it away from an existing licensee who can be proved to be using it with little or no regard for the public interest.

Faced by this threat, the long-established licensees have turned to their good friend in the Senate, John O. Pastore (D., R.I.). Mr. Pastore has introduced a bill (S.2004) which would, in effect, bar competitive license applications. Such applications could be filed only in those cases in which the FCC had first revoked an existing license for disregard of the public interest. Since the FCC has never taken such punitive action, the broadcasters would feel safe if S.2004 were enacted into law. At most a few licenses, in cases where disregard of the public interest had been particularly flagrant, might not be renewed.

Senator Pastore's rationale is that no one does his best when "scared to death." But no one was scared, even slightly, during those decades when the FCC ignored its responsibilities, yet programming got worse year by year. The opposition to the Pastore philosophy is led by Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.). He tells the broadcasters: "You don't own the broadcasting channels and we don't own our Senate seats. You knew when you went into the business that your term was only three years."

The real fear in the industry is that if challenges are permitted, they could become the means of breaking up the concentration of ownership and control that currently exists. This fear is not confined to the owners of broadcasting studios and transmitters. The press does not seem overly eager to take Pastore's proposal apart, for the simple reason that many newspapers are tied in with radio-TV ownership and self-interest blunts their sense of public responsibility.

The public interest in this area is being defended by the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, 609 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, of which Thomas P. F. Hoving is chairman. A particularly brilliant statement of the case against the Pastore bill was presented by Earle K. Moore, general counsel for the Citizens Committee, before the Senate Communications Subcommittee on August 7. "If S.2004 is adopted," Mr. Moore concludes, "there will be virtually no effective way in which the public interest in broadcast channels can be protected by the Commission, and the small group of monopolists who now hold licenses for the most valuable channels will be free to exploit public resources as they please." This is the usual outcome of such controversies, and the best hope of averting it in this instance is for broadcast listeners and viewers to support the efforts of the Citizens Committee.

Varieties of Patriotism

From Warner Robins, Ga., UPI brings the news that Mrs. Miles Stewart, whose 22-year-old son was killed in combat in Vietnam last April, has sent the American flag from his coffin to President Nixon. Mrs. Stewart, described as a prominent businesswoman of her town, took this step after writing letters to Congressmen and military authorities asking what the war was about. Frustrated by the "cold" responses of these functionaries, she addressed the same question to the President, who failed to reply. If the letter had reached him, he might have found it an awkward one to answer, since he decided subsequently that this war represents one of America's "finest hours."

Mrs. Stewart sees it differently. She told the President, "I do not want a flag which represents a country which is sacrificing her young men as this country is doing." She said she hates the flag for what it stands for in Vietnam, but loves it for what it is *supposed* to stand for. Thus Mrs. Stewart joins those Americans—a minority but one numbered in millions—whose pride in their country has been turned into aversion by an involvement from which Mr. Nixon is supposedly trying to extricate us, but at a leisurely pace comporting with his own political prospects and his usual balancing act between contending factions.

A few months ago another lady, who had likewise lost a son in Vietnam, told newsmen that she did not see how the war had been worth a single life. This mother did not limit her concern to American lives, but appeared to recognize that Vietnamese mothers have feelings too. After more than two decades of cold war, and mass indoctrination of far greater antiquity, it is not to be expected that many American women will openly defy the convention holding that the most sacred of woman's duties is to sacrifice her son at the behest of the military. Yet the mood of the country in this war differs sharply from that in World War II, where the atrocities of the Nazis and the attack on Pearl Harbor made synthetic justifications of the necessity for America to fight unnecessary. The Gold Star mothers of that earlier war have no counterpart in the current squalid embroilment, and few intelligent Americans, even among those who support the war, have been able to swallow the current rationalizations without gagging.

Capt. Levy and the Green Berets

Washington

On August 4, Dr. Howard Levy was released on bail from the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa. He had gone to jail for refusing to train medical aides destined for service with the Special Fores—better known as the Green Berets—in Vietnam.

On August 6, the Army admitted—after two weeks of secrecy—that it had arrested eight men of the Green Berets, including Col. Robert B. Rheault, their commander, in connection with the murder of a Vietnamese official. The concurrence was ironic.

At his court-martial in 1967, the most dramatic defense offered by Levy was his belief that the men he was asked to teach a kind of "first aid dermatology" would in fact pervert their training once they went into action. Regular Army medical servicemen seldom carry rifles; Green Beret medics are trained to kill as well as to cure, Levy argued. The Green Beret medics are first of all killers because they are first of all Green Berets, and Green Berets are notorious for shutting their eyes to political assassination, torture, forced labor, and the unnecessary destruction of villages—all in violation of the Nuremberg code.

Thus went his argument; it was impressive, and included testimony from Green Berets themselves. Capt. Peter Bourne, an Army doctor who spent four months in the jungles with the Green Berets, told of protesting the killing of prisoners by the native forces under the supervision of the Green Berets, and being told: "Don't rock the boat."

Robin Moore, author of the book *Green Berets*, told the court-martial that he knew of at least one instance in which the tough American advisers were training native troops as "assassination teams" to take care of Vietnamese politicians who are on the enemy's side.

The Levy defense also listed the methods of torture practiced by the Green Berets' native helpers, like tearing out fingernails by the roots, cutting off fingers, attaching electric wires to a man's (or woman's) breast, squeezing testicles in a vise, and wiring a man's hands to his face by running the wire through his hands and cheeks. It was never proved that the Green Berets themselves did these things, but one former sergeant testified that "the normal practice was that when it [torture] started you turned around and lit a cigarette."

Looking back on that trial, one of Levy's attorneys spelled out the inevitable conclusion: "The chilling fact is that the Army . . . continues to protest that American soldiers do not themselves practice torture or commit murder, as if that fact alone released them from all charges of complicity. Adolf Eichmann lodged a similar protest at his trial in Jerusalem when he said, 'With the killing of Jews I had nothing to do. I never killed a Jew, or a non-Jew for that matter—I never killed any human being. I never gave an order to kill either a Jew or a non-Jew. I just did not do it.' And so the Special Forces do not practice torture in Vietnam. Torture just happens, murder just happens, war crimes just happen. No one does it. No one is responsible. It's called complicity."

But the judge ruled finally that Levy could not use the specter of war crimes as a defense. "While there have been perhaps instances of needless brutality in this struggle in Vietnam," he said, there was no pattern of war crimes.

So Levy went to prison. For the next two years one heard little more about the brutalities of the Green Berets. And then, two days after he left prison, the truth of his defense came to the surface again.

The Army will doubtless continue to claim that these are only isolated instances, but the savageness of the latest crime, and the fact that seven officers and a sergeant in the elite corps are under suspicion, make one wonder if there is not a pattern. Newsmen investigating the mur-

der case report that the victim was possibly tortured first. And at least one responsible reporter, Richard Homan of *The Washington Post*, states flatly what Levy's attorneys were forced two years ago to handle as theory: "While no one talks about it in public, torture and murder are part of the clandestine activities of the Special Forces established as an elite group by the United States Government." ROBERT G. SHERRILL

POISONS, PROFITS AND POLITICS

RUTH HARMER
Mrs. Harmer teaches at California State Polytechnic College and is the author of The High Cost of Dying *(Macmillan) and the forthcoming* Unfit for Human Consumption.

California regulates more closely than any other state the use of pesticides—the vast arsenal of "economic poisons" employed since World War II in an all-out attack on the biosphere. For that reason it is instructive to consider the following account by a state public health official of the recent death of a 16-year-old farm laborer assigned to spray a field of strawberries:

> The permit to purchase and apply the pesticide had expired, so that it was purchased and applied illegally. The highly toxic phosphate ester was applied by hand duster, a primitive and entirely unsafe method of application. The container label was not read by anyone until after the illness was discovered. No advance arrangements were made with a physician for prompt, adequate care for an emergency. The worker was not instructed about hazards and precautions for using the pesticide. He was not provided with protective clothing. When the boy was taken to a physician, no one could provide any information about the pesticide the worker had applied. The supplier of the pesticide did not check the number of the permit given by the purchaser to assure that the permit was valid. The product was also misbranded; it contained two-to-four times the phosphate ester pesticide specified on the label.

In addition, noted Dr. Irma West, coordinator of the Injury Control Project with the California Department of Public Health, the medical instructions on the label could be confusing and needed re-evaluation. "I know of three deaths in which these instructions have proved detrimental," she added, "and I know of no benefit from them in an emergency."

Who was held responsible for the boy's death? No one —yet every one of the series of grave errors was also a violation of laws and regulations, and the avoidance of any one of them might "easily" have saved his life.

Dr. West's carefully documented report of that and hundreds of other cases of injuries and deaths occurring each year to workers exposed to toxic chemicals was part of the testimony presented earlier this year by attorneys for the AFL-CIO United Farm Workers Organizing Committee at a court hearing in Bakersfield. The union was seeking dissolution of a temporary restraining order—a *temporary* order that has been in effect since last August —instructing the Kern County agricultural commissioner to keep secret the records of pesticide applications by crop dusters there. The records are public records.

"We will not tolerate the systematic poisoning of our people," Cesar Chavez, UFWOC leader, has warned growers. "We will be damned—and we should be—if we will permit human beings to sustain permanent damage to their health from economic poisons."

Without information about what is being sprayed, by whom, where and when, the union says it cannot provide workers with adequate safeguards—medically and contractually—against the "ever-increasing danger." Growers have been incredibly lax, it argues, in exposing workers to the battery of economic poisons, some of which are so toxic that a single drop on the skin can kill an adult. State agencies charged with administering and enforcing the regulations have been equally lax, it adds; and offers as evidence sworn statements from field workers describing injuries received after having been sprayed while working in the fields and after having been sent into sprayed fields too soon after spraying.

Jerome Cohen, the union's chief counsel, initiated action last summer after appeals by a group of workers who had been forced to seek medical attention for relatively severe cases of conjunctivitis, nausea, dermatitis and other gross symptoms of pesticide poisoning. The place to begin, he decided, was at the office of county agriculture Commissioner C. Seldon Morley, who is required by law to keep for inspection records of the commercial pest control operators: the date of treatment, material and dosage used, the number of units treated and other pertinent items. Individual farmers, even the corporate ones, are not required to file records.

Commissioner Morley said the records had been given to him "in confidence." The visit, not a particularly sociable affair to judge by courtroom recollections, ended with Cohen's promising to return in a day or two to get what he considered "vital public information."

Within two hours after the union attorney had left Morley's office, three applicator corporations, acting on behalf of themselves and all other members of the county Agricultural Chemical Association, had obtained a temporary restraining order. Mr. Morley, who had been named as defendant, was now enjoined from disclosing the records. Judge J. Kelly Steele, whose anti-union decisions have not endeared him to organized labor, signed the order with remarkable promptness, considering that the trade association's attorney, Stephen E. Wall, had admitted that "in the very limited time available due to the urgency of the situation we have not been able to accomplish much research on the point and we have not found direct authority on the point. . . ." Mr. Cohen petitioned the appellate court in the district for a peremptory writ

of mandate. That was turned down on the ground that the issue should be resolved at the trial-court level.

Great changes have occurred since the days of the Joads in Kern County, which lies at the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley—probably the world's most fertile region. U.S. 99, twisting down from the Tehachapi Mountains and leveling north past Arvin, Weedpatch and other towns on the migrants' route, is now a broad highway. Nondescript public buildings in Bakersfield have been replaced by glittering steel and glass rectangles of ultramodern design. The "Okies" and the "Arkies" who survived the great hunger have adopted the attitudes and manners of California farm folk, even to snarling "union" just like the Establishmentarians.

But once inside the handsome paneled courtroom, changes seemed less fundamental. The old issues were still *the* issues, dividing the courtroom and the case right down the center: human values vs. business license, philosophy vs. technology, concept vs. coin. In the spectators' seats to the right of the entrance sat the crop dusters, those technological experts who defy the laws of gravity by their ability to fly "right on the deck" and who challenge the laws of biology at great risk to themselves as they wage chemical war in the fields. Their work-day confrontations with nature have given them toughness and arrogance.

In the spectators' seats to the left were the farm workers. They, too, had been stamped by their work. Their faces, more varied in structure and richer in hue, ranging from black to brown, yellow and white, had the settled patience of persons who regard nature as process rather than enemy. With them were a number of young men—well educated, totally engaged—for whom Delano and Cesar Chavez have become the center and symbol of a struggle to redefine justice in our time. From their ranks had come the attorney spokesmen: 25-year-old David Averbuck, who went to work for UFWOC last summer because the job ". . . jibes with my concept of what it's all about," and Jerry Cohen, who became UFWOC general counsel two years ago for similar reasons. Like a good many other young attorneys today, they have rejected the prevailing professional notion that law is an abstract game for the affluent to be lost or won on points. For them, law is a vehicle for delivering justice to all the people.

Beyond the two factions, on the raised bench under the golden state seal, sat Judge George A. Brown. Courteous, grave, interested in the issues, he indicated himself as a man deeply appreciative of the dignity and the proprieties of the law. His task was formidable and of far-reaching consequence. On his decision depended an answer to one of the overwhelming questions of our time: *To what extent can the law and will the law curb the agricultural and chemical entrepreneurs from jeopardizing the health and lives of other men and contaminating, perhaps forever, man's greatest natural resource—the earth itself?*

The union received strong support from experts in its efforts to prove that farm workers and the general public need protection. A first step, the young lawyers said, is to set up a clinical testing program for agricultural workers, similar to the one now used for pest control company employees. Although scientists are still of divided opinion about the effects on human health of the chlorinated hydrocarbons (the other principal category of insecticides, which includes DDT), they are universally aware of the hazards of the organic phosphates. First developed extensively during the 1930s, some proved so toxic that they were immediately turned over to the military as "perfect" weapons of chemical warfare—deadly enough to wipe out the population of an area without damaging property. One of the more commonly known insecticides of this variety, TEPP, is so poisonous that a single ounce of the stuff is enough to kill about 500 men.

Like other nerve gases, the organic phosphates inhibit the action of a neural enzyme, cholinesterase, which regulates the mechanism by which nerves relax and control muscles. The first symptoms parallel those of relatively harmless irritants: the nose begins to run, vision is blurred. Then the chest is constricted, and breathing becomes more difficult. Finally, the victim's respiratory muscles are fatally impaired. He dies by asphyxiation.

Since death follows so quickly upon the first overt symptoms, the cholinesterase level of persons working commercially with agricultural chemicals—manufacturing, formulating, and applicating—is checked frequently. If it is below what is normal for them, they are taken off their jobs until the level has built up again—sometimes they must give up the work, permanently. The need for similar protection for farm workers was underscored by Dr. West's affidavit, which contained the "classic" case of the 16-year-old boy. She described a number of other alarming incidents. In August of 1963, she noted, more than ninety of 6,000 peach pickers in one area became sufficiently ill from parathion (one of the most commonly used organic phosphates) to seek medical aid. Health officials, as a test, checked seventy others in the group who displayed no signs of poisoning. They found that 50 per cent of them showed "significant reduction of red cell and plasma cholinesterase levels, but were either asymptomatic or had not sought medical attention for their symptoms."

Additional evidence of the need to provide safeguards for workers was offered by Edward Lester, director of test laboratories in Fresno and Bakersfield. Contrary to his own financial interests—pest control companies are among his major accounts—he supported the union appeal for tests for farm workers. "Obviously I feel quite strongly about this," he told me later. "I see so many critically ill persons, including children and young people. If proper precautions were taken, people wouldn't die."

The witness who revealed perhaps most clearly the nature and extent of the problem was Dr. Robert Van den Bosch, professor of economic entomology at the University of California. An internationally recognized authority, Dr. Van den Bosch cited economic and biologi-

cal as well as philosophical and moral reasons for halting the unilateral use of insecticides and substituting an "ecological approach."

"Pest control now," he asserted bluntly, "is largely a matter of merchandising." California farmers are being heavily penalized for the "overkill" program, which has often engendered more serious pest problems than those it set out to control. "Good" insects as well as "bad" ones have been ruthlessly exterminated by broad-spectrum materials, creating an ecological imbalance that has often given many species of parasites "license to explode."

By preserving the complex of predators and parasites that affect the whole chain of life, by promoting intelligent crop management and agricultural hygiene, by using highly selective pesticides and biological controls, farmers could realize enormous savings in money, land and men's health and lives. In addition to taking issue with the merchandisers, Dr. Van den Bosch expressed concern about the inadequacy of the tests made by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and with the failure of legislators to declare a moratorium on DDT. "What we are talking about," the scientist said, "is a philosophy."

That was not what some people in the courtroom were talking about. From the standpoint of the pest control operators, the duty of the law was clear and simple: to maintain business as usual. Mr. Wall based his case chiefly on the escape clause in the new California code. Although the code holds access to information about the people's business to be "a fundamental and necessary right of every citizen of this state," it also precludes disclosure of records of law-enforcement agencies and—of obvious interest to big businesses—records possessed by other agencies if they contain trade secrets, geological and geophysical data, plant production, marketing and crop reports "obtained in confidence." The records of pesticide applications contain trade secrets, Wall insisted, that had been given to Commissioner Morley "in confidence."

Arguing forcefully to support Wall on the "trade secrets" clause, as on other points, was county counsel Ralph Jordan, attorney for the defendant, Commissioner Morley. It is novel in a courtroom to find the attorneys for plaintiff and defendant on the same side of the table, sharing the same witnesses, citing the same precedents, making the same appeals. And the alliance between public officials and private operators in this instance was rendered more ironic by another "chemical case" going on. At one point, the hearing was recessed so that a jury could bring in its verdict and Judge Brown could pass sentence. Defendants were two rather frayed young women; one very blonde, one very brunette, both looking sadly in need of vitamin D. While working at a place called the Hillbilly Ranch, they had sold—according to the felony charges for which they were given prison terms —$6 worth of seconal and amphetamine tablets to a police informer. The prosecuting attorneys, like the jurors, wore expressions of outrage at the violations of public health and safety—to say nothing of public morality.

Mr. Jordan expressed even greater outrage about the union's demand to see the records. In his zeal to protect the trade secrets of Wall's clients, he questioned Dr. Van den Bosch so fiercely that Judge Brown was once forced to ask him to "stand back a little, please." He scoffed about the "somewhat ethereal question of whether the public interest



of confidentiality"; he dismissed affidavits of injured workers as "a pile of garbage."

Commissioner Morley was so solicitous about the applicators' trade secrets that he could have been mistaken for Wall's confidential clerk. Animation is not the commissioner's distinguishing characteristic, but one of the occasions when he seemed more person than portrait occurred in the corridor outside the courtroom after Dr. John Swift, another University of California entomologist, had testified. He had been summoned by UFWOC's opponents chiefly, it seemed clear, to counter the testimony of his colleague. The commissioner was delighted with Dr. Swift's performance: "They were trying to put you on the spot," he thwacked the expert on the shoulder heartily, "but you came through fine, fella."

It was thus easy to understand the passion in Cohen's voice when he talked about UFWOC as public defender. "I think it is inefficient to rely on government agencies," he retorted sharply to a comment by Mr. Wall. "We don't trust government agencies. We rely on ourselves and would rather rely on public law."

That even in best regulated California, laws governing pesticides are not firm enough to warrant anyone's reliance became more apparent in the months that followed. Four weeks after the concluding summaries were presented, Judge Brown formally instructed Commissioner Morley to continue to keep the records secret. Disclosure, he said, "would seriously hamper the essential cooperation existing between all segments of the pesticide industry and the farmers on the one hand with the commissioner on the other."

Supporting his decision, Judge Brown referred to the applicators' argument that if their records were disclosed, unlicensed grower-owners would do the spraying themselves. That they could take on the job is an open question, since commercial application has become a big business in California, which now uses about 25 per cent of the nation's agricultural pesticides. Furthermore, if and when growers did indicate that they were willing to get the equipment and manpower, the state could insist that as "commercial applicators" they must obtain licenses and keep records.

The important issue, by-passed in the decision, is that pesticides are no longer anyone's *private* business. Every person in this country and in most others carries within himself appreciable concentrations of economic poisons. There is no hiding place: pesticide residues have been found in creatures at ocean depths and mountain heights from the Arctic to the Antarctic. The milk of some nursing mothers in the United States contains such an intolerable level of residue that if it were cow's milk it could not be sold.

Because of problems of drift and persistence and biological magnification, both Republican and Democratic legislators have been joining Sen. Gaylord Nelson in seeking to ban the ubiquitous DDT. Arizona declared a year-long moratorium last January after its dairy and honey industries were threatened; Michigan acted this spring when the condemnation of coho salmon from its principal lake jeopardized a commercial and tourist boom; California's legislature is considering a bill submitted by state Sen. John A. Nejedly to impose a gradual ban on its use —in his original measure even the possession of DDT would have been outlawed. A formidable case was made in Wisconsin by conservationists working with the Environmental Defense Fund. And early in July, the U.S. Department of Agriculture emerged from its lethargy long enough to order a thirty-day suspension for DDT—time out for "review."

The rising voice of protest occasioned by the speed with which Rachel Carson's "fable for the future" is being translated into current scientific reports is not without danger, however. A ban on DDT—and it should be banned—may lull the country into the comforting delusion that the problem has been solved. Although other chlorinated hydrocarbons are less likely to drift and are less persistent, neither they nor the highly toxic organic phosphates are being employed selectively enough so that people, both workers and nonworkers, can be protected.

Scientists are no longer asking if pesticides pose a health hazard. Their problem now is to determine to what extent all human beings—who are unwittingly serving as guinea pigs in the vast uncontrolled field tests—have been damaged, perhaps irreversibly. Responsible investigators associate the chemicals with a terrifying list of afflictions: toxic hepatitis, many varieties of cancer, disfunctions of the enzyme systems, embryonic malformation, kidney disorders, and other chronic and degenerative diseases. And the toll will continue to mount, according to recent reports about their mutagenicity.

Several weeks ago Charles A. O'Brien, chief deputy in the California attorney general's office, took significant action to support the UFWOC appeal from Judge Brown's decision upholding the sanctity of "trade secrets." Explaining his intervention in a suit filed by a farm worker in Riverside against the county agricultural commissioner, O'Brien said: "We believe there's a constitutional right to know on behalf of the public which transcends the cloak of privilege." At least 1,000 Californians were injured by pesticides last year, he noted; the agriculture files cannot remain closed since "they may involve life and death for future Californians."

He, like others, expressed concern that the regulatory agencies "too often" are oriented toward the regulated rather than the public. It is no secret that they, along with educational institutions, have been too intimately involved with the merchandisers. The thalidomide trial now going on in Germany and other episodes involving the drug industry offer terrible warnings about the risks incurred when chemist-businessmen dictate public policy. With pesticides the risk is even greater. It may well be, as some experts say, that the contamination of the biosphere has passed the point of no return—that the dose already administered has been fatal.

Belfast: 'In Glorious Remembrance'

CAREY McWILLIAMS

On the afternoon of July 11 the Union Jack flew from virtually every house in Protestant working-class areas of Belfast. Youngsters were gathering materials for the big bonfires of the night to come: rubbish, scrap lumber, old divans and chairs, ironing boards, old auto tires, anything flammable, in huge piles. In windows and from wires stretched across streets with such distinguished English names as Earl, Brougham, Spencer, Canning, various representations of King William of Orange astride his mount, in full battle regalia, were flamboyantly exhibited "in glorious remembrance" of his victory over the Catholic forces of James II at the Battle of the Boyne, July 12, 1690.

As darkness descended, I walked the streets watching the fires. The flames shooting high, the pall of smoke, and the ominous roll of drums created a weird voodoo effect.

The smoke, forming strange shapes as it billowed upward, set the stage for this strange Walpurgis night scene. At midnight the fires were still blazing, their plumes of smoke caught in the overcast, and the air was thick with grime and soot and the stench of burning rubbish. Firemen were spraying water on the walls of homes and storefronts in an effort to reduce the fire hazard which, to an outsider, seemed grave indeed. Police were everywhere, in the alleys, at street intersections, in riot cars parked in side streets. I saw some fights and witnessed a few arrests; the Orange club contingents had been arriving all day, by car, bus, train, boat and plane, and the baiting and brawling had started.

During the early hours of the evening I watched dozens of these groups as they poured out of the railway station:

men, women and children, old and young, country folk for the most part. Boys and girls moved in separate packs, yelling, dancing, whooping it up. Later I watched these invaders move slowly out Sandy Row to "the field" on the outskirts of the city, where the big meetings and the speech making take place. Auto traffic was heavy and the sidewalks were crowded. Many country boys were drunk for the first time—beer-drunk—and lampposts were sprayed with vomit. Tired, drunken old men swigged and muttered on steps and curbs. All over Belfast big black plumes of smoke met the overcast and the acrid stench of burning rubbish got worse as the night wore on. The drums never stopped beating, the yelling grew louder, and the street and sidewalk dancing increased in tempo. I followed the procession part of the way "to the field" and then dropped out, shaken and slightly nauseated by what I had seen and heard and smelled.

The next morning I had a marvelous view of the two-hour march of 40,000 Orangemen—325 lodges, more than 150 bands (pipes, accordions, flutes, "silver," military, brass, mixed, most hired for the occasion)—from the second-floor windows of the *Irish News*. To the staff, the Twelfth is an old story. Most of them, as most Catholics in Belfast, try to ignore it. But a few of them had assembled to brief me and, for the occasion, had a bottle of excellent Scotch and glasses ready, by way of seeing to it that I was braced as well. They had told me, a few nights before, that the parade had to be seen to be believed. I saw it but am still not sure that I believe what I saw. Twenty such demonstrations were held this year; the march in Belfast was the largest of the lot, but the others were not exactly small; 100 lodges and bands paraded in Enniskell. The demonstrations are attended each year by contingents from the south of Ireland, from Glasgow, Toronto ("the Belfast of Canada") and elsewhere. David Holden reports in the London *Times* that there is nothing now left in Britain remotely like the combination of prayer and patriotism, swagger and piety, and crude bacchanalia of a Twelfth celebration, and I believe him. This year's was the largest ever and the most intense. The graffiti, I was told, were more insulting and obscene than ever. The July 12th demonstrations are staged as a calculated provocation, designed to beef up the self-assertion of the Orangemen and to demonstrate that they are, and intend to remain, top dogs.

Leading the Belfast parade this year were some devotees of Dr. Ian Kyle Paisley, selling photographs of their leader. Then came the various clubs and lodges, most of them preceded by bands. The first contingents were the best dressed, with bowler hats or "Anthony Edens" (Homburgs), in their Sunday best, with white gauntlets, orange sashes and the collarette of the Orange order, puffed with pride, ruddy with stout. Some of them carried scythes, spears and drawn swords but the umbrella seemed to be the favorite weapon or badge of distinction. Some wore sprigs of orange lilies or carnations with fern leaves in their lapels. Many lodges were preceded by a man who carried a Bible, reposing on a purple or red cushion under glass, with a cross over the case. Some bands had one or two girls or a majorette but it was distinctly—and emphatically—a parade of adult males. Some wives, I was told, those who go shopping in ankle socks and hair curlers, are more "true blue," loyal to the order, than their husbands. In the entire line of march there were few beards and not more than half a dozen young men with long hair. The lodges toward the rear were less well-dressed, more miscellaneous types.

Orangemen have a distinctive strut and swagger as well as several special dance steps. The marching tunes get monotonous but the bands beat up a storm of sound. The bands used to play jazz tunes or popular songs, but this year the music was strictly Orange-martial. On and on the lodges came, each with its banner. "The Whitehill Temperance Lodge," "The British Defenders," "The Albert Hall Total Temperance Lodge," "The Ulster Defenders," "The Rising Sons of Portadown," "The True Blue Loyal Lodge," "Belfast Heroes," "The Lord Carson Memorial Lodge," "The Duke of Kent Memorial Lodge," "The Belfast Dockers," "St. Luke's Defenders," "The Loyal Bakers," and so on; and the bands: "The Mayhill Flute Band of Glasgow," "The Wellington Flute Band," "The York Road Girls" (accordion players, very natty in red and blue costumes), "The Fairhill Fife and Drum Corps" and more of the same. The Glasgow bands were the wildest. Lodges carried huge banners with such inscriptions as: "In glorious, pious and immortal memory of William III," and "My Faith Goes Up to Thee."

The street crowds were smiling but did not seem ecstatic. One got the impression that they had turned out, mostly oldsters, wives, and small fry, to wave to their menfolk as they strutted past. Almost every lodge carried a temperance banner but whenever a contingent paused in front of the *Irish News* office, as many did, a half dozen or so would hastily remove their Orange regalia and rush into the back door of a pub across the street for a quick one before rejoining their brothers in temperance. The parade, despite the yelling and boozing of the night before, was orderly enough, but the Twelfth has little in common with, say, St. Patrick's Day in New York. It is not the kind of spectacle in which the entire community can participate; it is partisan, arrogant and provocative. Year after year, there are fights, brawls and violence. And in some years the 12th of July is followed by further demonstrations on the 12th of August, when Orangemen celebrate the lifting of the siege of Londonderry in the year 1689. (This was written before the riots in Londonderry on August 12.)

The next day, July 13, a Sunday, I visited Londonderry (Derry if you are Catholic). There had been a wild night of street fighting. From the top of Waterloo Street to the intersection with Williams Street at its foot, and along Williams Street for several long blocks, nearly every shop window had been smashed and most of the stores gutted. The streets were thick with broken glass. Cars had been overturned and burned. Crowds were milling up and down the streets, surveying the damage; oddly enough,



King William III

hey were smiling and pleasant. Those I spoke to agreed hat the trouble had started the night before when a contingent of Orangemen, full of beer and Ulster exuberance, descended into the city from the old walls on the hill. They had begun to bait the street crowds who had baited back and the fighting had started. The police were unable or unwilling to stop it. The battle began about 10 o'clock in the evening and went on until about 5 A.M. More than 103 persons were injured, including fifty police, and one man was killed. Again and again I was told there would be more trouble, and after a look around Londonderry I could well believe it. The unemployment rate is very high, the slums wretched, and the Catholic "underclass," particularly the young, are angry and rebellious. Some British papers reported that the fighting had been started by Irish nationalists, but the clear source of the unrest is to be found in the massive oppression of the Catholic minority and the systematic discrimination practiced against it. This discrimination—in housing, employment, voting rights, education (for example, the decision to locate a new university in Coleraine rather than in Londonderry)—has been thoroughly documented and is beyond dispute. Now and then the sole Protestant resident in a predominantly Catholic block may complain of harassment, but it is minor compared with the treatment of the Catholic minority.

Of the numerous senseless antagonisms of this wicked world, none is more absurd than this "Remember the Boyne!" "Kill the Pope!" foolishness. Joseph Devlin, the gentle-mannered, kindly editor of the *Irish Weekly*, told me he thought it would take "about two generations more" before the madness would abate. Martin Dillon, his assistant, a young man in his 20s, agreed. They may be right. At the moment there is little evidence that the fervor of the Orange element is abating; lodge membership has increased. Oddly enough the Orange order, founded in 1795, stems from the Republican tradition of the period but was later commandeered by the landed gentry and became, as it is today, the driving force in the Unionist Party. Some estimates give the order a membership of 200,000 which is quite a force in a Protestant population of 1 million, and membership is virtually a precondition for nomination by the Unionists. Despite the fact that its membership has increased, the Orange order is worried. It is trying to get still a tighter grip on the Unionist Party and, in the process, is creating new tensions in the party. As Dr. Daniel MacSparran, publisher of the *Irish News*, put it to me, the order is currently exhibiting "the violence of uncertainty."

And worried it should be, for winds of change are blowing in Northern Ireland. For one thing, a good deal of time has elapsed since Ireland was partitioned. Some of the bitterness has subsided. The emergence of a responsible government in the South—one that has leaned over backward to be fair to its small Protestant minority —has been reassuring. The meeting between Sean Lemass and Terence O'Neill on January 14, 1965—the first meeting of Prime Ministers of the two parts of Ireland—was a sign that times were changing, even if little came of it. Thanks in large part to the influence of Pope John XXIII, Cardinal Conway notes "a very marked change in the Church in Ireland." Television—particularly British programs picked up in both the North and South—has broadened perspectives. Tourism has had a similar influence. The activities of I.R.A. gunmen in the North, which never failed to stiffen Unionist intransigence, have largely ceased. Rising educational levels have helped also. A member of the faculty at Queen's University told me that the abler students of the better-off Protestant families are now attending British universities in increasing numbers; many do not return to Northern Ireland but those who do often take an enlightened view of religious differences. At the same time, more of the abler Catholic students are attending Queen's, which is vaguely Protestant, and tend to remain in Northern Ireland. Catholics constitute 37 per cent of the population, but number about 51 per cent of the children of school age. Some of them emigrate later, though, and since more Catholics than Protestants leave, the growth of the Catholic population relative to the Protestant is not as significant as one might expect. But even so the long-term increase in the Catholic population is said to have convinced Mr. O'Neill that some means would have to be found to broaden the base of the Unionist Party. By Unionist standards a fair-minded man, O'Neill agreed to meet with Lemass and,

later, in response to mounting civil rights pressures and protests, promised certain minor reforms. But in the end he failed to win the backing of his party and resigned. However, the fact that he promised reforms is itself a significant admission that winds of change are blowing.

A more significant sign of change is the emergence of Ian Paisley, a Presbyterian cleric who beats the Orange drums with a vengeance. Politically he threatens to split the Unionist Party into three elements: Paisleyites, i.e., hard-liners; a middle "commercial" element under the leadership of Brian Faulkner, Minister of Development; and the landed gentry. Paisley is an embarrassment to the more sophisticated among the gentry, who have controlled the government of Northern Ireland since 1920. His manners are objectionable and his obduracy a threat to the established leadership; he has viciously assailed many prominent British religious leaders, much to the embarrassment of the British Tories and Anglican elements in Northern Ireland. Some of the landed gentry leaders have been forced out of the Orange order and others have left; the more knowledgeable know that the government must bend a bit, must make some concessions, but Paisley bars the way. The present Prime Minister, James Chichester-Clark, is a transitional figure and will probably be succeeded by Brian Faulkner, an able, energetic cabinet officer who has a business or "commercial" background. Should he succeed Chichester-Clark he will be the first Prime Minister not to belong to the gentry. Less liberal than O'Neill, Faulkner has at least adopted the "One Man, One Vote" position for local elections, but with no promise that election districts will be drawn more fairly.

In brief Paisley threatens the Unionists with what they have always feared, a split in the party. The traditional Unionists have strong ties with the British Tories who find themselves embarrassed, to some extent, by what has been happening in Northern Ireland. British Tories are becoming increasingly ecumenical in outlook, more responsive to small-nation pressure in the UN, more inclined to maintain privilege by political means rather than by strong-arm pressure. A major blow-up would be deeply embarrassing to them as well as to the British Labour Party. Relations with the United States, the Common Market issue, concern over nationalist trends in Scotland and Wales, the world-wide ferment over civil rights, not to mention the size of the Irish vote in Britain, make both British parties extremely sensitive to the situation in Northern Ireland. The Cameron Commission has completed its investigations and its report is due this month. Whatever its findings and recommendations, the report is more likely to add to the civil rights ferment than to dampen it.

In spite of the fact that the Unionists, backed by Britain, have entrenched themselves in power by every known gerrymandering device, the opposition could, in theory, mount an effective attack on the one-party system. The Unionist Party shows the familiar symptoms of blindness and ineptitude that forty-eight-year tenure of office might be expected to produce. It has had no effective competition and has fought every campaign since 1922 on exactly the same issue—the connection with Britain must be maintained at all costs. With no experience in office, the opposition parties have found it difficult to project new policies and programs. For one thing, they suffer from a dearth of data: they have never had a chance to examine the archives. More important, the opposition has been unable to achieve the unity which the Unionists have maintained until now. The Irish Nationalists have harped on partition and have been largely concerned with defending the Catholic minority rather than building support for a winning coalition. The Labour Party is split. Belfast is a strong union town but Protestants have for years monopolized the skilled crafts, with most Catholics relegated to the unskilled trades. Belfast labor has fought some great battles on strictly trade union issues but the leadership shies away from political issues—partition for example—that, if pressed, might divide the labor movement. Then too most Belfast unions are affiliated with British parent organizations. Union leadership, as one might expect, is largely in Protestant hands.

For a number of shopkeepers, government employees (at all levels), and white- and blue-collar workers, a card in the Orange order is a guarantee of employment; in effect a meal ticket. Protestant workers support the order not so much because they dislike or distrust Catholics as because there aren't enough good jobs to go around. The correlation of religious affiliation and job status is striking. For example, most of the shops and stores in Belfast are Protestant owned and operated but the liquor shops and bars are a Catholic preserve. To get drunk, Orangemen must patronize Catholic owned and operated pubs. If it came to a showdown on a key issue, many Protestant workers would vote for the Unionists, not for Labour; in fact many of them vote that way most of the time despite their labor union membership. There are some splinter parties but they have not been of much importance. Suffice it to say that the "out" parties have never been able to function as an effective parliamentary opposition. In the last election the Unionists ended up with more seats in the Stormont—the local parliament—than they had held when the election was called. The elimination of proportional representation has not made it any easier for the divided opposition to win seats.

But the emergence of a new force—the civil rights movement—is now shifting the old alignments. The movement has drawn Protestant as well as Catholic support, and has some support from elements of the faculty and student body at Queen's University. Initially the movement sought to concern itself solely with civil rights in an effort to win the broadest support. But it is now clear that it must increasingly be concerned with social and economic issues. "One Man, One Vote" needs to be supplemented with "One Man, One Job." Essentially the hope for a "new politics" in Northern Ireland consists in the possibility of convincing Protestants, particularly

the young and educated labor elements (teachers, for example), that their interests can best be served by breaking the Unionist monopoly of power and bringing in new programs, new policies and a new leadership. Fifty years of Unionist rule have not been exactly glorious. But issues broader than civil rights and partition are needed to build an effective coalition. British subsidies, notably for social services, have created vested interests in "the connection" with Britain, at least for the time being. The Republic of Ireland cannot match these services at the present time. Social services were late in arriving—they have come along for the most part since the war—and they do not yet measure up to British standards, but they are fairly administered so that even Catholics have a stake in them.

Most of the persons I interviewed were inclined to soft-pedal partition for the moment but ultimately it is the crucial issue. In many respects the border is quite unreal; people move freely back and forth across it (I saw border posts that were unattended by guards). Important organizations function on an all-Ireland basis, including the churches and the Orange order. Nevertheless, unification would enable the energies of all the people, North and South, to be focused on critical economic problems, such as development of a power grid, the establishment of an atomic power plant, the development of fisheries and the fishing industry, tourism, industrialization, agriculture and trade. There is some trade now principally in cattle, but the die-hard Unionists hold back out of fear that flourishing North-South trade relations would lead to political unification. Unification would not solve Ireland's economic problems but it would release energies that could be focused on these problems. A partitioned nation is essentially a crippled nation.

Unification will not be brought about "by the gun." It could happen, I was told, in one of two ways: serious disorders might force the British to intervene or, in time, the opposition might win a majority of seats in the Stormont. The theory is that British military intervention would destroy the mystique of the British "connection." But no British Government is likely to intervene unless asked to do so by the government of Northern Ireland and such aid would not be requested short of conditions bordering on civil war. The government—that is the Unionist Party—has 10,000 special forces and the Royal Ulster Constabulary (3,000) at its disposal. These are not impartial forces. Overwhelmingly Protestant in composition, they function as a partisan arm of the Unionist Party. The Ireland Act of 1949, although passed for a different purpose, contains a provision that "in no event will Northern Ireland or any part thereof cease to be part of Her Majesty's Dominions and of the United Kingdom without the consent of the parliament of Northern Ireland." So the most obvious way to end partition is to win control of the Stormont.

The key to political change is to be found in the possibility of getting the younger and better educated elements, Catholics and Protestants, to work together. That this can be done, the experience of the civil rights movement attests. Many Protestants suffer from what might be called an "identity" problem. They think of themselves as "British" but they are more Irish than they know. As Betty Sinclair, secretary of the Belfast Trades Council, said to me: "They have to work in Britain a while before they realize they are Irish." On the other hand, many Catholics were, until recently, so discouraged by the weight of discrimination that they had abandoned hope of change. When the civil rights movement decided to stage a sit-down protest in Londonderry, journalists converged on the city to see what would happen. One reporter told me that he had been assured, by excellent local sources, that the sit-down would be a bust. The people would not support it and the attempt to stage it would merely advertise Catholic weakness.

It was raining as the hour approached for the sit-down. Only a handful of people had assembled and they did not seem to know just what to do or why they were there. Some newsmen took one look at the scene and were prepared to phone in stories that the demonstration had not come off. But then an old man, in a cap, slowly removed his raincoat, folded it neatly and sat down on it in the rain. Others began to do the same and miraculously the courtyard began to fill with people. The new surge of confidence and hope in the Catholic sector is as much a miracle, in a way, as the sight of Catholics and Protestants marching together in the Dungannon protest—the first major civil rights demonstration.

The energies which the civil rights movement has released will not dissipate; the causes for the unrest are much too basic. New and effective means of protest—marches, demonstrations, and the like—have been tested and will be repeated; and, thanks to television, the world, including the British public, is getting the message. (Currently an attempt is being made to induce television to practice a form of self-censorship in covering protests but it is not likely to succeed.) The appearance in Westminster of such spokesmen as Gerry Fitt and Bernadette Devlin has forced Parliament to pay some attention to what is happening in Northern Ireland. A group of a hundred or so MPs have banded together to express their concern. No British Government, Labour or Tory, would want to see the situation there get out of hand; hence there will be sustained pressure from London for a measure of reform. And more and more Unionist leaders now recognize the necessity for change. In an off-the-record session with newsmen, a Unionist cabinet officer confessed that the recent disorders had seriously set back the government's efforts to induce foreign firms to open plants in Northern Ireland. The die-hard Unionists will not yield their monopoly of power without a fight, but this monopoly cannot be preserved much longer.

Northern Ireland is a small country, 1,500,000 population, 5,242 square miles. You can hike across and around it with no great effort. But within its borders most of the major political issues of the modern world can be studied

in microcosmic form. Precisely because the scale is so small, the meaning and ramification of these issues can be seen with exceptional clarity. Name the issue and Ulster has it. "Partition" politics (Ulster is the classic case), colonialism, neo-colonialism, regional discrimination (the way Belfast and the east coast ports discriminate against the West), ethnic differences, the techniques of demagogues, the interaction of class with religion and race, and of religion with class, politics and economics, one-party politics, the problems of small states, all these and many other issues of comparable importance can be studied to advantage in Northern Ireland. In Pareto's terms, "derivations" and "residues" abound and even Sorel could have learned something about myths and the uses and limitations of violence from the charged and heady politics of this minuscule state. It may be the graveyard of politicians but it is a happy hunting ground for political scientists.

POP SEX AMONG THE SQUARES

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of C.B.S. News.*

Not long ago, Russ Meyer, who likes to think of himself as America's top "nudie" film maker, produced *Good Morning . . . and Goodbye!* The *New York Post* called it "a smutty sex show" and complained that the dialogue "would embarrass a third-rate burlesque comic." But weep no tears for Russ. Every one of his more than twenty movies has grossed at least four times its cost. And his early masterpiece, *The Immortal Mr. Teas*—made on a G-string budget of $24,000—has returned well over $1 million.

Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley put up $175 apiece to start *Screw*, a 50c-a-copy tabloid that promised in its first issue to "uncover the entire world of sex. We will be the *Consumer's Report* of sex, testing new products such as dildoes, rubbers, and artificial vaginas." Two months ago the editors flatly rejected a $50,000 offer to buy them out. "It sounds silly," Jim Buckley told Claudia Dreifus of *New York Scenes*, "but one day I'd like to see a giant skyscraper. 'The Screw Building'—it would be penis-shaped, of course. One of these days, you'll see, we'll be so big that the building will be called Time, Life and Screw!"

Jacqueline Susann, who told *The Wall Street Journal* that she is a "conservative moralist," made her fame and fortune typing *Valley of the Dolls*, a book that sold 10 million copies and is now in its fifty-third paperback printing. Miss Susann's latest stint at the typewriter begat *The Love Machine*, a novel which deals with the sadistic love affairs of a TV mogul named Robin Stone. Wrote Nora Ephron in a favorable *New York Times Book Review* article: "Sweaters are always being ripped open in Miss Susann's books. Pants are always being frantically unzipped. And everyone is always *wanting* everyone else." Sold to Columbia Pictures for $1.5 million and number one on the best-seller charts, Miss Susann's only rival is *Portnoy's Complaint*. "It's wild," Michael Korda, editor in chief at Simon & Schuster, told the *Times*. "You have these two giant books out at the same time and their merits aside, one of them is about masturbation and the other is about successful heterosexual love. If there's any justice in the world, *The Love Machine* ought to knock *Portnoy* off the top simply because it's a step in the right direction."

Meyer, Goldstein, Buckley and Susann are in the "if you got it, so flaunt it, baby" tradition. Each has found the big dollar in catering to what Russ Meyer calls "the pant-and-drool crowd." One might guess that in the waning 1960s—the "Late Sensate" period, Herman Kahn calls it—spectator sex is the opiate of the people. One might also suppose by studying the thematic material—wife-swapping, flagellation, sadism, autoeroticism, nymphomania, homosexuality, Lesbianism, masochism—that the private sex life of America is completely wrecked. Only partly true. The pop pornographers don't have the complete file yet, but they're working on it.

A decade ago, the Granahan committee of the House denounced the billion-dollar-a-year mail-order commerce in salacious materials; today it appears to have mushroomed into one of the most competitive of the new "growth" industries. Pop pornography, which is the slick version of what once was called "smut," has become the bluest of the blue chips. What has happened is what always happens to any industry that enjoys extraordinary profit margins: unless it is enjoined by statute or possesses an ability to control the market, it must make elbow room for sharp-eyed competitors lusting to share those juicy profits. For reasons that will be explained later, it is above and beyond all else a peculiarly middle-class phenomenon. Pop pornography is the new white-collar obsession. Lingerie manufacturers and Sunday newspapers revel in it. The *Ladies' Home Journal* abandons faithful Princess Grace and the Duchess of Windsor in favor of serializing Jacqueline Susann. Kenneth Tynan approves. *Time* profiles it. Broadway musicals extol it. Suburban housewives pant and lust for it. And, since the United States is a consumer society that thrives on satisfying wants and desires, what is pop pornography if not the ingenious one-handed icing on the manufacturers' cake? In short, sex has become very big business indeed.

In the 1930s D. H. Lawrence wrote:

> The plain and simple excitement, quite open and wholesome, which you find in some Boccaccio stories is

not for a minute to be confused with the furtive excitement aroused by rubbing the dirty little secret in all secrecy in modern best-sellers. This furtive, sneaky, cunning rubbing of an inflamed spot in the imagination is the very quick of modern pornography, and it is a beastly and very dangerous thing.

Thirty years later he would almost certainly feel the same way if he could walk the aisles of the drugstores of America and examine the latest selection of paperbacks and magazines.

When our mass magazines, to name but a single source, tell us we are "liberated" and enjoying the "sexual revolution," why are some of us suspicious? A large part of the answer is that this so-called "new permissiveness" has the ring of the cash register about it. It is a liberalization of sexual morality within prescribed institutional limits. The kind of true sexual freedom that must evolve out of continuing social change, *pace* Fromm and Marcuse, is still light years away from any kind of reality.

What we are now observing is a commercial happening, like Father's Day or National Shoe Week. As a merchandising technique it has added untold points to the Dow Jones average. Sex sells. So what is now taking place is an industrialization of our ideas and our dreams. In case you haven't been paying attention, your subconscious has become part of the Gross National Product. To latch onto the head-over-pillow profits in sex the pop pornographers—writers, movie makers, advertising men, journalists and manufacturers—have had to package the erotic element in sex, and to package sex they have had to restructure the national psyche. Tougher to remove than any household stain has been that bugaboo, the Puritan ethic. In recent months, as you have no doubt read, it looks as though the big breakthrough has finally occurred—the orgasm has finally replaced the old rugged cross as the joyous symbol of what we are all about. "The 60's," says Dr. William Masters (*Human Sexual Response*) "will be called the decade of orgasmic preoccupation."

The mirror image of that phallic symbol of America's technological prowess—Saturn V with its *2 million* functional parts—is the "Love Machine," the pneumatically endowed Playmate who implores us to "take it all off" in TV commercials, examine her unshaved genitalia (next to a whisky advertisement in *Playboy*, live the good bad life in best-seller novels, and join her in the Dodge "rebellion" down at the nearest automobile showroom. ("Mother warned me that there would be men like you, driving cars like that. Do you really think you can get to me with that long, low, tough machine you just rolled up in?") The programming that supports this decaying morality is grounded largely on a syntax of manipulation. Women, says Roxanne Dunbar in *A Journal of Female Liberation*, "are particularly the victims of the machination, programmed as we are to be wife, mother, childbirth expert, sex object, career woman, stay-at-home, mechanic, chauffeur, and yet offered as the stylistic model a mod, free jet-setter. What this does is keep her buying *things* which symbolize those roles, since playing all of them is impossible, and buying things that symbolize freedom like bright-colored clothes, jewelry, etc. . . ." Like the astronauts we are becoming extensions of the market technology. And as the moon shot was reduced to a blatant sales pitch for American free enterprise, albeit subsidized by the taxpayer ("The soles of the boots you saw are made of GE silicone rubber. . . . NASA has been launching a missile the size of a building. If some time soon, they launch a building, it will be a Hilton—the Lunar Hilton," and so on), so too is the sexual sphere reduced to a commodity—a cluster image that possesses neither humanity nor grace but simply another merchandising lever. Much of this new attitude and most of pop pornography's expansion has come in the last twelve years.

It was the Supreme Court's decision in *Roth* vs. *United States* (1957) with its ambiguous definition of obscenity, that gave the pop pornographers the impetus to expansion, rather than any sudden erotic renaissance. In that decision, involving a California bookseller, the Court measured obscenity by "whether, to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interests." The grotesque notion that Sam Roth, with a twenty-six-count indictment covering the mailing



of obscene pictures, photographs, magazines and books, could pose as the champion of literary freedom had important consequences. As far as pop pornographers were concerned, the Roth decision prepared the way for other departures from the claim of community conscience. It was like the first visit of a respectable citizen to the town brothel. As he sneaks along in the half-light he hopes his neighbors will not observe him; if they do see him and say nothing, the next time he takes courage, until he is as indifferent to being observed on his way to the brothel as on his way to church. The Roth decision has of course touched everyone, but it has had its biggest impact on middle-class America. Twenty years ago the white-collar class was already the willing victim of an exploitative society. The cheery suburban American way of life illustrated by Norman Rockwell, the strong happy-go-lucky Western families who settled a Big Valley or a Ponderosa were all magazine or prime TV time mythology by 1950. The absence of any order of belief "makes him [the average citizen] excellent material for synthetic moulding at the hands of popular culture—print, film, radio, and television," wrote C. Wright Mills in the early fifties. "As a metropolitan dweller, he is especially open to the focused onslaught of all the manufactured loyalties and distractions that are contrived and urgently pressed upon those who live in worlds they never made."

The commercial exploitation of the Roth decision can now be found—a decade later—in a massive take-over of our fantasy life. So the sexual sphere becomes the new marketing mode; it is what consumers have in common with one another; it is the steady destruction of the ultimate human freedom in commercial bondage to the sexual. The mentality of pop pornographers can be studied by examining the kind of movies they produce, the magazines they edit, the newspapers they print, the advertisements they write. The really astonishing thing common to all such material is its generally sex-negative attitude. The mirror they hold up reflects a middle-class America in which there is a great deal of sexual misery. Characteristically, the new sex vendors fail to provide the clues to understanding the national sex hang-up. The profit side of the ledger is to be found in merchandising the debasing, dehumanizing, degrading aspects of sexuality; it is sexual adventurism rather than sexual love that is the true grit of this trade.

Despite the popular belief to the contrary—a belief created by confusing the availability of pornographic material (no matter how vicious) with sexual health—the pornographic racketeers have never shown the slightest enthusiasm for a social morality that might precondition man for genuine sexual freedom. So in sex education. Its grace is what it means to be a man or a woman, a subject long under the interdict of the common bigot. In the elementary and secondary schools of Houston, otherwise known as the base camp for the moon, the children of space-age technicians learn that plants and animals have reproductive systems, but when it comes to people their teachers stand silent. Sex education is not allowed in the schools of Harris County, nor, for for that matter, in more than half the schools of this nation. So because the franchise of sexual health is at the mercy of religious fundamentalists, minor political aspirants, and bumper-sticker conservatives, sex in most communities is still taught as it was when President Lincoln was in the White House—behind the candy store or in the dark. Now for the answering results. One in three brides pregnant at time of marriage; a national divorce rate that is rising half again as fast as the marriage rate; venereal disease among teen-agers: more than 90,000 cases reported in 1968, an increase of 80 per cent since 1956; about a quarter of all military draftees unfit for duty due to neuroses of familial or sexual origin. It is, pointedly, one of the horrors of growing up—and growing up, especially for a middle-class kid, is nowadays a genuine horror—that the young are confronted by so much hypocrisy at home. What you behold, sweeping a glance over suburbia, is the end result of this bogus, commercially inspired "pleasure ethic." It is there, out among the Big Boy power mowers, Sears drapes, and the Sentinel burglar alarms where the porn is really green.

Pop pornography is aimed at the widest possible market—the groin of suburbia. Here are the avid consumers of the breathy novels of Jacqueline Susann, Irving Wallace, Harold Robbins and the rest of the rich and prospering school of one-handed fiction; of movies such as *The Fox, Prudence and the Pill* and *Three Into Two Won't Go*; of the women's magazines that have followed *Cosmopolitan*'s market break into the New Sex ("Adultery for Adults: Probably the Farthest-Out Advice You'll Ever Read on Marriage!") and *Mademoiselle* ("Sex: The New Status Symbol. What, Why, and Where It Is Sexy. The All-Time Like-It-Is Roundup"). Here on the coffee table is the interior fantasy world outside PTA, Laundromats, office squabbles and school lunches. Meanwhile for Dad's brief case and bathroom reading is *Playboy*. Embraced by *Business Week* recently as the magazine totally right for the late 1960s, *Playboy* (5.5 million copies a month, read by 12 million men) has reached the point where, from its wholly owned 37-story headquarters (topped by a "Bunny Beacon") chief stockholder and publisher Hugh Marston Hefner can look out on an empire that includes *Playboy* ($25 million in ad revenues last year) *and* a nineteen-unit chain of Playboy clubs and resorts, *and* a motion picture division, *and* a syndicated TV series, *Playboy After Dark*. "Ten years ago," says a media buyer at J. Walter Thompson, the world's largest advertising agency, "none of our clients would have dared use *Playboy*. Today it's a routine buy."

Sex sells. And by any yardstick this commercial take-over of the middle-class subconscious must be reckoned a prodigious financial success. Giving pop pornography respectability has been a fantastic challenge, and a challenge that has involved jettisoning the Gospel of Work for the fun ethic. A far tougher nut the pleasure merchandisers have had to crack is organized religion in America. At the heart of things, beyond all the slippery arguments for a healthy hedonistic society, the question curls: hedonism for what? Hefner has chosen to meet the

religious question head-on, recognizing that his main job is not to sell *Playboy* but to give moral permission to have fun without guilt. "By stressing self-denial and heavenly reward," argues Hefner [religion] "has kept man from enjoying, without guilt, the fruits of his earthly labors and to that extent is incompatible with the free enterprise system." Given the kind of demand the pop pornographers have created there is no reason why sales and earnings will not continue rising in the years ahead. Pornography, in a few brief years, has moved from an under-the-counter item to an open-market commodity, a part of the capitalist system.

Scenting the sweet smell of success, Maurice Girodias, once the supreme pornographic publisher of Paris, has immigrated to these shores. In an interview with *The New York Times* (that's the kind of press pornographers receive these days) the reporter noted: "He is looking forward to making his first million dollars within the next six months, thanks to such recent titles as *Curtain of Flesh* and *A Sea of Thighs*. As he smilingly acknowledged, 'There seems to be an endless demand for the stuff.'" And Mr. Girodias is going to do his best to make sure the supply does not dry up. That's in the American free enterprise tradition: in 1969, just about everyone is reaching out for a share of the "Sexual Revolution." As for the future, Rabbi Jacob J. Hecht recently observed: "The home of the future will consider pornography as commonplace and necessary as a color TV or dishwasher."

The Fallacy of Decentralization

AMITAI ETZIONI

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In 1947, I was delivering hay from Tel Yoseph, an Israeli kibbutz, to Ein Harod, another kibbutz less than a mile away. The farm manager of Ein Harod signed the delivery papers for twenty-eight bales, and I filed the papers with the office of Tel Yoseph. "How much will Ein Harod be charged?" I asked the clerk. He was astonished by my question. "By Afula prices, of course." Afula is a town not far from both kibbutzim. While the kibbutzim neither use money nor set prices in their internal transactions, they charge each other the prices which prevail in the "free" (i.e., capitalistic) market of Afula. The national kibbutz associations help fledgling kibbutzim, but in general the mechanisms for transfer payments are very weak. No wonder that rather well-off kibbutzim are to be found next to extremely poor ones. And over the years, the rich kibbutzim get richer while the poor ones remain poor.

The kibbutz movement is of considerable interest to those who favor decentralization as a way of providing a genuinely participatory system. But it also illustrates the fact that decentralization often serves ineffectively those values which require a national mechanism that is sufficiently powerful to reallocate sources among local units (a prerequisite for social justice) and the handling of many other "inter-unit," nation-wide issues and values (e.g., the financing of institutions of higher education which would advance the movement).

I am far from being an expert on Yugoslavia, but I understand from those who are that the relatively considerable decision-making power given to small residential and work units generates some similar, symptomatic problems. Thus, for instance, I am told that there is little "income transfer" from the more affluent parts of Yugoslavia to such poverty-stricken, underdeveloped regions as Macedonia, Yugoslavia's equivalent of our South. Efforts to establish inter-local bus lines, especially, those which require inter-regional coordination, are said to face difficulties similar to those encountered in attempts to establish rapid transit systems in our cities, when the consent and financial support of a large number of independent local governments are needed.

To generalize, a truly decentralized participatory system will tend to be highly responsive to the needs of the members in each participatory locality, but will tend to neglect inter-local, inter-regional and national needs, both of the allocative (e.g., social justice) type and those which are best served collectively (e.g., a priming of the economy).

Decentralization offers a significant basis for participation. It fosters a citizenry that is informed and in control, tending to make society and its governance more humane. Hence, it is not surprising that many attempts are made to explain, or to explain away, the drawbacks of decentralization. Some anarchists suggest that the values fostered by decentralization are of such high priority that its disadvantages are more than acceptable. Laissez-faire liberals say, as Kenneth Boulding has argued, that once we have a large number of small, competitive political units, the laws of free competition will operate so as to promote various "inter-unit" values without the need for an institutionalized "super-unit" (or national) mechanism.

Another "automatic" solution comes from the New Left; Berndt Rabehl has written, "How will the structure of the city look? It can be divided up into many, individual collectivities of three, four or five thousand men, who center themselves around a factory. Thereby the factory becomes not merely a work center, but a place offering all possibilities for the unfolding of life. Computers will be used to figure what has to be built, how the plans must look, what dangers may appear." This approach ignores moral and political questions, making all of the issues seem to be merely factual. In short, it may be said that what we seek

for America is a system that is less centralized than the existing one, but not a system which is completely or even highly decentralized.

This brings up the question of the nature of our national system and what its decentralization would entail. As I see it, the formulation of military, foreign and space policy is centralized, especially those decisions which may involve life or death for millions in nuclear war. If there were a realistic way by which *these* decisions could be decentralized, the welfare of all of us would probably be enhanced. (Even here, however, there would be a hidden assumption: that people are good, at least peace-loving, while governments, ours at any rate, are evil and war-oriented. Possibly the increased participation of citizens in foreign-policy decisions would have the desired effect only when the citizens themselves were liberated from the effects of the centralized society. How we might survive the transition period is a problem almost as intractable as the original one of a decentralized power to declare war.)

For domestic policy, quite a different system seems to prevail in the contemporary United States; hence an approach quite different from decentralization may be required to make the governance of society in this area more participatory and humane. While the foreign-policy state is run chiefly from Washington by generals and bureaucrats in coalition with national power groups, the domestic state is largely fragmented and controlled locally from city halls, state capitals and "private governments" (such as universities and hospitals) in coalition with local power groups and with only spot interference from Washington. Thus, for example, it is empirically incorrect to assume that anyone in Washington has effective control over the educational system; decisions are made by fifty state Departments of Education, thousands of local school boards, and the trustees of 2,000 colleges and universities, with surprisingly little coordination. The same holds for police departments, health and welfare services, etc. Even the funds which come from Washington are spent largely according to local decisions. When national standards exist at all, they are frequently not effectively enforced; the HEW guidelines for desegregation are a case in point.

Domestic policy cannot be *much* more decentralized than it is now. And in considering whether or not to decentralize further, one must take into account that, by and large, the domestic services provided by the federal government—while highly bureaucratic, too-late too-little, slow to reflect innovations, and more slanted toward the middle class than the underclass—are more responsive to human needs, minority groups, etc., than those provided by most local authorities. Some, actually surprisingly few communities, are progressive but the administration of most cities and states (and, I suspect, of the remaining villages) is significantly inferior to that provided by federal agencies on all conceivable criteria. On the local level, power elites can gain their way more readily, nepotism and unvarnished corruption are more rampant, civil service standards are lower, the cost per unit of achievement is higher, and disregard for minorities is greater. It is the pull of national forces—both the organization of people on relief, and HEW—which increases the level of welfare payments, while most states seek to keep it down; the desegregation that has occurred is due largely to nation-wide efforts by such forces as the civil rights movement and the Department of Justice, and so forth. It is quite



unclear, at least to me, why the sum of the parts of this country is less reactionary (when one reviews domestic programs) than most of the parts taken singly, but I am quite sure that it is so.

Those who favor decentralization, at least if they come from the Left, will say that they have in mind units smaller than states or cities. But even these units—South Boston or East Palo Alto—tend to be monopolized and corrupt in their governance. The reformers may say that they seek still *smaller* units, like the student communes, but these are at best a way of life for a very tiny minority. Moreover, they are too small to attend to most human needs, and the coordination of scores of such units to provide the needed services collectively is nearly impossible.

It is further said that local units can more easily be made participatory. This may be true for a few communities, mainly campus towns and select suburbs, but is not the case for most localities. On the contrary, it seems to me comparatively easier (though still far from easy) to gain participation in decisions made on the national level

and to achieve the measure of transformation (e.g., untightening) of which this society is capable by joining into national social movements such as peace, civil rights, and now that of the students. By coordinated effort, scores of Congressmen can be influenced, the outcomes of elections affected, Washington (or the Pentagon) confronted, etc. All this does *not* yield an open, participatory society, but it does fuel more reforms *and* radicalization than most strictly local efforts (as distinct from local projects which are part of a national movement).

Furthermore, I hold, though this cannot be elaborated here, that from a psychological viewpoint, participation will have a restless, Sisyphean quality unless it is tied to causes beyond personal gratification. Without helping to liberate others, without helping to create the *societal* conditions for personal liberation—without *macro*-participation—there cannot be authentic micro-participation.

The main opportunities to broaden the participation of all citizens in domestic policies—and, to the degree that the national Establishment does not respond to this pressure, the radicalization of those not yet radicalized—lie in *national* social movements, usually combining a broad critical perspective with mobilization around a specific issue. To anchor this point further, I must digress briefly to indicate my views of the national power structure and of how it may be transformed. The American reality seems to me to stand somewhere between the vulgar conception of the power elite, which sees the control of society as monopolized by one well-coordinated group, and the conception of democratic pluralism, which sees the country taking its direction as the result of interaction among a large variety of autonomous "interest groups." There is, I think, a plurality of national actors, but they are far from being equal in power. In other words, there is a highly *slanted* pluralism, with the country's course being determined to a large extent, but not exclusively, by a not well coordinated group of powerful actors (e.g., the National Association of Manufacturers, the Armed Services), with a significant role being played—especially on the domestic front—by secondary groups (e.g., AFL-CIO) and, occasionally, by the least powerful groups, such as the farm workers.

To view the same structure dynamically, there is an option other than the four now most frequently discussed: disintegration or anarchy, revolutionary change, token ameliorations ("reforms"), or open authoritarianism following a right-wing backlash. The fifth alternative consists of significant *and* accumulative changes that result in a gradual although not necessarily slow transformation to a fundamentally different society.

The extent to which this option is realizable depends directly on whether or not change in the *national* power balance is possible. The more the least powerful groups become politically aware and mobilized for political action on the national level (as is gradually happening with the blacks), and the more they find partners in "secondary" groups which have some power but also have, or can find, an interest in societal transformation (e.g., students, middle-class ethnic minorities), the greater the chance that a fundamental transformation will take place. In short, national movements are an essential propellant for social change. And only *after* such transformation is accomplished can I foresee the conditions under which decentralization would lead not to greater oligarchization but rather to the local transformation of ecological units in the direction of broadened participation.

I deliberately focus here on power, mobilization for political action and national coordination—issues which to some members of the New Left seem rather old-fashioned as compared to "deeper" existential matters. The mere fact that these issues have been raised before does not automatically make them obsolete. And while I can see the appeal of the short cuts offered by the Theatre of the Absurd, the student communes, and even the social islands of the hippies, the integrated and spontaneous way of life cannot, as I see it, be sustained unless the *national* structures are first transformed. Moreover, whatever progress can be made locally, unless it is very microscopic (limited to a few pads or barns), depends on the moral and intellectual sustenance as well as the political protection of a national movement.

There seems to be one exception to this sociological iron law: participation in "private governments" of corporate units as distinct from ecological-residential ones. Universities, churches, hospitals and some places of work can be made more participatory without first transforming the national structures. Again, I am much more confident about the sociological observation than about the reasons. Perhaps this capacity to evolve autonomously in smaller units without first unlocking larger structures is due to the fact that forces of control and sanctioning, that is, the police, are more closely tied to ecological units and elites than to private governments. These governments seem reluctant to resort to such forces because a measure of corporate autonomy serves their interests, and they are afraid —as university faculties so obviously are—that once the government is regularly invited to deal with their rebels, it will stay to deal with them. The result is well illustrated by the relative reluctance of churches, universities and other private governments to call in the police, as compared with the cities of Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles, Oakland and Newark, and by the difficult time Congress has in finding ways to legislate about conduct in the action-space of these private units.

In short, on the domestic front (as distinct from military and foreign policy), little will be achieved by most forms of decentralization, because the system is already rather decentralized, and the local-ecological units are chiefly controlled by oligarchies which are tighter than the national domestic system. The greatest, although far from great, opportunities for mobilizing power toward transformation are on the national level, including unlocking the system for broader local participation. Participation in "private governments" is an exception so far, but it is not clear how long it will remain so; they, too, may become tied into municipal and state sanctioning systems to be controlled like local-ecological units.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Theatre of Interpretations

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> There are no facts, there are only interpretations. —*Nietzsche*

Clearly the outstanding fact about "the theatre of fact" is that it is vehemently suspected of propagating non-fact, even lies. Rolf Hochhuth is, of course, the *cause célèbre*. Both his plays were based on factual propositions which most people utterly reject: in the one case that Pius XII acquiesced in attempted genocide, in the other that Churchill brought about the death of Gen. Wladyslaw Sikorski. A recent, still unproduced play by Conor Cruise O'Brien deals with an alleged crime that stands midway between these other alleged crimes of Pius and Churchill: O'Brien believes that Dag Hammarskjöld and Andrew Cordier, while they did not bring about the murder of Patrice Lumumba, were worse than acquiescent in it, since they could and should have prevented it but (according to *Murderous Angels*) deliberately and purposefully refrained from doing so.

Our most natural expectation of a documentary theatre is either that it translate the history books into stage terms or, dealing with very recent times, that it remind us of what we know we lived through. Actually, the playwrights, if dealing with earlier history, are revisionist and rebel historians of what the profession could only regard as an extreme sort. If dealing with recent years, they remind us of nothing, but charge that we never knew the truth and regarded Pius, Churchill, Hammarskjöld and Cordier as men who not only did not stand for murder but couldn't conceivably stand for it: not being that kind of person. The gist, then, is (a) that the history books are wrong and (b) that the men whom we idealists have most admired were not themselves idealists but at best ruthless realists, matching Hitler's crimes with their own (Churchill), at worst megalomaniacs (Hammarskjöld), schemers (Cordier) or organization men (Pius). Implicitly the plays call on us (a) to see history in terms quite other than those taught in the schools and (b) to repudiate the idols of the Establishment: the unusually holy Pope, the gallant spokesman for anti-Nazi heroism, the religious poet who raised high the banner of the United Nations. And why not? That was exactly where the action was in the 1960s, and the force of any type of historical drama resides in its topicality: it must quiver with the life, not of the era depicted but of the period of the performance.

The Deputy was successful. Which is not to say it was universally acceptable. This type of play will be unacceptable to those who are its target, but it can be held unsuccessful only if it misses the target, that is to say, if it can be shown to be mendacious or otherwise unsound. Marginal errors or dubieties will not wreck it. Central ones are another matter, and here *Soldiers* was in trouble. Hochhuth was unable to make even his best disposed readers and spectators share his belief that Churchill was guilty as charged. That Hochhuth tried to make the crime less incredible by arguing that it was tragically *defensible* only compounded his problem. For, with this, *Soldiers* just became confusing and confused. It is, indeed, one of those out-and-out failures which no ingenuity can redeem: for every device or idea to which the author has recourse only reveals itself *as* ingenuity—in the one lost cause. Seldom has so much intelligence produced such a stupid result. My only emotion upon seeing *Soldiers* was distress at the thought that the author of *The Deputy* could come to this. I suppose the case is instructive. The two plays are very obviously of the same authorship. *The Deputy* has some of the shortcomings of *Soldiers*, especially a Schillerian type of dialogue unrelieved, as in Schiller himself, by humor, but lacking Schiller's sheen and poetry. *Soldiers* has none of *The Deputy*'s merits. Hochhuth's talent is for shared outrage. The material of *The Deputy* offered him a foothold, the material of *Soldiers* did not.

O'Brien's *Murderous Angels* stands midway between the two Hochhuth plays in yet another respect: its main accusation is more firmly grounded than that of *Soldiers* but less firmly so than that of *The Deputy*. I speak here, not for historians but for spectators. When we see *The Deputy*, whatever we may be unsure of, we are sure that Pius XII did stand idly by when he could at least have attempted to do something. When O'Brien urges the complicity of Hammarskjöld and Cordier we receive his presentation as an opinion, a sort of prosecutor's brief, and, however much we may be taken with its wit and thrust, which are considerable, we remain willing to listen to other reconstructions of the evidence.

The New Yorker has raised the question: what legal recourse have the villains of such plays? It seems that libel actions have been threatened in some cases. Faced with such threats, Lincoln Center changed the names of some characters in the Oppenheimer play (though not all of these were villains). And Cordier's name appears in *Murderous Angels* only in a single use of the nickname Andy. People can hardly be pleased to find themselves badly thought of by a playwright, but it would be a gross infringement of freedom of speech to prevent playwrights from thinking badly of people. Yet replacing one name with another is a transparent trick and I am surprised that most of the aggrieved have settled for it. Probably many in the future will not—a pilot involved in the crash that killed Sikorski is already suing Hochhuth in London. What seems to be needed is a loosening of the libel laws as they apply to theatre. What the journalist can say in an editorial or article —possibly even what Drew Pearson can say in a column—the playwright too must be permitted to say.

I am assuming that the best corrective for untruth on stage will not be litigation but criticism: that of the dramatic critic and that of playgoers in general. If what a playwright says is truly scandalous, the proper retort is in the scandal itself, as it is talked about and as it finds its way into print. By all means, let the admirers of Pius XII present their case. And if some argue that when mud is slung some of it always sticks, one has to reply that this consideration cannot justify a ban on mudslinging. That argument is not a universal truth, anyway. Much mud was slung at Joan of Arc (by churchmen, as it happens), but none of it has stuck.

The documentary play is a little trickier than it looks. That a play is documentary at all means that it surprises and probably appalls its audience with material of which it can and indeed must be said: "Yes, and this actually happened." Hence it was nothing less than cheating when a fictitious episode was inserted into an otherwise "factual" Pittsburgh Playhouse presentation of HUAC proceedings. People left the theatre thinking certain things had really

happened which hadn't. That is how the theatre becomes an *un*educational institution.

In this country, the producers of *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* stressed that the dialogue was spiced with fiction. For their aim was to forestall libel suits. In Europe, everyone had thought that "it was all true." And indeed one would have had to do a good deal of research to learn that Heinar Kipphardt, its author, gave a twist of his own to almost everything. Peter Weiss's *Investigation* kept pretty close to the printed records but was criticized for a certain kind of editing (the word "Jew," I believe, kept being replaced).

Would it be a solution to some of these problems if the dramatist did not add any words at all of his own? That he adopted such a course is stressed by Donald Freed in his play *The United States vs. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*, produced this past season at the Cleveland Playhouse. "Every word you will hear or see on this stage is a documented quotation," he tells his audience. They could well ask what difference it makes, since the principle of selectivity leaves Freed with so many options still open. He has a picture in mind, and he picks the quotations that support it. Theatre of fact in a world where the facts are so many and so various leaves elbow room for some very large elbows. And selection is not all; there is also the little matter of ordering the material, both as to juxtaposition (montage) and cross reference. Cross reference is one form of repetition. There are other forms, the simplest of which—immediate simple repetition—can have a remarkable effect. Freed repeats anything that takes his fancy. *"Un bel dì." The Battle Hymn of the Republic.* Strong stuff that, repeated at crucial points of the evening. Freed has noticed that Joe McCarthy used to say, "I have here in my hand a list of . . ." giving various nouns and statistics at various times, so in the play he has McCarthy repeat the phrase half a dozen times *without interruption.* Now a single beat of a drum is one thing; repeat it a single time a little is added; repeat it a few times, however, and the phenomenon is quite different: repeat it many times and all hell has broken loose. This is the principle involved in repetition of words too; and can easily nullify the principle implied in "every word you will hear or see on this stage is a documented quotation."

What is the moral? That we can do without documentary drama altogether? That Mr. Freed should have presented his material with less manipulation? Or with more—introducing *un*documented material? Well, to begin with, it is a matter of indifference whether material is "documented" if one does not know the value of the documents concerned. Anything is documented that comes from a book, even a bad book. Next, the main question is not whether a speech is documented (in any sense) but whether the audience is on firm ground because it knows what it is getting. The fiction in *The Deputy* is acceptable because it is not taken for nonfiction: to get Hochhuth's message we don't have to believe that there was a Father Fontana who confronted the Pope. It follows that there is no special virtue in the plea that all such fictions have been eliminated, especially when we begin to realize how much artifice there can be in cutting, rearrangement, repetition, etc. But, in turn, a work in which every word is a quotation could be valid on other grounds, namely, the grounds on which we must judge all documentary drama, such as honesty and intelligibility. In the case of Freed, I have in effect argued that there is dishonesty (no doubt unconscious) in what is evidently claimed in the way of authenticity. Freed is also unintelligible in the sense that he does not really tell the story but takes for granted that we know it, or even that, having our hearts in the right place, we can guess it: so-and-so *must* be innocent, or so-and-so *must* be guilty, these things follow from correct ideology. All of which is a cop-out because this way the playwright evades his obligation to tell the story and create the participants. Instead, we see marionettes dangling on the string of our present discontents.

To tell the story and create the participants: am I right in assuming that these are things the playwright has to do? Peter Weiss has suggested, on the contrary, that it is permissible for the documentary playwright to "quote" characters rather than have to create them. He himself, for example, presenting the Lyndon Johnson Cabinet in his *Vietnam Discourse*, does not ask the actors to do clever, lifelike impersonations, let alone caricatures à la *MacBird*, but merely "cites" these people. Well, maybe. I have not seen *Vietnam Discourse*, but I hear from admirers of Peter Weiss that it is his least theatrical effort so far.

O'Brien is also in trouble—or at least has problems—in this department, as I have rather special reason to know. Herbert Berghof wanted me to direct *Murderous Angels* with himself as Hammarskjöld. I asked O'Brien, could it be more a play, especially in certain parts? Could Hammarskjöld be given scenes in which O'Brien's tragicomic sense of him would be more fully realized on stage? For it seemed that, while the author's view of Hammarskjöld was clearly stated, little was done to enable Berghof to walk on and *be* such a person. O'Brien in effect asked me to accept his stage figures as Weissian "citations." And I, for my part, would have been glad to attempt a sort of political spectacle, influenced by the Living Newspaper and Piscator, in which character is subordinated to documentation. News clips. The UN on TV, etc. I could even have done a little boasting about my use of "multimedia." But even had the rights remained available (and soon afterwards they were sold to the National Theatre in London), Berghof really did not wish to play a citation, he wished to play a man. Was he wrong?

In my book, *The Theatre of Commitment* (1967), I myself argued the case for certain political and polemical simplifications. These included a two-dimensional form of character—political caricature, if you will, but not necessarily comic—in which the playwright forgoes fuller characterization in order to channel outrage through an expressive stage figure. An example of such a figure is Hochhuth's Pius XII. It does not provide a rounded picture of the actual man. It does dramatize—or, if you prefer, theatricalize—what Hochhuth believes to be Pius' role in World War II. And I would have no complaint against Kipphardt's Oppenheimer or Freed's Rosenberg pair or O'Brien's Hammarskjöld if as much could be said of them. But, in all three instances, the theatregoer can only feel frustrated. The material exudes drama, and it should be remarked that none of the three plays could have trouble holding an audience (in this genre you can hold your audience without being much of a playwright). Yet in each play we long for scenes that never take place. Shouldn't Oppenheimer be confronted by Admiral Strauss? Hammarskjöld by Lumumba? If not, surely there should be *some* confrontation which brings action and character into dramatic focus.

Of course, our authors have alibis. These are documentary plays, and such confrontations could not be documented. Even so, when told what the Rosenbergs did not do (commit espionage), couldn't we, this being drama, be shown what they did do? The point applies equally to the Oppenheimer play. Oppenheimer is also shown as "not a spy." But what is he? What was he actually up to in Los Alamos and earlier? Here the author will cite another alibi. His play is based on the "trial" records, and so *cannot* show Oppenheimer before 1954. The Rosenberg play cannot show what their "record" doesn't indicate: namely, the life they did lead, the kind of people they actually were. But such alibis only raise the question whether the decision to be documentary in this way was a shrewd one. O'Brien, to do him credit, leans

THE RELEASE

When I walk through streets
(in southern Europe mostly),
narrow, crooked streets
that look tired, worn
like old women in black shawls;
when things inanimate,
things built, things there
for human touch and presences
make me feel
that they have suffered,
that even walls, roofs, trees
bear a pain
which needs to be relieved:
the feeling that
deep sorrow resides
in everything I look at
makes me more alive.

Melancholy, sad,
but not unhappy.

What substance burns without a flame?
What human being gains in depth
who has not wept in dreams?
What moment moves us more
than when we realize
another's sorrow as our own?
Ennobling pain
must have its proper soil.

Wide, straight, new
the streets I walk through now.
Somehow I must get at what
they hide, must let their noise
go by me like the planes
too fast to spot,
must listen, listen
until I hear the silent sound
of stones I live in
as a heavy sigh.

Only in the midst of
pure suffering
will I release my cry!

ARTHUR GREGOR

MOTHS AT THE WINDOW

Our aunt's teeth become a skeleton's.
Moths are at the window, jewels of horror
and memory. Furniture is falling.
My relatives argue above the death bed.
They are like a child with long hair
who holds a candle and smiles.
Hidden behind dust-brown wings,
you read it in her weary eyes.
It is Aunt Mary they snuff out.
Her grin surfaces with the bone.

WILLIAM HUNT

WORLDS OF DIFFERENT SIZES

I like to help small things survive:
red slugs drying on sidewalk deserts,
birds against cats, cats against dogs, dogs against cars.

I like to help big things keep going:
old trees, three-story houses,
mountains ore-men want to dig away.

And the invisible, the invisible, how it struggles
for its life in big blind bones,
in a small heart.

SANDRA McPHERSON

MUSIC IN MICHIGAN

The blind hear music from the darkened lakeside,
voices from autos and they visualize the thin
limbs of the water and of the swim suits.
In Vietnam her left arm burst from the shoulder,
dark as burnt candlewick, it moved on the ground.
"I am too old now to understand why this occurred,"
she said. Too late, the moon drawn upon a string
sets. Too late to see the young dance in Michigan.
The blind men rock in time to the shore waters.
Their fingertips grow out toward the water.
An animal's breath passes within their reach.
The moon was the memory of windows
to which the children of the poor say prayers.
Whispering into its wings the owl simplifies
the search for the lost arms of the living.

WILLIAM HUNT

MOUNT KEARSARGE

Great blue mountain! Ghost!
I look at you
from the porch of the farmhouse
where I watched you all summer
as a boy. Steep sides, narrow flat
patch on top—
you are clear to me
like the memory of one day.
Blue. Blue.
The top of the mountain floats
in haze.
I will not rock on this porch
when I am old. I turn my back on you,
Kearsarge, I close
my eyes, and you rise inside me,
blue ghost.

DONALD HALL

on no such alibis but argues in his preface for certain freedoms à la Hochhuth. (His whole play is a *Deputy* with a Protestant "Pope"—an interesting point, considering that he is of Catholic background, Hochhuth of Protestant background.) But *Murderous Angels* could be a better play—would be "more of a play"—if the author were freer, if he would let go, if he would let *his* Hammarskjöld come into being. In the plays of Kipphardt and Freed, certainly, one feels the absence, not only of full characterizations but also of any effective two-dimensional protagonists. The final paradox of their theatre of fact is that their protagonists are inflated with liberal legend and sentimentality.

Black Theatre in America

BLACK DRAMA: The Story of the American Negro in the Theatre. *By Loften Mitchell. Hawthorn Books. 248 pp. $5.95.*

NEGRO PLAYWRIGHTS IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE 1925-1959. *By Doris E. Abramson. Columbia University Press. 335 pp. $12.50. Paper $2.95.*

NEW BLACK PLAYWRIGHTS. *Edited and with an introduction by William Couch, Jr. Louisiana State University Press. 258 pp. $6.95.*

ISAIAH SHEFFER

Mr. Sheffer teaches theatre arts at Columbia University. He produced and directed the DMZ Political Cabaret, and is drama critic for radio station WBAI in New York City.

These three books can serve as an excellent set of introductory readings on the subject of black theatre in America. Loften Mitchell's *Black Drama: The Story of the American Negro in the Theatre* should be read first. In an anecdotal and argumentative style it traces the history of black theatre in this country from the West Indian slave, Mungo, who appears as a clown in a 1769 comedy, *The Padlock*, to the blackface minstrel shows of the pre-Civil War era, the Harlem theatre movements of the 1920s, and the struggles and problems of the fifties and sixties on and off Broadway. It tells as much about actors, producers and audiences as it does about playwrights, which is why it is useful as a frame for the other two volumes.

Doris E. Abramson's book, though it repeats some of the history told by Loften Mitchell, is a more precise and scholarly examination of twenty plays written by Negro dramatists between 1925 and 1959 and produced on the New York professional stage. Despite its rather stiff, dissertation-style prose it is an absorbing study. The detailed discussion of each of these plays provides us with an otherwise unavailable acquaintance with such dramatists as Wallace Thurman, Theodore Ward and Alice Childress, as well as a deeper understanding of the work of such better-known Negro playwrights as Langston Hughes, Richard Wright and Lorraine Hansberry. Running through Miss Abramson's textual analyses are two themes: the growing dramaturgical skill and sophistication of black playwrights during the last four decades, and the ways in which these writers have chosen to concentrate on specifically Negro subjects and problems.

There is no lack of skill or sophistication in the plays collected by William Couch, Jr., in the anthology *New Black Playwrights*. This volume shows that there is no longer any need for critics writing in the white press to "make allowances," as they used to do a few years ago, for the sincere but crudely written Negro problem play. The best of these playwrights, Douglas Turner Ward (*Happy Ending*; *Day of Absence*) or Ed Bullins (*Goin'a Buffalo*) are accomplished craftsmen as well as talented theatre artists. This anthology makes it clear that there are black writers prominent in the ranks of those who are creating the theatre of today.

And what are these black dramatists writing about? With the possible exception of Adrienne Kennedy's poetic fragment, *A Rat's Mass*, every play in the Couch anthology deals in one way or another with the problems of the Negro in white America. Douglas Turner Ward's plays are brilliant comic fantasies about the Negro as servant. Bullins' *Goin'a Buffalo* is a harsh, powerful description of the lives of Los Angeles musicians, prostitutes and junkies. Lonne Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, an Off-Broadway hit this season produced by the Negro Ensemble Company, though not as good a play, I think, as the still unproduced *Goin'a Buffalo*, is a drama about a Harlem family. And the last play in the collection, William Wellington Mackey's *Family Meeting*, takes up the question of the Negro who has succeeded in making it into the middle class. Another current Off-Broadway success, not in this anthology, Charles Gordone's *No Place*

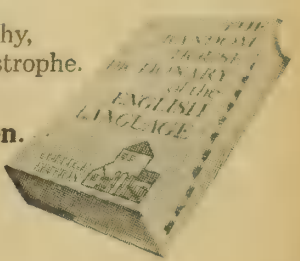
What is James A. Michener reading?

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If you want to read James Michener, his newest book is *Presidential Lottery.* It's an urgent book all about our electoral system. It tells why the system is inadequate and irrational for our time, and why, under certain circumstances, it could be a catastrophe.

The Random House Dictionary of the English Language/College Edition.

One of the books writers read.



To Be Somebody, is a philosophical soap opera involving a black café owner, the Mafia, a light-skinned Negro actor and assorted black and white café people.

Perhaps it's inevitable that for the black playwright there *can* be only one real theme: what it means to be black in America. Playwrights, after all, must write about what they truly know and what they feel is important. But one might ponder a statement from Richard Wright's *White Man, Listen!*, written in 1957, which Miss Abramson quotes in her book:

> If the expression of the American Negro should take a sharp turn towards strictly racial themes, then you will know by that token that we are suffering our old and ancient agonies at the hands of our white American neighbors. If, however, our expression broadens, assumes the common themes and burdens of literary expression which are the heritage of all men, then by that token you will know that a humane attitude prevails in America towards us.

Just in case we were in doubt, the black playwrights of today are letting us know that no such humane attitude yet prevails. The ancient agonies are still being suffered, and black theatre must still have as its first priority, if not its exclusive preoccupation, the reflection and expression of those agonies. What is unfortunate is that the rich talents of this generation of black playwrights are not yet free to approach a broader range of subjects, to assume those common themes and burdens which are the heritage of all of us. Telling it like it is is an important and inescapable task for black playwrights, but I would hope that the most talented of them can eventually do this, and more.

Not that telling it like it is has been simple or easy. All three of these books speak of the extraordinary and paradoxical difficulty encountered by the black dramatist in search of an audience. One aspect of this difficulty is described by Mr. Couch in the introduction to his anthology:

> The conclusion seems inescapable: plays about Negroes, especially plays that deal candidly with the harsher realities of the Negro's existence in America, are not attractive to the general theatre audience, and the bulk of the theatregoing audience is white.

Miss Abramson carries the diagnosis one step further:

> In order to make their plays acceptable to that [predominantly white] audience, the playwrights discover that they frequently have to distort the very truths they want to tell about Negro existence. It would seem, on the other hand, that they could "tell it like it is" to a Harlem audience. But there they are in the unenviable position of trying to present insights about Negro reality that may be rejected by those Negroes who wish either to be assimilated into white middle-class culture or to deny that culture totally. Simply stated, the Negro playwright's dilemma is that neither white nor black audiences can be counted on to support plays that attack or even question commonly accepted American mores.

The black playwright must grapple not only with the question of who his audience is but also with the problem of just how it might be possible to reach any one of his potential audiences in an effective way. The many varied answers range all the way from Ossie Davis' *Purlie Victorious*, a commercially unsuccessful attempt to present deep racial truths in the form of a Broadway entertainment, to plays like James Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie* and LeRoi Jones's *Dutchman* which demand that white viewers confront their own guilt, or to a work like Bullins' *Goin'a Buffalo* which seems intended in its story, its milieu, and above all in its language, to exclude white audiences altogether and to speak intensely only to an audience of hip black insiders.

But if the serious black dramatist finds it hard to know and reach his audience, so does his serious white counterpart. If black playwrights sense the increasing impossibility and irrelevance of the commercial theatre, so do white playwrights. If black writers experiment with new theatrical forms because they are desperately uncertain whether theatre as we know it is of any use at all in these unhealthy times, that desperation and that uncertainty are shared by all creative theatre people, black or white. What Miss Abramson describes as the Negro playwright's dilemma applies to playwrights of any color. The central problem faced by the black playwright is the same problem that must be faced by all theatre artists: entrapment in the rigidity and emptiness of what Peter Brook has so aptly labeled the Deadly Theatre, and the need to grope one's way toward a rediscovery of the essential theatrical experience.

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Order & Freedom

THE THIRD THEATRE. *By Robert Brustein. Alfred A. Knopf. 294 pp. $6.95.*

PUBLIC DOMAIN: Essays on the Theatre. *By Richard Schechner. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 244 pp. $6.95.*

JULIUS NOVICK
Mr. Novick's Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theatres *(Hill & Wang) was based on a series of articles which appeared originally in* The Nation.

Our theatre has begun to reflect our times, for better or for worse, in a startlingly vivid fashion. Partly this is because nowadays "our times" seem to provide so much more to reflect than they used to; whatever may be said about living in the late 1960s, it certainly is not dull. (Is it Brecht who somewhere invokes the mercy of God on those condemned to live in "interesting times"?)

What is making our times so interesting can be described as a tremendous shift in the balance between the conflicting claims of freedom and order. Every society—every individual—is fundamentally characterized by the way it—he—arbitrates these claims. Freud tells us that civilization is only purchased at the price of tremendous frustrations; today, increasing numbers of us are serving notice that we no longer consider certain frustrations necessary or desirable for the maintenance of civilization, and that we are no longer willing to bear them. Whatever backlashes, repressions and counterattacks may appear here and there, the

shift is still, for the moment at least, most decisively and spectacularly in the direction of freedom.

An analogous shift has been taking place in the theatre. First the rules of old-fashioned dramatic construction were overthrown, then those of logic, progression, cause and effect; now the domination of the author in the theatrical collaboration, the demand that the actor impersonate a character rather than simply present himself, the barrier that separates the actor from the audience, and the taboos governing the presentation of sex in the theatre—all are being rejected by proponents of the "new theatre" as unnecessary, and therefore intolerable, restraints. These changes are both exciting, and dangerous; they are "liberating," but what is it that is being "liberated"? In the theatre too, these are "interesting times."

Since this process of "liberation" is still in mid-career, and nobody knows where and how it will end, we obviously cannot expect a complete account of it yet. These two new collections of articles, mostly about the theatre, by Robert Brustein and Richard Schechner, attempt to assess this portentous but ambiguous new development. Since both Brustein and Schechner are knowledgeable, intelligent, and deeply and personally involved with the theatre, and since in spite of certain striking parallels they reach opposite conclusions, the two books complement each other nicely.

Mr. Brustein does not by any means confine himself to the "new theatre," though much of what he has to say on other matters helps to provide a context for it. *The Third Theatre*, he writes in a brief preface, is offered

> . . . as a collection of pieces written between 1957 and 1968—pieces that deal not only with theatre but also with literature, culture, and the movies—which I hope have sufficient relevance to be worth preserving in book form. The only unity I can find in the collection, aside from a unity of style, proceeds from my obvious reluctance to discuss works of art without some reflection on the civilization that gave them birth.

This "obvious reluctance" gives rise to the distinguishing feature of his work. Brustein can discuss dramaturgy or describe performances well enough, but it is the deep intensity of his concern with the relationship between the work of art and the world outside it, that makes his criticism so valuable.

Brustein has his deficiencies as a critic. His hatred of the commercial theatre (where, after all, good things do turn up every once in a while, if only by accident) seems to me excessive, if not obsessive; and this hatred appears to be a function of an unlikable (though not unjustifiable) contempt for the American people in general. His dislike of Broadway is also connected, I think, to a lack of appreciation for what is fanciful or frivolous. Brustein has wit, but I wonder about his sense of humor; he never seems to unbend. "How can one love the theatre," he asks, "unless it functions as the instrument of some higher purpose?" Millions can, and do, but Brustein does not understand them, and does not want to; he prefers to regard them as his enemies. He is the Savonarola of dramatic criticism.

Fortunately, he writes cogently even about what he doesn't like. And being Savonarola has some positive aspects. Mr. Brustein never loses sight of the theatre's "higher purpose"; he writes out of what George Bernard Shaw called "moral passion." But this quality in Brustein has such a keen cutting edge that it never loses itself in mere pieties, and he manages (sometimes narrowly) to keep himself this side of annoying self-righteousness.

What is this "higher purpose" to which Brustein is so devoted? He does not formally define it, but he does say that the "greatest power" of the stage, which in our time it has lost, is "the power to alter



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destinies, to affect man in a direct and meaningful way." Not a new idea, but not a bad ideal to take to the theatre with you. In other essays, he elaborates: "A serious play, in interpreting the lives of its characters, interprets the lives of the auditors, providing images that intensify awareness." Awareness of what? Brustein gives us a hint when he says, apropos of *America, Hurrah!*, that "the truest poetic function of the theatre" is "to invent metaphors which can poignantly suggest a nation's nightmares and afflictions."

The title of his book comes from an essay in which Brustein echoes the demand of John Millington Synge for a theatre that will combine "reality" and "joy." If "nightmares and afflictions" are our "reality," whence "joy"? This is a paradox, but it is a noble one (Brustein discusses it in an essay on Greek tragedy entitled "The Memory of Heroism")—and anyway the theatre is the home of paradox.

In this book, Brustein wastes little time on what he calls "the superficiality of Broadway show business," but he says that "the whey-faced solemnity of our serious theatre is a problem that needs some airing," and he provides this "airing" in his articles on Edward Albee (three), Arthur Miller (one), and the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center (five). Commercial productions have no reality, and conventional serious plays have no joy; but Brustein finds both qualities combined in the English repertory companies, to which he devotes several articles, and in the Berliner Ensemble. And—for a while—in an emerging "third theatre" at home:

> [an] underground expression now being developed in the cabarets, workshops, and studios—where all assumptions are questioned, all shibboleths rejected, all dogma destroyed. A theatre, in short, where reality and joy are once more being combined and drama is once again becoming superb, gay, and wild.

In his enthusiasm, I think Brustein overvalues *Viet Rock*, *MacBird* and *America, Hurrah!*, but he soon becomes convinced that the "third theatre" has gone terribly wrong. He bitterly attacks Tom O'Horgan's production of *Futz*, Richard Schechner's *Dionysus in 69*, and the returned Living Theatre (though he had been a staunch admirer of it in the past, and had helped arrange for its return). Brustein concludes that the "new theatre"

> may spell as great a danger to dramatic art as the old theatre: it already embodies similar defects. Its anti-intellectualism, its sensationalism, its sexual obsessiveness, its massacre of language, its noisy attention-getting mechanisms, its indifference to artistry, craft, and skill, its violence, and, above all, its mindless tributes to Love and Togetherness (now in the form of "group gropes" and "love zaps") are not adversary demands upon the American character but rather the very qualities that have continually degraded us, the very qualities that have kept us laggard and Philistine in the theatre throughout the past three decades.

Like many of us, Brustein has been discovering, in these last two painful years, that democratic and humanistic values can be threatened by the Left as well as the Right, the young as well as the old. But though events have revealed the radical Brustein to be something of a conservative, his position has remained essentially constant: he is merely now applying to the *avant-garde* the same vigorous standards he has always applied to other segments of the theatre. The vigor and lucidity of his mind and style remain undiminished, and the value of his criticism is, if anything, increased.

Richard Schechner writes from inside the "new theatre." He is the producer and director of *Dionysus in 69*; he was for several years editor of *TDR* (formerly the *Tulane Drama Review*, now *The Drama Review*), which propagates the new dramatic theories and techniques; he proclaimed his solidarity with the Living Theatre by stripping in his seat at the Living's first performance in New York after its return from exile. Yet he does not write like a wild man; he writes, for the most part, like a professor. (He is, in fact, professor of Drama and Cinema at New York University. Brustein, of course, is Dean of the Yale School of Drama.)

Brustein's book consists mostly of reviews, short pieces that take their starting point from one or more specific productions. There are no reviews in *Public Domain*, Schechner's book. Its twelve essays (reprinted from *TDR* and other publications) include a group of notes on the influence and implications of Stanislavski, a consideration of the malaise of the resident professional theatres (a question also touched on by Brustein), critical articles on *The Bacchae* and *Waiting for Godot*, a piece on Megan Terry (a playwright who evolves her plays in collaboration with the actors of the Open Theatre), a discussion of "Pornography and the New Expression," a description of some happenings Schechner put on, and five earnest and scholarly considerations of the fundamentals of the theatre. Some of it is pretty tough going. But Schechner makes it clear, as no one else has, that there is more to the boundary-breaking new theatre than self-indulgence, exhibitionism and arrogance.

Both Schechner and Brustein are full of loathing for the manifold corruptions of American life: both see the theatre as a counterforce against these corruptions. But Brustein has lately set his face against what he considers the excesses of current radicalism. Schechner, on the other hand, says, "I don't leave the revolution to others but stake a modest claim in it—a claim for the theatre, for myself."

Analogously, whereas Brustein attacks the new theatre for depriving the playwright of his proper primacy, Schechner denies the basic assumption that the theatre is primarily an institution for putting on plays: "Theatre is an art of permeation and exchange. Its boundaries are ill-defined and far-extended. It includes demonstrations, political rallies, religious festivals, celebrations of daily life."

In the final essay in *Public Domain*, Schechner writes:

> It is becoming increasingly clear that our Western avant-garde is, in world perspective, nothing other than a return to the most traditional theatre. In fact, the Western theatre—from Aeschylus to Ionesco—is not the major theatrical tradition but a very important offshoot—a specialized development of certain aspects of world theatre. We have emphasized story and character at the expense of dance, spectacle, ritual, and communal celebration. . . . We have also come to value the written text as an artwork in its own right . . . but in most cultures the text does not exist except as part of the performance. . . . The difference between art as we know it in the West and theatre as it has traditionally shown itself world-wide is that Western art is individualized while traditional theatre is communal. In its communal forms, theatre is both socially constructive and personally "transcendent" or ecstatic.

Schechner preaches—in greater detail, with more qualifications, side lights and insights than I have space to convey—a return to this nonliterary, communal, socially constructive yet ecstatic theatre. He is too wise not to be afraid of the danger of "ecstatic fascism"—oddly enough, both he and Brustein invoke the image of Hitler's Nuremberg rallies—but he is too committed to turn back in revulsion, as Brustein has done. History will vindicate whom it pleases. For the present, as the chorus says in Sophocles' *Antigone*, "There's much/Of substance in the arguments on both sides."

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ALBERT BERMEL

Mr. Bermel, playwright and translator, teaches in Columbia University's School of the Arts. His forthcoming book on modern theatre will be published by Knopf.

The striving in today's playhouses to reach the spectator where he thinks and feels and has his shaky inmost being comes out of a suspicion on the part of theatre people that they have lost touch with their public, that their art has grown impersonal. You can see it, that self-doubt, pouring out of the eyes of a young actress as she tries to shame the hell out of strangers and yet enlist them. Ritual, involvement, the religious origins of theatre, the touting of love-thine-everybody—all that quackery is, in its desperate way, an apology. Most of the time a performance does not amount to the shared experience that the cast (and audience) would like it to be. And so old men in row A get kissed on the nose, a society type has her mink fingered and solemnly fields questions about her sex life, while a guy who stands up to go home is asked what he is doing about the war, school integration, and the perfidies of Nixon.

Now and then one hears that a few actors are getting together in a living room to "explore" a script. I recommend such an occasion to interloping theatre lovers. It makes a change from the musty stuff that passes for theatre these days. Even when the script is of doubtful quality this sort of evening, I promise, will prove more rewarding than Broadway, Off- and Off-Off-Broadway, the upstairs show places in culture centers, and their lavish experimental basements. It will also make the old squabbles over whether the theatre is predominantly social or aesthetic, literary or dramatic, look fruitless. Private theatre is due for a revival. If the revival does come about, and if it kills off what we call professional theatre, so much the better.

Staged readings (frequently puffed as "concert readings") are a modern form of closet theatre. They usually arise from the playwright's practice of introducing a new work to his friends, that is, his enemies. Sometimes they are elaborately set up, with costumes, great washes of lighting, and a bulky audience in attendance. But they do most for the play, it seems to me, when they are modestly conceived and the actors take on multiple roles, and when the script itself is of a kind that has to be listened to, not bathed in. They may even surprise their sponsors by grabbing an audience more tenaciously than a slap-up production would do. By luck, three prime candidates for a new closet theatre have recently appeared. Can this portend a revival, a trend, an avalanche?

Robert Lowell's *Prometheus Bound*, "derived from Aeschylus," is colored, as we would expect, by a sumptuous and stately lyricism. But it also incorporates moments of violent rhetoric. The staging at Yale two years ago did not let the rhetoric speak for itself. The eloquence of Kenneth Haigh and Irene Worth could not find its way past the distractions of a domineering set and several samples of pulpy and otherwise obstructive acting. A staged reading might have served the text more respectfully and dramatically by letting it be taken in.

Mr. Lowell observes in an author's note that *Prometheus* is the most undramatic of Greek tragedies: "One man, a sort of demi-god at that, chained to a rock, orated to, and orating at a sequence of embodied apparitions." He does himself and Aeschylus an injustice. The "embodied apparitions" of Ocean and his daughters, Io, Hermes and the rest, are tempters. They will not succeed in bringing the Titan to a reconciliation with his tormentor, Zeus; he is resolved to be defiant, to find himself in defiance. But they do tempt the audience. The play is about the plight of a passionate thinker who, as the poet beautifully says, "is fighting necessity, what is." The tempters, representing this necessity, play on the susceptibilities of the spectators; they tempt *them* to see that defiance is folly, that Prometheus is not a creature to be sympathized with, that his defiance earns him his punishment.

Lowell has cut some material from Aeschylus' play, such as the story of the daughters of Danaus (dealt with at length in *The Suppliants*) and the suggestion that Chiron, when he is dying, may take Prometheus' place on the rock. He has revised the minor characters by satirizing them in places so that they become easy to laugh at but hard to be tempted by.

As compensation, he adds the seduction by Zeus of Io in her father's meadow, a sluggish, ugly, bovine coupling; and he cleverly embellishes Io's adventures and the foreseeing of her death. He also puts in some angry lines about fire as the coming order, the last destroyer. Best of all, he alights, as no earlier translator does, on the play's peak of despair and the reason for Io's importance: that her fate (while pregnant, she must keep fleeing across the face of the earth from a cloud of gadflies) is preferable to the fate of Prometheus in his chosen immobility; a voice in the chorus says to him, "We would rather be stung by Io's flies than by your thoughts."

An honest reading, having nothing at stake but the play itself, would almost inevitably distribute its weight more accurately than Jonathan Miller's staging did at Yale, where it became heavy centered and virtually died after Io's exit. In the text Lowell lets the action quicken and grow organically into the final temptation by Hermes, which is its most suspenseful scene.

Of Edmund Wilson's new plays a theatre pro might knowingly say that they wouldn't "work" or "go." It is true that Mr. Wilson is not a playwright who steers by any fashion. But he has a *mind*, and the mind has nice edges and these shine through his dialogue. *Osbert's Career* makes me think yearningly of what Evelyn Waugh might have pulled off for the theatre. It has porcelain people (who really break like the ones in *The Wizard of Oz*), glass houses, farcical dips and bends that are all—but all—funny, and a victimized, drastically unpitiable hero who is an American cousin to Paul Pennyfeather and Tony Last.

The Duke of Palermo is a "lamentable tragedy"—the word lamentable gives the game away—which spoofs academic criticism. It incorporates a fake-Jacobean revenge tragedy dressed up in alliterative flounces and little else, and it rejuvenates such lusty Elizabethanisms as *mazzard, dizzard, cates, orts, crackhalters,* and *trugging-houses*. Homer Winslow, the principal figure, has ideas and impulses rather than emotions. Recalling his dead wife, he doesn't so much grieve for her as quote Webster to himself, omitting the last word of Ferdinand's famous line when the phone summons him.

It may be that only a gathering of scholars will appreciate the light but systematic caning that Mr. Wilson administers here, but they will all, naturally, believe it intended for their colleagues. *The Duke of Palermo* is the very latest teaching aid, and ought to be concert-read by graduate students as the culminating class of every course in criticism.

As the title of the theatre poems by Ruth Krauss implies, they could get cutesy, kidsy and sudsy—a lot of bluebells to pay for that little ration of ambiguity. Yet a Harpo-like insolence informs most of these pieces and sometimes turns downright diabolical. Miss Krauss is part carefree surrealist, part sober vaudevillienne, part city pantheist. She specializes in one- and two-liners,

even in her longer poems. "If Only" or "This Breast," every line of which starts with the same words. Her good images are very good and the feeble images do not cancel them out.

Included in the book are some ideas for staging the first sentence of *There's a Little Ambiguity* ("ONE: What a poet wants is a lake in the middle of his sentence [*A lake appears*]"). Elsewhere (in Michael Benedikt's *Theatre Experiment*, published by Anchor Books) there are five different staged versions of "A Beautiful Day": "GIRL: What a beautiful day! (THE SUN falls down onto the stage)." These versions tend to be reductive—an orange balloon for the sun, a slide of Lake Tahoe projected sideways for the lake—or else to compromise the probabilities and improbabilities in Miss Krauss's cunning words. The headiness is all. A straight reading of the stage directions by an actor would put the enactment where it belongs, in the spectator's imagination.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The "in" show at this year's Holland Festival was clearly *Reconstruction*, a "morality" in the form (more or less) of an opera, authored by a committee made up of librettists Hugo Claus and Harry Mulisch, composers Louis Andriessen, Reinhart de Leeuw, Misha Mengelberg, Peter Schat and Jan van Vlijmen. By comparison with the staid and dressy audiences that filled Amsterdam's elegant Stadsschouwburg for an appropriately elegant production of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, the crowd in the utilitarian arena of the Theater Carré was conspicuously well balanced on both sides of the generation gap, and its response indicated that there was something to please everybody in *Reconstruction*.

The most prominent plot elements were the rise and decline of a group of ludicrously overdrawn American capitalists, mixed in with the legends of Don Juan (with particular reference to Mozart's setting thereof) and Che Guevara. An immense statue of the latter was built during the course of the performance and eventually came to represent the Stone Guest that is Don Juan's (read Imperialism's) nemesis; the occasionally suspenseful mechanics of statue-assembly provided one level of diversion from the sometimes murky goings-on elsewhere. (I should qualify this last remark by observing that my command of the Dutch language is spotty at best; at any rate the anti-American tone of the whole was anything but subtle, at times tiresomely childish.) Subsidiary characters included the god Quetzalcoatl, Desiderius Erasmus (standing in for Leporello!), Tarzan, Martin Bormann, Cuba (in the person of a girl who appeared in three different costumes, the second one designed by Nature), and the inevitable CIA agent.

Similarly eclectic was the musical setting, which encompassed complex if conventional multi-orchestra textures, Mozartian pastiche, some rather monotonously flashy tape music (for Quetzalcoatl), a nursery-rhyme alphabet song based on the "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh" rhythm, and a couple of bouncy Pop songs, all of it remarkably well coordinated in performance by the five composer-conductors (as far as I could tell from a cursory examination of the score, they did not rely on chance to do their work for them). In fact, the most impressive aspect of *Reconstruction* was the smoothness with which the whole enormously elaborate machinery worked: staging, multiple orchestras and choruses, electronic apparatus, and lighting. It was all as well organized as a Ringling Brothers Circus, and made its appeal, I fear, on much the same level despite its greater pretensions—which, in turn, undermined the occasional flashes of wit and detracted from the sense of timing and proportion necessary in a successful *ad hoc* popular entertainment, as well as an enduring work of musical theatre.

The aforementioned production of Mozart's *Così*, by the Holland Festival Opera, was certainly sufficient reminder of what refinements of timing and proportion have been reached in musical theatre. To a listener whose experience of this opera on stage has been limited to the old Metropolitan Opera House, the 1,000-seat Stadsschouwburg was a rare treat, obviating the gross overplaying on stage and the inflated, distorted orchestral balances that too frequently disfigure Mozart operas in New York. A good Mozart performance in virtually any European theatre is bound to be a revelation in these respects: the Holland *Così* also offered exceptionally stylish playing by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Alexander Gibson, satisfactory decor (in the now standard post-Rolf Gérard latticework style) by Harry Wich, and well-conceived direction by Vlado Habunek, whose particular success was his exploitation of the brisk, slightly angular charm of Julia Hamari (Dorabella) to offset the obviously intractable placidity of Margherita Rinaldi (Fiordiligi). Like nearly all opera directors dealing with comedy in a language foreign to the audience, Habunek succumbed to the temptation of a few "sock-it-to-'em" visual gags, but in general he worked with rather than against the music.

The same could not be said for John Copley's staging of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* (the Vienna version, edited by Charles Mackerras) at Covent Garden, where the incessant articulations of visual motion played havoc with the extreme regularity of Gluck's musical progression. (If *Orfeo* must be staged choreographically, I should like to see the problem put in Balanchine's hands, for his sense of musical form would avoid this kind of excess.) Fortunately, one could close one's eyes and listen to the musical performance under Georg Solti, who not only never let the piece go slack but never pressed forward too hard—a considerable achievement, which would not perhaps have been expected from the Solti of ten or fifteen years ago. (A recording of *Orfeo* was made by Decca-London during the weeks of Covent Garden performances, although with a slightly more stellar cast.)

Also at Covent Garden I heard a competent performance of Verdi's *Macbeth*, marred by the really distressing performance of Elena Suliotis who will also be singing the role of Lady Macbeth in New York this fall. Although only in her mid-20s, Miss Suliotis sounds like a singer past her prime, unable to deal securely with technical problems of more than the slightest difficulty. If the opera managers and recording entrepreneurs who have been exploiting her undoubted natural gifts (a strong, wide-ranging voice and a marked, if undirected, dramatic temperament) want Miss Suliotis to continue drawing audiences for the normal span of a career, they would do well to pool their funds and send her on a sabbatical to some good teacher, for even the vastly uncritical opera public has some limits of tolerance, and there are few examples in history of voices surviving this kind of mistreatment.



ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In the first half of the 19th century British and American painters endeavored to make landscapes as expressive as the participatory backgrounds of James Fenimore Cooper and Charles Dickens. The effort was linked to the deterioration of history painting (figure paintings with religious, classical or historical subjects) which dried up before an audience uninstructed in its iconography. Landscape painting, it was hoped, would bring the big *modern* audience into touch with the traditional verities, inasmuch as everybody recognized landscapes. The problem was to use scenery morally. In England J. W. M. Turner and John Martin are the central artists, and in America it is Thomas Cole. Cole's student, Frederick E. Church, was the subject of an exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution three years ago, but now Cole himself can be seen in detail at the Whitney Museum (until September 1).

Cole, born in England in 1801, came to America at the age of 17 and lived here until his death in 1848, with two long visits to Europe (not just to England) in 1829-33 and 1841-42. In the 1820s he painted much in the Catskills and inserted into native scenery such subjects as "Scene from 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" "Gelyna" (redcoat pathos), and "Daniel Boone and his Cabin at Great Osage Lake." In the '30s he painted European sites, at Tivoli and elsewhere, as well as his allegorical series, "The Course of Empire" and "The Voyage of Life," both of them four-step moral landscapes. In the forties he did scenes of the Roman Campagna, as well as continuing with American subjects, in some of which his customary grandeur was softened to a Biedermeier charm, as in "The Pic-Nic" and "Home in the Woods."

One of Cole's first attempts at eloquent landscape is "The Expulsion from the Garden of Eden," a multi-layered panorama. It contains a view back into the lost Garden, blurred by mountain radiance; beams of symbolic light shoot like ray guns from a source hidden within Eden's rocky gate; and a volcano flashes pinkly on the post-Lapserian horizon. Each of the three light-sources becomes a moral zone in the picture: nostalgic, punitive and ominous. When the picture was shown in 1828 its derivation from John Martin was noted. Cole, like Martin, wanted to reach a large public and to do so by means of the moralizing landscape; one effect on painting of working for a popular audience has not been much discussed but is worth stressing.

Instead of textural variation and organic reminiscences as in traditional oil paint, Cole's facture has an inert solidity which turns impasto into metallic scabs. The dry hard paint looks as if zinc were the medium. This property comes, I think, from the influence of engraving techniques, in which Cole was trained in England and with which he supported himself at first in America. Something similar can be observed of Martin who was apprenticed as a glass painter and never mastered the flow and sensuousness of oil paint. Everything in his Miltonic panoramas is set down in tight contours and opaque colors. His craft training was reinforced by the fact that his paintings were intended for reproduction as mezzotints (as were many of Turner's drawings), and it was the prints that Cole knew. John Ruskin went out of his way in the first book of *Modern Painters* to deplore Martin's inability to paint water properly. Ruskin's criticism is that Martin freezes the water, turning it into a bizarre geology by his rigid touch, thus getting natural textures mixed.

The existence of the print market, which grew to prodigious size in the 19th century, turned painters like Martin and Cole away from soft, sensuous handling toward a hard, animated surface. Since the paintings of moralized landscape existed as the sources of engravings, or parallel to the ubiquitous print market, such a mineralization of paint, which is what it looks like, is not out of place. In fact, paint used with a mineral density, though uncouth at first sight, supports in Cole a marvelous array of local colors and moody atmospheric effects.

Cole was, as his alternation between old and new world suggests, in a good position to compare the landscapes of both. He loved the mountains, water and forests of America and apropos of the latter wrote: "one season when the American forest surpasses all the world in gorgeousness—that is the autumnal." The notion that fall is the painter's season is an 18th-century picturesque one, but after all Cole was right and he goes on to describe the colors with an intensity that belongs only to his century. The colors "run from the *liveliest* green to *deepest* purple—from the *most golden* yellow to the *intensest* crimson" (my italics). This relish of souped-up color was typical of the period and had the public advantage of being competitive in attracting attention in group shows (the only kind there were then).

Cole's art combined classical and anti-classical ideas. When he wrote in his notes (published in *The American Art Journal*, Spring, 1969) that "true imitation selects from the world around us the characteristic, the sublime and the beautiful," he is being as torpidly traditional as Cézanne was when he recommended the reduction of nature to cone, cylinder and sphere. Both notions are clichés of classicism. On the other hand, Cole's immigration to America brought him to a place that was both pre-European and of the future. His was a fully experienced, not an exotic, primitivism. This is what he said about America as wilderness: "the most distinctive, and perhaps the most impressive, characteristic of American scenery is its wildness. It is the most distinctive, because in civilized Europe, the primitive features of scenery have long since been destroyed or modified."

Howard S. Merritt, who arranged the exhibition, quotes in his catalogue a fascinating passage from Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*: "It's this idea of destruction, this conception of near and inevitable change which gives in our opinion so original a character and so touching a beauty to the solitudes of America. One sees them with melancholy pleasure. One hastens to admire them." Mr. Merritt does not quote Cole's own words but the artist agreed with Tocqueville. "American associations are not so much of the past as of the present and future. . . . Yet I cannot but express my sorrow that the beauty of such landscapes is quickly passing away—the ravages of the axe are daily increasing."

The elegiac sentiment, which in earlier moralizing landscapes was triggered by the classical or medieval past, is inverted. Even as he celebrated American wildness, fears of its impending loss turned Cole into a painter of anticipatory nostalgia.

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FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 How some linesmen are charged an added levy, as a duty we probably never see. (11,3)
9 Falls like a grape. (7)
10 8, only more so! (7)
11 Sits in an awkward position with 10, singularly. (6)
12 Perhaps work the head of 27. (8)
14 Double. (7)
15 How the military might take steps to create a frontier? (5)
17 Fabric that is perhaps wound. (5)
19 Marked ownership. (7)
21 The awkward sort, read with an accompanying rumble, perhaps. (8)
23 Would it take two 16, over and over, if in flight? (6)
25 One from Rio—at least his heart is filled with it! (7)
26 and 21 down You couldn't call this cliché a poor example, though as a class not actively engaged. (3,4,4)
27 Perhaps the credo of a nudist might be useful for those who have dirty linen to hide. (7,7)

DOWN

1 Getting ready for delivery, or finishing? (7,2)
2 Mercury might make one such as the engineer might use. (7)
3 Obviously leaves the southwest sector, possibly with some passing remarks. (9)
4 Incline to being other than 21 down. (4)
5 Separate. (10)
6 With more spirit, one might bet! (5)
7 In the form of something with a rosy association for children, if thereabouts. (7)
8 Invites, like the biggest men on the board. (4)
13 Hurried and sat down to dinner, as many young couples do. (6,4)
15 A bad place for horse-trading, reputedly. (9)
16 Typified by B to C, about 15-18 inches long. (4,5)
18 Reputedly it takes two to get something formerly used with a crossbow. (7)
20 Lesson, by the sound of it. (7)
21 See 26 across
22 Deviation from the normal pastime. (5)
24 Some people chase things to do it. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1308

ACROSS: 1 Stock exchange; 10 Connive; 11 Shelled; 12 Mannerism; 13 Inapt; 14 Lichen; 16 Invoking; 19 Dinghies; 20 Reveal; 22 Havoc; 23 Trump card; 25 Forbear; 26 Escorts; 27 Class reunions. DOWN: 2 Tenon; 3 Chinese checkers; 4 Eyelid; 5 Casement; 6 Amerigo Vespucci; 7 Galvanize; 8 Scumbled; 9 Adit; 15 Canaveral; 17 Gold dust; 18 Letterer; 21 Bureau; 22 Huff; 24 Apron.

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LETTERS

design for living

Dover, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: Dr. Albert Kaplan (letter, *The Nation*, July 14) wonders: "If the New Left is not to copy the Russian model, or the Chinese—what blueprint or design *do* they have?" Dr. Kaplan goes on to ask, "If none, is it at all rational to proceed toward the destruction of a structure without any notion as to what is to replace it?"

Perhaps the New Left will follow the example of the American Revolution and the radicals who guided the colonies in their destruction of the English oppression, without a unified design to guide *them*. On July 1, 1776, John Dickinson of Pennsylvania delivered his last plea to the Continental Congress, imploring against a declaration of independence. He said in part:

> I affirm that prudent men do not abandon objects which are certain to go in pursuit of those which offer only uncertainty. Now, it is an established fact that America can be well and happily governed by the English laws, under the same king and the same Parliament. Two hundred years of happiness furnish the proof of it; and we find it also in the present prosperity, which is the result of these venerable laws and of this ancient union. It is not as independent, but as subjects; not as republic, but as monarchy, that we have arrived at this degree of power and of greatness. What then is the object of these chimeras, hatched in the days of discord and war? Shall the transports of fury have more power over us than the experience of ages? Shall we destroy, in a moment of anger, the work cemented and tested by time?

Do Dr. Kaplan's words sound like an updated version of Dickinson's? Were such sentiments ever so badly conceived or so ill-timed?

Leonard S. Amada

but they're not green

Crestwood, Ky.

DEAR SIR:: Congratulations on your Panthers report ["Out To Get the Panthers" by L. F. Palmer, Jr., July 28]. Can we put some of them on the next flight to the moon—and some Minutemen on Mars? *Norris Merchant*

our man in Havana

Idaho Falls, Ida.

DEAR SIRS: I enjoyed reading "Out To Get the Panthers," and would like to comment on one segment of Mr. Palmer's article.

In reference to Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party and presently listed as a fugitive from justice by California law-enforcement officials, Mr. Palmer says of Cleaver: "He is reported to be living in Cuba." This may be so, but available evidence suggests that he has not abandoned his activities in the United States, even in the face of a warrant against him. At least his abilities as an author continue to be presented. In the July 4 issue of the *Los Angeles Free Press*, there appears a feature article by Cleaver entitled "Revolution No Game," which is advertised on the front page as "A Message from Eldridge in Exile." This issue, which may be obtained by sending 25c in coin to the *Los Angeles Free Press*, 7813 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 90036, indicates that Mr. Cleaver is, at least in terms of literature, still very much active regardless of where he may be residing at present.

Michael McCrery

EDITORIALS

Haynsworth

The appointment of Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., to the Supreme Court has the Nixon political imprint: it is a further step in the direction of building and consolidating a solid political base in the South. It combines prophylaxis against Wallace in 1972 with appeal to Southern elements that have no love for demagogues like Wallace of Alabama or Maddox of Georgia. Haynsworth, well heeled and well born, comes from an "Old South" state. With important connections both in the way of family and business, he belongs to a stratum of Southern society which has been important to the Republicans ever since James F. Byrnes defected to Eisenhower. (Judge Haynsworth followed suit, together with Sen. Strom Thurmond, in 1964.)

Haynsworth's home town is Greenville, S.C., a textile center. Before his appointment to the Court of Appeals by Eisenhower, he had financial holdings and a law practice in textiles, insurance, banking, radio-TV stations, railroads, hotels and other industries. On his appointment to the Court of Appeals he resigned eight directorships. He comes from a long line of lawyers. Obviously he is no minor figure, and that he has not been nationally prominent only shows how big the country is, and how much wealth and status is handed down regionally from generation to generation.

Judge Haynsworth is not, in the present perspective, the worst appointment that Mr. Nixon could have made. From Southerners who know him well and are reasonably objective we have obtained a picture that we have every reason to believe is accurate. No genius of the law, these sources say, no Brandeis and no Cardoza surely, but a hard-working lawyer, without pomposity, of consistent judicial temperament. He has biases but he is aware of them—no small virtue in a judge—and so he has perhaps retained the capacity to grow and change. He is a genuine conservative amid the host of reactionaries masquerading as conservatives, and his twelve years on the Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit (for the past five years its presiding judge) have given him important appellate experience.

But for all that denunciation is hardly called for, the appointment is no cause for rejoicing. It may be going too far to say—as Joseph L. Rauh, vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, has said—that the appointment is "like throwing a log on the fires of racial tension." Nevertheless, for Negroes, and therefore for all of us, the selection of Haynsworth, among so many more acceptable candidates, can prove to have unfortunate consequences.

The Judge appears to recognize this. Asked about some of the sharp objections that have been raised, he protested: "They're condemning opinions written when none of us were writing as we are now." Asked if he has changed, he replied, "Haven't we all?" Yes, we have—or hope that we have. But when it comes to fundamental human rights,

there is sound reason to question the values of a man who only in recent years has acquired a feeling for the civil rights of Negroes, in particular, even though that man carries the burden of the heritage and environment of the South.

This leads to a conclusion on which diverse elements should be able to agree. Hearings on the appointment have been set for September 9 before the Senate Judiciary Committee which, with Senator Eastland in the chair, is weighted on the conservative side. The appointment should be scrutinized with the utmost care, both in committee and on the floor of the Senate. In committee, those opposing the appointment should be given the fullest opportunity to state their case. There is plenty to argue about. Judge Haynsworth's record on civil rights is not good, and the same may be said about his record in labor cases. The Fourth Circuit has the reputation among unions and labor lawyers, and within the NLRB, of being conservative to reactionary. If this belief is unfounded, the facts should dissipate it; if the record supports it, the country should be apprised.

What should *not* be permitted is any attempt to rush through the appointment in the fashion in which Chief Justice Burger was confirmed, as if there was nothing that could be said against the nominee, or as if Presidential wisdom were infallible in such momentous choices. The precedent, that is, should not be the pell-mell confirmation of Burger but the thorough scrutiny which Abe Fortas received when he was nominated for Chief Justice. The result in the latter instance turned out to be salutary. Let Judge Haynsworth run the gantlet in his turn.

The Madness

Reluctantly and tardily, the British have finally intervened in Northern Ireland. One may be sure that Chichester-Clark was no more eager to request intervention than Messrs. Wilson and Callaghan were to approve it. He was simply at the end of his rope; if he called up the special militia, he knew it would only stiffen Catholic resistance. But by seeking British assistance he has in effect confessed that the government he heads is bankrupt. It is frozen into positions of such rigidity that it cannot act to relieve existing tensions.

Chichester-Clark's sharp rejection not merely of the notion of a coalition government but of the suggestion that he might try to bring a few Catholics into the government is a measure of the madness that prevails at Stormont. By this time it should also be clear that there can be no return to the *status quo ante*; too much has happened.

For one thing, the British have intervened. How long must they stay? How will they manage to extricate themselves from what has been called "the Vietnamese swamp" that is Northern Ireland? The larger the British intervention, the more the Stormont government will suffer in loss of prestige and legitimacy. And the longer the intervention lasts, the greater the likelihood that the British

IN THIS ISSUE

September 1, 1969

EDITORIALS

162

ARTICLES

166 Isolationism Revisited — *Thomas G. Paterson*

169 Mayor Daley: Solvent But Worried — *Don Rose* and *David S. Canter*

173 Kenya's Asian Outcasts — *Stanley Meisler*

176 The Hoover Institution: Cold-War Scholarship — *Peter S. Stern*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

181 Technocracy: Despotism of Beneficent Expertise — *Theodore Roszak*

182 The Lode (poem) — *Sister Madeline DeFrees*

188 The Stupid Machine — *Jonathan Baumbach*

190 Records — *David Hamilton*

190 Six Candles for a Cake (poem) — *Stanley Kiesel*

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will be forced to take direct control. No doubt the British can preserve outward order, but no real improvement can be expected until the existing government is replaced by one that represents all the people of the six counties and is responsive to their needs. It can no longer be a government of, by, and for Protestants.

Yet despite the ashes and rubble of Belfast and Derry, the Unionist leadership arrogantly asserts its determination to govern as it has governed for the last fifty years. Along with Paisley, it continues to blame the unrest and violence on "sinister" forces conspiring to overthrow the government.

There is a terrible lesson in the Ulster madness. Critical political issues can be averted for a long time, but in the end they must be faced. Partition is such an issue. It encourages Protestant intransigence. It stimulates ancestral fears. It divides Catholics and Protestants. It precludes reconciliation. As long as it exists, every Catholic action will be interpreted as a threat to "the state"—meaning the rump one-party government of Northern Ireland. As long as it exists, Protestants will try to put and keep Catholics down by way of preserving their monopoly of political power. Even if a few Catholics could be induced to join the government, their every action would be viewed as subversive. And as long as partition lasts, Catholics will quite naturally—and not in any conspiratorial sense—seek to reunite the North and South of Ireland.

A young Catholic woman is quoted in one of the recent news stories from Belfast as saying: "As long as there are Protestants and Catholics, there will always be trouble." Not so. As long as partition exists there will be trouble. It is the fusion of the religious issue with the question of power and privilege that prolongs the madness.

Donahue's Choice

The TV station owners are said to be in a state of terror akin to that of Vietnamese landowners when land reform is mentioned. Their agony began last February, when the suddenly embattled FCC stripped the *Boston Traveler* of its WHDR-TV, the first summary action of this kind in the history of the industry. But worse was to come.

RKO General Corporation, a subsidiary of the heavyweight conglomerate, General Tire & Rubber, owns five TV stations, one of which is KHJ-TV in Los Angeles. KHJ was challenged for its license renewal by a local consortium established for the purpose, Fidelity Television, Inc. An FCC examiner, Thomas H. Donahue, was appointed to look into the defects and virtues of the rival claimants. The 111-page report which he has just issued has intensified the fears of many broadcasters who have been accustomed to having their licenses renewed semi-automatically every three years.

In Mr. Donahue's view, KHJ "miserably failed to serve the public interest." An unaffiliated station, it made no effort to compete with the network outlets in the news and documentary field. Its offerings consisted almost entirely of old movies, with which, Mr. Donahue concludes, it was beguiling "the young, the congenitally gullible, and those not very bright." Yet it prospered, with a profit of around 20 per cent on total revenues.

In an audience survey that KHJ itself sponsored in 1964, it was judged by 19 per cent of those polled to lead in "movie entertainment," but only 1 per cent gave it credit for anything else. Mr. Donahue found substantial community sentiment against the emphasis on crime and violence in KHJ's programs. A survey dating back to 1962 found that in a single week KHJ supplied the viewers with 181 murders, 98 attempted murders, and miscellaneous killings and kidnappings. When a viewers' organization, a church group and a member of Congress protested about KHJ's bloodletting, it told them where they could get off.

However, Mr. Donahue is unable to summon up much enthusiasm for Fidelity Television either. Its management has little experience in the field, and its objective is to move the station into wealthy, expanding and reactionary Orange County, the seat of the vacation White House. The president of Fidelity Television is William G. Simon, formerly the special agent in charge of the Los Angeles division of the FBI. Apparently on the principle that no one could do worse than RKO General, Mr. Donahue recommended giving Fidelity the license.

In what Christopher Lydon of *The New York Times* calls "a flight of creative prose unusual in FCC documents," Mr. Donahue summarized his decision (which must still be ratified by the Commission) as follows: "Moving to the stable for analogy, the choice . . . might be likened to selecting between a race horse with acceptable blood lines, good conformation, demonstrated ability to achieve speed, and an unbreakable habit of jumping off the track and galloping to the feedbag, against the chance to acquire, sight unseen, a Chincoteague pony." This reference will send *aficionados* of broadcasting to the atlas, and will convince many that the Pastore bill, criticized editorially in *The Nation* of August 25, should indeed be voted down.

Washington Icons

Political scientists and psychiatrists should study the phenomenon in American politics of the political icon—the sacred image above the power of Congress, the public, the press and successive Presidents. As only God can make a tree, only God can unmake an icon and, as we know from other reliable sources, He moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. We cannot, therefore, expect any early disappearance of the highest-ranking American icon—J. Edgar Hoover. Millions of citizens regard Mr. Hoover as our bulwark against communism and crime in general. If he were removed, they would run into the streets, screaming and rending their garments; consequently every President, on taking office, soothes them by announcing that he would not think of allowing this great American to leave office.

A rare exception to the rule of the untouchable icon occurred recently when J. Edgar refused, through a sub-

ordinate, to appear before the House Crime Committee. Rep. Claude Pepper (D., Fla.), chairman of the committee, found the icon's refusal "exceedingly regrettable." This may sound mild; but in reference to one of Hoover's stature these are fighting words and Mr. Pepper, who was once on good terms with Henry Wallace and perhaps ate a sandwich with Paul Robeson, may live to regret them.

Another powerful icon, though not in Hoover's class, is the nation's long-time draft director, Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey. Since General Hershey does not pack the wallop of the great Hoover, he is rather frequently sniped at. The outgoing chairman of the National Selective Service Appeal Board, Judge Henry J. Gwiazda, has accused him of riding roughshod over that supposedly independent panel, and Dr. Kenneth W. Clement, a Cleveland surgeon who is also leaving the board, thinks General Hershey is old enough to have been retired "two or three times." General Hershey has also been attacked by Rep. Edward I. Koch (D., N.Y.) who has been calling attention to the General's directive of October 1967 which, in effect, threatens any objector to the Vietnamese War (who is liable for military service) with immediate induction. This directive has been ruled illegal by the U.S. Court of Appeals, but Mr. Koch complains that General Hershey has not notified the State Selective Service Boards of the court's decision. Of course Mr. Koch's intentions are good, as always, and he has the law on his side, but he does not seem to realize that an icon is above the law. The same lack of faith may be attributed to Sen. Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.) and Rep. Frank Thompson (D., N.J.). It should be clear to all these sacrilegious gentlemen that the only way to tumble General Hershey from his pedestal is to abolish selective service, which does indeed seem possible. But since the FBI will remain as long as the earth circles the sun, Mr. Hoover will still draw the genuflections of the politically devout.

Stalling on SALT

The Nixon Administration would have us believe that the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) have been delayed by the Russians. When he was a candidate, Mr. Nixon held out the promise that, if elected, he would substitute negotiation for confrontation. Now those speaking on his behalf complain that SALT is on dead center because Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin has delayed his return to Washington. But this is more likely an effect than a cause. The negotiations have been delayed six months, or longer, because the belligerent members of the Nixon entourage—in particular the twin hawks, Secretary of Defense Laird and John S. Foster, his research and development chief—feel that the United States is gaining ground in preparation for the negotiations, while the Soviets are losing it. And Mr. Nixon, who knows how to extract every possible advantage from an adversary situation, evidently agrees with those of his advisers who counsel delay.

The American side has been thoroughly forehanded in its preparations for the bargaining with the Russians over strategic weapons. Mr. Nixon stopped off in Romania on his globe-circling trip and pronounced his reception there the most memorable of the whole circuit. Secretary of State Rogers has been giving advice to both the Russians and the Chinese Reds, in the guise of promoting global peace: his recommendations are nicely calculated to increase the ill feeling between the quondam allies. Secretary Laird, defending General Eisenhower's military-industrial complex before the Veterans of Foreign Wars, has renamed it the "military-industrial-*labor* complex" (why leave out the scientists?) in order to assure the Soviets that the United States is united in its pursuit of the almighty dollar via armaments. He has also linked the triumph of Apollo with American military might.

For his part, Foster has been warning a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee headed by superhawk Rep. Clement J. Zablocki (D., Wis.) that suspension of tests of the independently targeted nuclear warheads (MIRV) "would not be prudent without the attendant assurance to the U. S. that the Soviet ABM would not increase." Since according to such intelligence estimates as the public has been allowed to learn about, the current state of the Soviet nuclear defense is not in the same class as the Safeguard system projected by Mr. Nixon and his advisers, these plans and recommendations seem to be nothing less than a prescription for an American first-strike capability.

On these terms, the proposed talks can hardly qualify as negotiations. If ever evidence is needed for the futility of the hoary nonsense of negotiating from positions of strength, this situation supplies it. Once achieved, the position of strength turns out to be a convincing reason for not negotiating at all. Why negotiate, the hard-liners ask—let them sweat. And let the arms race move into another upward spiral.

Hard-liners are always willing to gamble in this fashion, but there are factors which they may be overlooking in their estimate of the odds. The readings out of the USSR bode no good. There is internal trouble there—economically, politically and socially. Witness the mounting evidence of unrest among writers, artists and intellectuals; for every case that surfaces, how many remain concealed? There is trouble along the border with China, and there is trouble with Moscow's restive partners in the Warsaw military alliance. There is trouble in Czechoslovakia. Militarily the country is under the Soviet heel, but the occupation has turned out to be an even bigger mistake, from the standpoint of Moscow's relations with its allies and the more or less libertarian Communist parties of the West, than the Soviet rulers expected it to be.

This, then, is a dangerous time to be baiting the bear. He is in a bad mood, and not likely to prove tractable when he is prodded. Time and again in the past the "realists," who crank their hunches and presuppositions into computers and get answers to suit their temperaments, have led nations into disaster. The difference today is that the potential disasters are on a scale so formidable that one would think prudence would prevail. Instead, the same old lunacies are in operation.

ISOLATIONISM REVISITED

THOMAS G. PATERSON

Mr. Paterson is assistant professor of history at the University of Connecticut. He is now completing for publication next year three books on American foreign political and economic relations since the beginning of the cold war.

In his June speech at the Air Force Academy, President Nixon branded critics of his military and foreign policies "new isolationists," and suggested that they were turning their backs on the world. A few weeks before leaving office, Secretary of State Dean Rusk had similarly warned Americans away from a return to "isolationism." The Johnson administration had occasionally labeled as "isolationist" those foreign policy dissidents who asked for limited American commitments abroad and a retrenchment from empire. It is a label meant to discredit. It conjures up the specter of the 1930s, when the United States allegedly shirked international responsibility and thus unleashed mad dictators and Japanese imperialists. The label further summons the memory of America's rise to world eminence after World War II, throwing off its isolationism and assuming its rightful first rank in world affairs. Today, then, "isolationism" is a pejorative term connoting weakness, appeasement, surrender, mindless idealism and a retreat from the obligations of international leadership.

Scholars have also dealt critically with the noninterventionists of the 1930s, in part because most historians and political scientists today endorse internationalism and what they might call nonimperialist intervention. Historians have complained that the isolationists ignored the threat of totalitarianism, helped bring on World War II, left the United States militarily unprepared, even courted fascism, and in general nurtured a wrongheadedness which restrained America from influencing international events. Prof. Selig Adler has written that the "Congressional isolationists, so anxious to keep out of war, actually helped invite a foreign catastrophe of such immense proportions that no nation could have escaped its consequences." The eminent diplomatic historian Dexter Perkins has concluded that "time has placed their arguments in perspective, revealing that they were largely unsound."

But the isolationist movement was notably diverse. Nazis, Communists, pacifists, defeatists like Charles Lindbergh, "fortress America" types like Herbert Hoover, anti-Semites like Father Charles E. Coughlin, liberal reformers, thoughtful intellectuals—all adhered to it at one time or another. Because the isolationist America First Committee housed some unprogressive businessmen and because many isolationists, especially late in the 1930s, were opposed to the New Deal, isolationism has often been linked to conservatism, or at the extreme, with self-serving American proponents of German totalitarianism.

Historians have thus accurately found isolationists whom we cannot admire. It is also true that the isolationist Ludlow Amendment, which would have required a public referendum on all war decisions, was ill-advised. The isolationists sometimes imagined war plots and conspiracies. The isolationist or "revisionist" histories of World War I written by men like Charles Beard and Charles Tansill have been less than scholarly and too polemical. Above all else, the isolationists were wrong in the 1930s to believe that the United States could avoid any involvement in the developing crises in Europe through the Neutrality Acts, which prohibited America from punishing the aggressor. Their formula for American foreign policy did not fit the diplomacy of the depression thirties.

What scholars and politicians alike have obscured, however, is the long-term and constructive isolationist criticism of many facets of American foreign policy. Even in their failure the isolationists left an intelligent critique from which we can profit today. Those isolationists who were domestic liberal reformers especially deserve attention, for their assessment of foreign policy was the best articulated, the least rigid, and the most meaningful for the 1960s and the 1970s. Conservative isolationists did not dominate isolationism, and Prof. Manfred Jonas, in his excellent study of isolationism, has suggested that the historical treatment of the subject has been somewhat unbalanced and inaccurate: "To regard isolationism as pure obstructionism . . . is unfruitful and misleading." Such men as Sen. Gerald P. Nye, Norman Thomas, Charles Beard, John Bassett Moore and Sen. William Borah "did not approach American foreign policy from a purely negative and obstructionist viewpoint." Isolationism "was the considered response to foreign and domestic developments of a large, responsible, and respectable segment of the American people."

Indeed, unlike today, the term "isolationist" was not a label of reproach, and was respectably worn by many leading Americans, including perhaps even President Franklin D. Roosevelt for a time. Isolationism did not mean isolation. Most isolationists desired foreign trade, continued immigration and cultural exchange, and diplomatic intercourse with other nations. Senator Borah, for example, favored international action to promote disarmament and in 1933 led the fight for American recognition of the Soviet Union. Nor was isolationism the phenomenon of one region, one political party, one ethnic group, or one socioeconomic rank. It was national, and had three basic strains of thought which attempted to answer the question, isolation from what?

The first strain was a profound abhorrence of war, a fear of war and militarism. Isolationists disliked not only the bloodshed of war and the utter waste of total mobilization but also the detrimental effects of war on domestic reform and civil liberties. The second ingredient of isolationism was nonintervention—that the United States should avoid interference in the affairs of other nations,

should be selective in its foreign involvement, and disengage from empire. The third strain was unilateralism or independence. That is, the United States should preserve its freedom of choice in foreign relations by avoiding binding and restrictive alliances or commitments.

With these three core ideas, the isolationists dissected, studied and influenced American foreign policy in the 1930s. Their assessment showed them to be aware of some of the realities of world power politics and capable of compromise. We must credit many of them, too, with changing their minds in the last few years before American entry into World War II. Most important, the three ideas of freedom of action, nonintervention and abhorrence of war have a potent relevance for our views of American foreign relations today. Thus we should take another look at isolationism in the 1930s.

The isolationists were intense in their fear of war. The National Farmers Union in 1936 argued that "war is an utter negation of civilization. It is a relic of barbarism, regimenting mankind in organized murder, starvation, disease, and destruction. It is incompatible with every moral and Christian teaching." Writing in 1937, Congressman Louis Ludlow declared that the "science of slaughter has advanced with vast strides during the last twenty years. . . . The art of killing people en masse and maiming and wrecking human bodies has been perfected until it is impossible to imagine the next large-scale war being anything less than a vast carnival of death. . . ."

Many isolationists believed that the United States had been drawn unnecessarily into World War I, that civil liberties had been blatantly curtailed at home, and that in general the war was not the noble crusade President Woodrow Wilson said it was. Oswald Garrison Villard summed up the isolationist memory of World War I when he wrote in 1935 that "you cannot advance the welfare of the world by wholesale slaughter."

Every nation needs its internal critics—especially those countries which have had a long record of war and foreign interventions. The isolationists of the 1930s accepted measured appropriations for national defense, but they tried to twinge the American conscience to the horrors of war and the futility of military escalation. At times their thinking was wishful, and their ideas inapplicable to the trend of international affairs. But as Norman A. Zucker, biographer of George Norris, put it: "If, like Isaiah, he longed for a civilization in which nation no longer warred against nation . . . he held a vision worth dreaming." And Prof. Arthur Ekrich, Jr., recently observed: "As some of the isolationists of the 1930s warned, the pursuit of power may seduce and corrupt even the most liberal and idealistic of statesmen and nations."

Isolationists with a commitment to reform were part of a tradition of opposition to intervention and war in favor of attention to domestic priorities. The anti-imperialists of the 1890s and the opponents of war in 1917-18 preceded them. The moderate Socialist leader Norman Thomas asked the question which troubled some Americans after World War I: "If we go into the [second] war, what will happen to the things we prize? What will happen to decency and tolerance, to morality and culture, to democracy and civil liberty . . .?" Thomas agreed with Charles Beard and several Congressmen who suggested that America put its own house in order, to stand as an example to the world of social progress. Only a viable social democracy could combat the evils of fascism. Senator Nye called for "correcting our own ills . . . saving our own democracy rather than soliciting the trouble to come from any move to police and doctor the world."

Liberal isolationists emphasized the social problems created by the depression, and envisioned the death of the New Deal and a denial of civil liberties. William Henry Chamberlin argued that war would bring "universal regimentation, hysterical intolerance, and physical and intellectual goose-stepping." The most pessimistic of all, perhaps, was Stuart Chase, who saw "the liquidation of political democracy, of Congress, the Supreme Court, private enterprise, the banks, free press and free speech; the persecution of German-Americans and Irish-Americans, witch hunts, forced labor, fixed prices, rationing, astronomical debts, and the rest." Although Chase's forecast was obviously exaggerated, it is clear in 20th-century American history that war and intervention help to undermine domestic reform movements and create an atmosphere for the abridgment of civil liberties.

The isolationists could remember World War I very well. As Prof. William Shannon recently wrote: "No other American President ever left office with as poor a civil-liberties record as Woodrow Wilson." Norman Thomas remarked in 1938 that "the last war almost cost America what liberty she had." Then, too, the isolationists were experiencing the Un-American Activities Committee of Martin Dies, who condemned people for their ideas rather than for their actions. Nye, opposing conformity of thought, reminded Americans that there was a distinction between "unity" and "disloyalty."

The record of World War II demonstrated that the isolationist alarm was well founded. The removal of Japanese-American citizens to concentration camps in the deserts and swamps of America marred an otherwise fair Roosevelt record. The injustice, however, is too obvious and damaging for us to dismiss this episode as an aberration. And we should remember that World War II was followed by a Red scare initiated by the Truman administration's loyalty program and carried forth by Joseph McCarthy. Today the eternal J. Edgar Hoover runs the FBI, the CIA functions as an almost independent and uncontrolled agency, the draft is used as a punishment, Thomas Dewey talks about abolishing the Fifth Amendment, the Attorney General supports wire tapping, war protesters are indicted for conspiracy, 41 per cent of the budget goes to the military and the cry is for law and order at any cost. It behooves us to read more closely what the isolationists said about the impact of war upon domestic America.

Believing in nonintervention, many isolationists catalogued the long history of American armed and subtle intervention in Latin America. In 1930, the United States

had troops in Nicaragua and Haiti, and held protectorates over the Dominican Republic, Cuba and Panama. The anti-imperialist isolationists questioned official Washington's assertion that the United States was backing "democracy" in Latin America. At least twelve of the twenty Latin American nations were ruled in 1938 by dictators supported by Washington. "It would seem," concluded Beard, "that the rhetoric of democratic solidarity in this hemisphere does not get very far below the surface of things." Nye condemned the intervention of the Marines in Nicaragua in 1927 and their presence there until 1933 "to crucify a people . . . merely because Americans have gone there with dollars to invest and we have made it our policy to give whatever protection is possible to those dollars." Others complained that the Good Neighbor Policy was window dressing.

Isolationists also opposed unlimited arms sales abroad. Prof. John Wiltz, who has studied the isolationist Congressional investigating committee headed by Nye, noted that the committee "proved . . . that most munitions sales to Latin America, China, and the Near East depended upon bribery. . . . It established that munitions firms sometimes played one belligerent off against another. . . . The Committee exhibited documents which shocked many Americans into the realization that there was a difference between selling instruments of human destruction and selling sewing machines and automobiles." With the encouragement of isolationists, Roosevelt banned all arms shipments to Bolivia and Paraguay in the Chaco war. The isolationists may also have stimulated the partial American retrenchment from Latin America under Roosevelt. The questions of arms sales to Latin America and of armed intervention there are relevant today, and have been seriously studied by Sen. J. William Fulbright, among others.

In pointing out that the United States itself often acted like an imperialist, the isolationists also inspected quite closely the foreign relations of one of America's "natural allies," Great Britain. Believing that all nations act in self-interest, that no nation has a monopoly on virtue and morality, the isolationists asked Americans to stop applying an international double standard: one set of rules for themselves and the British and another for other nations. Robert Hutchins, the young chancellor of the University of Chicago, looked at the reality: "Mr. Roosevelt tells us we are to save the democracies. The democracies are presumably England, China, Greece, and possibly Turkey. Turkey is a dictatorship. Greece is a dictatorship. China is a dictatorship." He went on: "And what do we do about countries which were victims of aggression before 1939? . . . What do we do about Hong Kong, the Malay States, the Dutch East Indies, French Indo-China, Africa, and above all, India?" Isolationists compared Italy's subjugation of Ethiopia to Britain's role in India.

In short, the isolationists condemned all imperialist nations, but unfortunately they often refused to make the choice of the lesser of two evils, as all men must, and thus did not focus their criticism entirely on the most brutal: Germany. What is important and lasting for us, even in this failure, is their cutting through the camouflage, rhetoric and clichés to define international relations in terms of power and self-interest. Today many Americans too have begun to ask for more precise use of words like "peace," "security," "democracy," "aggression."

The rhetoric of the American business community has preached that American businessmen have always served the national interest. Isolationists examined instances of business diplomacy in Latin America and protested the sale of arms to Japan and Germany in the 1930s. Such munitions businessmen were called "merchants of death," participating in "rotten commercialism" with an "inhumane, immoral, and un-Christian" behavior. This view was derived in part from the reform zeal of isolationists who wanted to abolish child labor, improve factory safety conditions, pass anti-trust legislation, curtail monopolies and the misuse of America's natural resources, and lift the living standards of the disadvantaged. They logically asked: If we are fighting big business at home, why help to extend its power overseas? Those parts of the Neutrality Acts which curtailed loans and arms shipments to belligerents, then, reflected parts of the reform movement of the 1930s. The Nye committee revealed much questionable activity on the part of American companies in international cartels, but did not prove the claim of some isolationists that American business drew the United States into World War I.

Senate investigations during World War II indicated that the isolationists had indeed been partially correct in their suspicions that some businesses were compromising the national interest for profit in the 1930s. The American business press was overwhelmingly anti-Fascist. But as Prof. Gabriel Kolko has demonstrated, twenty-six of the top 100 American corporations of 1937 were involved in significant cartel and contractual agreements with Nazi Germany. And fifty-six American companies were connected with the backbone of Hitler's war machine, the I. G. Farben Company. Standard Oil helped Germany develop both synthetic rubber and 100-octane aviation fuel. Bendix Aviation, controlled by General Motors, as late as 1940 provided a German company (Robert Bosch) with complete data on aircraft and diesel engine starters in return for royalties. As an official of the Dow Chemical Company boldly remarked in the 1930s: "We do not inquire into the uses of the products. We are interested in selling them." This attitude was made clear too by the businessmen who continued to ship scrap metal and oil to Italy, even though the President asked for a voluntary embargo in 1935. In fact, in the last three months of 1935, American oil shipments to Mussolini's Italy tripled. The isolationists were important watchdogs over American business. We have few watchdogs today, and have moved into the era of conglomerates, with some companies dependent upon military orders and contributing through lobbies to the world's arms race.

Some critics of the isolationists have incorrectly interpreted isolationism to mean friendliness toward fas-

cism, or at least a condoning of fascism. The isolationist camp did attract Fascists, but they did not constitute the movement. Indeed, numerous liberal isolationists were early and vociferous in their denunciation of Hitlerism and the persecution of the Jews. Oswald Garrison Villard, for example, in 1933 and 1935 urged Western Europe to boycott Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy, and in 1936 appealed to the League of Nations to act against Hitler. Villard became despondent, as did many isolationists, when the other European nations themselves would do nothing to contain the dictators. "The overwhelming majority of all isolationists," Jonas has written, "had no desire to see the Axis Powers gain their ends."

The Spanish Civil War was particularly agonizing for liberal isolationists, and the response of many of them suggests their flexibility and their opposition to fascism. How can one be committed to both peace and liberty? Many isolationists chose liberty, and encouraged the Roosevelt administration to aid the anti-Franco Loyalists. But to their dismay and surprise, the President and Secretary of State Cordell Hull performed like strict isolationists by imposing an arms embargo on Spain. Furthermore, Roosevelt followed the lead of the European nonintervention committee, which proved unworkable in the face of German, Italian and Russian intervention.

If some isolationists demonstrated that they would accept selective intervention, as in the Spanish Civil War, others later showed themselves capable of changing their minds over the question of aiding Britain against the rising Germany. Many liberals quit the isolationist ranks in 1939-41, leaving conservatives there, and thus contributing to the notion that conservatism and isolationism were linked. It should be stated, too, that the isolationists cannot be blamed for the coming of World War II. Germany did not depend upon American isolationism in making its plans. Britain and France let Germany nibble for a number of years, conceding to Fascist demands. Not until April of 1939 did France and Britain guarantee the independence of Poland. The League of Nations was moribund in the 1930s, its members unwilling to take decisive action. The Soviet Union was excluded from membership until 1934 and then ousted in 1939. Germany was admitted to the League in 1926 and departed in 1934. Both Japan and Italy withdrew in the mid-thirties. Britain was more interested in balance of power than collective security. As Robert A. Divine has suggested, European appeasers co-authored the American Neutrality Acts, because some Americans concluded that we had better steer clear of the chaos in Europe.

Scholars and politicians have distorted isolationism and confused a useful heritage. We cannot accept the notion of Fortress America; we reject strict unilateralism and the idea of a foreign policy conspiracy. But there is much value in the isolationist argument for freedom of action and limited commitments in foreign relations. This does not mean a rejection of international cooperation and the United Nations. It means simply independence and freedom of choice. Our alliance arrangements may drag us clumsily into wars. As someone has put it, we have constructed Pearl Harbors throughout the world. We cling to obsolete agreements like NATO which tie us to collapsing military alliances and impede East-West relations. We should give more attention, too, to the isolationist call for nonintervention and self-determination.

The isolationist critique is relevant to the senseless war in Vietnam which, among other detriments, has crippled a domestic reform movement. As America moves to the political right, the isolationist warning of war's effect on civil liberties is imposing. We might recall, too, that the isolationists worried about the growing and somewhat independent role of the President in foreign affairs. Today Congressmen are questioning the evolution of Presidential commitments in Vietnam without a declaration of war. The "National Commitments Resolution," introduced by Senators Fulbright and Gore, and recently passed by a 70-to-16 vote, expressed the Senate's desire for participation in national security questions.

In this day of global diplomacy and world-wide military skirmishes, we might reflect upon the isolationist critique of the 1930s and its significance to our problems. Surely many Americans share with the isolationists the fear (in the words of Prof. Warren Cohen) "that social democracy may die in the United States if it has to be fostered abroad by force rather than by precept."

Mayor Daley: Solvent But Worried

DON ROSE and DAVID S. CANTER

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Chicago

A year after the Democratic national disaster of 1968, Richard J. Daley can best be likened to a man who once had $10 million and lost $1 million in a crap game. Irritated, annoyed—perhaps even worried—but highly solvent.

Losses in national prestige, in local public relations, in White House clout and several minor electoral defeats have combined to erode the Mayor's overall power and standing, but when the name of the game is "win," it is still Daley *über alles*. A year ago, the national pundits were writing his political obituary. They were premature.

To be sure, Daley has had a President amputated. In failing to carry Illinois for Humphrey last fall, a portion —but not all—of the blame rests on the Mayor's rotund shoulders. Now he no longer can call the White House direct to "fix" items such as a Justice Department civil rights investigation of Chicago's public school system.

In 1965, when Francis Keppel, then Commissioner of Education, cut off funds to Chicago schools, a few whispered words from Daley to LBJ restored them instantly.

Now the Nixon Administration—only a decade too late—is moving to integrate Chicago faculties. (It has not been determined whether this useless gesture stems from a desire to add heat to troubled waters, or whether the GOP really thinks this is a serious priority on the black agenda.) There should be a reasonable amount of amity between Daley and the Nixon-Agnew team, for at heart Daley is a Nixon Republican. His racial views, his relationship to big business and to real estate interests here place him in the less-than-moderate Republican bag. Ironically, while he was once among the most conservative of big-city mayors, he looks relatively liberal (Daley supports the grape boycott) because the new mayors are all to his right.

His essential conservatism was demonstrated this past spring. At issue was the state income tax proposed by Gov. Richard Ogilvie, who defeated Daley's hand-picked candidate last November. (The loss was ambiguous for Daley, and many believe it to be part of a deal. Ogilvie was formerly president of the Cook County board of commissioners, controlling thousands of patronage jobs right in the heart of Daley's bailiwick, and a far greater irritant at that proximity than as governor. Had Ogilvie been defeated for the state post, he would still have had another two years to build his strength in Daley's back yard.)

Ogilvie, in a courageous action, proposed to the Republican-controlled legislature the state's first income tax of a flat 4 per cent on individuals and corporations. The parity of individual and corporate taxes, naturally, outraged liberals in and out of the party.

At the same time, Daley was confronted by several Ogilvie bills publicly aimed at decimating the Cook County Democratic machine. One bill would completely restructure the board of election commissioners in the county, removing the control used by Daley against independents and Republicans. Control of the board is probably worth more than 50,000 votes in a county election.

Another Ogilvie proposal would abolish a significant amount of patronage in the metropolitan area; a third bill (less likely to pass) would make Chicago elections nonpartisan, a severe slap worth perhaps 75,000 to 100,000 votes in the city. Faced with these, Daley was in deep political trouble.

And Ogilvie, faced with serious defections from his own party on the income tax, was in deep fiscal trouble. The state, although rich, has far too much money tied up in earmarked funds, while some basic programs, such as schools, starve. The obvious deal was struck. Ogilvie dropped the anti-machine legislation in exchange for Daley's support of his tax program.

But the downstate, quasi-Populist Democrats rebelled. Though no liberals, they couldn't buy the tax parity. Led by the raunchy Paul Powell, secretary of state and the most powerful Illinois Democrat outside of Cook County—a politician tarred with major charges of scandal and corruption—they forced Daley to back down. Clyde Choate, representative from downstate Anna was floor leader in the successful move to tax personal income at 2.5 per cent and corporations at 4 per cent. Daley swallowed it. But it is significant that the original Ogilvie plan was acceptable to him.

Another attack of Nixon Republicanism came some months ago, when militant groups from Chicago's four black-and-white Model Cities communities protested the lack of genuine citizen representation in the city's $38 million program. They asked Washington to hold back the funds. HUD Secretary George Romney made a great display of visiting the communities and listening to their grievances, then ordered some token modifications in electing community representatives to the boards. As a high Model Cities aide here told us: "We tried to change things here, make it more democratic and better planned. But there are mostly politicians in HUD who simply aren't going to give up that $38 million." Washington made it crystal clear that the Model Cities program would in no way be controlled by the communities—it would be run by the city government. Daley and Nixon agree wholeheartedly on this principle.

Even though Daley will deliver no election votes to Nixon or Ogilvie, a symbiotic relationship will continue to exist because it is still within Daley's power to deliver state legislators and Congressmen, by the dozens, to the governor or the President. He already has delivered the majority of his Congressional delegation to Nixon on the surtax extension as part of a package that included assurance of control of the Model Cities funds.

Daley, who was first elected as the "neighborhoods" candidate running against the downtown newspapers and businessmen, has become essentially the businessmen's Mayor. In June, he confounded his closest supporters by permitting the electric company, Commonwealth Edison, the city's biggest air polluter, to continue legally spewing noxious waste for another year. The city's pollution-control ordinance required industry to shift to low sulfur content coal last July to reduce the destructive sulfur dioxide in the air. "Commongreed" Edison, as radical critic Clark Kissinger calls it, found the shift would be inconvenient and expensive. Daley rammed a code change through the City Council extending the deadline, caring little for the year's toll on the lungs of citizens.

What is the price for this kind of civic degeneracy? No one knows for sure except Daley and Thomas Ayers, head of the electric company—who is also one of the "liberal" industrialists in the city's aristocracy. Many suspect the bargain hinged on killing off the idea of an Urban Coali-

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tion for Chicago. Ayers and other "progressive" business leaders involved in equal employment and housing programs have been pushing it, while Daley has long been privately opposed.

One can also expect to see a cooling of business criticism of Daley's anti-youth-gang efforts. They have drawn much fire because of the Gestapo-like tactics of the police department's Gang Intelligence Unit, which openly harasses youth groups. Its chief, Capt. Edward Buckney, admitted to intentionally stirring up trouble among them in the hope that they will do themselves out of business.

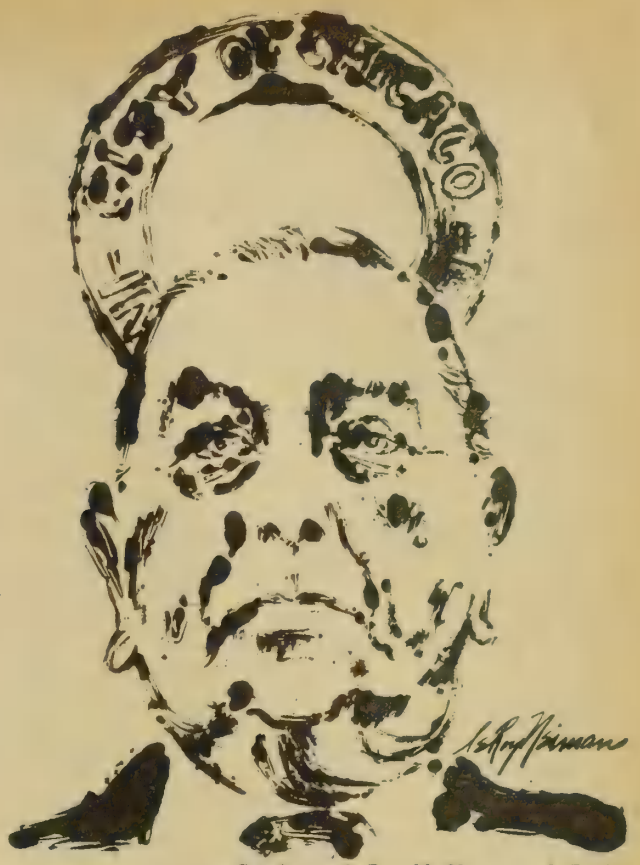
The most severe criticism came when GIU officers harassed several top businessmen and the respected lily-white Better Government Association because the business and civic leaders planned a meeting with youth organization leaders. [See "Out To Get the Panthers" by L. F. Palmer, Jr., *The Nation*, July 28.]

Daley, the police department and the State's attorney declared a massive "war on gangs" this past spring, ironically, at a point when youth killings and violence were statistically lower than last year. The newspapers ate it up, buying phony statistics on gang-connected violence that were only recently exposed by the *Chicago Journalism Review*, a monthly run by newsmen to watchdog their editors, publishers and broadcast executives.

The media here are singularly shy of hitting Daley directly. For instance, last spring the authors of this article exposed the only major scandal of the top level of Daley's administration. But it took the city's newspapers until late July to begin documenting the charges. Only an announced investigation by the Illinois attorney general and a national business magazine article brought it into the downtown press.

At issue was the city's prefabricated home program for the poor, unveiled by Daley at the Democratic convention last year. The plan, which looked superb on paper, turned into a total debacle involving administration foul-ups, misuse of $1 million in state funds, nepotism, favoritism and conflicts of interest. Many subcontracts went to the brother-in-law of the Mayor's press secretary and top adviser, Earl Bush. James Downs, Daley's top real estate adviser and head of the Chicago Dwellings Association, which bought the prefabs from National Homes Corp., turned out to be a director of National Homes and a stockholder. Pressures were put on the home builders to hire specific, favored contractors, publicity agents, guards, and so forth. The program is headed by Charles Swibel, chairman of the Chicago Housing Authority, a business associate of a high official of U.S. Gypsum Co., which will play a key role in the manufacturing of prefabs in Chicago.

Though he has largely escaped censure for his henchmen's misdeeds, Daley's political future remains a hot topic of speculation. Now midway through his unprecedented fourth term, there is a better than even chance that he will seek a fifth in 1971. Six months ago it was thought that Daley would not run again. That thinking has reversed somewhat, largely because of his conduct toward the city's top businessmen.



Courtesy of Donald Myrus and Burton Joseph, Publishers of Law and Disorder

"He is not acting like a lame duck. He continues to talk of the future and lay out big plans. It is clearly not the talk of a man about to retire," said one liberal-leaning industrialist. But the final decision will depend on Daley's own timetable. It may be decided, finally, by his wife, whose desire to have him retire in 1967 almost held sway.

Daley watchers have a favorite game called, "If not Dick, who?" Until a recent illness, the leading candidate to replace Daley was George Dunne, a committeeman of the near North Side's 42nd Ward and president of the Cook County board since the elevation of Ogilvie to the governorship. Dunne is a tough-minded, extremely loyal party man—brighter than most, but ruthless. His ward organization was powerful enough to elect Raymond Fried, a severely ailing candidate who never made a public appearance, as alderman in a special election in February. Displaying typical Daley-like sharpness, he recently selected, as one of his district's two candidates for the state constitutional convention, a competent, ambitious woman lawyer known for her independent leanings, Dawn Clark Netsch.

The Dunne maneuver co-opted many usually liberal anti-machine blue bloods. But most important, it will cripple the hopes for independent challenges for state representative next year and alderman in 1971. At the same time Dunne can go to the party-oriented liberals wearing a merit badge, though illness may have knocked him out of the race.

The next most talked about candidate is Daniel Rosten-

kowski, Congressman from the heavily Polish Northwest Side's 8th District. "Rusty" is leader of the Illinois Democrats' Congressional contingent and bearer of the Daley word to Capitol Hill. He has run up a creditable voting record by most standards—following the traditional liberal-labor line—and has stayed publicly clear of the cancerous racial controversies that polarized city-wide opinion on Rep. Roman Pucinski of the Northwest city-suburban 11th District. Rostenkowski's ability to avoid such controversies is another plus quality. His ethnic appeal is foremost in a city where Polish power is on the ascendancy. If the hard-nosed decision makers decide that the Irish must yield to a Pole, it will be to Rusty, even though he is displaying no eagerness for Daley's job.

But it is more likely that the decision makers will decide to retain their Hibernian habits. If Daley relinquishes his job to another Irishman, it will be to one of two younger men. One is Edward V. Hanrahan, State's attorney and hard-line cop-thinking prosecutor, in charge of Daley's "war" on youth gangs. Formerly the U.S. attorney here, Hanrahan has a mixed record on criminal prosecutions of the Mob. Though he once drew Justice Department criticism for bungling a major case, several smaller victories and a tough, aggressive approach to law enforcement and political campaigning have won him the affection of law-and-order segments of both parties. His campaign was marked by support from most Chicago newspapers, though his past performance had earned him the bitter disdain of most reporters. He may be the strongest candidate, outside of Daley himself, that the Democrats can produce.

A dark horse is Daniel J. Shannon, 36, an accountant whom Daley named this year to head the Chicago Park District board. The handsome Shannon won the applause of conservationists with his set of principles on use of parks; then he permitted them to degenerate into empty rhetoric with a deal turning over major chunks of park land for the construction of schools. The use of valuable park space for other purposes is a new campaign in the Mayor's ongoing fight against nature, a Daley war not nearly as well publicized as the one against gangs. A few years ago he sponsored a move to pave parts of Chicago's big lakefront parks for superhighways and exhibition halls. (The effort is not yet dead.) This led to massive protests and demonstrations of tree lovers holding onto trunks while power saws buzzed away just above their heads. The ensuing ruckus temporarily halted the drive to asphalt the greenery. But because those who love trees also love education, Daley was able to put them in a new bind this year by suggesting that schools move into the park land. Even some independent aldermen bought his line. It has been suggested by some wags that Daley views creeping greenery as a Republican plot and is really trying to pave Chicago in order to save Chicago.

The main issue, however, is the matter of real estate, which is too valuable, the Daleycrats think, to be wasted on parks or people. Here, as in most major cities, land use is the key to most wealth and power; it stimulates, corrupts and destroys. Real estate manipulation built Chicago's vast slums just as it built its superhighways to suburbia—which helped make it easier to flee the city and ghettoize more of it in a still unending cycle. Real estate interests will continue to "renew" the city in a spokelike pattern stemming from the Loop, the central business district, thrusting westward and southward to hook up with other "renewed" neighborhoods.

The plan is simple. The goals are: (*1*) run out the black, the brown, the poor; (*2*) keep the lakefront luxurious and bring back—if possible—the suburbanites, while lining the pockets of developers, contractors, architects and road builders. Majestically overseeing the process, brokering in power among the aristocratic businessmen, the old-line unions, the developers and hustlers, is King Richard. His empire remains solid still. He lost two out of six special aldermanic races this year, but the machine delivered the other four, especially in strong numbers in the inland Polish and Irish areas.

Daley does stand to lose more wards in the 1971 aldermanic elections. Of the city's fifty wards five are now in the hands of independent liberals, seven are Republican, and one is held by a regular organization official, Seymour Simon, who votes against Daley with increasing regularity.

The state constitutional convention, to be held in September and November, where delegates will be chosen by state Senate districts comprising two to five wards, is the proving ground for next year's state legislative and 1971 aldermanic elections. Strong anti-machine campaigns are being waged by black leader Al Raby on the South Side, former co-chairman with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., of the Chicago Freedom Movement, and on the North Side by Bernard Weisberg, general counsel of the state American Civil Liberties Union, and Elmer Gertz, prominent Chicago attorney well known to *Nation* readers.

These two campaigns may deliver two more lakefront wards to the liberals. At least two additional wards, one middle-class black and one integrated, are vulnerable to change as well—and one or more of the city's four white-run, poor black wards could rebel on the race issue. The convention delegate races, even in areas where independent victories are not expected, will continue to build strong organizations for 1975.

As to the oft-considered prospect of a liberal challenge for mayor in 1971, it is more wish than reality. Adlai E. Stevenson III, now state treasurer, is the gossip candidate. He has often tweaked the Daley nose politically. He cannot succeed himself when his term expires next year and there will be no higher posts available at that time. A mayoral race would dovetail beautifully, but those closest to Stevenson—even those who want him to run—insist that he does not wish to challenge Daley in a primary.

That is a realistic political view as regards Stevenson. He would not stand a ghost of a chance even if Daley didn't run. At best, he might carry twenty to twenty-two out of the fifty wards, but his total margin in any five could be wiped out by one good machine ward. Against Daley, he could not carry fifteen wards. What a Steven-

son candidacy could do is hypo the aldermanic challenges, which are held at the same time as the mayoral primary. That would be a major service, indeed, but clearly would not help the Stevenson career.

By 1975, when the municipal elections come up again, the independents might garner as many as fifteen city council seats. That's when the mayor's office might be ready for reform as well. Warren Bacon, outspoken black member of the school board, is the dream candidate of black and white independents. Until then, there will be only small chippings at the colossus.

Finally, Daley's prestige will again be affected this fall as the "conspiracy" trial of eight convention demonstration leaders begins here on September 24 and demonstrations develop around it on October 11. This case, perhaps the most important political trial since that of the Haymarket riot of last century, is largely of Daley's making, although it was formally brought by the Johnson administration under the 1968 anti-riot law.

The law, patently unconstitutional but untested, is to be a key repressive tool against the black, anti-war and student movements. A Daley appointee, U.S. Attorney Thomas Foran, probably will prosecute. As the evidence unveils, Daley's convention performance of a year ago will—in the public mind, if not in the courts—either be vindicated or exposed for the crypto-Fascist action it was. Nixon, too, will be affected, for public opinion will tie him to it even though neither the law nor the case is of his doing.

Nixon, significantly, never criticized Daley's handling of the convention, even when it was politically expedient for him to do so. It is to the Daley-Nixon interests to see the prosecution succeed as the trial can have as great a long-term effect on the nation as it may on the future of Richard J. Daley.

One is ultimately reminded of Clark Kissinger's acute observation that perhaps we might elect a reform mayor some day; we might even elect a reform city council. Then what would we have? Detroit.

KENYA'S ASIAN OUTCASTS

STANLEY MEISLER
Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, *was formerly deputy director of the Office of Evaluation and Research in the Peace Corps.*

Nairobi

Walk down the frenzied, color-splashed side streets of Nairobi where most people do their shopping. This is Africa, but for block after block, the signs on the *dukas*, as the shops are called, evoke India and Pakistan: Ganijee Glass Mart, Indian Emporium, Patel & Co., Shah & Sons, Ghela Manek, Hindustan Boot Co., Bombay Sweet Mart. Most of the shops of downtown Nairobi are in the hands of Indians and Pakistanis. Wearing Benares saris and Punjabi pants and Sikh turbans, these shopkeepers and their families, with their jet black hair, enormous black eyes and pale brown skin, living in a land run by African blacks, are the most visible evidence of the gravest minority problem in East Africa today.

There are 350,000 Asians, as the Indians and Pakistanis are called here, among East Africa's 29 million people. About half of them live in Kenya, a quarter in Tanzania, a quarter in Uganda. They are the shopkeepers, clerks, artisans and foremen of East Africa, resented and often despised by the Africans who feel cut off from the economies of their own countries. The Asians fill just those jobs and places that Africans believe they now have enough experience and training to take.

Although they are called Asians, many either were born in East Africa or have spent most of their lives there. They consider East Africa home. Yet few have taken African citizenship, even when it was offered to them with little red tape by the African governments at independence. Made up of tight communities that never mixed much with Africans, the Asians believed that British citizenship, granted to them by the British colonial government, would be more valuable in the long run. Britain, however, has succumbed to its racial hysteria and refused entry to all but a few of the East African Asians, despite their so-called British passports. Though many are skilled, sophisticated and Westernized, the Asians now find that few countries welcome them. Even India and Pakistan, overpopulated and impoverished, do not really want them, nor do they want to go there.

Despite the recent panic and publicity over the problem, the East African governments have so far done little more than apply a bit of legal pressure to move Asians out of some shops, sales jobs and clerk positions. But the moves have frightened the Asians, causing a number of skilled and professional people to emigrate and many shop owners to stop ordering goods from abroad. The resulting depression and confusion have persuaded government officials, particularly in Kenya, to ease the pressure somewhat. The long-term goal, however, is clear: the African governments want their Asian populations reduced considerably.

Asians have lived on the coast of East Africa for hundreds of years, though not in large numbers. By 1866, 6,000 were here. They monopolized the shops and financed Arab ivory and slaving caravans into the interior.

The main influx, however, came at the turn of the 20th century. The British brought in 32,000 Indian laborers to build the railway from Mombasa on the coast to Lake Victoria in Uganda. After the job was finished, 7,000 remained in East Africa. Other Asians, encouraged by the

British, followed the railway inland and set up shops at the stations along the line. The British also used Indians as troops to put down tribal uprisings and as clerks in the government service. Until white settlers from Britain and South Africa arrived in Kenya in substantial numbers, East Africa was ruled by the British almost as a province of India. In fact, all trade was in rupees. Indian emigration to East Africa continued over the years until independence. From 1959 through 1962, for example, the net influx was more than 5,000.

The Asian took a middle position in the stratified society that developed in the 20th century. He was inferior to the white settler but better situated than the African. Like the latter, he could not own land in the white highlands of central Kenya, but until the years just before independence he always had more representation than the African on the legislative council. His economic power was second only to that of the white man. The white man had the farmlands, the big trading firms and political power; the Asian had the small shops and some larger stores; the African had nothing.

Now there is a new order; the governments and political power of East Africa belong to the Africans. However, the shops, factories and banks, East Africa's wholesaling, distributing and importing, its whole private economy, still belong almost entirely to Asians and whites. On Kenyatta Avenue, Nairobi's main street, thirty-one businesses and shops are run by Asians, thirteen by Europeans and only one by an African. No independent country, let alone a new, sensitive country, would tolerate an alien monopoly over its economy for long. In a developing country, the monopoly is even more intolerable because it closes off one of the means of developing initiative and incentive in the people.

The problem could be solved with little uprooting of the Asians if East Africa had dynamic industrial economies developing fast enough to pull in great numbers of Africans. The Asians could hold onto the jobs and shops they had, while all new jobs and shops were reserved for Africans. But the economies are too sluggish for that. The average African has a chance for a job or a shop only if the government pushes aside an Asian to make room for him.

The troubles of the Asians are heightened by the resentment that most Africans feel toward Asian shopkeepers—the *dukawallahs* who own small family shops. Africans look on them as exploiters who have cheated African customers for years. The plight of a shopkeeper who must give up his work of a lifetime draws little or no sympathy from African officials. In fact, even well-educated, important officials sometimes grow incensed almost to the point of rage when they talk about the *dukawallah*. The clannishness of the Asian does nothing to dispel the image of exploitation.

Since Kenya has the most Asians, other African countries usually follow its lead in dealing with Asians. So far, Kenya has tried two ways of loosening the Asian hold on its economy—work permits and trading licenses. These have reduced Kenya's Asian population by at least 10,000.

As the first device, the Kenya National Assembly passed an act that forbade noncitizens to work in Kenya without special permits. The government then ordered all noncitizen clerks and sales help to apply for the permits. They were the first targets because they held the jobs that Africans wanted immediately. Many Asian clerks and sales help were refused permits, and this triggered a well-publicized Asian exodus in early 1968.

Hundreds of Asians rushed to Nairobi airport every week to fill charter planes to Britain. Not all were clerks and sales help; many other Asians, the future suddenly etched for them, decided it was time to leave. The exodus was intensified by Asian fears that Britain would soon close its doors to them, and in a few months the fears were justified. Britain decided to limit the immigration of Commonwealth residents, even those with British passports, to 1,500 a year. That stopped the panic exodus, but Asians have been steadily leaving since then. Some qualify under the new British regulations, some return to India and Pakistan, others head for countries like Canada that need their skills.

The second push was the Trade Licensing Act, which the Kenya Government passed in late 1967, but did not use until early this year. It licensed all traders and required noncitizens to have special permission to trade in any area of Kenya except central Nairobi, central Mombasa and four smaller towns, these being designated "general business areas." The act also authorized the government to publish a list of goods that could be sold throughout the country only by citizens.

Earlier this year, the government ordered 750 Asian shopkeepers to shut down. This was a small percentage of the 9,000 *dukawallahs* in Kenya, but the action panicked the businessmen. They were particularly shocked because a number of those refused licenses were *dukawallahs* in the "general business areas," and a handful were citizens.

Mwai Kibaki, the Minister of Commerce and Industry, was pressed to explain why the government had refused licenses to some traders in the general business areas. He replied that the government had decided to reserve certain shops on the major streets of the big towns for Africans, because Africans have too difficult a time getting these shops on their own. But, he went on, Asians who received notices to stop business should not interpret this "as denial of permission to trade in the general business areas. They only apply to specific premises." In short, the law allows Asians to trade in the general business areas, but does not guarantee them the right to keep their present shops.

There was even more confusion about the citizens who had been refused trading licenses. Officials hinted privately that this had been a mistake by some minor bureaucrats, and the government did change its decision in some of these cases. But it never made a public announcement acknowledging error. Moreover, the Ministry of Information, in a statement denying discrimination against Asian citizens, said the government had the right to redress im-

balances and fulfill its obligations to African citizens "who suffered gross inequalities in the past."

The government drive against *dukawallahs* touched off different reactions from Asian businessmen. One old man, refused a license, stood in his River Road grocery and said, in Hindi: "I was pleased with the notice. Now I can retire and go back to India." He had lived in Kenya for thirty-five years and had owned the grocery for thirty-four, but he was not a citizen.

His grandson stood by. He had been studying in Britain but had come home when he learned that the shop would close. "We did not expect this at all," he said angrily in English. "This is a general business area."

On another street, the owner of a corner store was bitter. He served lunches and tea in his shop and sold small items like cigarettes and candy. With resentful precision, he listed the items he could no longer carry because he was not a Kenya citizen: "cigarettes, matches, sweets, biscuits, nails. . . ." The list droned on. His business had dropped 50 per cent since January 1. Despite this, he did not intend to sell his shop. He thought he could rebuild a good business by switching to goods that noncitizens had the right to sell.

The Kenya Government has grown testy over criticism of its policies toward Asians. For one thing, officials are angry that the world refuses to look on these Asians as foreigners monopolizing the economy of someone else's country. In addition, Africans believe that the Asians, hoping to persuade the British Government to increase the immigration quota, have tried to drum up sympathy for their plight.

In a recent speech, President Kenyatta said: "These people were given two years to decide their future, and they should not blame us." Kenyatta was referring to a two-year period after independence in 1963 when all Asians could apply for citizenship without undergoing a naturalization process. About 14,000 Asians became citizens then, but the applications of 3,000 to 4,000 others are still pending. Another 4,000 Asians have applied since.

"Let them not cry," Kenyatta went on, "for we gave them enough time to decide their future. I do not have any sympathy for these people. They go and say that the Kenya Government threw them out, but they did this themselves. They are now trying to raise cries everywhere that they are not being treated fairly. Let them go to Britain, India or the Arabian countries, or wherever they choose to belong."

The Asians sometimes get a similar cold shoulder from their fellows who did become citizens. "As one who has been exhorting Asians for four successive years to identify themselves completely with the country in which they have lived and prospered for so long," says Asian journalist Narain Singh, "I can work up no sympathy for them."

It is not sure, however, that the Asian plight would be eased today if almost all Asians had sought citizenship. "I don't think it mattered," says a young Asian lawyer who is a citizen. "The fact that so few Asians took out citizenship has made the government seem magnanimous. It has



made it easy for the government. It can say all citizens, regardless of race, are entitled to jobs and shops and still get rid of most of the Asians. If all Asians were citizens, I think the laws would say jobs and shops must go not to Kenya citizens but to Kenya citizens of African origin."

The government's program of Africanizing the jobs of the Asians may run into trouble in at least one area. In business, the Kenya Government may find it easier to push Asians out than to move Africans in. Most Africans in Kenya have little education and less credit. Officials of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry say that small African businessmen often keep books badly, overestimate profits, and overspend. They usually dip into shop funds to give money to the many poor relatives who hang around a successful African. With little experience, they make elementary mistakes, stocking the wrong goods at the wrong time. Many fail to concentrate on their business, and many refuse to put any profits back into it. Unless the government mounts a huge training program, there is a danger that the departing Asian shopkeeper will be replaced by a bankrupt African shopkeeper.

The Kenya trade licensing system may also cause trouble because it permits officials to choose one African over another after the Asian has left. This could create a class of fat-cat African businessmen—the few Africans with capital and experience and political pull getting most of the shops. They might be resented as much by the African masses as are the Asian businessmen today. Poor people never seem to like shopkeepers. A group of ten

economists at the University College of Nairobi recently warned the government that "licensing should not be used to confer monopoly powers and benefits on a select group of citizen traders and businessmen. . . . If experience in other countries is any guide, the system . . . is likely to provide new opportunities and strong temptations for a wide variety of corrupt practices."

The future for the Asian in Kenya and the rest of East Africa is shadowed. Of course, there are hopeful signs. As the percentage of Asians decreases, the hatred of them may lessen as well. As long as the laws talk in terms of citizenship instead of race, Asian citizens may expect relative freedom to operate in East Africa. The Asian population has skills that are needed by the large business corporations that have come to East Africa from Europe and America; as long as business wants these craftsmen and foremen, influential corporations will put pressure on the Kenya Government to slow down Africanization.

But these hopeful signs wilt in the heat of anti-Asian hatred. In many ways, it has reached a pitch akin to the anti-Ibo feeling in Northern Nigeria in the years before the Ibo massacres of 1966. The Africans want a large number of Asians to leave. Bowing to this popular mood and sharing in it, the political leaders will probably try to cut down the number of Asians as far as they can without crippling the economy. There will be terrible personal grief and calamity in all this, but the privileged position of the Asian will have to disintegrate under the force of race and nationalism.

THE HOOVER INSTITUTION

COLD-WAR SCHOLARSHIP

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In early July, the Nixon Administration named Roger A. Freeman, senior staff member of Stanford University's Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, to the post of White House economic adviser. Mr. Freeman is the fourth Hoover staffer to join the new Administration, the others being Richard V. Allen, aide to Henry A. Kissinger, and Dennis J. Doolin and Yuan-Li Wu, Deputy Assistant Secretaries of Defense.

These moves, following on Ronald Reagan's appointment of Hoover's director, W. Glenn Campbell, to the University of California Board of Regents, has suggested to many that the institution has close ties with the right wing of the Republican Party. Its critics have called it "a haven for Goldwater men" (*The Wall Street Journal*, June 2, 1967), "a cold-war college think tank" (*Washington Monthly*, June 1969) and "one of the world's main centers of counterinsurgency research" (at a radical Stanford student meeting this spring), while its defenders have praised its objective contributions and its unique historical collections.

The Hoover has not always been a source of government appointees, nor so prominently associated with the right wing of the GOP. Herbert Hoover founded it in 1919, when he gave President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford $50,000 "for an historical collection on the Great War." The collection grew rapidly as young historians combed Europe for books, documents and newspapers from the war period. A grant from the Rockefeller Foundation in 1927 supported research projects on Russia and Germany and led to the institution's first publications. After World War II the scope of the collection expanded into Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East, and became of unmatched value for study of the 20th century.

By 1950, the institution was a respected research center. Its financial problems were severe, however, for the next ten years, until the present director undertook a drive for funds that raised its budget from less than $400,000 a year to nearly $2 million. The institution has published more than 100 books since 1960, as compared with fifty-four during its first forty years. New acquisitions are up nearly 300 per cent from the 1959 level.

This remarkable growth has coincided with mounting criticism that the institution is a disseminator of cold-war propaganda rather than of scholarly research. A reviewer for the *Times Literary Supplement* (April 27, 1967) wrote: "It seems a pity that, at a time when the cold war is abating elsewhere, the publications of the Hoover Institution should be apparently inspired by so keen an ambition to keep it going." Members of the April 3rd Movement, a coalition which obtained the support of more than 1,500 persons in the university community for its occupation of a Stanford laboratory this spring, twice proposed that the institution be taken over. Faculty members have objected to the biased views and unscholarly work of some of the institution staff.

Mr. Hoover's own statements about the purpose of the institution are ambiguous. When he dedicated the 285-ft. tower in 1941, the former President said: "The purpose of this institution is to promote peace. Its records stand as a challenge to those who promote war. They should attract those who search for peace." But eighteen years later, he wrote: "The purpose of this instituion must be, by its research and publications, to demonstrate the evils of the doctrines of Karl Marx . . . thus to protect the American way of life from such ideologies, their

conspiracies, and to reaffirm the validity of the American way of life. The overall mission of this institution is . . . to recall the voice of experience against making war. . . ." While the same concern for peace is present in both these statements, Hoover's 1959 words define a new goal: the exposure of Marxist evils.

During its first forty years, the Hoover was relatively noncontroversial. Its directors—E. H. Adams, Ralph H. Lutz, Harold H. Fisher and C. Easton Rothwell—came from academic backgrounds. They built up the holdings, issued document collections and infrequent monographs. According to a 1946 resolution of the Stanford trustees, the university's president was to name the institution's chairman and other officers. It was considered an academic department; its director reported through the dean of the graduate division. Financial support came from special foundation grants, private gifts and a contribution from the university which amounted to $125,000 per year in 1956-59. The professional staff, in contrast to the two dozen researchers employed at present, was quite small. Collection curators did research and teaching. As Harold H. Fisher, the director from 1944 to 1952, put it: "We never thought of this as being primarily a publishing enterprise. It had begun as a kind of personal collection."

The greatest changes in the Hoover since 1959 seem to be of size and scope: more researchers, more publications, more services to users. In fact, there is a marked difference in another aspect of activity—the public utterances of its staff members. Far from being a charter sponsor of the cold war, the institution's spokesmen sought an understanding of the international crisis. During the first year of the Korean War, Harold Fisher stated that the world was big enough to hold both communism and democracy. He called for a militant defense of democratic principles, to prove false the Communist theory of democratic collapse. In "A Foreign Policy for Free Men" (*The Pacific Spectator,* Spring, 1952), he struck at the danger of "allowing fear to direct our policies to the neglect of principle."

At a 1954 alumni conference, Fisher said: "It is disturbing to observe a tendency to assume that all we need to preserve peace and freedom is deadlier bombs, and more of them. . . . And yet it is surely true that politically it is much wiser to talk a New Look defense policy that gets bigger bangs for fewer bucks than to talk about . . . liberalized tariff and trade policies and educational exchange programs that cost bucks and produce no bangs." The speeches of Fisher and Rothwell, his successor as director from 1952 to 1959, strove to maintain a climate of opinion in the United States which would be both favorable to peace and conscious of the threat to peace represented by the Soviet Union. Furthermore, both sought to defend the principles of American democracy during the McCarthy era. Such views have not been heard from the institution in the past decade.

Although a major endowment campaign was launched in 1956, financial support was thin during the late 1950s. Despite the creation of a special trustees' committee and the expansion of the advisory board from eight to twenty-three members, donations dropped from more than $215,000 in 1956-57 to $128,408 in 1958-59. The research and publications budget nearly vanished. A ranking executive of the institution went so far as to recommend that the collections be merged with the Stanford library.

Hoover himself was outraged, and when Rothwell resigned in 1959, to become president of Mills College, he prevailed upon Stanford's president, J. E. Wallace Sterling, to approve a restructuring of the relationship between the institution and the university. The Hoover Committee of the Trustees accepted the new arrangement on May 20, 1959.

What is apparent from these proceedings is that Mr. Hoover had forced the hands of the university. According to one Stanford trustee, a growing rift had developed between Mr. Hoover and the university. The trustees were "trying to bring about a *rapprochement* between those forces which were growing further and further apart. Dr. Sterling had supported the resolution, and if he could accept it, then we would accept it."

Unmindful of the investigation being pursued by an informal faculty search committee, Mr. Hoover chose Dr. W. Glenn Campbell, director of research for the American Enterprise Association, upon the recommendation of former New Dealer Raymond Moley, and got his man off to a good start by launching a fund-raising drive. He circulated a brochure containing his statement of purpose, and the money began to roll in. Hoover also attempted to suppress a book which had been written at the institution and was in proofs at the Stanford University Press, because it did not adequately prove the evils of communism. To the credit of all concerned, his objection was passed over and the book appeared at the end of 1959; but resentment engendered by this incident still lingers.

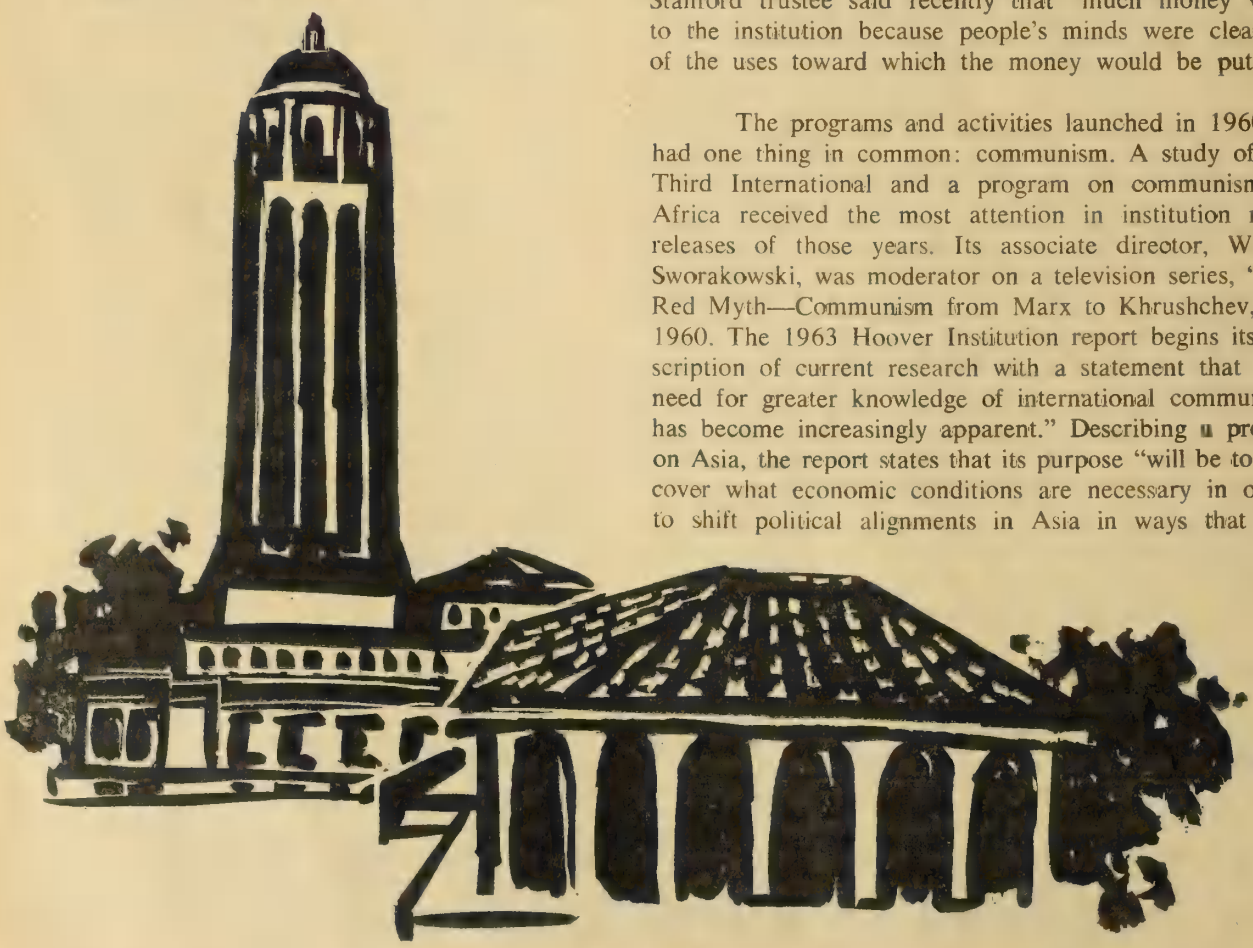
Early the next year, members of the faculty obtained copies of Hoover's "evils of Karl Marx" statement and circulated them on campus. The resulting uproar involved students, faculty and staff for several months. Campbell added to the controversy by saying to a student reporter, who had been "prepared" for his interview by members of the Stanford community: "There are evils in Marxism, and I hope we expose them." Campbell was speaking for himself and the statement was natural enough from a conservative Republican, but it was taken out of context to signify institutional policy. A heated exchange between the faculty and the trustees was finally resolved when President Sterling, speaking in academic council on April 1, 1960, stated that "no research that is bona fide and worthy of the name can be undertaken with predetermined conclusions." As to the institution's policies, "These are and will be controlled by the trustees . . . on recommendation of the president of the University." The director's recommendations "will be placed under presidential review. . . . I assure you that this review will include intensive scrutiny. . . ."

Under these inauspicious beginnings, Campbell began

to shape a program and build a staff for his institution. Since, despite what one might infer from the above paragraph, he has had virtually a free hand in staff selection and institutional policy, any evaluation of the institution's record must begin with him. Campbell holds his doctorate from Harvard, where he taught economics for five years before going to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. He went to the American Enterprise Association (now the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research) in 1954. This organization was created in 1943 to analyze legislative bills. Its reports favor free enterprise and criticize big government. In 1956, the AEA created the Institute for Social Science Research, a study group which Campbell helped to direct. In 1962, the parent group was instrumental in establishing the Center for Strategic Studies at Georgetown, "to study the elements and purposes of strategy in free and totalitarian societies." The leanings of the AEA and its spin-off groups are markedly Republican; William Baroody, an executive in all three groups, was Barry Goldwater's principal brain truster in 1964.

The new director brought several of his colleagues from the AEA to the institution's advisory board, expanding it from twenty-seven to fifty-six members by 1962. Regardless of one's attitude toward Campbell's politics, his fund-raising acumen is outstanding. His new board included representatives from all sectors of the American economy and represented fifteen states and the District of Columbia. Operating from this broad base, Campbell brought in $758,154 of expendable funds in 1967-68, more than 500 per cent of the 1958-59 totals. Of the twenty-five largest contributors in 1967-68, fourteen originated in present or past membership on the advisory board.

Campbell denies that any special interest in anti-communism brought in the funds. He asserts that people gave because of Mr. Hoover's reputation and because of the dynamic role that he planned for the institution. Perhaps so. As I shall show in a moment, the scholarly level of the publications produced since 1960 has been high; but corporation executives do not read scholarly works in history and political science. They are more likely to be influenced by public statements, articles in *U.S. News & World Report* and the *National Review*. Since 1960, Hoover staff members have used such statements and articles to criticize the Soviet Union, the Chinese economy, the welfare state, aid to Yugoslavia, trade with the Eastern bloc, federal aid to education, the old Left, the New Left and the United Nations. Campbell supports the public utterances of his staff, and one is led to conlude that the primary function of some of them is to attract financial support by making anti-Communist, pro-free-enterprise speeches. A spokesman for one donor, the Allen-Bradley Company, told a *Wall Street Journal* reporter in 1967: "One of our basic policies is to support anti-Communist and conservative institutions." Seeking to explain Campbell's success, a Stanford trustee said recently that "much money went to the institution because people's minds were clear as of the uses toward which the money would be put."



The programs and activities launched in 1960-61 had one thing in common: communism. A study of the Third International and a program on communism in Africa received the most attention in institution news releases of those years. Its associate director, Witold Sworakowski, was moderator on a television series, "The Red Myth—Communism from Marx to Khrushchev," in 1960. The 1963 Hoover Institution report begins its description of current research with a statement that "the need for greater knowledge of international communism has become increasingly apparent." Describing a project on Asia, the report states that its purpose "will be to discover what economic conditions are necessary in order to shift political alignments in Asia in ways that will

benefit the interests of the free world." Hoover personnel defend the shift of programs toward communism by saying that the institution's resources are strong in that area. True, but the institution's own descriptive literature hints at the didactic purposes of such investigation.

The first of the "New Course" volumes appeared in 1963: the ponderous 1,000-page *National Security,* proceedings of a conference held that January at the Center for Strategic Studies. Reviewers for *Ordnance,* the *National Review* and *Military Review* liked it, as did *The Washington Post* reviewer, Robert A. Kilmarx, who found the book outstanding because it would encourage the public to support defense expenditures. In his introduction, Arleigh Burke, retired admiral and board member of Freedoms Foundation, asserted America's responsibility to defend every corner of the world "from the efforts of the Communists to destroy all freedom." His recommended strategy was "to take the initiative toward the elimination of the Communists from positions of power, thus causing the erosion of the Communist system. . . ."

Along with new programs, Campbell went about selecting a strong staff, many of them coming from groups with which Campbell has been associated. On the senior staff he established Roger A. Freeman, who had written for the AEA and had been vice president of the Institute for Social Science Research, and Richard V. Allen, who joined the institution in 1966 from the Center for Strategic Studies. Other staff members from the "business-conservative" establishment include James R. Hobson, information officer, who met Campbell during the Goldwater campaign; Alan H. Belmont, a friend of the Baroody family, who is Campbell's executive assistant, and Brien Benson, publications director, the son of Campbell's former colleague George Benson at the Institute for Social Science Research. Another tie with conservatism is through the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, where Allen, Karl Brandt and Stefan Possony of Hoover sit on the advisory board with Gerhart Niemeyer, Allen's professor from Notre Dame, and William R. Kintner of the Foreign Policy Research Institute. Two of Stanford's conservative publications, *Arena* and *Western Politica,* were published with considerable aid from Hoover staff members.

All of this proves nothing more than the old adage that "like attracts like." At a university whose faculty is predominately liberal, an institution which has many conservatives might provide a balancing factor. It all depends on how the ideas are presented. Furthermore, appointments have gone to moderates and liberals, like Theodore Draper, Peter Duignan, director of African Studies, and Dennis J. Doolin, a Stanford Ph.D. in political science. The collection curators and the library personnel, who handle 90 per cent of the contact with scholars using Hoover material, are technically competent and politically noncontroversial.

The conservative slant of so many staff members has led critics to discredit the publications and the sponsored research of the Hoover. While some of the senior staff is open to the charge that their work is unscholarly and polemical, most of the major publications bearing the Hoover imprint stand up quite well under professional scrutiny. Hoover's books fall into three categories: major monographs, shorter studies and bibliographies. The second and third groups have, with rare exceptions, been lavishly praised for making available to the scholarly community much needed research tools. Thirty-two of Hoover's major publications from 1962 to 1967 were reviewed in the major professional journals; six were considered excellent, thirteen good, seven fair, and only five were severely attacked. Of these five, three were considered deficient on polemical or ideological grounds.

These favorable results are to be expected, since many of Hoover's books are published by reputable university presses. Further, the research and publications subcommittee has rejected manuscripts submitted by the institution's own staff members, and by leading conservatives from the outside, because of unscholarly approach; so it cannot be charged that Hoover's publications furnish an outlet for a one-sided view of history.

But if the institution's publications meet the test of scholarship, can the publications of its senior staff do as well? The Hoover can be criticized for leaning to the right, but unless such a stance obscures the scholarly pursuit of truth, the criticism does not have much merit. One has to measure the scholarly output of the staff, against its outside activity, to see how the members' time has been spent since they came to the Hoover.

Possony is frequently singled out as an ardent cold warrior who has written much since 1961, when he came to the Hoover, but little of scholarly value. He had previously written several serious volumes on strategy. Many persons assume from his title, director of the International Political Studies Program, that he enjoys great influence. It should be pointed out that this "program" consists of Possony, his secretary and one research associate. Furthermore, Possony does not sit on the research and publications subcommittee. While he has a work on strategy under way—Campbell has said that "he'd better finish it soon"—most of Possony's activity since 1961 has been in propagating the cold war. His writings include two political brochures; a contribution to the above mentioned *National Security*; a paper on "the nuclear trigger," which advocates sharing nuclear weapons with NATO countries; two brief papers on the Comintern which reviewers find polemical and contradictory; a volume of selections from Lenin's writings; a biography of that leader; a racist, elitist tract entitled *The Geography of Intellect*; and an essay published in Germany on war guilt.

Possony's only real "book" since 1961 is the above mentioned *Lenin: The Compulsive Revolutionary* (Chicago, 1964). It is an astonishing book. The *American Historical Review* (October 1964) states that conjectural or trivial comments dominate the post-1914 sections. "The author displays boundless curiosity," the reviewer wrote, "but amid the quest down every trail through the thickets of hearsay, Lenin disappears from view among the under-

brush." The reviewer for *Soviet Studies* (July 1966) states: "This book is a systematic summary of all the conspiratorial theories advanced by the various losers of the Russian revolution. . . . These theories are supported by evidence which, at least in the form in which he presents it, is inconclusive."

Possony has been doing other things than writing about Lenin. His public appearances, speeches, articles for *Orbis*, the American Security Council and *U.S. News & World Report*, at the rate of more than six a year, have pounded home the message he delivered when he arrived at Stanford in December 1961: the United States must build new weapons, test more bombs and share the wealth with NATO. Among his other favorite themes is that the Republic of South Africa's policies are "designed to operate to the mutual benefit of all groups." (Commonwealth Club speech, November 1966.) It can legitimately be argued that Possony has spent his time since 1961 in polemical discussion of public policy issues rather than in the objective, scholarly pursuit of truth. It would be better for the university and for the Hoover Institution if he either resumed his scholarly career on a full-time basis or associated himself with a *real* right-wing think tank. In a free society his ideas should find an outlet, but they ring false when issuing from an institution pursuing the scholarly study of threats to peace.

Richard V. Allen also has a reputation as a professional anti-Communist. He came on the staff in 1966 to edit the *Yearbook on International Communist Affairs*, but, like Possony, has spent considerable time on the lecture circuit. He advocates an unyielding, vigilant stance toward the Communist bloc, which he sees as a perennial threat to the United States. The nature of this threat rendered premature any consular exchange with the Soviet Union, Allen told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1967. Before coming to the Hoover, Allen worked for the Center for Strategic Studies, for which he co-authored *East-West Trade*, a brief study which concludes that such trade is good for the Communists and bad for the West. He wrote *Peace or Peaceful Coexistence* for the American Bar Association. It is an analysis of Soviet statements which asserts that the Communist goal is "the final destruction of the free world and its way of life." Allen also shared in the writing of *Democracy and Communism: Theory and Practice*, a high-school textbook which not unexpectedly concludes that democracy is good, while communism is evil. When his doctorate is finally approved and published in this country, Allen may then be able to establish a scholarly reputation. Until then, he will continue to be better known as an anti-Communist than as a scholar.

Other staff members have done better. Lewis H. Gann, an expert on Africa, has published several works on Rhodesia which have been well received by his African history colleagues. *Burden of Empire*, a Hoover study which Gann co-authored with Peter Duignan, has received excellent professional reviews, despite its unorthodox defense of imperialist contributions to Africa. Milorad Drachkovitch, an expert on European socialism, has been outspoken in defense of his adopted country's Vietnamese policy and in criticism of the New Left; but as editor of six volumes on the Communist International and the Soviet Union, he has made available to scholars a wealth of valuable material. Roger A. Freeman, a conservative's conservative, has been the only free-market economist active on the Stanford campus since 1962. While his prolific outpouring of articles and speeches on reduction of government intervention in the economy, tax credits for college tuition, cutback of federal domestic spending, and opposition to the progressive feature of the income tax has made him a liberal target, Freeman does keep the "market place of ideas" concept alive by teaching frequent colloquia, and by presenting his arguments in good faith and with trenchant wit.

So it cannot be said that success has spoiled the Hoover Institution. While the *direction* of its research programs in the early sixties merits criticism, its outstanding publications and current research program—more than 100 projects are currently pending—are praiseworthy. The conservative stance of many on the staff is undeniable, but only a few of them can be charged with producing unscholarly work. In the past few years, most have become more restrained in public utterances. The organization of a conference this coming autumn on "Peaceful Change in Modern Society," supervised by E. Berkely Tompkins, the most recent addition to the senior staff, will give the institution a chance to turn back to the pursuit of peace.

This collection of more than 900,000 volumes, 26,000 newspapers, 150,000 government publications, and 1,600 archival deposits has been open to all users, regardless of political inclination. Annual research fellowships put this material at the disposition of visiting scholars of liberal or conservative bent. The consortium project, a resource-sharing venture which will merge the collections of some dozen Western libraries, was initiated by the Hoover to enlarge access to its facilities.

With Campbell as director, the Hoover will continue to have good relations with the Nixon Administration. It is believed that his influence in the Republican Party was in no small way responsible for the appointment of David Packard, a Stanford trustee, and G. Warren Nutter, who has ties with the Center for Strategic Studies, to their Pentagon posts, as well as for the appointments of Freeman, Allen, Doolin and Wu.

At a moment when the administration, the students and the faculty of Stanford University are reappraising the goals and operational methods of higher education, all parties should re-evaluate the Hoover's standing in the community. Dr. Campbell, and his new associate director, Prof. Richard F. Staar, have indicated a willingness to effect a *rapprochement*. Since the institution has obtained the sound financial backing, both in annual giving and in endowment, that Campbell sought when he arrived here in 1960, it can continue to expand all aspects of its operation while returning to a less committed ideological position.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Technocracy: Despotism of Beneficent Expertise

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak's book, The Making of a Counter Culture: Reflections on the Technocratic Society and Its Youthful Opposition *(based on a series of articles that appeared in* The Nation*) will be released by Doubleday in September.*

Our society advances toward technocracy along many paths. The authors assembled here for review help us count the ways. Some—bravura technicians like Buckminster Fuller—crusade flamboyantly toward the regime of scientific expertise, flying banners in behalf of an *outré* social engineering whose goal is nothing short of "world planning." Others, like the members of the Pittsburgh Values Project, smooth the way more subtly by laboring to convert our capacities for evaluation and taste into a new behavioral technics accessible only to the academic specialist. Some, like the industrialist Simon Ramo, seek to clear the obstacles of traditional politics from our line of advance by entrusting our social problems to the objective competence of the systems analysts. Others, like Michael Reagan investigating the nearly total dependence of science on federal patronage, speed us along our way by celebrating the virtues of the alliance, while assuring us that any vices accruing can be easily adjusted by vigilant administration within the corridors of power. Even those like Victor Ferkiss who view the journey with a critical eye, contribute to our progress toward technocracy by conceding far more to the technician's world-view than their humanistic instincts should permit. The result is frail resistance in the face of a massive historical movement whose seriousness we underestimate at the peril of our human dignity.

No doubt there is room to disagree about the extent to which a technocratic totalitarianism has been developing in our society. I believe we have gone too far in this direction and that the technocracy, despite the stubborn survival in our midst of sundry flat-earthers and dilettante occultists (as well as a growing population of hip young swamis), looks more like the wave of the future for all industrialized nations, regardless of official ideology, than anything else now in sight. In any event, a lively concern for that prospect is the best touchstone for evaluating the burgeoning literature on technology and society. Is the writer aware of the technocratic possibility? Does he welcome or resist it? Is he aware of the force technocratic tendencies exert upon our politics and our total culture, of the costs and losses to which they can lead? Such are the questions I find myself persistently asking whenever I come upon still another diagnosis of our high industrial agonies.

Technocracy, Jean Meynaud says in his important anatomy of the beast, stems from "the pressure of technology on the political system." It is the demand "that politics be reduced to technics." The seed from which technocratic politics sprouts first blossoms in the field of industrial invention and organization, the obvious province of technical intelligence. But the high yield which man's engineering talents achieve there, bolstered by the technician's claim to scientific rationality, eventually encourages the same habits of mind to embrace social life as a whole. As Meynaud puts it:

> Founded on the advances of scientific thought . . . modern technique becomes, in its broadest sense, all those methods which allow man to make best use of existing resources to satisfy his material needs and common ideals. . . . Technique is not confined to a limited sector of society: it is society looked at from a certain perspective.

The perspective, that is, of technician and scientific intellectual.

Regarded in this light, as a product of both the scientific and industrial revolutions, technocracy assumes a formidable cultural momentum. Its legitimacy reaches deep into all that modern Western man has come to consider good, true and beautiful: affluence, empirical knowledge, and prodigious material power over his environment. As a social form, it is the irresistibly logical consequence of what science tells us reality is and of what technicians tell us can rationally be done to manipulate that reality.

The essays in Lynn White's *Machina Ex Deo* provide a keen examination of the larger cultural context out of which our science and technology evolve. His book—which includes the superb essay, "The Historical Roots of Our Ecological Crisis"—is a model of concerned and elegantly literate scholarship for the general reader. One could not ask for a more sensitive approach to the now submerged religious origins of industrialism: "the sources of our faith in science today and . . . the wellsprings of motivation that lead man to pursue science."

White is far more sanguine about the prospects of a "new humanism" arising among the engineers than I can be. As a medievalist, he tends to see scientists and technicians as still the free spirits and rugged individuals they were before they tasted power and the corruptions

TECHNOCRACY. *By Jean Meynaud. Translated from the French by Paul Barnes. The Free Press. 315 pp. $9.95.*

MACHINA EX DEO: Essays in the Dynamism of Western Culture. *By Lynn White, Jr. The M.I.T. Press. 186 pp. $5.95.*

EARTH HOUSE HOLD. *By Gary Snyder. New Directions. 143 pp. $5. Paper $1.95.*

OPERATING MANUAL FOR SPACESHIP EARTH. *By R. Buckminster Fuller. Southern Illinois University Press. 143 pp. $4.25.*

CURE FOR CHAOS: Fresh Solutions to Social Problems Through the Systems Approach. *By Simon Ramo. David McKay Co. 116 pp. $3.95.*

RUN, COMPUTER, RUN: The Mythology of Educational Innovation. *By Anthony G. Oettinger, with Sema Marks. Harvard University Press. 322 pp. $5.95.*

SCIENCE AND THE FEDERAL PATRON. *By Michael D. Reagan. Oxford University Press. 352 pp. $7.50.*

VALUES AND THE FUTURE: The Impact of Technological Change on American Values. *(An Anthology from the Pittsburgh Values Project.) Edited by Kurt Baier and Nicholas Rescher. The Free Press. 527 pp. $14.95.*

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THE REVOLUTION OF HOPE: Towards a Humanized Technology. *By Erich Fromm. Harper & Row. 162 pp. $5.95.*

attending. The transition from "little science" to "big science" (to use Derek de Solla Price's terms) has taken a greater toll of the pristine ideals of scientist and engineer than White may realize. How much of the Christianity of the catacombs survived into the age of Innocent III? Perhaps as much of Galileo and Edison survive in the age of Edward Teller and C. P. Snow. Still, White is correct in identifying technology as "a prime spiritual achievement," an expression of mankind's tireless search for "a new order of plenty, of mobility, of personal freedom." It is only by drawing upon such vital desires that the technocrats could achieve the great moral and psychic power they hold over our allegiance. Technocracy, far from being only an opportunistic and cynical plot (and the worst social evils never are), is a proud, noetic citadel solidly based on all that scientific inquiry has accomplished after the dark millennia during which man was supposedly sunk in superstition, mythological guesswork and helpless bewilderment. The policies that emanate from the citadel are born of pure reason and generous intention; its custodians are those who qualify as disinterested experts in all aspects of life—or, at one highly important remove, those who control the services of such experts.

One senses how domineering the regime of experts has become when one recognizes the lengths to which contemporary radicalism must go in seeking to outflank its values and metaphysical assumptions. An eloquent example of such an effort is Gary Snyder's *Earth House Hold* which seeks to recall the ecological intelligence to be found in poetic and primitive life styles. For Snyder, who learned his social theory from Zen masters and redwood trees, our salvation depends upon recapturing the spirit of "the ancient shamanistic-yogic-socioeconomic view" in which there abide "the most archaic values on earth: . . . the fertility of the soil, the magic of animals, the power-vision in solitude, the terrifying initiation and rebirth, the love and ecstasy of the dance, the common work of the tribe."

The audience for Snyder's rhapsodic appeal is small, largely the young and the dropped out who cling on and make do, chanting mantras at the social margins; "the tribe" as Snyder calls them, referring to those like the sod brethren of the Berkeley People's Park whose delicate experiment in Arcadian communitarianism the Governor and University of California have determined to trounce out of existence. Unhappily, visionaries like Snyder are regarded as the heretics-in-residence of our pluralistic technocracy, and their words make light weight in the scales of power. Not that society is closed to visionary declarations. Visionary *technology*—of the World's Fair, science-fiction variety—easily wins spellbound regard; for the millions, it monopolizes the whole meaning of imaginative daring. They will starve their poor to finance Project Apollo; they will sacrifice their peace of mind to have supersonic airliners split the skies above their cities with the sound of progress; they wait with bated breath to have their gene pools programmed for the guaranteed production of talented and beautiful progeny. Those who speak the language of numbers and technologisms never lack for reverent if bewildered public attention, and the bolder the scientific impresarios become, the greater the awe and acquiescence. One hundred million Americans may attend church every Sunday, bringing with them superstitions and prejudices as old as the Stone Age. But when they exclaim rhetorically,

THE LODE
(for Ed Lahey)

I've watched you turn your face away
a hundred times, withdrawing to the far side
of the pit my eyes alone can follow.
Wanting to be with you I mine my own
dark metal, as ignorant of terms
as any woman.

In your troubled glass where copper
glints back sunburn from your hair,
gold is a lie to keep the race alive.
You will not meet me there. You drink alone.
Huge bones block your door. Eyes of stone, unclear,
draw you underground. I cannot handle
power or machines.

I want to lift the miner's mask
that scares me less than terrors showing through.
You will not let me. I back off
wounded as your childhood town with its Irish
never-ending wake.

Years ago beside the dull Pacific
I dug my first expensive mine
with no more capital than a bright child
could borrow from aluminum sun, shafts of rain.
Days roll over me and still it wears
somebody else's sign.

Tunnels stretch from my crumbling coast
inland, far from any home. I must
have met you there. Young enough
to be the son I look for in the dark:
some image of a god as real as loss. Close
as steel in my side.

I've walked behind you through
a gaping town, nothing but nerve
to hold me on the edge; felt your anger
shake the few remaining houses
and recognized this six-foot
rage for love.

Machines more dangerous for being uninspected
grind towards catastrophe, their gears
held together by a common safety pin.
God is a one-eyed gambler.
Over his shoulder I watch the great lift
lower out of light and sit here staring
at these shiftless woman's hands.

SISTER MADELINE DeFREES

"Will wonders never cease!" it is the works of the engineers and not the works of God they have in mind.

Buckminster Fuller surely ranks as dean of the Promethean technicians. Certainly few exert greater personal magnetism among the "think big" younger generation of architects and engineers. Among Fuller's great schemes: his project to house the human race in prefabricated, helicopter-transported geodesic domes (Fuller's most famous and most overpraised invention) and the birth-certificate-universal-credit-card designed to operate anywhere on earth by means of a frequency tuned to the holder's genetic code. Now, in Fuller's latest book, the earth is stripped of its metaphorical motherhood and becomes instead a spaceship in need of nothing so much as properly trained "world planners" in its cockpit. The technocratic world-view could not ask for a more serviceable central image—though it will certainly require a less idiosyncratic "operating manual" than Fuller has to offer.

Some of Fuller's notions—like his "synergetic mathematics"—may have vaguely mystical implications. But he is careful always to protect the respectability of his bizarre brainstorming by disguising it as a form of omni-competent, global engineering. Like Marshall McLuhan, he is a great bamboozler: a combination of Buck Rogers and Horatio Alger. His intellectual repertory rarely includes a reference to artist, philosopher, poet or prophet. This, along with his anti-academic autodidacticism, makes him decidedly the technocrat Old Style. Yet he manages to lay ham-handedly on the line most of the tacit assumptions of the technocratic mentality: that it was only when man became a machine maker that he "began for the first time to really employ his intellect in the most important way"; that invention and efficient organization, embracing as they do the whole meaning of Reason and Progress, necessarily improve with increase; and that for every human problem there is a technical solution—sometimes a dazzlingly simple one. Thus: "You may . . . ask me how we are going to resolve the ever-acceleratingly dangerous impasse of world-opposed politicians and ideological dogmas. I answer, it will be resolved by the computer . . . all politicians can and will yield enthusiastically to the computer's safe flight-controlling capabilities in bringing all of humanity in for a happy landing."

To be sure, "General Systems Theory," the form of technical expertise Fuller recommends for the better piloting of "spaceship Earth," is intended to be ambitiously broad-gauged: the very antithesis of the myopic specialization which is Fuller's bête noire. The prospectus sounds intriguing, but the social realities behind GST are bound to be unappealing to those who have sentimental attachments to participative and communitarian politics. This form of elitist brains-trusting—an outgrowth of wartime operations research—is apt to be the essential component of the technocracy's *machine à gouverner*.

Those who desire a brief, ebullient account of the systems technique may consult Simon Ramo's *Cure for Chaos*. Ramo, vice chairman of Thompson-Ramo-Wooldridge, father of the ICBM, and, as the book jacket tells us, "frequently consulted by government leaders," is, like Fuller, a self-made technician-entrepreneur. The beneficiary and booster of military-industrial boondoggling, his vision of life is colored accordingly. The archetypal social problem for Ramo is patterned upon the gadgeteering perplexities of the ballistic missile system, where everything, including the megadeaths, yields to simple numbers. Ramo readily admits that, in matters involving "the human component," the "systems team" must include "techno-political-econo-socio-experts." Yet systems engineering discriminates not at all between problems of air traffic control and education, the arms race and urban renewal. The problem-solving procedures are identical. One assembles the certified experts and trusts them to convert the project at hand into "specific well-described and often measurable performance requirements." The skill of experts, Ramo tells us, lies in "putting quantitative measures on everything—very often cost and time measures."

Thus, in quantification the systems engineer has found what the alchemists of old sought in vain: the universal solvent. It is little wonder that the fiercely mathematical passion of such expertise finds no trouble in sliding from discussions of thermonuclear weaponry to hospital design in successive paragraphs, or in conceiving of education as something whose value is calibrated in lifetime income differentials and whose substance can be captured at "electronicized desks," where vigilant computers pace their attentive students through true-or-false and fill-in-the-blank testing.

After Ramo's and Fuller's intoxicated high touting of the systems approach and computerized instruction, Anthony Oettinger's *Run, Computer, Run* is sobering reading. Oettinger wisely works from the assumption that the Himalayan dilemmas of American education are through and through political and philosophical. This means that "systems analysts trained to think unthinkable, apocalyptic thoughts in the style of Herman Kahn, or to calculate the performance/weight tradeoffs for missiles, are ill-prepared to deal with more than the form of the educational system."

> The present tools of formal systems analysis work best on well-defined, simple, concrete models involving quantifiable concepts, measurable data, and, above all, thoroughly understood theoretical structures which adequately reflect reality.

Since almost nothing about education, beyond perhaps the plumbing of school buildings, yields such convenient simples, Oettinger spends little time on the latest instructional gimmickry and systems techniques. Rather, he devotes himself to debunking the many "highly visible quickie" solutions currently on the scene that offer only "the illusion of progress." One by one, Oettinger undermines the widespread assumptions that teaching machines save money, save time, save manpower, and "individualize" instruction. It is a commendable display of candor from one who, as director of Project Tact ("Technological Aids to Creative Thought": Harvard based, Defense Department financed), would seem to have every interest in extolling the myths here marked out for destruction. Oettinger's enormously intelligent book is a commendable product

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of Harvard's Program on Technology and Society. Indeed, the program would seem to have its future course well surveyed if it were to extend Oettinger's critique to the relations between technology and society generally.

Clearly the job needs doing. It is wholly disheartening to review the evidence Oettinger presents of our society's scientistic gullibility and gadget mania—in this case from the U.S. Office of Education down to the smallest local school board—and of the cynical flummoxing perpetrated by industry and eager-beaver systems analysts. In education as in all other areas of our life, we are indeed patsies for what Oettinger calls "the seductive power of absurdity in full formalized attire." And, sad to say, as sharp a critic as Oettinger himself can have his blind spots in this respect. Even he grants that systems analysis, for all its limitations in the field of education, *is* properly at home in the Defense Department. Quoting Charles Hitch (now President of the University of California, via RAND), Oettinger agrees that it "is easier to program and to analyze [military strategy] quantitatively than many areas of civilian government. For example, it is certainly easier than the foreign affairs area."

That is a fatal, but revealing admission. For after what fashion has Defense Department policy become more adaptable to systems analysis? By subordinating to its oppressively quantitative and value-neuter demands every aspect of life that gets in the way (including "the foreign affairs area"). In brief, systems analysis has "worked" for our society's infinitely expansive conception of military necessity precisely as it purports to "work" for our educational problems: by flattening every non-quantitative consideration beneath a steam roller of dehumanized logicality.

It is the great claim of the systems approach that it embraces *all* facets of every problem. It purports to blanket the whole with coordinated competence, leaving nothing to intuition or amateurish improvisation: meaning, it leaves nothing to the layman. This claim to comprehensiveness, however, is fundamentally false. Systems methodology by its very essence stops short of taking into critical consideration the whole of society, economy, environment, or the human condition. Such wholes are what Ramo calls "too big a system." He warns us:

> Surround the problem too broadly, try too hard to be absolutely complete, and you will not only get nowhere in the solution of the problem, but you will be doing a terribly poor job of systems engineering.

In what sense are such systems "too big"? Why, too big to be handled in the specialist's value-neuter framework. To think on such a scale is to aspire beyond amoral measurements and partial adjustments toward philosophical comprehension and social criticism, and doubtless toward many embarrassing questions about the likes of Simon Ramo, his fortune and influence in contemporary America.

It is revealing of the technocratic temperament that Ramo should finish his treatise by projecting the "golden age" that will ensue "once most people are wedded to creative logic and objectivity to get solutions to society's problems." Logic and objectivity: translated (with a deal of legerdemain) from mathematics and physics into the professional study of society, are science's gift to the apologetics of technocracy. One does not moralize about microbes and quasars; *ergo* logic dictates that the objective mind does not moralize about Thompson-Ramo-Wooldridge, thermonuclear deterrence, or the uses of the multiversity. Where the "human factor" is concerned, the systems team may, as Ramo puts it, have to "tap preferences, judge needs, present possibilities, and evaluate alternatives." But it is the experts who will do the tapping, judging, presenting and evaluating: the "chaos" is theirs to cure. And the experts work neither for free nor in a vacuum. As Jean Meynaud makes clear:

> For technocracy to cease being essentially conservative, technicians themselves would have to become inspired with the will to change. . . . But it is not rare for the technician to consider that the social system (one which manifests itself with continuity) is necessary to the realization of his designs. After all, the supporters of Saint-Simon were not lacking in human generosity, but they finally gave the best of themselves to the big industrial undertakings and commercial banks.

For his own France, Meynaud is able to trace the roots of this conservatism to the family and educational background of the highly cliquish Gaullist polytechnicians. Though they are more diffuse in social origin, the regents of the American New Atlantis display the same combination of "technical boldness and social conservatism." What passes for objectivity among those who staff our military-industrial think tanks is an understandable reticence respecting the world-view and social system that justifies and rewards expertise. Nothing could be more quantifiable than the gold in Ramo's "golden age": it measures out in dollars and cents, status and prestige.

This same practiced evasion of all philosophically challenging questions characterizes Michael Reagan's examination of science under the patronage of the government, a study that never once confronts the overarching issue: the political form that must inevitably follow from the progressive assimilation of expertise by forces commanding the bulk of society's cash and privilege. Indeed, Reagan would press the process of assimilation further still. He calls for the funding of a National Foundation for the Social Sciences (on the order of the National Science Foundation) as the best way for social scientists to make "their developmental needs known to government through a regularized, internal, differentiated organizational position" and for them "to be in on the choice of problems and of strategies for dealing with them."

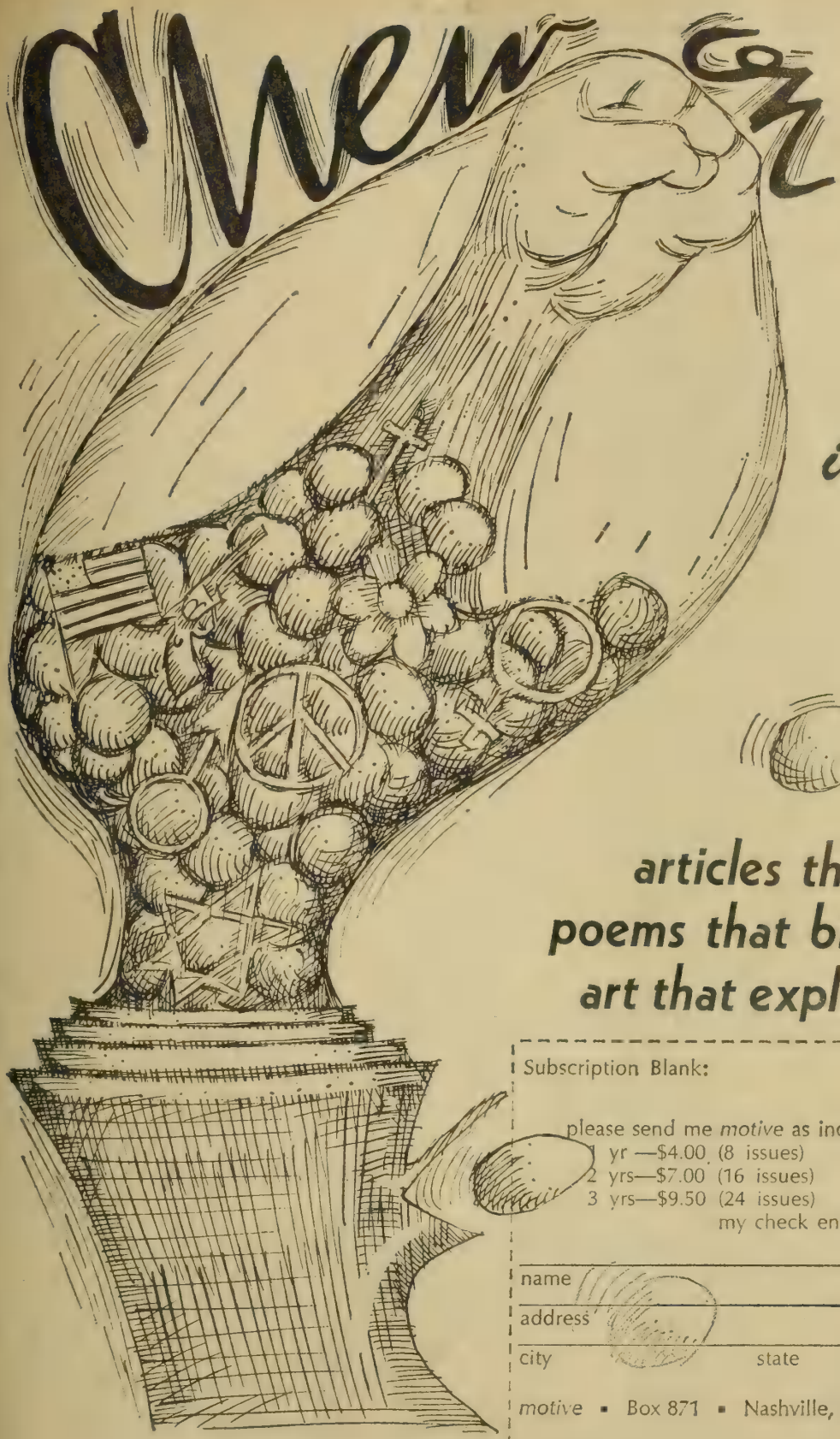
What news it would be to Plato and Marx, to Veblen and C. Wright Mills to learn that students of man and society must make their "needs known to government" and must wait upon official moneys and favor to choose their problems and strategies. But clearly this is a rather different breed of student, one who approaches the Prince with the same power-political promise that has served as sweet bait on the atomic scientist's hook.

Reagan's conception of political science is contained entirely within the corridors of power, where everything that is, is—with minor adjustments—right. Inevitably, then, we reach the cheerful conclusion that the scientists, the multiversities and the government enjoy a "fruitful relationship" bearing "all the earmarks of permanence"; and if there are any problems, they can be rectified by some reshuffling of agencies and funding prior-

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ities. Reagan's first priority would go to "social objectives which are defined as most urgent politically." He does recognize, though without alarm, that this process of "definition" is often carried out by "vested interests in government agencies and outside groups." The remedy for this vice, however, is another echelon of supervisory expertise . . . a Technology Assessment Board perhaps . . . or an amalgamation of the Office of Science and Technology with the President's Science Advisory Committee . . . or why not an expansion of JCST . . . or of COSPUP . . . or of OSRD . . . etc., etc.? Reagan's study is a fine reference guide to the C. P. Snow world of the science bureaucracy. But with respect to all the great questions of justice and democracy and intellectual conscience—the issues that drove Norbert Wiener out of the "science factories," that sent Einstein heartsick to his grave, and that have stirred student rebellions across the land—Reagan is totally "objective." His suggestions for reform are eminently practical. He goes no further than to play committeemanship with the expert-administrators.

It would be wrong, however, to suggest that the technocratic mentality at its best lacks concern for values. On the contrary, the professional study of values is, along with technological prognostication ("*futuribles*," as the French call it), a hot and highly sophisticated specialty. A volume like *Values and the Future* serves as a twin introduction, authoritative if ponderous, to both the new science of ethics and the "futures industry."

The anthology grows out of a high-powered conference held at the University of Pittsburgh during 1965-66 under grants from IBM and the Carnegie Corporation. The result is academically suave, but hardly encouraging. With the exception of a few of the less pretentious essays such as those by John Kenneth Galbraith and Kenneth Boulding, the anthology deals in the learned superficialities which are the hallmark of technocratic culture: the systematic circumvention of emotional engagement and personal commitment. The essays are filled with baroque methodologies, much statistical virtuosity and esoteric computer games; and these last, as described, achieve levels of absurdity rivaling Ionesco. (Thus, in one of the games, the conferees, in the pursuit of computable statistics, take it upon themselves to "simulate" teen-agers, housewives, cultural elite and "persons in lowest income decile" as of the year 2000. "And *that* is science, my friend," said Dr. Spalanzani.)

Professionally, it is all quite elegant. But what is it, at last, that technical expertise does with values when it gets hold of them? It treats them like alien organisms under a microscope. It surveys them by way of foolish questionnaires no serious person would agree to complete. (Imagine Tolstoy or St. Paul being asked to give their "relative preferences" and "numerical evaluations" regarding "personality control drugs" and "household robots.") It quantifies them, by way of "weightings" and "scalings" that are the mathematical analogue of a Rube Goldberg contraption. And finally, it predicts their future course, by way of facile computerized techniques—in this case, their course under the impact of technological forces that are taken to be as inexorable as the will of God.

Not very remarkably, the "findings" that come of such procedures are always upbeat. "The most striking feature of the questionnaire responses is their clear optimism," Nicholas Rescher reports on one of his surveys. But who were the respondents? Fifty-eight experts from IBM, RAND, NSF, and the IBM-financed Harvard Program on Technology and Society. (Are there no laws against such intellectual incest?) Again, to quote Meynaud, "the future is influenced by the picture which men themselves draw of it. . . . One of the trends of 'futurism' is a tendency to exalt the virtues of a technical civilization and the merits of technicians. . . ."

In the introduction to *Values and the Future*, Alvin Toffler declares that "we need systematic surveys of the value systems held by important American subcultures, by different professions, age groups and socioeconomic groupings." It is surely a call for a million years of "extensive—and expensive—empirical research." But, Toffler feels, only this will give the specialists what they need as they set about "drawing up their reports in forms that can be taken into account in cost-benefit appraisals." Ideally, he anticipates a new profession of "Value-Impact Forecasters" who will be "armed with scientific tools" and "located at the hot center of decision-making" as "part of every corporation, research laboratory, government agency and foundation whose output includes technological innovation."

Surely it is the perfection of technocracy when values become statistical grist for the research mill. Once such a great project is launched, shall we not then be assured that all the goods and evils of policy and decision have been taken competently into account—with logic and objectivity—by the court wizards? And what will there be left for the layman to worry his amateurish head about?

How does one drive it home to such academic cold fish that their project, serviceable as it is for purposes of technocratic consolidation, is misconceived *ab initio*? As Socrates knew 2,500 years ago, to enter the agora simply to *survey* the so-called values of a befuddled public is the betrayal of philosophy. The values of men are not to be measured or predicted but to be honestly debated, affirmed and deeply lived, so that we may educate one another by mutual example. It is *this* that we owe one another as fellow citizens. But I doubt that this distinction between the academic and the irreducibly existential would prove persuasive. Expertise, being committed to that self-congratulatory form of alienation called "objectivity," makes no allowance for the person. It discounts the experiential deeps and attends to the behavioral surface. What chance would there have been to convince Dr. Kinsey that he had it all wrong? That love is not to be measured but to be fallen into, made, enjoyed and suffered? "But," the scientific mind insists, "there is *also* matter here (and where is there not?) in need of professional research. For only by professional research do we come to *know* anything."

And that is the box in which the technocrats have us trapped: their conviction and ours that only the scientific mind—objective, logical, quantitative—has access to reliable knowledge. What other remedy can there be, then, for the ills of mankind in a scientific culture but still more science, still more technology? Was it not scientist and technician who constructed our industrial cornucopia in the first place? Who else can understand its mysteries and maintain its flowing abundance? And maintaining industrial abundance is what everybody's politics is about in our time—Left, Right and Center. It is precisely this epistemological monopoly that legitimizes the shameless self-selection and internal circulation of technical elites within our military-paramilitary-financial - industrial-multiversity-think-tank-foundation - Presidential-advisory complex.

Here is the point that I believe Victor Ferkiss overlooks when he writes off the possibilities of technocratic totalitarianism. Granted, he is correct in concluding that the American version of the technological society really overlays and serves old-fashioned, bourgeois profiteering. (Technocracy has no difficulty absorbing any social system, provided the system is committed to an expanding economy.) Granted too, he is correct in concluding that the effort to create a totally efficient technocracy—a Huxleian Brave New World—is more apt to produce a "clumsy monster" constantly on the brink of chaos. But he is wrong in deciding that these facts make "the notion of a scientific elite a myth," rather than a growing reality. For what does the citizen in a scientized culture have by way of knowledge or value to hold

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against those who are the experts or those who own the experts? Values, as we now learn, are becoming the province of ethical technicians equipped with inscrutable methodologies and expensive computers. Knowledge—the product of logic and objective research—is similarly the property of the experts. True, we may still resist the experts and their employers. But by appeal to *what* does our resistance lay claim to the sanction of reason, sanity or progress? What is there the citizen can claim to know that an expert somewhere cannot prove he knows better?

I believe that Ferkiss underestimates this mystique of expertise because he himself has fallen beneath its spell. Even he, an admirably humanistic critic, believes that the thrust of science and technique "by giving man almost infinite power to change his world and to change himself" has carried us to the threshold of nothing less than an "evolutionary breakthrough," to which all culture must adapt if we are to produce the mature "technological man." Once concede that this is the proper relationship of science-technology to culture (the former disposes, the latter scurries to adjust) and our political life is delivered into the hands of the technical experts and their patrons. All complies to their world-view and there are no alternative realities. No doubt the technicians *will* proceed to build us a "clumsy monster" of a social system, a push-button bedlam with music by Muzak; but they will also convince the citizenry—by logic and objectivity—that it is the only rational system. Jean Meynaud's analysis is sharper than that of Ferkiss, and much gloomier.

> We might wonder whether the determination to obtain maximal efficiency, combined with greater prosperity in larger sectors of society, is not likely to throw into gear a movement which will lead to progressive monopoly of power by "competence." Supposing that such an evolution occurs, the final end of the scientific society might perhaps be democratic, but its functioning would no longer be so. In the extreme case, a scientific technocracy . . . would replace traditional political machinery, conserving the essential nature of the established order.

One must face the fact that such a despotism of beneficent expertise, guaranteeing both the bread of cybernated affluence and the circuses of moon shots, would, at this point, be far from unwelcome to most of the Americans it was willing to integrate. Perhaps only a handful of wild and woolly dropouts and stubborn black nationalists would be inclined to resist its invitation to the fat and dependent life. Certainly Meynaud's proposed safeguard—an unspecified strengthening of elected authorities and their institutions wholly within the going industrial system—looks like a very weak reed. This is because it ignores the psychic and metaphysical depths to which the technocracy reaches in achieving acquiescence and in this way undercutting democratic institutions.

Erich Fromm does greater justice to this dimension of the problem in his *Revolution of Hope*, an inspirational tract that provides a sensitive, if primer-simple assessment of our technological dehumanization. With a shrewd eye for the pathological, he tells us that

> the main problem . . . is not whether . . . a computer-man can be constructed; it is rather why the idea is becoming so popular in a historical period when nothing seems to be more important than to transform the existing man into a more rational, harmonious, and peace-loving being. One cannot help being suspicious that often the attraction of the computer-man idea is the expression of a flight from life and from humane experience into the mechanical and purely cerebral.

The major weakness of Fromm's treatise lies in the author's eagerness to dish up a rather thin potpourri of specific reforms (though there are several good ideas here) and to launch a new political movement. I doubt that the changes Fromm desires should, or will have the conventional organizational characteristics he suggests: a national committee of notables ("The Voice of American Conscience") reared on a base of local subcommittees. The "psychospiritual renewal" he calls for must perforce be more subtle and spontaneous, and surely less concerned than Fromm is with avoiding "the breakdown of the industrial machine." It will have to get at the millions as insidiously as it has apparently gotten at Fromm himself, whose latest writings begin to reveal a pronounced compromise with his former secularized, Socialist humanism, and a growing disposition to take seriously religious forms of community and personal transcendence.

Fromm does not, to be sure, move far enough in this direction to match the sensuous, primitivist mysticisms of Gary Snyder: "the timeless path of love and wisdom, in affectionate company with the sky, wind, clouds, trees, water, animals and grasses." And his hesitancy is understandable, since to cut so deep seeking the roots of the technocracy means hazarding one's intellectual respectability. But I think it has come to that desperate a pass. Caliban, having acquired the higher mathematics and devised him a clever machinery, hastens to counterfeit his master's magic. We may then need more than a touch of Blake's brave perversity

> *To cast off Bacon, Locke & Newton*
> *from Albion's covering,*
> *To take off his filthy garments & clothe*
> *him with Imagination.*

The Stupid Machine

THE LOVE MACHINE. *By Jacqueline Susann. Simon & Schuster. 511 pp. $6.95.*

JONATHAN BAUMBACH

Mr. Baumbach is the director of creative writing at Brooklyn College. He is the author of two novels, A Man To Conjure With *(Random House) and* What Comes Next *(Harper & Row), and a critical study,* The Landscape of Nightmare *(New York University Press).*

> Perhaps man's only chance of survival is to *become* a machine.
>
> —*The Love Machine*

It is no secret that education in America has a vested interest in stupidity. Our institutions are in business to perpetuate the culture. What one learns in school are strategies of socialization: how to compete, how to fit in, how to give teacher what he wants. Anyone who has taught writing in college has seen the results. Our students write the dead prose of official culture, voiceless, abstract, euphemistic, a language capable of only the most generalized distinctions. Which brings us to *The Love Machine*, currently the best-selling fiction in America.

"This was the kind of love novelists wrote about. It did exist. Her past 'romances' paled in comparison." This is the kind of interior monologue Jacqueline Susann writes. Her prose defines the way her characters experience the world. In almost every creative writing course I've taught, there have been three or four girls who write like Miss Susann —that is write about beautiful non-people leading women's magazine fantasy lives. "Who are these people?" I ask them, and they shrug as if to say, "who is anyone? We grew up in Brooklyn, what do we know about anything?"

The muse of *The Love Machine* is the culture itself. Despite her pretense to sophistication, Miss Susann is, in effect, a primitive. Though she makes a few breathy passes at psychologizing, her narrative is unencumbered by psychology. Her characters go where she moves them, talk for the most part to convey information, experience the world the

same way their author does, are interchangeably mindless. It is as if Madame Bovary, stars in her eyes, survived to tell her own story. A novel of manners without nuance, *The Love Machine* shares a common plastic reality with television commercials, Rex Reed, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, Billy Graham, *Cosmopolitan* and *Playboy*, Richard Nixon, *The Dating Game*, political rhetoric, other popular novels, our schools. As a document of corruption, the novel is essentially—rather touchingly—innocent.

The three heroines seem, for all their protestations of love, less capable of real feeling than their loveless love object, the Love Machine himself, an opportunistic television executive named Robin Stone. Robin's tragic hang-up is to experience sex and love as wholly separate—a rather common circumstance in our culture. Miss Susann's women tend to confuse sex and love—that is, identify love with physical gratification. There's no indication in the novel that Miss Susann doesn't take her heroines at their word. "Her love for Robin refused to find a level. It soared on and on to a peak of feverish infinity." "She wanted Robin so bad she physically ached." When my students write like that I indicate that the language defies belief. "But that's exactly the way it felt," the student will argue, upset at my failure to understand. What happens, of course, is that the prose precedes the experience, fakes it, exists ultimately in lieu of it. Sentimentality is the language of numbness.

"She really loved Gregory but she wasn't *in* love with him." In Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*, Addie Bundren says: "I knew that the word [love] was like the others just a shape to fill a lack: that when the right time came you wouldn't need a word for that." Miss Susann uses the word relentlessly. " 'For the first time in my stinking life I'm really in love.' " " 'I know he loves me but I'm just part of his empire.' " " 'The whole world loves Lucy, Ed Sullivan and Bob Hope. Tell me, newsgirl, whom do *you* love on television?' "

Reading *The Love Machine* is a numbingly mindless experience. Its effect is narcotic. Miss Susann asks her readers not to think, not to feel, and, before all, not to see—nothing is asked and all is given. In a sense, the book is a collaboration—a shared inhuman cultural fantasy between author and readers, a reinforcement of culture-induced fantasies. Where real literature disturbs, books like *The Love Machine* comfort. It is not only child's play to read but offers gratifyingly easy solutions. After two weeks of psychoanalysis one character discovers that "he had personality problems, but he was not a fag!" The subliminal message of the novel is *stay as stupid as you are*. Stupidity is a way of avoiding pain by ignoring options, a form of inhumanity comparable to Robin's incapacity to feel. "Come to think of it," Robin tells Maggie in the voice of wisdom, "I don't think I've ever met a happy adjusted genius."

We are a schizophrenic culture. Our advertisements promote instant gratification, while our institutions—schools, churches, government—tell us to be thrifty, hard working and chaste. So we are programmed by media to live for the moment and programmed by institutions to feel guilty as hell about pleasure. An artifact of the culture, *The Love Machine* has it both ways. The main thrust of the novel is hedonistic—characters hop in and out of bed with one another in various combinations—but the novel opts finally for the middle-class puritan verities. "But there's more to life than living this business every second, and making excuses for sexual deviation because we're artists. I want a husband, not a bright young director who smokes pot and makes it with a boy occasionally for kicks."

On the face of it, *The Love Machine* deplores the amoral world it describes. Robin reforms at the end to become his own man, to write his book, to realize self over career; finally, cured of chron-

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to inhumanity, to marry the woman he loves. Integrity and love triumph over hedonism and ambition. *The Love Machine* subscribes to cultural convention so successfully because it believes in it. There is no discernible vision in the novel outside popular culture's vision of itself, no higher intelligence, no other context. As one can see from the quotations, the novel is written in the very language of its world—a language wholly incapable of accounting for human experience, a language geared to genocide. If we had better schools we might have more literate and human best sellers, but then we would be another country.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

SESSIONS: Symphony No. 3. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Igor Buketoff, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-3095. $5.98 (coupled with Lees: Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra).

JOHNSTON: String Quartet No. 2. Composers Quartet. Nonesuch H-71224. $2.98 (coupled with Cage/Hiller: *HPSCHD*).

WUORINEN: *Time's Encomium* (electronic). Nonesuch H-71225. $2.98.

In a season that has seen an unusual number of valuable recordings of contemporary music, these three works, not part of any "series," are all exceptionally welcome.

Regrettably, the record industry's sudden access of interest in "new" music (the adjective generally being understood only in its most trivial sense) has brought little benefit to the work of such men as Roger Sessions, who are being overlooked as assiduously as ever, if from the opposite direction. In the last two decades, Sessions has been extremely prolific—five symphonies, a major opera (still to be performed in this country, it has been announced and postponed by the Boston Opera), a piano concerto, and other substantial pieces—but very little of this work has had broad public circulation. That the public preference—or, at least, attention—has passed from low-density music in traditional forms to still lower-density work employing novel sonorities and trivial modes of continuity has altered neither the character nor the value of Sessions' music; it remains radical in its insistence on highly concentrated thought and intricately interwoven textures.

The Third Symphony, a Boston commission of 1957, has a particularly impressive degree of rhythmic impetus, supporting an intensive developmental variation of the material's phrase structures by extension and elision—an ostensibly "traditional" procedure, but pursued so assiduously and convincingly that it imparts a unique long-breathed flexibility to the musical movement. Closely related is the textural activity, highly contrapuntal, with overlapping materials constantly offering themselves to the attention. Unfortunately, this last aspect is rather slighted in the recorded performance, very much a top-line affair and frequently inaccurate in detail: fortunately, the conductor has a reasonable grasp of the overall line, and manages to maintain the rhythmic impetus with some success. (That American orchestral music is nowadays recorded almost exclusively in Europe may not bother the record companies, but orchestra managers and players should be wondering about where this trend leads next: what will happen to all that nice recording income when even Beethoven costs too much to record in this country?)

Ben Johnston's Second String Quartet is one of those rare "experimental" works that should be able to survive being an experiment, for it is completely thought out in musical terms. The subject matter of the experiment is the use of microtonal scales and intervals—not the usual quarter- or sixth-tones but the intervals resulting from the use of "just" intonation (that is, acoustically pure intervals, rather than the tempered ones of the standard twelve-note chromatic scale). Each movement employs these materials in a different way, but in every case the microtonal element is integral to the musical structure, not simply a coloristic device. It is, of course, an ear-stretching piece, but also an extremely expressive one, poised skillfully on a distant edge of our conventional aural experience. The performance of the Composers Quartet displays a musicianship nothing short of fabulous.

Charles Wuorinen's new electronic piece is in fact a première on records, for it was commissioned especially for this purpose; it is by far the most sophisticated work to result from the Nonesuch Records commissioning program, and takes cognizance of two fundamental facts: that it will be listened to in the home and that a record has two sides. The first of these is reflected in the sound material, which avoids the cosmic-cataclysmic strains so beloved of beginners in the medium (not that these aren't useful in their place—but their place is the concert hall), and the second in the work's two-part structure. The articulation of structure, in time and space, is obviously the main concern, and none of the sound material is unusual or obtrusive for its own sake; although when listening on headphones I found the rapid "ping-pong" switching of sounds from one channel to the other —a kind of spatial rhythmicizing—to be disturbing, this problem didn't arise on speakers (doubtless the phenomenon has some psycho-acoustical explanation). The use of space, not merely left-middle-right contrasts but also distance effects achieved through reverberation, is resourceful and also appropriate to the medium: such articulations can be very chancy in the concert hall. A thoughtful piece, and a worth-while contribution to the electronic repertory.

SIX CANDLES FOR A CAKE

1.
Marriage does not confer
An honorary degree on anyone;
All our powers of mimicry
Cannot truly impersonate
The flow, the lifetime
Residency in another's body.

2.
During our youth
When our profile
Falls out of its nest,
Life does not ask us:
"Are you saved?"
But simply saves us.

3.
Who, he asked,
Could trim his hair, his nails,
His desire,
Better than himself?
His needs had always
Marched in single file
Behind him.

4.
Hoisted up on a mast
Was his agonised grin;
The priest
Saluted it
With his baton.

5.
(O what a
Picket line
Our qualms
Produce)

6.
The moon comes out of the sky
Bearing a tray.

The moon is middle-aged
And has a snout like a pig.

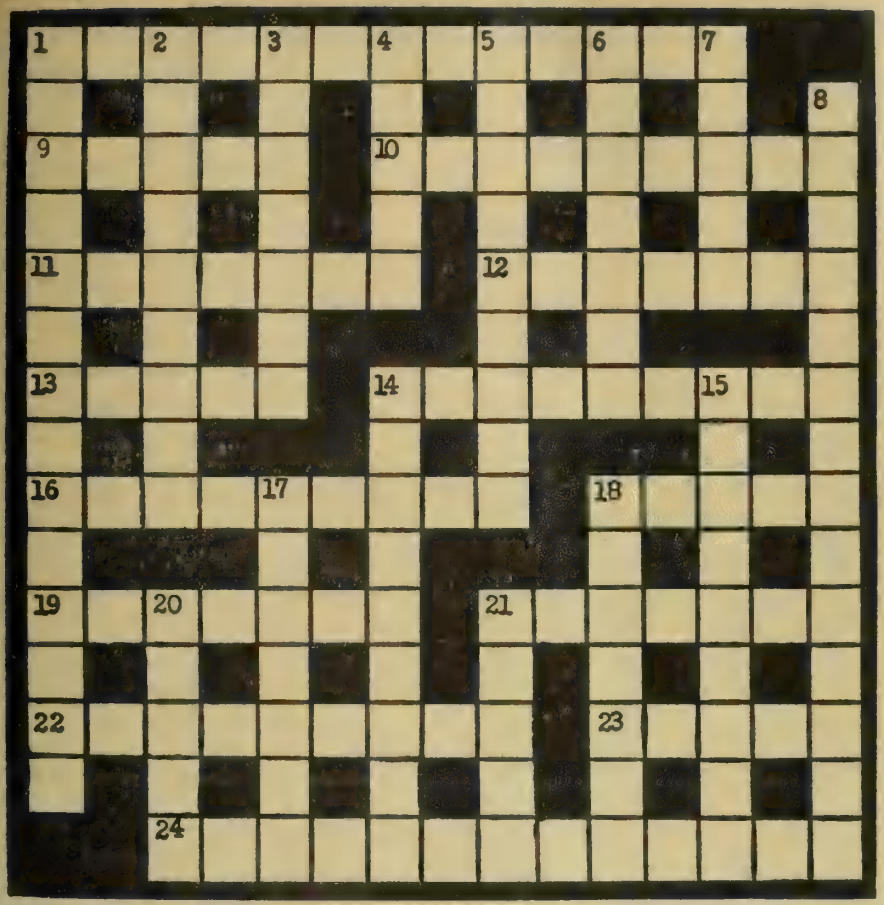
The moon doesn't care for the sun.
The moon doesn't care for the night.

The moon cares for nothing.
The moon takes pills.

STANLEY KIESEL

Crossword Puzzle No. 1310

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 8 down
9 Brief news reports from the "Times"? (5)
10 You might find a heavenly body in one, as the composer implies. (9)
11 These who either keep or make book might be concerned with them. (7)
12 Loud the iron-bosomed sea after this, according to Rossetti. (7)
13 A boot might be put into a difficult position. (5)
14 One engaged might be so. (6,3)
16 One doesn't give such fruit as a token of esteem. (9)
18 A tape recorder might be to or for, according to the sound. (5)
19 Redcoat, but not British. (7)
21 One might the t in ten, or TNT. (7)
22 Back-up necessary in ruling that which is objectionable. (9)
23 Lift one might hope for at work. (5)
24 Dish commonly associated with brass ornamentation, if service-minded. (9,4)

DOWN

1 See the relic Sir Robert Dudley's area left in ruins! (14)
2 For the musician who drinks, it certainly has no connotation of being hot and dry. (9)
3 How to make ineffective the act of sifting cinders? (7)
4 In the light of our ancestors' experience, they might have been frequently turned up. (5)
5 Ted Lewis expected this to be happy. (9)
6 One way to teach a couple of points about money? (7)
7 It could be good for graft. (5)
8 and 1 across Things that show what might be in the picture with those who tend an also-ran, and those who clean up? (It's for grasping people!) (7,7,6,7)
14 Employ violent methods, first to last as a spaceman. (6-3)
15 In one sense you might be pleased by it. (9)
17 The westerner Jim didn't exactly make things cross! (7)
18 Getting gradually lean? (7)
20 The halting steps of people in some families? (5)
21 Certainly don't knock what's in the next old movie you see! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1309

ACROSS: 1 Withholding tax; 9 Niagara; 10 Demands; 11 Insist; 12 Overalls; 14 Twofold; 15 March; 17 Pique; 19 Branded; 21 Roadster; 23 Stairs; 25 Carioca; 26 and 21 down The Idle Rich; 27 Clothes hampers. DOWN: 1 Winding up; 2 Transit; 3 Headstone; 4 Lean; 5 Individual; 6 Gamer; 7 Annular; 8 Asks; 13 Double date; 15 Midstream; 16 Half-steps; 18 Quarrel; 20 Dwindle; 22 Sport; 24 Etch.

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SPECIAL ISSUE

THE LABOR MOVEMENT TODAY

'Which Side Are You On?'

ARTICLES BY

Joel Seldin
B. J. Widick
Ronald Radosh
J. David Greenstone
William B. Gould
Russell W. Gibbons
Melvyn Dubofsky
Frank J. Donner

LETTERS

Mars and butter

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: In answer to the question on the back cover of *The Nation* [Aug. 11], "What do they think of the moon landing?," permit me to suggest what I hope they are thinking.

The President of the United States should commit the nation to eliminating poverty within the coming decade from the bounds of this country! President Kennedy's commitment to put a man on the moon by the end of this decade shows what determination of that kind can accomplish. His method was to allot billions of dollars to the mathematical analysis that has been worked out from Pythagoras and Euclid, down through Descartes and Newton to Einstein.

An analogous application of money to the mathematics of social insurance can give us a reduction in poverty as thrilling as the landing of the Eagle. Prof. Wilbur J. Cohen, while still Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, stated in an address, "Social Goals for 1967," at Brandeis University, Jan. 9: "We can and we must use the nation's growing wealth to eliminate poverty." His proposed methods were expansion and strengthening of social security, federal financing and national standards for public assistance payments, and conversion of state welfare agencies into Departments of Social Service or Departments of Individual Family Services. "We should be able," he said, "to reduce the number living in poverty year-by-year and to eliminate it altogether."

Moreover, Secretary Cohen did not make his suggested program dependent on slowing down the space program or ending the Vietnamese War. If we carry through such a program for the elimination of poverty with the same singleness of purpose that we used to reach the moon, we may then with a clear conscience go on to further goals, such as reaching Mars, or whatever else appeals to us.

Benjamin Szold Levin

Bogside

Pallaskenry, Co. Limerick

DEAR SIRS: On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 16, I spent a few hours in Bogside. I didn't go there alone. My wife said if I were going to get killed she was going to be killed too. And if *we* were both going to be killed our 7-year-old son and 5-year-old daughter might just as well be killed too. So we all went. With two friends.

What I saw and heard there made my blood boil. It made me a little sick to my stomach too. I have a feeling it's about time a few people like Prime Minister Harold Wilson and Cardinal Conway sat down and had a talk with Bernadette Devlin and some of the young and old people who helped defend Bogside. About what really happened there; about what may happen there again. I have a feeling that if Mr. Wilson had flown in his helicopter to Derry instead of to Cornwall he would have ended up taking off his coat and helping break up a few of those paving stones himself. And that if Cardinal Conway, who has been puzzled as to what the police were up to, had gone and found out, he too would have done the same thing.

Cardinal Conway and Bishop Philbin (thank God for him) are both obviously shocked almost beyond speech at what was attempted at Ardoyne and elsewhere in Belfast, but in spite of its world-wide coverage Bogside still seems to be something of a mystery. It's just that "women and children first" has never before in the philosophy of Anglo-Saxons meant gassing them, or burning them out of

(Continued on page 230)

EDITORIALS

Holy Wars

Part of the nightmare of history is the "holy war," only now it is not so much a past nightmare as a current reality. The 1965 massacre by Moslems of some hundreds of thousands of Indonesian Communists, real or tarred with a convenient brush, is an especially gruesome instance. In this case Moslem animosity against "atheistic communism" may have played a significant part, but in modern religious conflicts political motivations are paramount. Religion is a sovereign catalyst to incite the populace for nationalistic or class purposes. The current disturbances in Northern Ireland and Israel make this perfectly clear.

The sacred mosque of Al Aksa is damaged by fire, and once again the call for a jihad against Israel resounds through the Moslem world, although with varying degrees of intensity. Obviously the act of arson was an outrage to be condemned by civilized men of all religious faiths or of none. But the accusation that the Israelis had anything to do with it is fantastic. They have their hands full in Jerusalem as it is. To believe anything of the sort, one would have to assume that the Israeli civil and military officials have gone out of their minds. But the incredibility of the charge really doesn't matter. If the police had caught the culprit with the torch in his hand and a score of Moslems had witnessed the arrest, Nasser would still have seized on the outrage for his purposes.

The political opportunism is brought out by Mohammed Hassanein Heykal, Nasser's semi-official spokesman, in a column entitled "Why Did Nixon Retreat?" which was quoted in *The New York Times* of August 23. The column charges that while Nixon had promised a more "even-handed" policy in the Middle East, he failed to deliver because power in Washington resides not alone in the White House but is shared by "visible and invisible" forces, such as the military-industrial complex, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the State Department, the press, movies and television—all of which are dominated, of course, by Jews and Zionists. To correct this situation—to halt Mr. Nixon's retreat—the Arabs should take action to dispel "the illusions being fostered about progress toward a political settlement in the Middle East." Nasser's attempt to launch a jihad based on the Al Aksa incident is, then, directed as much against the United States as against Israel. The purpose is to advertise, in the noisiest possible manner, what the Arabs might do unless Nixon pays more attention to them. It went over big in Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and other Arab countries, but the non-Arab Moslem nations remained cool. Turkey and Iran merely deplored the loss to Islam of the mosque, or that portion of it which was destroyed.

The situation in Northern Ireland, apparently so far removed, shows considerable parallelism. In the August 24 *Washington Post*, Robert L. Mott reports that, with the exception of birth control, he has not heard a Catholic or a Protestant discuss the merits of either religion during

weeks of civil strife. Other observers concur. Religion, Mott concludes, is "merely a convenient excuse to perpetuate a feud that, by now, owes more to political and economic exploitation and to social discrimination than to differing interpretations of the Scriptures." Protestant bigots like the Rev. Ian Paisley rant about "Papists" (Paisley has called in one of his American counterparts, the Rev. Carl McIntyre of New Jersey, to aid him in arousing the Protestant mobs), but all this fanaticism is political, with religion as a convenient cover.

It works. As the Bogside Catholics see it, they are being attacked because they are Catholics: We're Catholics, aren't we, Mister? And those over there are Protestants, isn't that true? It doesn't do much good, as the young leftists of People's Democracy have found out, to tell the unemployed Catholic youngster that he is being exploited because is poor and lacks power, and for similar mundane reasons. As plainly as the common people of the 15th century could see that the world was flat, he sees that he is victimized because he is a Catholic. It is what the social scientists call a "situational delusion." It could hardly be more disastrous if it were real.

Carpetbagger Draft Boards

Can a man be classified and inducted by a draft board whose members do not live in the area of the board's jurisdiction? According to two federal judges in Northern California, the answer is no. In a recent pair of little noticed decisions that could have a major impact on the Selective Service System, U.S. District Court Judges Robert F. Peckham and Alfonso Zirpoli acquitted, in separate cases, two draft resisters who contended that their draft boards were not lawfully constituted.

Selective Service regulations provide that "the members of local boards . . . shall, if at all practicable, be residents of the area in which the local board has jurisdiction." The purpose of the regulation is to implement Congress' intent that draft boards be composed of "little groups of neighbors." Since the only qualifications necessary for draft board members is that they be civilian U.S. citizens between the ages of 30 and 75, there is no "practicable" reason why they cannot be chosen from the district where they induct—or so Judges Peckham and Zirpoli ruled.

While the California decisions are not binding on other federal judges, they set a precedent that could open the Selective Service System to wholesale legal attack. Lawyers talk of the possibility of writs of *habeas corpus* for imprisoned draft resisters and even active-duty GIs whose draft board memberships violated Selective Service regulations. Now draft refusers from certain board areas may have a potent legal arrow to add to their quiver.

Selective Service officials in California are clearly worried. They will not say how many draft boards might be affected by the recent rulings, though one official admits it is a "substantial number." Ghetto boards in particular are notorious for being made up of outsiders. Since board members' addresses are not made public, it is difficult for outsiders to pinpoint the "carpetbaggers." But in the

IN THIS ISSUE

NOV 5
HC
JAN 6
JAN 29
MAY 9

September 8, 1969

EDITORIALS

194

ARTICLES

The Labor Movement Today:

200 Prospects and Problems — *Joel Seldin*
203 Black Workers in White Unions — *William B. Gould*
206 Minority Power Through Unions — *B. J. Widick*
208 Labor and Foreign Policy — *Ronald Radosh*
212 Labor and Politics — *J. David Greenstone*
215 SDS in the Mills — *Russell W. Gibbons*
217 Harry Golden
218 The Radical Goad — *Melvyn Dubofsky*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

222 The Labor Movement: Between Two Worlds — *Frank J. Donner*
226 Splendid Story — *Russell W. Gibbons*
228 Poverty War Games — *George Brager*
229 Records — *David Hamilton*

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last few weeks, nearly fifty California lawyers have obtained court orders allowing them to determine whether their young clients' draft boards are "lawfully constituted."

There are long-term pitfalls, of course, in this kind of assault on the draft. The Selective Service System can revise its regulations, or start packing draft boards with neighborhood residents. Moreover, a man whose classification or induction is ruled invalid because of a board's illegal membership can always be reclassified and reinducted by a new and lawfully constituted board. But the short-run prospects are cheering. PETER BARNES

Demoralization in Vietnam

Whatever the outcome of the Green Berets episode, it reflects serious disagreements among the case-hardened operators, American and South Vietnamese, who are still pressing for victory in Vietnam. It has long been an open secret that the Special Forces are the military arm of the CIA. What is still subject to speculation is who blew the whistle on the Green Berets, celebrated in the John Wayne movie and a hit record, and in newspaper and broadcast stories designed to instill low-IQ patriotism. Despite all this adulation, the Green Berets' commanding officer in Vietnam and seven of his subordinates were incontinently thrown into the Long Binh stockade, from which they were rescued by a pair of civilian lawyers hastily flown from the States, who tried the case in press conferences.

And all for what? Allegedly, the persons arrested had summarily done away with a South Vietnamese civilian suspected of having been a double agent. One would suppose that dozens, even hundreds, of obscure South Vietnamese civilians have been killed in this fashion, perhaps after torture, without anyone's being called to account. The sudden upsurge of the right to a fair trial in the Vietnamese blood bath indicates increasing strains between and among the parties to the Vietnamese-American grand alliance.

It is most unlikely that any of the Green Berets will be court-martialed or, if they are tried, that they will be convicted. Indeed, why should they be punished for doing what they were hired to do—except on the Nuremberg principle of individual responsibility which, as far as the United States is concerned, is outdated. Certainly, however, such strange goings-on cannot but impair morale, in the sense of blind obedience to orders, all the way down the line.

Even aside from the Green Berets mystery, the U.S. soldiers in Vietnam, especially the drafted men, must be wondering why they are kept on the firing line. Many of them are aware that numerous South Vietnamese officials are covering themselves by private deals with the Vietcong, who may have to be reckoned with in many parts of the country when the war finally ends.

American soldiers have rarely mutinied; the only conspicuous case that comes to mind is the occurrence in Italy in World War II when the troops, ordered to attack a difficult German position, protested, "We ain't mad at nobody." The incident in the Songchang Valley, reported by the Associated Press on August 25, had no direct connection with the ideology of the war; it seems rather to have been a case of combat fatigue and general disaffection. It is nonetheless barometric when the lieutenant in charge of a company is forced to report to the battalion commander that his men refuse to attack. There had been earlier complaints that the operation—the announced purpose of which was to reach the wreckage of a helicopter with eight dead occupants—was senseless. On August 24 the men would not move. The battalion commander sent a major and a battle-hardened sergeant to the scene. The sergeant seems to have done all the talking. Admitting to the AP men later that he had lied, he told the men that other units had sustained worse casualties and were still fighting. He called attention to the penalty for disobeying a direct order in combat—death. The men still refused. Finally, according to the story, the sergeant advanced by himself and the men followed him in a loose formation. What they were good for in future combat situations the account does not say, but if such incidents should multiply, a combination of resistance at home and in the field could serve to shorten the war.

Youth Labor Movement

Like their American counterparts, the West German labor unions largely follow the establishment line, disregarding the tensions of the times while trying to protect the *status quo*. But the DBG (Deutscher Gewerkschaftsbund—United Labor unions of Germany) are being challenged by the young workers within their organization.

Waldemar Reuter, member of the executive council of the DBG, was hissed and booed recently when he spoke before delegates to the DGB Youth Conference. He admonished his listeners that a labor union is "not a political party nor a substitute for one and definitely not a playground for those who feel politically alienated or are revolutionary hotheads." A few years ago, the hostile behavior of the audience would have been unthinkable; then Germany's working youth had not entered the political arena. But today, the youth organization within the DGB has been gripped by the same unrest and unease which is typical of the students at universities and high schools. Founded nineteen years ago, its membership totals 588,338 and makes it therefore the largest youth organization in that country. However, it is totally without voice and influence on its parent organization; when decisions are made at DGB conventions, youth delegates have no voting rights. Petitions for action within the youth labor market, for changes in apprenticeship regulations and vocational education, for democracy within the unions themselves, have been ignored by the DGB establishment. It is therefore not surprising that establishment functionaries are being booed, while DGB leaders leaning to the left are being applauded. Werner Vitt, member of the executive committee of IG-Chemistry, who talks about the solving

of political problems as a task to be taken up by labor unions, finds enthusiastic reception among the young.

At a conference of the young unionists last November, the following resolutions were agreed upon: (*1*) recognition of the DDR (German Democratic Republic) and the Oder-Neisse Line; (*2*) contacts with the labor unions of the DDR and Communist labor unions of Western Europe; (*3*) ideological and financial support of the Easter March Campaign for Democracy and Disarmament; (*4*) discussions with the "progressive students" and preparation for "common actions to democratize society"; (*5*) formation of a DGB committee to call a general strike in case of wrongful application of the Enabling Laws.

As is to be expected, conservative German newspapers are dismissing these resolutions as Communist-inspired and directed by Ulbricht's propagandists. However, DDR reports dismiss the youth labor movement of West Germany as far too bourgeois and establishment-oriented, as not class-oriented enough, and not at all in line with the peace policies pursued by the DDR.

Basically, the ideas of the working youth are radical-democratic; youth wants to see democracy realized within the unions as well as without. The young worker does not want to be led any longer by senior functionaries, who are not interested in the problems of the young, but rather to spend money and energy for parties feting retiring and retired union members. He has learned that requests for change and understanding fall on deaf ears, and it is quite understandable that the membership of the young declines within the unions, while more and more young workers and apprentices join left-wing groups. The DGB establishment should not be surprised if the young union member of today becomes the revolutionary of tomorrow.

H. MULADORE

Real Trouble for the Pentagon

The Nation may be forgiven for taking a certain amount of satisfaction, not unmixed with amusement, at the vast amplification the media are giving to themes which our editors and contributors began raising a decade ago and have been hammering at ever since. Bigness surely has its advantages, but in journalism it sometimes seems as if discernment is in inverse proportion to size.

And not only in journalism: the Pentagon's present troubles stem largely from the fact that instead of shrinking a bit after the Korean War, it grew ever fatter, in budgets, in grades and in power, despite intermittent efforts to curb it through the Secretary of Defense. The Vietnamese War, and many peripheral occurrences, have exposed the faults, some of them verging on absurdity, of a bureaucratic monstrosity which, like the prehistoric reptiles, didn't know how to stop growing in the rear when a limit had been reached in the front. The Department of Defense is not solely to blame. In the most irresponsible abnegation of power in recent American history, the Congress issued a series of blank checks to the services, on the assumption, it would seem, that if Mendel Rivers, Richard B. Russell and John Stennis approved any expenditure, however extravagant, it must be necessary for the national security.

Now the time of reckoning has come, and there is not the slightest danger that the Congressional pendulum will swing too far in the other direction. If the defense budget were cut in half and the remaining half were expended intelligently and efficiently, the country would be safer than it is now—safer not only from foreign attack but from reckless adventures easier to get into than out of.

Although not recently, the Pentagon has been in this kind of difficulty before, and it has a standard operating procedure for continuing to ride the gravy train. Intelligence purporting to show the rise of the Soviet and Red Chinese menace is declassified and presented by the highest brass before the captive audiences of the veterans' organizations—captive because of their loss of ability to think except in hallowed stereotypes. Then the Pentagon makes some cuts, nicely calculated to appease its Congressional critics but no more than that. If the critics are still not satisfied and demand further cuts, the Pentagon's screams are loud enough to convince naive citizens that the Reds are about to overrun the country.

But that is where the difficulty arises in the Pentagon's present agony, which is actually not nearly as acute as the military press officers would have us believe. The average citizen is not overly concerned with military budgets; he figures that if it's necessary for our security he will dig down. Expenditures for welfare are what enrage him.

Prof. Seymour Melman, Sen. William Proxmire, even such a superlative logician as Senator Fulbright, are unable to convince him that things are really bad within the services. It takes the services themselves to do that, and they have done it. On the part of many citizens—probably by now a majority—there is a kind of gut feeling that the American military heads do not know their business. The series of ludicrous misjudgments in the Vietnamese War are a factor. Then there are such individual incidents as the sinking at dockside of a new submarine being fitted with its interior installations, the disaster which resulted in the loss of the destroyer *Frank E. Evans* and seventy-five of our sailors, the *Pueblo* affair, and so on. With the finest and most expensive communications systems in the world, communications in the services keep breaking down, not for technical reasons but because the service bureaucracies are not as smart as the computers and satellites. And, politically, isn't it true that the Pentagon is both the victim and the beneficiary of an obsolete "model" of the strategic world situation which it carries about in its collective mind?

Whether this distrust of the military goes all the way down to the casual newspaper reader and TV viewer is doubtful at this stage. It is enough, however, if it has infiltrated the ranks of middle management and the professions, and those academic circles and "think" organizations which are indispensable for even a show of efficiency. When the media becomes critical, one can be sure that the loss of confidence has gone deep. It is doubtful, then, that the Pentagon can deflect the tide of criticism being directed at it by simply cutting a few billions from its grossly inflated budget.

Prophecies Galore

The Nixon Administration hopes to extend its run of good luck by predicting more of the same. An unnamed spokesman assures reporters that prospects are splendid for a quiet year on the campuses. Other officials let it be known that further large-scale urban rioting is unlikely. But the fact that we had a relatively cool summer does not justify a forecast of cool summers to come. Nor is prophecy a substitute for leadership.

This Administration came to power after four summers of rioting had left Negro communities discouraged and, for the moment, exhausted. And not everyone agrees with the anonymous spokesman who looks forward to a quiet year on campus. Sol M. Linowitz, chairman of a special committee on campus tensions of the American Council on Education, has said that it is foolhardy to think that campus unrest has spent its course.

Not all prophecies are self-fulfilling, and at some date in the near future the luck of the Nixon Administration may run out. In the meantime we may expect a steady diet of pleasant forecasts.

The Woes of Con Edison

The troubles of Con Edison are also the troubles of New York City and its northern suburbs, and will not be easily cured. The crisis in electric power supply that has developed in the New York metropolitan area should be a warning to the nation: it can happen elsewhere.

The New York loads are growing ever more enormous, at the rate of about 8 per cent a year. Con Edison alone must be prepared to meet a peak load of 7,350 megawatts, a megawatt being 1 million watts, or 1,000 kilowatts. To meet this requirement Con Edison has a nominal capacity of slightly over 8,100 megawatts, which does not sound too bad, but the excess consists of power purchased from neighboring companies. Except for a small guaranteed block of 250 megawatts, these companies are not obliged to supply the power if in need themselves. Moreover, purchased power costs about twice as much as power derived from Con Edison's own generators, and hence is a burden on the consumers.

Another disturbing fact is that 12 per cent of Con Edison's eggs are in a single basket—the 1,000-megawatt turbine generator at Ravenswood in Queens. This machine was out of service for months after burning out its bearings in the great blackout of 1965, and recently suffered an internal short circuit. This time it was repaired in a little more than two weeks—very good time for a machine of this size—but it remains a crucial element in the system.

The company's day-by-day generating capacity is admittedly inadequate, a condition for which it is not solely responsible. The board chairman of Con Edison is now Charles R. Luce, an enlightened executive recruited from the public power sector. Mr. Luce is only stating a fact when he says that there are "objections on some level to just about every plant we hope to build." In the past, however, these objections have often been aggravated by the company itself. The 2,000-megawatt Cornwall pumped storage project was supposed to be on line in 1967, but in the face of opposition by conservationists anxious about the future of the Hudson River gorge, it cannot be ready until 1977—if it is ever built at all. If Con Edison had initially offered to put the power plant underground, it might have satisfied the conservationists, who are not in the strong position of those opposing the spoliation of Mineral King Valley by the Walt Disney interests.

Con Edison was allowed to go its own way with only lax supervision by the New York State Public Service Commission. While the officers of a utility may benefit temporarily by otiose regulation, in the long run public hostility builds up until the utility is in danger of being blamed for every adverse condition, as well as those for which it is indeed responsible. The blind opposition of the electric utilities to federal regulation is another blunder of this type: before long they may have to go to Washington for help in getting generating plants and interties established where they are urgently needed.

Above all, the power companies, and other semi-monopolistic industries, should abandon their secretiveness, eschew self-serving propaganda, and try to establish a rapport with the public based on long-range planning, with options and alternatives. Community officials and groups should be given a chance to contribute ideas and make suggestions. The companies probably won't do it, but if they did they might find themselves almost popular.

Eliot Pratt

The contingent—never overly large—of men who throughout their lives have served the public interest faithfully and well has lost a distinguished member. Eliot Pratt, who died at the age of 65 at his home in New Milford, Conn., was a fine servant of the public who preferred to function as a private citizen. A grandson of Charles Pratt, founder of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, he was a man of wealth who generously supported the liberal causes in which he believed. He also personally served these causes.

At one time or another he had been a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, the League for Industrial Democracy, the National Sharecroppers Fund, Goddard College and the National Migrant Children's Fund. The rural poor—sharecroppers, tenant farmers, migratory workers—were a special concern; after graduating from Harvard he had attended the Cornell Agricultural School and for a time worked as a rural sociologist with the National Farmers Union. In 1960 he founded *Current* magazine, "for the concerned citizen," which reprints material from all sources "on the frontiers of social problems of today"—a valuable application of the digest format to the field of social criticism.

Eliot Pratt was a quiet, thoughtful, kindly man who endured a long illness with rare fortitude. He was never self-seeking or self-assertive. One might say of him, as Malcolm Muggeridge recently said of Leonard Woolf, that "the passion for goodness was not in him but the practice was." He was an extraordinarily good man.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT TODAY

A NOTE ON THIS ISSUE

Labor Day provides the occasion but not the reason for this special issue on the American Labor Movement. We decided to take a critical look at the labor movement this year for essentially the same reason that prompted a similar survey in 1955 ("American Labor Today: Prospect and Retrospect," *The Nation*, December 10, 1955). Then as now labor was closing one chapter and starting another. The first postwar decade was then coming to an end. It was the year of the merger of the AFL and the CIO about which we were not too sanguine ("Unity for What?" *The Nation*, February 19, 1955). By then, fighting the cold war had become an established way of life and the domestic witch hunt had not yet abated. The close working relationship between labor and government during the New Deal and Fair Deal administrations no longer prevailed; labor was definitely on the defensive. The decade drawing to a close had witnessed the adoption of the Taft-Hartley Act which if not "the slave labor act" some labor orators described, was hardly friendly in intention or effect. Right to work laws had been adopted in a number of states and "anti-labor" movements flourished here and there.

These and similar developments had played a part in bringing about the merger of the two branches of the labor movement. In addition, it was clear even then that accelerating social and economic change in the years ahead would have important implications for the labor movement. By recognizing, accepting, and even relying on unions, management had regained the inititiative in collective bargaining which, to some extent, it had lost. A period of active collaboration had begun. "When labor is organizing," we said then, "the initiative belongs to it; when the drives to organize abate, management recaptures the initiative." All in all it seemed a good time, in December 1955, to take a look at the labor movement.

This year seems an equally appropriate time. Again we are nearing the end of a decade of extraordinarily rapid movement and change. The merger of the AFL-CIO, about which we had misgivings from the start, has not proved to be an unqualified success. A new grouping—the Alliance for Labor Action—has emerged. Significant organizing drives, involving nurses, teachers, hospital workers, government employees, para-professionals, farm workers and airline employees, are again under way. The cold war has entered a new phase. The domestic witch hunt, which noticeably abated after 1960, is being reorganized, redirected and refinanced. Richard M. Nixon is in the White House following a campaign which found the labor movement estranged from some of its staunchest allies of former years. A new militancy has emerged among Negroes and Mexican-Americans, and the campuses have been swept by unrest. Disillusionment with "welfare liberalism" is widespread. The rhetoric of the Great Society is heard no more. Poverty, we now realize, will not be eliminated by merely allocating a small percentage of GNP to the poor, as many had once believed. The disastrous war in Vietnam, which by and large the labor movement had supported, drags on and on. But for the first time since 1945, the military-industrial-labor complex is high on the agenda of critical issues. So as we near the end of still another decade, it seemed a good time to devote a special issue to the labor movement.

This issue, then, is about the labor movement, not about the problems and achievements of specific unions. In a sense it is more concerned with the leadership—with the public position—of the labor movement than with the rank and file. By and large it follows the same format as the 1955 edition and is concerned with essentially the same issues. As then we have selected only certain matters for attention but there can be no gainsaying the importance of those selected. No doubt the labor movement will survive—even prosper—if it continues to adhere to present policies and perspectives. But it is not likely to regain the momentum and reacquire the degree of public support which once made it an important agency of social change unless it meets the challenge implicit in the issues set forth.

The discussion opens with Joel Seldin's statement of the changing social setting in which the labor movement functions today. B. J. Widick and William B. Gould consider different aspects of an old issue which has acquired a new urgency and significance. Mr. Widick stresses the importance of unions as a power base for blacks. Mr. Gould takes a look at what might be called "structural discrimination" against blacks in the labor movement. Ronald Radosh writes on labor and foreign policy; J. David Greenstone labor and politics; Russell W. Gibbons the relation between student activism and the labor movement. Frank J. Donner examines "the new unionism" and the state of affairs that prevails now that the labor movement finds itself caught between two worlds, one dying if not dead, the other struggling but still powerless to be born. Harry Golden's vignette of a recent incident in Charlotte reminds us that muscle and maximum public inconvenience will never substitute for the older union tactic of solidarity and broad public support.

Our 1955 labor issue was subtitled "Prospect and Retrospect" for the obvious reason that the first implies at least a measure of the second. Even readers as well informed as ours—and young readers in particular—need to be reminded of the slice of history Melvyn Dubofsky presents. For it bears not only on questions raised by the new militants of all types but on issues of perennial concern. It raises once again matters involving the relationship between the radical experience and tradition, and the labor movement and what it says about the radical's dilemma in an industrial society is relevant and timely. It suggests, too, why the leadership of the labor movement is preoccupied with preserving the gains labor has achieved rather than pursuing the professed goals through which it won public support.

THE EDITORS

Prospects and Problems

JOEL SELDIN

Mr. Seldin was a member of the editorial staff of the New York Herald Tribune *from 1947 to 1965. His specialized reportorial assignments included labor unions and health-insurance programs.*

Not too many years ago a new militance emerged in organized labor that was able to attract the allegiance of many Americans who were not, and were not likely to become, union members. The new industrial unions that were created in that great wave of enthusiasm and activity desperately needed public support. Their challenge to the national conscience was summed up in a song entitled *Which Side Are You On?*

The message was clearly that the new brand of unionism served broader interests than just the higher pay or better working conditions it could bring to those it organized. Just how broadly those interests could be conceived depended, in large measure, on which union leader was describing them. As a result, they were never very clearly spelled out. The advantage was that descriptions of union objectives could be tailored to the group being appealed to, from the most conservative to the most radical, and the resulting support was broad. So was the disagreement among union leaders and union members about what they were after, and for three decades at least the American labor movement has existed in this ambiguous fashion, with first the militants and later the older conservatives in control.

Those were the decades when the nation's understanding of its problems was distressingly unsophisticated, and such uncertainties could be allowed to exist. If we were concerned about poverty at all, we were reasonably sure that it resulted from the unconscionable greed of a few powerful men. Defeating them was all that was needed, and the basic national goodness and soundness would prevail, with no need to worry about intricate structural faults in the social and economic order.

The same or similar villains could be and were blamed for wars, civil rights withheld, and discrimination against minorities. Issues like the urban and rural population-pollution syndrome, or the quality of life under a military-industrial-marketing complex, were left to the attention of esoteric scholars in ivory towers whose notions had little meaning for practical men and everyday life. In ways that went largely unspecified, democracy, bolstered by the vaguely defined unionism, spiced up for some with a little refined socialism, could be counted on "to take care of all that." Dissenters like anarchists, Wobblies or Communists, were quickly disposed of.

Today, with new politics, a shrinking world, and modern communications media, we feel that we know better. Not only poverty, civil rights and the rights of minorities but wars that nobody professes to want, nuclear weapons, population and pollution explosions, world famine, urban and rural blight, alienation from the democratic process, individual identity and national morality are part of the list of common concerns. We feel that we understand better, not only the existence but also the complexity of these problems, and we are increasingly aware that failure to solve them threatens global, national and individual survival.

More and more the public demands that all institutions contribute at least to some progress toward solutions of these problems. Although there exists only the vaguest notion of what has to be done, and an underlying suspicion of pat answers, we do want clarity about who can reliably be expected to help. As this mood grows, more and more former supporters are turning the tables on organized labor and asking it the question that the unions first raised: "Which side are you on?"

Do the unions still serve national as well as their own interests? Are they even really serving the interests of their members, or only those of their leaders? Must unionists exclude others from opportunity, thus perpetuating poverty, in order to protect themselves; does this mean that unions will always be pitted against minorities in a competition for jobs and economic security? Are so many unionists so dependent on war industries for their jobs that they can never be an active force for peace? Does the same jobs-above-all attitude make the unions unreliable partners in fighting pollution, famine and urban and rural deterioration? Must there always be so broad and flagrant a connection between labor and organized crime?

Even broader questions are being raised. Are the unions so much a part of the Establishment—in industrial relations, domestic politics, and even foreign policy—that they must be counted among the opponents of the old ideals of equalitarianism and humanism? Have they become a regressive, rather than a progressive, element in the dialectic of change? What will be the role of labor in a society in transition, and where is continued support of existing unions, and possibly even of unionism, likely to lead as the society evolves?

If there are no ready answers, there is at least some evidence worth considering. The leadership of the AFL-CIO and its largest affiliates appear, for the most part, to have opted for what they consider "practical" and the critics deride as "business" unionism. Although these same leaders insist vehemently that they have not lost their old fervor for the larger social causes, the federation has been consistently lagging or absent on issues involving poverty, minority rights and peace, and has certainly done little to sensitize its membership in these areas. More pay for less work is still the touchstone of union policy, without too much concern for anything else. Gone are the crusade that labor once led.

Union leaders, with the seeming endorsement of their members, apparently prefer to regard themselves as the

opposite numbers of the business and industrial leaders with whom they bargain for contracts. They like to model themselves after the style of these management executives, although in many cases they do it poorly. If they address themselves to the broad issues of the day, as they occasionally do, it is in much the same way that the corporation managers approach such problems.

The primary interest (after themselves) is that of the organization. Its long-range stability is paramount, even to growth. Its requirements justify anything and everything, from political maneuvering and legislative lobbying to crimes up to and including murder. There is implicit faith that this approach also serves the best interests of those the leaders are supposed to be serving, be they employed, jobless or retired members, unorganized workers, consumers or the public in general. The handful of exceptions, in membership or leadership, are pointed to with pride when the old militant image needs reviving, but they serve only to highlight how far removed they are from the general rule.

In what used to be the enemy camp, business and industry appear to be quite comfortable with this stance of union leaders. Except for some isolated instances around the margins of the economy—grape growers, hospital directors and a handful of old "free enterprisers"—the employers accept the current, limited definition of unionism. They are even heard to say that unions (properly controlled by law) are an inevitable part of modern labor-management relations. In most cases bargaining has become more a game than the bitter warfare of earlier years. What is more, it is a game in which both sides know and stick to the rules, including the ritual things that have to be said for public consumption.

Both are appalled by anyone who violates these rules. Analyses of current labor-management relations are disturbingly like descriptions of price-setting among seeming competitors. The process is mainly designed to keep the public from finding out how well the "opponents" really get along with each other. As in the setting of "administered prices," there are on occasion real wars in which individuals and organizations can get badly hurt, but never to the extent of upsetting the "system." Although it may not be conclusive evidence that this cozy relationship exists, it at least gives one pause to note that in the present Congress there are no major bills pending that would limit or roll back the existing powers of the unions.

At the other extreme are the student activists, the black and other minority militants and the New Left. Whatever





their differences among themselves, these groups hold in common that solving the problems which concern them will require basic institutional changes. Although they even disagree about which institutions need changing and how, they agree that the unions will be of little help in making such changes.

The only remaining guardians of the old dreams about what could be accomplished through union organization are among the older generation of liberals and progressives—mostly intellectuals. Occasionally they still crop up in public or quasi-public office, but mostly they are upper-middle-class professionals or academics. For them, the most distressing element in the generation gap is the young people's attitude toward the unions, and they resist it. Similarly, they resist the prevailing attitude among union leaders, union members and employers. They are not ready to admit that their earlier hopes, based on unionism, were badly misplaced. Their reluctance was graphically illustrated in their attitudes toward the conflicting demands of union teachers and indigenous Negro leaders regarding hiring, tenure and community control in ghetto schools. Although in many cases they found it hard to understand or defend the union position, neither could they quite bring themselves to condemn or oppose it. And they would never cross a picket line.

However else one may assess this group, it must be recognized that they still exercise a powerful influence on conventional wisdom. Consequently, there is considerable currency to the view that if the unions are not everything they ought to be, neither are they so far gone that they should be deserted or scrapped. Politicians, editorial writers and professors can still support or find refuge in this "balanced" view, and it is not surprising that it persists. But to understand its strength and longevity, it must also be recognized that the possibility still exists that it is the correct view. Among the evidence to be considered are some faint stirrings of new thought within labor.

The recent joining together in the Alliance for Labor Action (ALA) of the United Auto Workers, the Teamsters and the International Chemical Workers Union to seek for labor new relevance to social problems, is one example. The first two, with a combined membership of 3.6 million, are not in the AFL-CIO, but the 110,000-member ICWU is an affiliate, and is defying George Meany's threat to expel from the federation any union that joins the ALA. Earlier a caucus within the AFL-CIO set up to oppose the war in Vietnam, was another. The latter made no great inroads into the AFL-CIO's sup-

port of the war and other military programs, and the former is still too young to be judged, but both indicate that there are still some union leaders and members who feel that labor need not take an exclusively parochial view of its own interests.

On the minority-rights front, a bloc of union leaders led by A. Philip Randolph and Bayard Rustin continue to insist not only that it is possible for minorities to improve their status through unionism but that the unions offer their best hope. Again, these are experienced union leaders who feel that labor can be activated as a more dynamic force for social and economic advances. They are well aware that there have been few concrete results in such programs as opening building trades apprenticeships and employment to minority-group workers, but they apparently still find it possible to feel that this can and will be accomplished within unionism.

In the Charleston, S.C., hospital strike, Local 1199, of the Drug and Hospital Employees Union, an affiliate of the AFL-CIO, forged the first real alliance between labor and the civil rights groups. It hopes that together they can improve the conditions of underpaid Negro workers, particularly in the South, something neither has been able to do alone.

In a few isolated instances, student and minority activists have made common cause with individual unions on specific issues. At some colleges, students have included in their demands the unionization of campus service workers. In some manpower programs, particularly those developing sub-professionals for the human services, there have been efforts to unionize the new workers to improve their conditions, increase their pay, and establish their status. Activists have led these drives, and have found no better mechanism for achieving their objectives than a union.

But whether public support for unionism will again become the burning issue that it was in the thirties and forties is unclear. Compounding the uncertainty is the relative paucity in recent years of news and comment about labor's policies and actions. The news media and the journals of opinion still carry items about a particular strike, political campaign, or legislative drive involving labor, or court decisions affecting bargaining strategy or membership policy. It is some time, however, since much attention was paid to the ambiguities of basic union policy, and the public has had little opportunity to affect the formulation of such policies. The unions have gone back to the AFL's old preference for keeping such discussions and decisions private. The media have, wittingly or not, cooperated.

Whether labor can continue to keep its affairs within its own "house" is, however, questionable. New times have brought new alignments of power outside as well as within labor. In an era of burgeoning concern for the consumer, triggered by a worrisome inflation, the unions' economic ability to affect prices and purchasing power even outside their own ranks makes it unlikely that labor will be allowed to claim rights of privacy. If the government or the spokesmen for the assorted downtrodden lack the will or the power to haul labor and its policies into the public arena, there are other forces that probably will. Business and industry, hard pressed themselves on the price question, will have to do so if only to distract some attention from themselves, or to provide a scapegoat.

If prices don't do it, then politics and public policy are a reasonable second possibility. In both major parties, established power continues to crumble and upstarts are challenging. As new blocs are formed, labor will have to declare itself. When it does, questions about how and why will be asked, and some sort of answers will have to be given if the blocs are to command any support. In addition, the dependable old red, white and blue curtain that has shielded the government's foreign military commitments is being frayed, and labor's role is not likely to escape the probing.

There is another reason for exposing the unions to public view. Armies of job seekers, previously not considered employment problems, are forming. The ethnic minorities may be just the outriders of this horde. It includes millions of women no longer satisfied to accept housekeeping and motherhood as alternatives to jobs, the mushrooming youth population no longer willing to accept more years of education as an alternative to jobs, "senior citizens" unwilling or unable to live on their skimpy pensions, and even growing numbers of the disabled, the retarded, the mentally ill, the alcoholics, and those afoul of the law, for all of whom jobs are being recommended as the best answer to their problems.

However long and hard spokesmen for the *status quo* in the labor market may trumpet their story of unlimited job opportunity and unfilled jobs, most of these people will continue to see only closed doors in "the world of work." Accountability will be demanded sooner or later, the unions will be an obvious target, and silence on their part will not be accepted as golden.

If or when the time comes, and the unions are again at the center of public attention, there will be a great need for better information than has been available in the past. If the liberal view is to prevail, and the unions are to fill a social role that transcends the immediate and even selfish interests of their members and their leaders, everyone will have to know more about them than they have been willing to make known about themselves recently. Greater and more sophisticated attention in the mass media will help, but ultimately it will be the unions' own attitude toward public and candid disclosure of their internal affairs that will indicate most clearly which side they are on.

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Black Workers in White Unions

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If there is validity in the charge that the American labor movement is dominated by backward-looking traditionalists, is to be found in the relationship between trade union leaders and the racial minorities. Most of the controversy relates to the unions' response to the Negro worker in large urban centers, where trade unionism is strong and the influx of blacks and Puerto Ricans has produced conflict. The response is an ambivalent one—on the one hand, generous support by some of the progressive unions for legislation which improves the lot of blacks, but at the same time a reluctance on the part of the union leaders to put their own house in order and thus offend the white majority.

This is not new. It arose when the two World Wars brought large Negro migrations to the urban centers. What is new is the black community's hostility to all-white construction crews at work in the ghetto in the better paying trades and the emergence in the basic industries such as auto and steel, of the young black worker who did not grow up with trade unionism and who appears unafraid to challenge authority, whether that of union or employer. Although Negro workers make up only 9 per cent of the 18 million trade union members in this country, between 1960 and 1968 the nonwhite proportion of the work force in autos rose from 9 per cent to 15 per cent, placing blacks in a majority in some Detroit UAW locals. In electrical equipment manufacturing the increase was from 4 per cent to 9 per cent, while in metal fabricating the proportion went from 5 per cent to 8.4 per cent.

Such statistics, as well as society's general impatience, seem to be lost on union leaders who apparently believe that white rank-and-file racism simply mirrors that of the country at large. On the tough issues like seniority, apprenticeship standards and hiring halls—which affect black mobility—the unions are waiting for the Supreme Court to tell them that they must move. That may be a while yet. Although Attys. Gen. Ramsey Clark and John Mitchell have filed numerous suits alleging union discrimination in violation of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (the federal fair employment practices statute) during the past two years, the courts are clogged with a host of procedural issues. Meanwhile, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which administers Title VII, stumbles along with no enforcement powers and little in the way of appropriations. As Chairman Brown of the commission recently lamented: "The only thing we can do if we find discrimination is to sit down with the employer or the unions and negotiate or conciliate the particular case. . . It is almost impossible for us to do the job that has to be done unless and until we get cease and desist [enforcement] powers."

A basic question raised by the application of civil rights law to job discrimination in the unions is how legislation can undo past discrimination embodied in contemporary employment practices. This is highlighted by the seniority disputes between black and white workers in industrial plants where the races have been segregated by job and department in the past. (The crafts are confronted with some of the same problems in connection with their referral seniority.) The sticking point is usually how to do away with a system which has denied the Negro worker access to better paying, more desirable and hitherto all-white jobs and, more particularly, to arrive at a fair basis upon which Negroes are to be promoted. Most often, seniority districts have been separated for black and white jobs. The "competitive status" seniority of a worker for promotion and layoff is computed at the time which he has worked in the particular job and department, rather than plant-wide or "date of entry" seniority, which starts from the date the worker is hired. Because of past segregation, this means that the black worker's seniority is only good in the department to which he has been confined.

Of course, the principal value of seniority is that it creates a relatively objective system which extricates the union from continuous disputes among workers over who gets a particular job. Arbitrary action by the employer also is less likely. And whether seniority is based on time on the job, in the department or the plant, is usually a matter for the collective bargaining process. But the black worker is hurt badly when he cannot use the seniority which he has previously accumulated in his segregated district. The white worker who has already moved into the better jobs has a leg up the ladder when it comes to future reductions in the work force or competitive bidding for promotion.

Prior to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the courts did not wish to upset seniority arrangements negotiated by a number of industrial unions, the United Steelworkers being among the most prominent. The Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit in New Orleans refused to disturb a system where Negroes were permitted promotion rights into the formerly all-white "line of progression" if they gave up their seniority and took a pay cut. The court said: "This is a product of the past. We cannot turn back the clock." (*Whitfield* v. *United Steelworkers.*) Once the Civil Rights Act was passed, however, Negro workers found new courage to challenge this kind of procedure. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the courts have been inundated with allegations of seniority discrimination. More than 300 complaints have been filed against U.S. Steel alone—most involving the United Steelworkers as co-respondents.

The tide may now be beginning to turn. Last year, a district court in Virginia said that a seniority system which had its genesis in past racial discrimination was unlawful

(*Quarles* v. *Philip Morris*). "Congress did not intend to freeze an entire generation of Negro employees into discriminatory patterns that existed before the Act," said the court, in preserving seniority credits accumulated by black workers while they were held back in relatively unskilled, low-paying segregated jobs. And on July 28 of this year, the same Fifth Circuit (and the same judge) which had refused to disturb discrimination rooted in the past did just that in *United Papermakers* v. *United States*, finding the Crown Zellerbach Corp. and the Papermakers guilty of seniority discrimination. Although the Supreme Court has yet to rule, the handwriting seems to be on the wall for most of the unions participating in such practices.

However, the cases have not yet disposed of the many complaints against unions with more highly skilled jobs, like the Steelworkers. In the steel industry, the skills prerequisite to jobs previously held by whites differ substantially from those of the jobs into which Negroes had been segregated. The remedy in such cases will undoubtedly be to establish training programs for black workers who possess the necessary potential. And woven into this picture is a mine field of tests and examinations devised by employers for black employees whom they have always regarded as nonpromotable.

Much litigation between the Steelworkers and their Negro members is in part responsible for the appearance of the Ad Hoc Committee (composed of black steelworkers) at the 1968 Steelworkers Convention. This committee is pressuring for Negro representation in policy making and staff positions at the national level. Despite the fact that the Steelworkers' membership is one-fourth black, whites are in a majority in every regional district, and thus far have been unwilling to vote for Negro candidates. But the emergence of black militant organizations in the auto industry, though seemingly part of a national trend, is a little more difficult to understand. The job segregation in autos, of a *de facto* variety which seems to produce a number of all-black foundries, is hardly as prevalent as in steel. Walter Reuther, albeit under pressure from the Negro American Labor Council, has sponsored the election of two black international executive board members. Moreover, the UAW has recently proposed to the Ford Motor Company that newly hired "disadvantaged" workers be immunized against work force reductions through the use of "inverse" seniority.

The "inverse" seniority concept as put forward by UAW leader Ken Bannon would permit senior workers to take a layoff at their own option with generous supplemental unemployment compensation benefits (SUB) negotiated by the UAW. Thus junior black employees who are not yet eligible for SUB would have a better chance of obtaining the seniority credits required for eligibility. This proposal has been rejected by the Ford Motor Company, which viewed it as a stalking-horse for a sabbatical leave for auto workers, rather than as a proposal aimed at the hard-core unemployed. It is probably fair to say that the union's proposal would increase the cost of the SUB program considerably.

UAW officials, who have roundly attacked black militants in the auto plants, are genuinely surprised by the wildcat stoppages which have their origin in allegedly racial issues. Privately they recognize that the grievance procedure, which was created shortly after union organization thirty years ago, is not up to dealing with some of the more complex racial disputes. The arbitrator, who is the third party "neutral" adjudicating a dispute, is picked by the very parties, union and company, whom the dissidents distrust; the black worker has no say in the process.

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters has attempted to establish special machinery in conjunction with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to resolve disputes concerning white over-the-road drivers who refuse to share their cabs with Negroes. But not much has been accomplished—largely, say the Teamsters, due to EEOC's confusion about its future under Nixon.

An example of the Negro community's skepticism over the arbitration process, as it relates to racial discrimination, can be found in a San Francisco dispute arising out of civil rights agreements negotiated between the Hotel Employers Association of San Francisco and various civil rights organizations. The Culinary Workers Union challenged their validity on the ground that an agreement concerning employment conditions with anyone but the union offends the principle that the union is exclusive bargaining agent for all workers. In a hearing held without the presence of the civil rights groups which had been involved in the negotiations, an arbitrator held that the civil rights agreements were unlawful because of exclusive representation arguments advanced by the union. Moreover, in the arbitrator's view, the requirement that the employer keep statistics concerning the racial composition of the work force by job classification was the same as unlawful "preferential treatment." Predicated upon some very shaky legal propositions (the Equal Employment Opportunitty Commission itself requires racial statistics from employers and unions), the arbitration award created a furor in the San Francisco Negro community and raised suspicions about the good faith of labor unions concerning minority employment.

A substantial part of the problem may be that despite large Negro membership, industrial union leadership is nearly lily-white. As noted above, the UAW is ahead of most other unions in the awarding of policy-making positions to blacks. But until 1962 Reuther took the position that Negroes must warrant election on their own merits, implying support for the notion that lack of qualification was the reason for segregated leadership. In 1962, Nelson Jack Edwards was elected to the executive board as a member at large, a position especially created with the understanding that it would go to a Negro. But the position of the Steelworkers union was made clear by Vice President Molony:

> . . . the election of an officer to this union because of his color, would be a contradiction in the basic theme of the civil rights movement, that people should be judged, hired, or elected on the basis of their ability.

What is overlooked is that race consciousness is necessary to overcome past discrimination, and that since Negroes have been deliberately held back, they must now be deliberately promoted to leadership positions and placed on the "slate." (In fairness to the Steelworkers, it should be pointed out that a Negro candidate lost out this year in Baltimore, where blacks constitute from 30 to 40 per cent of the vote. Apparently the blacks did not vote in large numbers.) The redrawing of district lines into smaller territories, or the election of more than one executive board member from each particular region, would help achieve a more racially balanced representation at the top level. This would be preferable to the selection of a member at large lacking his own constituency and possessing little independence. One of the Ad Hoc Committee organizers said: "We believe that there will be an explosive situation in the United Steelworkers of America so long as [President] Abel is unable to appoint and we are unable to elect a member to the board."

Unlike their industrial counterparts, the craft unions' bête noire has always been job access for minority groups. While the Workers' Defense League has been able to prepare Negro youngsters for apprenticeship tests in New York City with a fair amount of success, thus breaking down old barriers in unions like the Sheet Metal Workers, progress has not been astounding. Only twenty minority group plumber apprentices in the entire country were recruited through the Department of Labor-sponsored Outreach programs from January 1967 through October 1968, although the numbers for such exclusionary crafts as Iron Workers, Sheet Metal Workers and Electricians are slightly more encouraging. As UAW staffer Horace Sheffield said last year about integration in the Detroit building trades: ". . . at the present pace it will be somewhere around 2168 before Negroes achieve their full equality in most of the apprenticeable trades."

Curiously, it is the Nixon Administration, pilloried by the black community for its equivocation in other areas, which seems to have put the bite on the building trades more firmly than ever before. Although a federal district judge in Ohio had ruled two years ago, in *Ethridge* v. *Rhodes*, that contractors must circumvent contractual hiring obligations to unions which do not refer Negroes, and the Office of Federal Contract Compliance had required "manning tables" of Cleveland contractors, showing the number of minority group workers on the job, the labor movement resisted this approach as "piles of nonsense and illegal." And on November 29, 1967, in a speech to the Building and Construction Trades Department, former Secretary of Labor Wirtz said that the Cleveland plan should not be extended to other cities. Said Wirtz: ". . . it isn't right as a general policy, and it won't work. Even if it drags someone who worships his prejudices into line, it demeans somebody else who has done the right thing for the right reason." This is what the unions wanted to hear, and in February 1968 Secretary Wirtz reiterated his position. C. J. Haggerty, president of the Building and Construction Trades Department, promised that he would try to get his craft locals into line on the race issue.

However, the relationship with the Department of Labor has not been nearly so warm during the past few months. On June 27 Assistant Secretary of Labor Arthur Fletcher announced the Revised Philadelphia Plan, a more vigorous attempt to bring minority-group workers into the better paying trades. According to a UPI dispatch, the Building and Construction Trades Department im-



mediately labeled the plan "unworkable," encouraging "harassment" and contrary to previous "understandings" with the Department of Labor. Senators Dirksen and McClellan claimed that it was an unlawful quota system under the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

What Secretary Fletcher has done is devise a program which simply takes into account the fact that only .5 per cent of the membership of covered unions in Philadelphia is black, although the city has a substantial Negro population, and that this is in large part attributable to past exclusionary practices of the crafts. The Revised Philadelphia Plan requires contractors doing business with the government to accede to a "definite standard" of minority employment in seven of the better paying trades. The plan cannot be regarded as embracing an ironclad "quota," because it makes use of flexible criteria in determining the standard: (*1*) the current extent of minority group participation in the trade; (*2*) their availability for employment in the trade; (*3*) the need for training programs in the area, and/or the need to assure demand for those already existing; (*4*) the impact of the program upon the existing incumbent labor force. The success of the plan will obviously depend upon how enthusiastically it is administered. But what has upset the building trades especially is Secretary Fletcher's announcement that this concept will soon be extended to other urban centers.

One other cockpit of controversy is the Model Cities Act of 1966 which proposes to expand job opportunities and housing for residents of the urban ghettos. To date, it has only succeeded in encouraging resort to "black unions" in cities like Boston, Detroit and Cincinnati. The

government's involvement here has thus far not had the smack of firmness. The Model Cities Agreement for the Boston area, which was announced in September of 1968, does not assure the Negro "trainee" that he will eventually receive a journeyman's card in the craft. After the project is completed the Negro worker is back in the cold, perhaps even further embittered because of his personal acquaintance with the job opportunities denied him. And, as Herbert Hill, labor secretary for the NAACP, stated last December: "No provision is being made for giving contracts to the Negro-owned construction companies who employ the majority of black building craftsmen who are denied membership in the construction unions."

It is possible, however, that the Revised Philadelphia Plan is just the beginning, and that the craft unions are in more trouble than they now realize. Lawsuits filed throughout the country will undoubtedly challenge the relevance, to the work that is actually performed, of their apprenticeship and journeyman examinations. And even if one accepts the protestations by the craft unions that they are now welcoming blacks into the fold, past exclusions (whether of a formal or father-son variety) make the low age requirements for entry into the trade not only arbitrary but also discriminatory. Consequently, there are a large number of Negro males who may be interested in the trade but are now excluded because they are in their middle or late 20s.

But it is not only the excluded black who is upset with the craft unions. Astronomically high construction wage increases fan the fires of inflation and make housing for both poor and middle-income people exceedingly costly. Industrial unions like the UAW are beset by rebellion among their skilled workers due to the growing gap between factory and construction wages. In seven Ohio cities, unionized factory workers are averaging $3.70 an hour, while electricians, plumbers and iron workers are earning $7.25 to $7.56 per hour.

All this may eventually lead not only to mass-produced housing employing Negro workers at factory wages —the type which HUD Secretary Romney is pushing for —but also to increased governmental supervision of the number of employees entering the craft and the length of the apprenticeship program. Indeed, the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit has already required the unions to revise their apprentice estimates which were completely out of line with labor market requirements: (*Heat and Frost Insulators* v. *Vogler.*) This would benefit whites as well as blacks who are denied access, since unions have kept the supply of labor low to drive up wages and to guard against unemployment. Hardly anything strikes more directly at what the craft unions cherish as their prerogative.

Today's essential lesson for both the craft and industrial unions is that without a quick move on their part to integrate the racial minorities, government will intervene in what has passed for collective bargaining. This applies to hiring halls, seniority systems and apprenticeship standards; all these institutions are bound to be badly shaken. It would seem that the unions would be better off if they did the job themselves; but only a small number of trade unionists seem interested in that kind of argument.

Minority Power Through Unions

B. J. WIDICK

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Pressure is building up in the ranks of the 1.5 million Negro members of trade unions, the usual manifestation being the emergence of black caucuses. In addition, independent, and as yet small, black unions are being organized in many sections of the nation. The implicit explosion confronts the trade union leadership with one of its most difficult problems, and one which it seems least equipped to handle well.

The Negro unrest has grown largely unnoticed, but recently a series of incidents has directed wider attention to it. There have been wildcat strikes, mostly abortive and self-defeating, in auto plants. A large minority of black workers petitioned for an election in the Transport Workers Union in New York. More than 4,000 of the 17,000 Negroes in a 27,000-member local have indicated a willingness to form an independent union. Quite surprisingly, the 100,000-member District 65 of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store workers left its parent body on the ground that the national leadership is "lily-white" (it is; no Puerto Rican or Negro holds a top position).

In the middle of July, more than 300 delegates from steel union locals all over the country held a conference at Gary, Ind., to push for more black power in a union that has nearly 200,000 Negro members, none of whom holds a policy-making position. The keynote speaker was Herbert Hill, a labor secretary of the NAACP, whose efforts to break down labor's discriminatory practices, notably in the building trades unions, have made him anathema to most AFL-CIO leaders. Many unions forbid the formation of caucuses, except for brief moments before elections, but a new nation-wide black caucus calling itself the National Ad Hoc Committee of Concerned Negro UAW members has met in Detroit with Walter Reuther—whose door, unlike those of many labor leaders, is open. There are black caucuses in the Teachers union. In both Chicago and Detroit more than 35 per cent of

the teachers are black and they are becoming aware of their political potential.

The new element in these controversial developments is that, for the first time in modern trade unionism, Negro activists operate from a social base of growing strength. When A. Philip Randolph was conducting his innumerable fights against the racist practices of the AFL hierarchy he represented the tiny Pullman porters union, which lacked impressive economic or political strength. But today in the steel and auto unions, for example, more than forty key local unions are largely or completely run by elected black officials. And in the growing white-collar unions of the cities, as well as in the federal system (notably the Postal Employees), the work force may soon include a majority of Negroes and members of other minorities. The AFL-CIO Laborers' Union has important black-dominated locals. In New York, the increase of Negro and Puerto Rican workers in the garment and clothing industries and the city-wide flickerings of political discontent promise trouble.

The building trades are the most critical area. Forgetting for the moment the many lawsuits that have been brought against these unions, the rise of black unions like the Independent Alliance of Skilled Crafts of Ohio, the United Community Construction Workers of Boston, the United Construction and Trades Union in Detroit, the Maryland Freedom Labor Union, to mention a few, present an issue of different proportions than do small white independent unions with no power base in society. The cry for breaking down segregated local unions loses some of its meaning in this context: the social composition of the work force, not formal policies, may soon determine the character of many local unions.

Impressive evidence of what black workers can do was the recent decision of Governor Rockefeller to hold up construction of a large office building on 125th Street in Harlem when it became evident that at least a part of the community was opposed. The future of Model Cities programs, or low-cost housing, or indeed any construction, is dubious until a much larger percentage of black workers is accepted into the building trades. The existing apprentice programs sponsored by pro-union groups like the Workers Defense League, or the efforts of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, are hopelessly inadequate.

Victor Gotbaum, executive director of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, a third of whose 115,000 members are either Negro or Puerto Rican, spoke the hard truth when he said: "Let's not kid ourselves. They don't like us in the black community. We have to make a determined analysis why this is so and then do something about it. Labor may be doing as much as other groups but that isn't enough. We're supposed to be a friend of the underdog."

However, there has been progress. The work of Leon Davis' Local 1199 among hospital workers, culminating in the Charleston strike, suggests the potential for unionism under sound direction, as did the Memphis garbage workers' strike, which coincided with Martin Luther King's assassination. Cesar Chavez has given the "Chicanos" of California a sense of organization heretofore largely unknown. However, some insight into the extraordinary difficulties that arise when racial problems are injected into the union movement may be gathered from the experience of those agricultural workers. Chavez himself has discussed his own suspicions of organized labor, noting how long it took him to decide on a pro-union course. The suspicion among Negroes is perhaps even greater, and when one notes how limited were the manpower and financial resources given the Chavez union for the task it faced (and still faces), it begins to seem unlikely that the AFL-CIO hierarchy will soon change its stodgy ways.

The disposition of most union leaders to discount the upsurge among Negro union members, or the creation



of independent unions, as "black chauvinism," dual unionism, or "New Leftism," is self-deceptive and self-defeating. Of course, these factors are to be found in one degree or another in some of the political struggles within and around the union movement; but they are no more decisive than were the same motives when the AFL-CIO was attempting to suppress A. Philip Randolph's efforts to create the Negro American Labor Council a decade ago.

In fact, one of the main reasons for the emergence of the separatist or exclusively black caucus tendencies has been the resistance of the union executives to a growth of the NALC that would have given Negro and other minority workers an appealing sense of direction. The once effective Detroit affiliate of the NALC, called the Trade Union Leadership Council, spent almost as much time countering the attempts made to destroy it as it did in breaking down job and political discrimination against Negroes. Its leaders, Horace Sheffield and Robert Battles III, were denounced repeatedly as dual unionists and black chauvinists.

Since NALC activists were primarily staff people, they were susceptible to persistent bureaucratic pressure and were unable to give the movement a mass base of the kind that the very size and composition of the work force is now creating for black militant unionists. Today, local unions offer them such attractive opportunities that

sharing the power or taking it over is an unavoidable goal. In the early days of the CIO Negroes were usually trained and pushed ahead by radical groups; they were dependent on the white structure. Now Negroes have emerged on their own and stand upon their own mass base. It makes a significant difference.

The young black "revolutionists" have been excluded from most of these developments. Their function has been to raise issues, but their activities have been largely ineffective. The National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce may become exercised about the proposals of the New Left to revolutionize both white and black workers, and these do provide a useful target for labor bureaucrats who prefer "to save the union and the country from revolution" rather than to solve the problems pointed out by the Left. Sporadic incidents make headlines, and cause irritations, but they are not the main thrust of the new movement among Negro union members. Branding as Uncle Toms all Negro unionists who are not with them 100 per cent may satisfy the needs of revolutionary rhetoric, but it will have no permanent effect.

Yet if present developments within and around the trade unions should make them more effective instruments of social protest, then perhaps progress can take the direction of organized and effective struggles and not fall prey to the anarchy of frustrated and despairing young blacks. It would be a welcome change in the current dismal American scene.



Labor and Foreign Policy

RONALD RADOSH

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At the end of July, George Meany vehemently denied Sen. J. William Fulbright's assertion that the AFL-CIO had received $33 million in contract payments as a "payoff" for its support of the war in Vietnam. But Meany's explanation, that money received was "used to carry out the foreign policy of the United States Government," pointed up the actual role played by American labor unions abroad.

This role is not a new one for American organized labor. The "labor statesman" has become such an accepted part of our way of life that all post-World War II administrations have received unswerving loyalty from the AFL-CIO leadership. Indeed, the virtually universal acceptance of cold-war diplomacy in American political life has been reinforced by the active support at home and abroad of the American labor movement. This support began during the periods of the First World War and the Bolshevik revolution, when the labor leadership's backing of State Department policy was for the first time actively sought by government leaders, in exchange for concessions offered the AFL.

During the first Russian Revolution, in March 1917, American labor entered the stage of world diplomacy. Conventional diplomats found themselves unsuited to deal with the Russian Socialists and they turned to labor leaders in the United States for help in executing administration policy. Woodrow Wilson promptly appointed both a labor leader and a pro-war Socialist to Elihu Root's commission to Russia, sent for the purpose of helping the new Russian Government stay in the war. AFL Vice President James Duncan, and the noted Socialist intellectual Charles Edward Russell, accompanied the mission and propagated administration policy in the name of unionism and socialism.

Woodrow Wilson came to put high value on the service that could be offered his administration by labor leaders. From Samuel Gompers' standpoint, the AFL activity meant not only new acceptance for trade unionism but direct concessions in the form of contracts with firms engaged in war production which accepted union standards of wages, hours and working conditions. When World War I broke out, Gompers and his associates rushed to support the war effort and the Allied cause.

Having obtained AFL support for the war effort, Wilson hoped to use bona fide AFL union leaders to influence the policies of highly critical British and French labor leaders, and exclusively American labor missions were sent to wartime Europe. Gompers himself traveled to Britain, France and Italy during the summer of 1918, to warn European laborers against any leaders with a pacifist, Socialist or "pro-German" bias.

Then, as now, the American labor leaders often took a position more militant than that adopted by their own government. Wilson's closest ideological allies in Europe were the moderate Socialists; British Labour Party chieftain Arthur Henderson, for example, sought to unite the Allied Left behind the Wilsonian program, believing it would undercut the strength of the old-world imperial governments. Henderson counted on Wilson to enforce a

just peace, and to curb the imperial appetites of men like Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

But Gompers would not come to terms with the European social democrats, and he balked at Henderson's offer of cooperation in the rebuilding of the old Socialist International as a pro-Wilsonian organization. Gompers' presence in Europe had the effect of weakening Wilson's major supporters and strengthening the Allied Right, as he continually sought to isolate the moderate's position within the European labor movements. His policy also estranged the AFL from Allied labor. War-weary European workers wanted a quick end to the war, negotiations with "enemy" labor leaders, a democratic peace, and repudiation of their own conservative governments. They were not about to adopt business unionism domestically, and to work for an all-out military victory and a dictated peace. Gompers' insistence that they pursue such a course only reinforced their view that the AFL was a half century out of date.

While European labor was dissatisfied with the wartime role played by the AFL, the Wilson administration had the satisfaction of seeing the American labor movement act as its agent abroad. Although Gompers may have weakened the position of Allied Wilsonians, Wilson himself actually preferred to deal with the existing Allied governments, and he was not willing to risk the danger of social revolution that lay hidden beneath the surface of moderate socialism.

Working closely with the AFL leaders and the State Department was a loose group of pro-war Socialists, men who had left the American Socialist Party because of its opposition to U.S. participation in the war. These men began the now common practice of Socialists and ex-Socialists working in collaboration with the State Department or otherwise in furtherance of its programs; thus an occasional echo of social-democratic rhetoric in policy statements. The role of Norman Thomas, who on at least one occasion, worked willingly with the CIA to implement anti-Communist programs in Latin America, was foreshadowed by these earlier compatriots who identified the cause of "freedom" with that taken by the U.S. Government.

Members of the Social-Democratic League (John Spargo, William E. Walling, Charles E. Russell, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Algie M. Simons and others) had allied themselves with Gompers as well as with State. They pledged to work, as SDL member Henry L. Slobodin explained, as Socialists "under the control of the State Department, but otherwise free to use the traditional methods of Socialist propaganda." While Wilson had no liking for their ideology, he understood that Socialists had the best chance of influencing Allied Socialist groups to stay committed to a pro-war course. The "responsible" anti-revolutionary Socialist had become the ally of a conservative American administration. The use of such figures by future administrations was only a continuation of a policy instituted during the First World War.

The contemporary counterrevolutionary efforts of American organized labor were started during World War II, primarily through the mechanism of the Free Trade Union Committee. Created in 1944 to aid European unionists who were part of the anti-Nazi underground, the FTUC concentrated on isolating Communists within the partisan and resistance movements. At the war's end, under the direction of Jay Lovestone and Irving Brown, the FTUC worked to build pro-U.S. unions and to split European labor. A brief look at Irving Brown's work in France reveals the nature of early Lovestone diplomacy.

Viewing events in France as the "key to Western European labor developments," Brown vowed to split and hopefully destroy the major French labor union, the General Confederation of Labor (CGT). To achieve his goal, the AFL worked toward creation of a dual union, formation of which would leave the AFL open to severe condemnation from any good trade unionist, on traditional union grounds. Nevertheless, Brown favored working in such a way "that neither the AF of L nor the comrades in the CGT will be open to justifiable criticism."

The method favored was financial subsidy of an anti-Communist group in the Printer's union, as well as Robert Bothereau's *Force Ouvrière*, through extensive monetary grants by the AFL. To cover up the contributions, which they understood would compromise the AFL, the money was deposited in the account of the Jewish Labor Committee in New York. This group served as a front, and the funds were secretly transferred to the anti-Communist opposition in France. The continual grants were the mainstay of the rather impotent and minuscule opposition groups. Brown admitted that building a dual union was "not a nice way of doing business." But, he explained, European unions could not "be treated with in the same open, direct fashion as in the U.S.A."

Brown succeeded in eventually splitting the CGT. The AFL, he boasted to Jay Lovestone, George Meany and others, had "penetrated every country of Europe." Though Brown built the dual union on the basis of dissatisfaction among French workers with the Communist policy of production and speed-up, he never succeeded in building a meaningful alternative to the CGT. That union, CIO leader John Brophy candidly remarked, still had "the bulk of the organized industrial workers." Creation of the *Force Ouvrière* did not solve the AFL's problems. The *FO* took a position in favor of price cuts, at a time when wage increases were being wiped out due to inflation. In late 1948 Communist demands for wage increases began to win working-class support for the CGT, and even Brown admitted that if he were a French coal miner he would be forced to work with the Communists. Brown, however, viewed all CGT strikes as political efforts to interfere with the Marshall Plan in Western Europe. He willingly took CIA money to break the dock worker strike which interfered with the unloading of U.S. arms at the port of Marseilles.

Having failed to destroy the CGT, Irving Brown offered one final suggestion. Union leaders who had been removed from office because of their support of the Vichy

occupation regime, Brown asserted, should be restored to leadership positions in the CGT; at the same time, Communists among the union leadership should be removed from office. If they were not, he proposed that the right of trade union representation and collective bargaining rights should be withdrawn from the CGT. To destroy the CGT, Brown advocated an alliance with the proto-Fascists, and wanted the CGT to be outlawed. But since it was still the main representative of French labor, Brown was in effect asking that the French working class be deprived of representation. The AFL leaders were asking for the elimination of any trade union organization which did not give unconditional support to State Department policy.

In Latin America, AFL policy worked to produce similar results. American union leaders seek explicitly to build institutions that can forestall social revolution, to create unions through which the State Department can neutralize working-class support for revolutionary movements. This function is highly appreciated by corporation leaders who work alongside the AFL-CIO in the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD). "Businessmen in Latin America have become convinced," writes Enno Hobbing in the official publication of the Standard Oil Company, "that free labor unions are essential to free enterprise." Corporations approve of the unions because the AFL-CIO leaders share the same goals as the corporate executives. Unions "do not generate the waste of wildcat strikes; they are opposed to expropriation; and they are solid bulwarks against extremism in the ranks of labor" (*The Lamp*, Spring 1967).

Often, the AFL-CIO leaders have helped local Latin American dictators establish the very power they later used to crush all trade unions, including their own. George Meany and his associates then propagated the myth that remaining shadow unions, controlled by the local power elites, were legitimate anti-Communist forces, and represented the worker's true interests. Direct agents of the AFL-CIO supported the pro-Batista CTC in pre-revolutionary Cuba; took part in the overthrow of the Arbenz government in Guatemala in 1954; played a significant role in the collapse of the Goulart government in 1964 in Brazil; worked to destroy the democratically elected government of Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana; and collaborated with the most conservative forces in the Dominican Republic against the moderate constitutionalist Juan Bosch.

It is no surprise that the major corporation leaders happily work alongside the AFL-CIO in AIFLD. Its purpose, in fact, is to dispel the hostility of Latin American workers toward U.S. corporations. Corporate leaders like AIFLD Chairman of the Board J. Peter Grace work through AIFLD because of general fear that social revolution would sweep away the prerogatives of U.S. investors. "Very high stakes are at issue," Grace emphasized, "because the political, military and economic interests of the United States are affected. Furthermore, the Communist campaign has broadened beyond the stage of attacking American companies alone; it is now concentrating on the very basic system of private enterprise to which the American republics are dedicated." What men like Grace favor is a type of union movement that will not challenge the hegemony of U.S. corporations in Latin America.

It is necessary to ask why American labor leaders developed such a close identification with State Department policy. Unions were formed, after all, to better the economic position of wage earners; no apparent relationship exists between this purpose and U.S. foreign policy. An answer was provided by a labor journalist in the late 1920s. Unions then, Arthur W. Calhoun wrote, emphasized productivity and labor leaders spoke about the "ways and means of increasing output." Calhoun was not enamored of this conservative approach, but saw no other alternative "but for organized labor to go along with triumphant American capitalism in its conquest of the world." Better to be a "side-partner to American business in its march toward the enslavement of the world," he sarcastically commented, "than to take poor chances in a battle with the employers." Calhoun knew that such a course would prove advantageous to the labor leaders, because American capitalism could "easily afford to hand out a continual stream of material benefits" to organized labor "so that social solidarity might be maintained in the face of an unfriendly world."

As unions grew, their leaders accepted the existing corporate political economy, in return for a minor share in the decision-making process and increasing economic rewards for their members. Their purpose was to integrate workers into the existing system, rather than to fashion a lever for changing it. Labor leaders wanted, C. Wright Mills explained, to "join with owners and managers in running the corporate enterprise system and influencing decisively the political economy as a whole." The result then was a "kind of 'procapitalist syndicalism from the top.' "

Union leaders understood that a viable movement would aid a bureaucratized government to win the cooperation of the labor force. To keep the machine functioning smoothly, the corporate leaders required the aid of a state regulated and approved labor movement. When the AFL and CIO merged in the mid-fifties, the old craft federation proved that it was ready to join with the CIO to centralize control over the American working class. Unity was obtained only after the CIO unions had joined the cold-war consensus, and had purged their own internal left-wing opposition. The AFL-CIO has since worked to keep the laborer wedded to the corporate system.

Labor's foreign policy stems from the conservative union movement fashioned by AFL-CIO leaders. Unions are meant to be junior partners of the large corporations, and their leaders seek only those gains acceptable to the system's top leaders; they see the chance for these gains disappearing if they move to challenge corporate foreign policy. Just as U.S. foreign policy itself reflects the domestic organization of the political economy, so indeed does the labor leader's foreign policy reflect the type of

corporate unionism that has developed in the United States.

Some critics, like Henry W. Berger, suggest that Walter Reuther "could possibly provide a different direction for labor's international activities and also restore a portion of a badly damaged democratic labor tradition." (See "Lovestone, Meany & State: American Labor Overseas," *The Nation,* January 16, 1967.) It is fruitless, however, for hopeful liberals to keep on "waiting for Walter." Reuther's chance to act has already passed. His criticism has been advanced within the framework of existing assumptions, and he has consistently shied away from any basic challenge to the premises of United States foreign policy.

Reuther has shown, rather, that the old CIO leaders have themselves engaged in the battle originally fought by David Dubinsky, Matthew Woll and Jay Lovestone. Because they so completely accepted the aims of U.S. policy, CIO leaders proved as willing to accept economic aid from the Central Intelligence Agency as did the AFL chieftains. Thomas Braden, CIA director of "cultural" activities, revealed in his 1967 *Saturday Evening Post* article that not only had he financially supported Irving Brown but he had also given Victor Reuther of the UAW some $50,000 in $50 bills, to help the Reuther brothers build anti-Communist unions in Germany.

The Braden revelations produced an insulted UAW leadership. Walter Reuther could not deny the charge, though he described it as "incomplete and misleading." At the end of World War II, Reuther sought to explain, "the American labor movement made a great effort to assist in the rebuilding of the free labor movement in Europe." Reuther did not realize that his subsequent explanation only revealed that he was in agreement with the cold-war consensus.

Since this movement was "weak and without resources and . . . especially vulnerable to Communist subversion," Reuther judged that an "emergency situation" existed. Therefore the UAW reluctantly agreed "on one occasion to the request to transmit Government funds to supplement the inadequate funds being made available by the U.S. labor movement."

Reuther justified the receipt of "Government" (i.e., CIA) funds by his own union. In doing so, he showed that his conception of European labor's postwar needs agreed closely with that of Lovestone and the CIA. Reuther went on to explain that "these monies were merely added to the trade union funds" already being used in Europe to build "education and organizational programs." But Reuther did not discuss the nature of this work, nor mention that funds were made available to only one type of trade union —the acceptable anti-Communist variety.

Had Reuther firmly opposed CIA and administration policy, he could have chosen to make the affair public on his own, especially after becoming a CIO vice president in 1952. He could have used CIA interference with "independent" unions as a basis for waging a counteroffensive. But like George Meany, Reuther completely accepted the premises of cold-war foreign policy, holding that CIA funds were being extended for legitimate purposes. The goal of building U.S.-style corporate unions abroad was shared by both AFL *and* CIO.

Reuther, of course, held tactical differences with Meany on the war in Vietnam. At the December 1965 AFL-CIO convention, the draft resolution on Vietnam was modified at Reuther's request to stress labor's support of negotiations. But the resolution argued that a policy of negotiations was the policy of the Johnson administration, and the AFL-CIO proceeded to endorse "all measures the Administration might deem necessary to halt Communist aggression and secure a just and lasting peace." Under the guise of advocating peace negotiations, Reuther permitted the AFL-CIO to give the Johnson administration labor's own version of a Tonkin Gulf resolution. Reuther did claim to stand between what he called "two extreme positions," that of the "appeasers" on the one hand and the hawks on the other. It never occurred to him that insofar as he accepted the premises of the hawks, the tactic of negotiation could easily be made to appear untenable. Within the AFL-CIO, Reuther's moderate position worked to strengthen the hand of "hawk" Meany.

Reuther's more sophisticated and up-to-date anti-communism, which dissents from the old-style Meany version of a monolithic international enemy, is more in line with the attitude of recent administrations. But Reuther's problem, despite formation of the Alliance for Labor Action, is that Administration policy is still based on close liaison with the Meany camp. The AFL-CIO unions, as Senator Fulbright pointed out, receive $5 million per year funneled to them through AID, which has replaced the CIA as financier of union foreign activity. The use of government-supported AFL-CIO bodies, like AIFLD, as vehicles for counterrevolutionary endeavors explains Meany's withdrawal from the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. The same anti-Communist European unions built up during 1945-50 by Brown and Lovestone now take the Reuther position on a *modus vivendi* with Eastern European nations. Meany undoubtedly prefers to coordinate anti-Communist work entirely through government-supported AFL-CIO institutes, which are securely under control of the Meany-Lovestone-Brown axis.

Since the days of the First World War, American organized labor has supported both the aims and implementation of U.S. foreign policy. Since World War II, this has meant support of the war economy, production for military "defense," and participation in cold-war politics throughout the world. Such a stance is determined by the very nature of corporate unionism. The end of corporate unionism depends, furthermore, upon a critique of corporation capitalism. Until American labor leaders move beyond limited gains that fail to challenge the hegemony of the corporations; until they present the necessity for an alternative to American workers, they cannot be depended upon to make the long overdue reassessment of United States foreign policy in an era of world revolution.

Labor and Politics

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During the New Deal, the American labor movement substituted, for its traditional voluntarist ideology, a working-class, although non-Socialist, political perspective. This failed to satisfy the radicals of that generation, but it made possible labor's close alliance with liberal groups repelled by the voluntarism of the AFL. By 1930, voluntarism had become so abstract a doctrine, so narrowly concerned with powerful craft-union interests, that the AFL still opposed government-sponsored unemployment insurance in the midst of the depression. Today the labor movement faces a crisis of political belief comparable to that of the 1930s. The working-class ideology developed then is now irrelevant to many of the vital interests of union members. As delegates to the Democratic Party's 1968 national convention, many union leaders had to pass judgment on a war which meant—especially for working people—death, high taxes, inflation and declining real income, and which had exacerbated racial strife and distorted national priorities. Yet most of the labor delegates cast their lot with the policies and the candidate of their patron and ally, Lyndon Johnson.

In three critical respects this situation resembled labor's predicament in the 1930s. First, the vote on the war signaled labor's estrangement from its liberal allies, just as AFL leaders and liberal New Dealers disagreed over the welfare state in the early years of the Great Depression. Second, this estrangement can be traced to inadequacies in the unions' view of national politics. Finally, the unions have an opportunity now, as they did then, to assume an important role in national politics and minimize their differences with liberals and radicals. To do so, they must correctly analyze and forcefully articulate those class interests which unite their members politically. Specifically, organized labor must substitute for a *working-class* interpretation of its members' interests a concern for *consumer* interests which its members share with other citizens. As in the 1930s, this step not only means abandoning familiar, comfortable political categories but overcoming opposition from conservatives within the labor movement and hostility from some radical groups.

Union working-class ideology has emphasized the workers' shared political interests growing out of the job situation. All workers required union representation on the job to curb the arbitrary authority of management; all needed more humane working conditions, a decent income and broader fringe benefits. Extensive political action on behalf of liberal Democratic candidates could therefore be justified to dubious members as protecting and expanding the benefits won through collective bargaining. In economic as well as political life the common enemy was the entrepreneurial class of owners and corporate executives.

Partly because the American labor movement made this commitment to political action during the friendly Roosevelt administration, it came to see government as a potentially valuable ally in the political and economic struggles against employers. And this attitude in particular united organized labor with welfare-state liberals, who considered the economic power of employers, rather than the political power of the government, as the chief danger to human liberty. In fact, they favored governmental coercion as an antidote to the private power wielded by large corporations over the lives and incomes of their industrial workers. Thus the Wagner Act, compelling employers to recognize and bargain with unions, was perhaps the most important example of New Deal reform legislation. (Many observers, of course, believe that increasing reliance on government intervention in the economy tended to induce liberal support for government intervention abroad, from the Marshall Plan to counterinsurgency in Southeast Asia—a policy enthusiastically endorsed by George Meany's AFL-CIO.)

Organized labor has remained committed to these egalitarian welfare-state principles. In Congress, the unions have been by far the strongest lobby this year for significant tax reform—in open opposition to the unadventurous Democratic leadership in the House. And union lobbyists will continue to play a comparable role on other issues, such as the effective protection of Southern black voters. Last fall the unions' campaign apparatus launched a powerful if belated counterattack against sentiment among their members for George Wallace which contributed to Humphrey's late surge. More recently, the unions' substantial organizational resources helped progressive Democrats win special elections in Tennessee and Wisconsin districts long represented by conservatives.

To be sure, the problems of the very poor and of minority groups in the United States do not entirely conform to the working-class model of employer-employee conflict, partly because many in these groups experience semi-permanent exclusion from the work force itself. In some campaigns for social justice for the poor, for example demonstrations against the welfare system, the unions have not been in the vanguard. Moreover, some unions have compiled a sorry record of opposition to the interests of the underprivileged. Not only have these unions resisted admitting minority group members into their ranks but they have opposed new methods, such as prefabricated construction, which might contribute substantially to decent housing.

But such conservative and even reactionary tendencies are simply too weak to determine the course of an economically and socially diverse union movement. On issues like income tax reform, guaranteed annual income and racial justice, the long-term thrust of labor's egalitarian ideology is reinforced by its economic and political in-

terests. Black and Spanish-speaking workers are already well represented in many industrial and service unions, and they may become an even more important element of the blue-collar work force, where union organization has been most successful. The basic demands of these workers for union recognition involve precisely those principles on which the labor movement's own security is based. Significantly, some important AFL-CIO unions and the UAW-Teamsters' alliance have shown an increasing—if belated—interest in organizing poorly paid black or Spanish-speaking workers in Memphis, Chicago, Charleston and California's central valley.

Politically the major unions, as important elements in the Democratic Party, have recognized their increasing dependence on minority groups in the Northern cities and in the South. Indeed, unions and blacks in the South often have common enemies among the economic elite, giving rise to insurgent political activity among some union leaders despite the racism of certain Southern locals. Significantly enough, the labor-supported Mississippi delegation, finally seated at the 1968 Democratic convention, cooperated with the insurgent anti-Johnson coalition among the convention delegates. In New York City several unions with numbers of black and Puerto Rican members have deserted the Democrat Mario Procaccino for the standard of former Republican Congressman John Lindsay. In short, labor's working-class ideology has taken a position, not of ignoring injustice and inequality but of failing to understand and identify new sources of oppression and exploitation in an increasingly complex social and economic system.

This failure is at the root of the split between labor and liberal Democratic groups, which can be traced back to state and local conflicts of the last decade—long before they had begun to worry over the Vietnamese catastrophe. As a political movement, these liberals first achieved cohesion in response to the eloquent if moderate rhetoric of Adlai Stevenson. This essentially middle-class, issue-oriented, participatory approach to politics—with its growing hostility toward bureaucratic, centralized sources of political power—bothered many leaders of large union organizations. True, unions had cooperated closely with middle-class allies since the 1930s; but the liberals' new political analysis fundamentally troubled union leaders. This analysis directly challenges the key premises on which the unions had rejected voluntarism and embraced a working-class ideology. Elements of the liberals' earlier welfare-state orientation remained, in particular a principled opposition to an American capitalist system which measures progress and achievement by the quantitative standards of increased profit, efficiency and production *without specific concern for the adverse consequences on others in the society*. This preoccupation with sheer economic success produced the oppressive conditions which alienated industrial workers. More recently, liberal critics have begun to argue that capitalism seriously victimized not so much the workers on the job (especially if they were protected by strong unions) but anyone in society without economic power, however indirect his connection with the process of corporate industrial production.



According to the new liberal analysis, this change reflects the growing interdependence stemming from increasing urbanization and technological sophistication. As population densities increase and methods of production come to depend on more numerous skills and functions, each individual becomes increasingly dependent for his life and livelihood on an ever-growing complex of economic and social functions. Every part of society is more vulnerable to the consequences of actions and decisions taken at great distances. This interdependence magnifies the adverse consequences of a single-minded pursuit of economic success.

Vietnam, of course, provides the most tragic example. The pressures by defense contractors for increased economic production created political support for a military policy with catastrophic results for the entire society. But the tendency of industry to pollute air and water, to destroy wilderness and recreational resources, to build highways through parks and historic areas of our cities, presents comparable instances in the domestic sphere. In other cases, the burdens of corporate credit, packaging techniques and problems of consumer safety—from drugs to automobiles—have fallen heavily although not exclusively on lower- and middle-income groups. These have suffered also from the tax burden put on sales and consumers, rather than on production and the corporate elite. Finally, this concentration on efficiency, profits and economic growth has helped create a system from which the very poor are simply excluded altogether, and left to the mercies of an erratic, arbitrary and grossly inadequate welfare system.

Organized labor by no means disagrees with this liberal indictment of corporate capitalism. Indeed, union lobbyists have taken active and even prominent roles on some of the specific issues involved. But these issues—which concern the corporations' relation to their customers rather than their workers—confound the unions' conception of class conflict as the extension into politics of the economic struggle between workers and their employers over income and working conditions. Equally important, they also throw doubt on labor's cherished assumption that union organizations and government agencies are protectors of the class interests of union members.

The conjunction of public and private bureaucracies in

fostering the war in Vietnam has generated extensive comment, but the military-industrial complex is in fact only the visible embodiment of the intimate cooperation between private business and government throughout American life. In some cases corporations supply goods and services to the government. In others, such as corporate farms or lumber companies, the private firm receives services from the agencies such as the Forest Service or the Extension Service. Often the agency is formally charged with regulating the industry. But in every case, patterns of cooperation emerge to foster particular economic activities, with limited regard for the wider adverse consequences. In part, this cooperation can be traced to the career activities of experts, staffing both the corporations and agencies and often moving from one to the other. As a result, the economic future of many public officials often depends on the success of the industry they are to regulate. The political climate in which these agencies operate pressures them, over the long run, to define their mission—and legitimatize their exercise of political power—in terms of protecting the health of the particular industries with which they deal.

A similar pressure promotes cooperation between private employers and many unions, producing a tacit three-way alliance. Particularly where strong unions have secured relatively high wages, generous fringe benefits and stable employment, many workers come to share an interest in the economic success of their employers. Defense workers have benefited from the growth of the Pentagon budget, despite high costs of the war. And employees of corporations which pollute the environment, manufacture unsafe products, or engage in usurious credit practices will not be directly benefited by reform legislation. To be sure, the Steelworkers union, to take one example, did support the Indiana Dunes National Park project despite the possibly adverse impact that creation of the park might have on steel production and employment, but few unions have applied strong pressure in such situations.

To some critics, this alliance of labor, business and government means the impending eclipse of American workers and their unions as a major force for social progress. But such a development is no more necessary than it was in the early 1930s when the AFL was mired in its voluntarist ideology. *In fact, the shared class interests of union members have much in common with the political goals voiced in the new liberal analysis.* To understand properly these interests and the social-economic situation which has produced them, the labor movement must—as it did thirty years ago—abandon some of the abstractions of its political ideology. Barring such a change, any national organization representing diverse unions and groups of workers is indeed likely to face the loss of its political importance.

The working-class attitudes of the 1930s reflected the common concerns of industrial workers who faced powerful corporations and rampant unemployment without substantial help from the government. Today, however, although workers in particular unions, industries or plants continue to have interests opposed to those of their employers, the *shared* interests of *wage earners taken as a class* have in fact steadily declined in importance. Some of this decline can be traced to the development of powerful trade unions themselves. On the one hand, the protection of workers by the unions is taken as an accepted fact. And as union-management relations have stabilized, conflict over workers' income and management's authority has become relatively routinized. Finally, the decline in hours worked per year and the resulting increase in the importance of leisure time may gradually reduce the significance of all aspects of their jobs to union members.

But the most decisive point is that the increasingly complex differentiation of skill, job and function—which has produced increased interdependence in the society at large—has steadily reduced the similarities in types of working conditions. These changes have in turn reduced the common interests which workers share in their conflict with employers. As a result, industrial unions now must cope with increased tensions between skilled and unskilled workers, and between workers in different departments and skill groups. Similar conflicts of interest have also divided individual unions from one another. Of the whole range of industrial relations issues coming before Congress, only the question of union organization as such, exemplified by the recurrent struggle over right to work laws, still unites union organizations in their Congressional lobbying. And even on this issue not all union leaders seem equally committed.

The labor movement's national political problem therefore is not just that its liberal allies have abandoned earlier welfare-state commitments which coincided so nicely with the unions' working-class ideology. Rather, the unions no longer give voice to issues uniting all of labor, or even a large diverse union like the UAW.

The interests that do unite all union members against the business community involve the adverse effects produced by preoccupation with efficiency, profit and economic growth which also disturb liberals. These issues are of particular concern to wage earners because their greater real income, increasing leisure, and (in most cases) the reduced physical demands of their work have made more psychological and physical energies available for life outside the plant. And these matters are directly affected by the quality of their social and natural environment. To be sure, union members remain tied to specific industries which may engage in practices which play havoc with the rest of society, but the crucial fact is that the workers neither own nor control—*that they exercise no substantial economic authority over*—the firms in which they work.

Their subordinate position means that while suffering like other citizens from the effects of preoccupation with economic growth, workers lack the resources by which the well-to-do can avoid or minimize the adverse consequences. Also, their performance as workers is measured by their ability to follow the directions of their superiors, and not by their efforts to improve efficiency, profitability and economic growth.

Union members form a major part of the class which is without economic authority, and whose interests are opposed to the growing corps of administrators and managers in private industry and their cooperative allies in public agencies. Many of these officials are personally concerned with the consequences of economic activity, and their corporations equally so with their public images. Nevertheless, corporate and personal success—the proper performance of these executives' economic roles—is measured by standards of growth, efficiency and profits, without regard to adverse effects on employees, customers or others in the society. As a group, then, the union members do share a class interest which places them in opposition to that of their superiors; not as workers in the productive process but as consumers concerned about the effect of corporate innovation on their social and natural environment.

If the labor movement is to remain a major progressive force in national politics, union leaders must now demonstrate to their members that political action will improve their lives as citizens and consumers. In the process labor leaders will have to redefine their movement's political role in ways that will be criticized by some of their conservative colleagues, as well as by radicals outside the movement.

The cautious and often suspicious attitudes of important craft unions toward minority group demands, even the open racism of some locals, are all too familiar and may have contributed to the UAW's withdrawal from the AFL-CIO. But the tacit or even open alliance of some unions with employers who supply the Pentagon or pollute the environment may in the long run prove a more serious obstacle to significant reorientation. Furthermore, some unions have become allied with government agencies, such as boards of education; these alliances of public and private power are not preoccupied with economic growth and efficiency but with maintaining existing bureaucratic routines, prerogatives and privileges, whatever the cost to school children or local community. As in the New York teachers' strike, extreme tension can develop between the unions on the one hand and minority groups and their liberal allies on the other.

Whether the labor movement can surmount these difficulties is not yet clear. What is certain, however, is that only by doing so can it build a viable political alliance with liberals and those radicals who now seek to undo the concentration of power and authority in American society. On the other hand, this tendency, expressed in terms of calls for community control, will not—indeed cannot—extend to the broader communitarian ideals of some contemporary radicals. This communitarian ideology rejects the values of self-interest, specialization, competition and personal conformity which pervade American industrial society. But most union and minority group members seek not to abolish the industrial order but to benefit more substantially from it.

Nor can the call for community control be an unqualified commitment to decentralization on geographic lines. The fight against pollution, for example, is not compatible with neighborhood sovereignty. Similarly, the demand for local autonomy by the white South and comparable demands by certain white neighborhoods in the North speak for themselves.

Rather, the appeal to community control is but one call for the fundamental restructuring of economic and political power within the industrial order, to permit wider participation. Unions can share this goal, and if they do they will have a substantial impact on consumer-class politics. Paradoxically, because they accept rather than seek to abolish industrial society, unions command financial resources unequaled by other consumer-oriented organizations. Up to now, these funds have been a major asset to the coalition which continues to support welfare-state legislation in Congress. But whether they can be thrown into the struggle for a decent society, animated by a much broader vision, remains the labor movement's challenge in the coming decade.

SDS in the Mills

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

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Early this summer the newspaper of the local union representing the workers at the sprawling U.S. Steel Corporation complex at Fairless Hills, Pa., issued a warning about the "work-in" which Students for a Democratic Society had announced for industry.

"Their purpose is to infiltrate industry this summer, cause trouble, and disrupt operations. Their plan includes sabotage," declared the *Fairless Union News*. Other warnings, coming from top spokesmen of industry, labor and law enforcement, suggested a movement at least comparable to the May 1968 revolt in France, where a worker-student alliance almost toppled the government.

The Commerce and Industry Association called 250 businessmen and plant managers together to discuss ways to combat both urban and plant "guerrilla warfare." Many words were devoted to the expected on-the-job confrontations with some of the largest affiliates of the AFL-CIO, including the Machinists, Carpenters and Communication Workers. There was a special message from J. Edgar Hoover, urging union members to "be alert to the machinations of these youthful extremists." The SDS, the FBI chief added, had "left a bitter wake of arson, vandalism, bombings and destruction across the nation."

Even though most SDS activists are now returning to campus, it is premature to make any long-range assessment of the "Summer Work-In" other than the obvious: that their establishment foes overreacted. Yet one cannot ignore the organization's effort to rally American workers to an unlikely revolutionary alliance, for this was the ideological issue which caused its factional mitosis in Chicago.

In the history of the American Left there may be no parallel to such factional fratricide concerning a sector of society which could not have cared less, with the possible exception of the followers of Daniel DeLeon in their



glorified isolation from the trade unions. The great debate between the classical Marxists, who argued that the worker is the vanguard of revolution, and the pragmatists, who claimed that the working class is now middle class, was about as relevant to American workers as the affluent origins of most of those passionately involved in the debating.

Despite their apparent political sophistication, there seems to exist, in those who project grandiose worker-student schemes, an extreme social and economic naiveté regarding the attitudes of the white union member. The reasons may be both generational and intellectual: the activists' privation is not economic, as was that of both the old Left and unorganized workers thirty years ago but spiritual, despairing that there can be any future apart from radical change.

"We don't think the SDS is made of the stuff of which the Commies were made a generation ago," commented one labor paper. "Those were real working-class stiffs. The SDS is only made up of arrogant, big-mouthed, so-called intellectual bumpkins. They never toil, just look for trouble."

More to the point is what a UAW union representative told *The Wall Street Journal*. "These students refuse to camouflage their educations," he said (as a 21-year-old college graduate, he had organized workers while concealing his student background). "They want to flaunt the fact that they are student radicals. They are trying to bring their politics to the labor movement instead of coming with open minds." Yet the *Journal* also reported the case of a student militant who declared himself a Communist at a lunch-hour confrontation, and despite continuing hostility, reported that none of his fellow workers had "finked" on him to management and that it was still possible for him to engage in long political discussions with many of them.

Thus are "victories" measured in the work-in. Significantly, however, there have been scattered instances of legitimate worker-student alliances, largely the results of local situations involving common goals and grievances. One of the more interesting occurred months before the work-in manual was disclosed.

Last February, while nearby San Francisco State was shut down by student militants, striking members of the Oil, Chemical & Atomic Workers at the Richmond, Calif., refinery of the Standard Oil Company worked out an informal alliance with both student and teacher strikers: as many as 400 students participated in picket lines at the refinery, and perhaps half as many workers responded by walking the lines at the college. The alliance subsequently prompted the sympathetic attention of the Central Labor Council to the "legitimate grievances" of students and faculty at San Francisco State.

And when Madison police tear-gassed the "student ghetto" in that University of Wisconsin community last spring, a sequence of events occurred which also had no relationship to the work-in. Recalling an earlier sympathy march on City Hall by university students backing their requests for a pay increase, Madison firemen refused to "cool off" graduate students who had taken to the streets for a block party without a permit. The firemen's union also backed students on their off-campus housing gripes, and two graduate student members of the City Council fought successfully for parity of fireman and police pay rates.

Again, hundreds of Columbia University activists motored to the Mahwah, N.J., Ford Motor Company plant last spring to join a largely black wildcat strike evolving from accusations of assembly-line discrimination. Other incidents have been less dramatic, but more spontaneous in origin than SDS's efforts. They have ranged from the aid of Harvard students to striking linen delivery truck drivers in Cambridge (including the seizure of a strikebreaker's truck and "liberation" of his linen on the street), to the assistance given wildcatting West Virginia miners by University of West Virginia students, in their campaign against "black lung."

The fundamental move called for in the work-in, however, involved the student's removing himself from his intellectual environment and privileged role in society to become a part of the country which is common, forgotten,

alienated; working in a factory or mill which requires discipline, a strong sense of goals "and adjustment to boring, repetitive and often dangerous work" (see "SDS: Between Reform and Revolution," *The Nation*, June 10, 1968); living in a neighborhood of frame houses overlooking the belching steel mills, and confining his social experience to corner taverns or bowling alleys in that gray glob somewhere between slum and suburb.

Even if the student-workers who have penetrated the perimeters of plant security and union suspicion seek only a toehold for their organizing cadre, it is unlikely that they can identify with workers of their own or an older generation. Their latent contempt for the lower middle class will betray them. And according to Brendon Sexton, they will discover that union members will not "mount the barricades with the swiftness and pleasure of student rebels or black militants," for they have "learned a hard lesson after almost a century of fierce blood-letting on the picket line: that combat is the last, not the least resort."

The work-in never came off on the Detroit assembly lines, in the Pittsburgh steel mills, or in any other significant industrial location this summer because its advocates do not recognize that the American worker, "even when he waits on a table or opens a door," as Michael Harrington says, "is not servile; he does not carry himself like an inferior . . . they have been the source of rudeness, contemptuous ignorance, violence—and of a creative self-confidence among great masses of people." It was in this latter spirit that the CIO was born and the black freedom movement marched; continued contempt for this history will prove to be a poor seedbed in which to plant broad alliances—and further evidence that student radicalism removed from its own environment is a political bust.

HARRY GOLDEN

The sanitation workers in Charlotte went out on strike a little while ago.

A sanitation strike is a desperate strike. First of all, the folks these days are almost buried under the avalanche of garbage when all the sanitation men are working overtime; festering garbage cans, rotting piles of refuse do little to generate any public sympathy. Second, and always important, the majority of sanitation workers in the South are invariably colored men, at least on the maintenance level. Colored men who go on strike generate less sympathy than garbage men on strike.

It was a sanitation workers' strike which had gone through protracted and fruitless negotiations that had brought Dr. Martin Luther King to Memphis and his assassination. Lastly, people these days don't care about strikes. Everybody is working. The teachers and the firemen and the sanitation workers strike to create vast public inconvenience. They want to win their strike on muscle. When colored workers count on muscle, it is a dangerous situation.

But Charlotte's strike was quickly negotiated when Mr. Jim Pierce, the union leader, paraded down Tryon Street, arm in arm with Rev. George Leake, the colored minister, behind the picketing garbage men.

Admittedly, Charlotte is a cosmopolitan city. Its citizens can understand that garbage men want to send their children to college. It can understand the federal laws for a minimum wage. City folk hate garbage more intensely than anyone in Tennessee.

But there is another truth here. The solidarity of workingmen has been the most effective union tactic since the invention of guilds. What made the city authorities move quickly was the display of white and black solidarity.

One of the first race riots in America took place in Chicago in 1919; it was a genuine race riot where whites killed unarmed blacks and blacks killed unarmed whites. One of the men who covered this riot was Carl Sandburg, then a reporter for the *Chicago Daily News*. A week before the violence flashed, Sandburg's editor had assigned him to a story about the races in postwar Chicago. Once the rocks started to fly, Sandburg commented that everyone was much more interested in the war than in the cause which made it break out.

Neither the police nor the National Guard quelled the riot in Chicago. What dissipated the war was the solidarity of the union stockyard men, white and black, who paraded together to show that whites and blacks in some areas held a common interest.

A year later Sandburg published a small book which Walter Lippmann prefaced describing the situation in Chicago which bred this violence. World War I and the cruel poverty of the South which sent thousands of Negroes to the city, had provided the causes and Sandburg saw no way of reversing them. But as for the effects, he prophesied that the unions held the key to racial peace. Let us say, today it is the workingman. Once the white workingman realizes that he has a common cause with the black workingman, many tensions can be resolved, as they were in Charlotte. Our problem is that the ordinary workingman, who is made to share the brunt of integration, does not realize that realty values are dependent upon the hourly wage.

The Radical Goad

MELVYN DUBOFSKY

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Ghosts haunted the tragicomic 1969 Chicago national convention of the Students for a Democratic Society. Inside the decrepit Coliseum, the under-30 generation of American radicals roasted one another. Outside, amid the reporters, local undercover police and FBI agents, a tiny cadre handed out leaflets proclaiming: "Tired of people throwing red books at each other? Tired of the old rhetoric? Come breathe a breath of fresh rhetoric!" And when the SDSers split into a Progressive Labor Faction (Maoists) and a National Office faction, the leaflet bearers invited those dissatisfied with both factions to move uptown to N. Halsted Street, there to meet America's true anarchists, libertarians and independent revolutionaries.

At 2422 N. Halsted, above a run-down Syrian restaurant which occupies the first floor of a two-story brick building, stands the national headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW). Inside, the look and smell of the past are everywhere, from the vintage pre-World War I furnishings to the portraits of IWW martyrs Joe Hill and Frank Little that mutely observe their present-day Wobbly descendants. Yet it was only sixty-four years earlier that the precursors of the occupants of the hall on Halsted Street had convened in Chicago to found the IWW and to proclaim the end of capitalism in America.

Created in 1905, the same year that revolution rocked Czarist Russia, the IWW was born in a burst of optimism. It had, or so it seemed, achieved the impossible, uniting the ordinarily disputatious factions and personalities of the American Left. At the convention Eugene Debs and Daniel DeLeon, the mutually antagonistic leaders of the divided wings of American socialism, joined forces; Lucy Parsons (wife of the Haymarket martyr) and anarchist Albert Parsons shared the rostrum with Western trade union leader William D. "Big Bill" Haywood; Mother Jones of coal miners' strike fame and Father Thomas J. Hagerty, a Catholic priest defrocked for his decision to become a Marxist revolutionary, blended voices in the singing of the *Marseillaise*. Having united such diverse groups and individuals in one radical organization, why shouldn't the IWW be able to transform American society?

But from the moment of its birth the new organization led a perilous life. Internal dissension at times paralyzed it; secessionist movements absorbed its largest affiliates and the bulk of its members; and private employers and public officials recurrently threatened its total destruction. Less than two decades after its birth, the IWW had withdrawn into what writer Dan Wakefield characterized as "haunted halls." And there it remained, occasionally coming out, as it did during the SDS convention, to remind America that the Wobblies who were celebrated in fiction and folk song still lived.

It had been quite otherwise from 1909 to 1919. Then, U.S. Presidents and Cabinet officials, the Army and the Navy, governors, mayors, employers and ordinary citizens lived in dread of the terrible Wobblies. The unwashed, unshaved, sabotage-practicing Wobbly supplanted the bearded, bomb-carrying anarchist in the fevered public imagination. During World War I the IWW member ranked with the Hun and the Bolshevik as a clear and present danger to national security. The Wobblies helped bring on A. Mitchell Palmer's Red Scare of 1919-20, and were also its most notable victims. What, then, made the IWW so feared, and why were Wobblies considered the major threat to "law and order" in America?

Reasons for the official and the popular reaction to the IWW are not hard to find. Like today's radicals, the Wobblies cast unsought light on dark spots in an otherwise bright landscape. Wobblies despised the "power structure" (which they referred to as "The Iron Heel"), derided "bushwa" mores, lampooned middle-class religiosity, and often confronted established authority with nonviolent direct action. They also preached power and promised revolution, instigating riots and violence. And they practiced an anti-organizational, almost anarchistic brand of radicalism; while one could perhaps discover the national office's position on an issue, one could never be sure what individual Wobblies might or might not do.

Although the IWW's radicalism resembles that of today, its sources were considerably different. Wobblies must be understood as members of the first American generation to experience the full implications of life in an urban-industrial society. Theirs was a time when poverty was commonplace, and economic and social insecurity plagued the working classes. Their society bore more resemblance to the type Oscar Lewis describes in his studies of the "culture of poverty" than to the American welfare-warfare state of the 1960s. There was a persistently high rate of unemployment and underemployment for the unskilled; wages were low; there were few social, political or economic organizations to shield the working classes from the worst shocks of industrialism; and the whole society believed in the accumulation of wealth and property and in upward mobility through thrift, and attributed low economic status to personal inadequacy. It was a society that had no room for workers whose skills were obsolete because of technological innovation; no place for blacks, emancipated by law but denied the means to make their emancipation real; little respect for European immigrants, drawn to the land of promise only to dwell in urban slums and to work in dark mills. Existing within or on the fringes of America's "subcultures of poverty," these groups experienced the life Lewis characterized: ". . . family disruption, violence, brutality, cheapness of life, lack of love,

and lack of education." It was to those individuals at the bottom of the social and economic ladder that the IWW appealed, and it was among them that Wobblies hoped to muster the shock troops of revolution.

The IWW's following consisted largely of individuals who had not yet made peace with industrial society. Those workers who had come from a preindustrial into an industrial society felt uprooted, torn from an old, ordered and comprehensible way of life. An early labor economist, Carleton Parker, described the West Coast IWW migrant workers as floaters, men without homes, sharing lives of brutality and degradation. The violence that started on the dreary farms from which they fled or in the dismal coal mining villages they escaped, followed them through the debasing experiences associated with migrant work and on to the debilitating life of the winter unemployed.

The IWW tailored its ideology—and its tactics—to fit the needs and status of its followers. It promised them "the only social break in the harsh search for work . . . its headquarters the only competitor of the saloon in which they are welcome." Rexford Tugwell once observed that it promised America's dispossessed "a ready-made dream of a new world, where there is a new touch with sweetness and light, and where for a while they can escape the torture of forever being indecently kicked about."

How did the IWW propose to lift its members out of poverty into a new world? Its method was neither that of the American Federation of Labor nor of the Socialists. Wobblies derided trade union welfare systems as "coffin benefits" and AFL officials as the labor lieutenants of capitalism. After all, IWW members simply could not afford the initiation fees and dues required to sustain "business unionism," and as members of the "culture of poverty" they needed self-discipline more than the counsel of professional, bureaucratic officials. Wobblies might vote Socialist, but they had little patience for the debates and intrigues of what they styled as "parliamentary slowcialists" and realized that most of the workers whom they organized were more concerned with affairs at the factory than the ballot box.

"Any movement which organizes and gives hope to the poor, and effectively promotes solidarity and a sense of identification with larger groups," writes Oscar Lewis, "destroys the psychological and social core of the culture of poverty." This is precisely what the IWW sought to do, constantly teaching its members class consciousness, organization and solidarity, stressing their power and importance.

One word—power—expressed the IWW ideology. Jack London, in his novel *The Iron Heel,* put better than any IWW leaflet the Wobbly concept of power. Responding to a capitalist who had just given him a lesson in *Realpolitik,* Ernest Everhardt, London's fictional Haywood, rejoins: "Power. It is what we of the working class preach. We know and well we know by bitter experience, that no appeal for right, for justice, for humanity, can ever touch you. . . . So we have preached power. Power will be the arbiter," Everhardt proceeds, "as it has always been the arbiter. . . . We of the labor hosts have conned that word over till our minds are all a-tingle with it. Power. It is a kingly word." Who held power ruled society, the IWW asserted.

The Wobblies' emphasis on power made sense to men who saw naked force—of employers, courts and police—used against them. An IWW pamphlet proclaimed: "It is the law of nature that the strong rule and the weak are enslaved." In the IWW's catechism, neither socialism nor legislation could aid the workers, and they would suffer until they learned to exert power directly.

The IWW's antipathy to political action made sense to its members. Migratory workers moved too often to establish legal voting residences. Millions of immigrants lacked the franchise, as did Negroes, women and child workers to whom the IWW appealed. Daily experience, moreover, verified Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's comment that the state was simply the slugging agency of the capitalists. Hence Wobblies refused to concede that stuffing pieces of paper, even Socialist ones, into a box would transform a basically repressive institution—the state—into one which was humane.

Yet the IWW had to offer its members an alternative to political action. This it saw in a combination of economic power and direct action. Believing themselves better Marxists than most American Socialists, who chose the path of reform politics, Wobblies maintained that political power was but a reflection of economic power, and that



without economic organizatioin behind it labor politics was "like a house without a foundation or a dream without substance." After organizing the working classes economically, the IWW planned to exert direct action to bring its new society into existence. To the typical Wobbly, direct action included any step taken by workers at the point of production which improved wages, reduced hours, or bettered conditions. It included commonplace strikes, intermittent strikes, silent strikes, passive resistance, sabotage and the ultimate measure of direct action—the general strike—which would displace the capitalists from power and place the means of production in working-class hands.

Emphasis upon direct action in preference to electoral politics represented a profound insight by IWW leaders into the minds of the workers. Abstract doctrine meant nothing to the disinherited; specific grievances meant everything! One Wobbly expressed it this way: "Workingmen on the job don't care a whoop in hell for free love . . . they are not interested in why Bakunin was fired out of the International by Marx . . . nor do they care about the cooperative commonwealth; they want practical organization first, all else after."

So it was that the IWW waged class war from 1909 to 1919 with "obscure Bill Jones on the firing line, with stink in his clothes, rebellion in his brain, hope in his heart, determination in his eye, and direct action in his gnarled fist." In such Western cities as Spokane, Fresno and Missoula, Wobblies showed Bill Jones how authority could be challenged through direct action and passive resistance. Fighting for free speech, taking to the streets in defense of civil liberties, courting arrest, cramming the jails, and paralyzing courtrooms, the Wobblies compelled civil authorities to succumb. Migrant workers, previously powerless, learned that by standing together, refusing to be goaded into violence, and maintaining the constant pressure of direct action in the streets, they could win from public officials and Western employers objectives once thought unattainable.

In the East, the IWW instructed mass-production workers in the realities of industrial unionism, where solidarity prevailed over traditional craft distinctions. Wobbly recruits learned industrial warfare in the manner prescribed by Marxist theorists and educator John Dewey: by doing! The IWW organized, agitated, and advised immigrant industrial workers, but the immigrants themselves led the labor struggles and decided their outcome. When authorities questioned strikers about their leaders, they could indeed respond with one voice: "We are all leaders!"

Bill Haywood expressed succinctly what the IWW accomplished during its best days. "It has," he said, "developed among the lowest strata of wage slaves in America a sense of their importance and capabilities such as never before existed. Assuming control and responsibility of their own affairs, the unorganized and unfortunate have been brought together, and have conducted some of the most unique strikes, fights for free speech and battles for constitutional rights." Which was just what Oscar Lewis would write fifty years later about Castro's impact on the Cuban peasantry who were lifting themselves out of the "culture of poverty."

At its peak during World War I, however, the IWW probably had no more than 100,000 dues-paying members. Still, given the volatility of IWW membership, several millions probably passed through the organization from 1908 to 1919, and millions more were certainly influenced by its nationally publicized struggles for free speech and for improved working conditions. Nevertheless the IWW failed totally in its larger purpose. It never succeeded in transforming America's dispossessed into a revolutionary vanguard in the Marxian sense and, of course, it did not make a revolution in America. Although it survives as an organization today, it is more dead than alive.

The causes of its failure are what should concern today's equally idealistic and cocksure, though more affluent and educated, rebels. Failure came to the Wobblies precisely when they seemed to be most effective and successful. Before and during World War I the IWW established a solid organizational base among migrant harvesters, Western loggers and copper miners. Unfortunately for the IWW, those sectors of the economy proved the most vital when America entered the war in April 1917. Indeed the war, as viewed from Washington, made real the IWW's subversive potentialities. When strikes affected the lumber and copper industries, the IWW felt the full weight of the federal government. The Labor, Justice and War Departments combined to crush the Wobblies; state officials, employers and vigilantes also did their share. Troops were sent West to break strikes; Wobblies were prosecuted in mass federal trials, convicted and sent to Leavenworth prison; employers were urged, with some success, to institute reforms and wean workers away from the IWW. So successful was this wartime repression of the Wobblies that many scholars have seen in it the primary reason for their ultimate failure. Yet it seems that their internal deficiencies were equally responsible for the organization's decline.

The IWW rallied exploited workers behind crusades to abolish specific grievances but it failed to transform its followers' concrete grievances into a higher consciousness of class purpose and necessary revolution. This was so because apart from vague allusions to the general strike and to "building the new society within the shell of the old," it never explained precisely how it would achieve its new society, govern it once established, and then protect it from counterrevolutionary terror.

Even had the IWW discovered a more effective prescription for revolution, it is far from likely that its followers would have taken it. IWW members had limited revolutionary potential. Individuals locked in the "subcultures of poverty" have narrow perspectives on life and society; as Lewis has observed, the main blight of the "culture of poverty is the poverty of its culture." Hence Wobbly recruits tended to think only of the moment and not of the future, only of a better job or more food and not of a distant utopian society. This faced the IWW with an impossible dilemma. On the one hand it was committed to

ultimate revolution; on the other it sought immediate improvements for its members. Like all men who truly care about humanity, the Wobblies always accepted betterment today at the expense of achieving utopia tomorrow; the leaders' desire for revolution came up against their followers' desire for palpable gains.

Furthermore, it was never decided precisely what kind of structure the organization should adopt. The most capable IWW leaders favored an industrial union structure under which largely independent though not entirely autonomous affiliates, organized by specific industry, would cooperate closely with one another under the supervision of an active general executive board. But many among the rank and file were captivated by the concept of the One Big Union (the mythic OBU) in which workers, regardless of skill, industry, nationality or color, would be amalgamated in a single unit. Incapable of negotiating union-management agreements owing to its protean character, the OBU would be solely the vessel of revolution. Considering the difficulties always involved in organizing the dispossessed, form and structure were of the utmost importance, and remained a problem the Wobblies never resolved.

The IWW also refused to negotiate with employers in the ordinary manner. Its demands were, in current parlance, non-negotiable, and it refused to sign labor contracts that established binding terms for a set time period, or to respect any agreements with employers. As a consequence employers refused to bargain with IWW members. If the Wobblies had had the raw economic power to win concessions without negotiations, their policies might have made some sense. But time and again they challenged powerful employers from behind union fortifications erected on sand.

Its mythology concerning rank-and-file democracy further compounded the IWW's troubles. They were most successful when led by strong individuals such as Haywood, who in 1916 centralized headquarters and ran a taut ship. Too often, however, jealous and frustrated Wobblies, lacking Haywood's ability but desiring his power, used the concept of "participatory democracy" to snipe at the IWW's leaders on behalf of an idealized rank and file. And without firm leadership the organization drifted aimlessly.

Even had the IWW combined the necessary structure, the proper tactics, and experienced capable leaders, its problems might still have proved insurmountable. There is no reason to believe that before the 1930s any of America's mass-production industries could have been organized. Not until World War II was the CIO, with immense financial resources, millions of members and federal encouragement, able to solidify its hold on the mass-production industries.

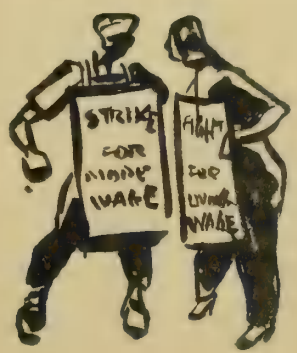
Whatever the IWW's internal dilemmas, the dynamics of American history unquestionably compounded them. In other societies, radicals contended with an established order unresponsive to lower-class discontent and impervious to change from within; the Wobblies struggled against flexible and sophisticated adversaries. The years of IWW growth coincided with the era when welfare capitalism spread and when all levels of government began to exhibit solicitude for the workingman. This process became even more pronounced during the first World War, when the federal government used its vast power to hasten the growth of welfare capitalism and conservative unionism.

Whatever success the Wobblies achieved only stimulated the reform process, for employers who were threatened by the IWW paid greater attention to labor relations, and government agencies encouraged employers to improve working conditions. Indeed, reform ultimately proved a better method than repression to weaken the IWW's appeal to workers.

Those young Americans who practice direct action, passive (or violent) resistance and civil disobedience, and who seek an authentic radical tradition, should find much to ponder in the Wobblies' background. Those who distrust Establishment politics, deride bureaucracies, favor community action and preach "participatory democracy" would also do well to remember the IWW story. Indeed, all who prefer a society based upon community rather than coercion cannot afford to ignore the tragic historical account of the IWW.

The IWW's history affirms the truth of Antonio Gramsci's comment that in advanced industrial societies revolutionaries should take as their slogan: "Pessimism of the Intelligence; Optimism of the Will." It also emphasizes the irony of the radical experience in America and the Western industrial world. As a result of their commitment both to ultimate revolution and to immediate reforms, radicals hastened the emergence of strong labor unions and assisted at the birth of the welfare state. But success produced a working class enthralled with a consumer society and eager to give up working-class consciousness for a middle-class style of life. The final tragedy for all radicals, the American Wobblies included, has been that the brighter they have tried to make life for the masses, the dimmer has grown the prospect for revolution in the advanced nations.

Yet no better epitaph could be written for the prewar American Wobbly than this one composed in 1918 by an imprisoned IWW leader: "The end in view is well worth striving for, but in the struggle itself lies the happiness of the fighter."



BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Labor Movement: Between Two Worlds

THE LABOR REVOLUTION. *By Gus Tyler. The Viking Press. 279 pp. $6.50.*

THE POLITICAL IMPERATIVE. *By Gus Tyler. The Macmillan Co. 306 pp. $7.95.*

LABOR AND THE LEGAL PROCESS. *By Harry H. Wellington. Yale University Press. 409 pp. $10.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner, a frequent Nation *contributor, served as assistant general counsel for the CIO and the United Steelworkers of America and as a supervising attorney for the National Labor Relations Board. He has practiced labor law for the last quarter century and is now general counsel for the United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers of America.*

In an age of change, there is surely no institution in our society which has altered so basically as the trade union. And equally notable, apart from sporadic observations by academics and a handful of disillusioned labor intellectuals, the scope and meaning of the transformation of the trade union have largely been ignored. Moreover, although virtually every important institution in American life—one hardly needs to enumerate them—is being mutinously assaulted from within by its members, clients and victims, the labor union continues in its ancient ways, led by aged, plodding bureaucrats, seemingly immune from an accounting for the difference between what their organizations have become and what they are supposed to be. If there is a tiger at the gates of the labor movement, it is barely visible (in the form of growing rank and file unrest).

How has the trade union changed? This "voluntary association for the mutual aid and protection of its members" can be more particularly viewed as:

¶An instrument for the advancement not only of the immediate, day-to-day interests of its members but also of historic goals of basic change through a labor movement unified by an ideology of class struggle.

¶An agency collectively and democratically clothed with the power to represent its employee-principals in dealing with their employers.

¶A "labor organization" selected by a majority of employees in a "unit appropriate for collective bargaining" as the exclusive bargaining representative of members and nonmembers alike, and with power to bind dissenting employees in the unit.

The last named role of the trade union, a creation of the federal government through the 1935 National Labor Relations Act, is perceptibly replacing all of the other historically evolved models of trade unionism in American industrial life. A variety of circumstances—many of them broadly cultural—are undermining the entire value system of traditional unionism—voluntarism, participative democracy, autonomy and freedom from state control, labor solidarity, long-range political and social goals, and the class consciousness which is the matrix of the entire system.

We are left with a heritage of brave rhetoric, flowery union constitutions, social stereotypes and traditions which are increasingly at odds with the realities. The "one party system" and the "iron law of oligarchy"—with occasional exceptions which merely serve to screen the underlying reality—have made union office a form of permanent (and sometimes hereditary) tenure. Only a dwindling minority attend local union meetings; decision making on basic collective bargaining matters is confined to a small executive group, and union officials tend to regard as treason an occasional revival of the notion that they should be held accountable to the rank and file for their decisions at the bargaining table.

Whether we like it or not, the modern American trade union is more accurately viewed as a service or utility, operated for the benefit of clients or bargaining unit constituents, than as a voluntary association which executes decisions made by the rank and file. The analogy is strengthened by the detailed code of internal regulations promulgated in the Landrum-Griffin Act of 1959. The officers of what other "voluntary unincorporated association" in American society are thought to be so impervious to conventional membership controls that they must be treated as fiduciaries, a standard of responsibility which the law imposes to prevent abuses at the expense of a powerless or dependent constituency?

I am not suggesting that there is no longer an overlap or a measure of coincidence between the ethos and practice of traditional unionism and the new unionism, or that even when the transition is fairly complete the ambience of the old does not survive. But what urgently commands our concern is the fact that the trade union, as we have known it, is losing most of the characteristics which, under accepted social theory, distinctively qualified it for a catalytic role in democratic society.

Moreover, the transformation of the trade union has been accompanied by the corruption of its bureaucratic leadership. It is not merely that ever increasing numbers of leaders are charged and convicted of the crimes created by the Landrum-Griffin Act but that personal "respectable" corruption—by affluence—has become pervasive. And as the gap widens between the income, life style and status of the leaders and the membership, the suppression of the mechanisms for change in leadership become more direct and ruthless. In the words of one observer, "The very forces which press for higher rewards of various types for American labor leaders also support and encourage greater restrictions on democratic policies."

The institutionalization of personal rule breeds a peculiarly American form of corruption—employer-collaboration, the pay-off, the sweetheart contract. Prof. Richard Lester has written:

> Personal rule . . . encourages deals (secret understandings in advance or in place of negotiations) between management and union officials. The "deal" which is a fairly well-known phenomenon in American trade union history, is a form of corruption practically unknown to British or South American trade unionism. To the extent that collective bargaining is short-circuited by a side deal . . . the process is really corrupted into a form of collusion, which may lead to some subtle means of personal payoff to the union official involved.

The trade union has severed itself from its sources of strength at a time when its membership is being eroded by automation and related developments in the blue-collar strongholds of manufacturing, mining and railroading. And white-collar professional and technical workers whom the unions have thus far not successfully organized have themselves been subject to the inroads of automation. Even such solid sources of union growth as the civil service employees, teachers and the service trades will not, in the view of most observers, replace present or threatened membership losses or provide the dynamic for a revitalization of the movement.

The hard fact is that organized labor in this country numbers no more than it did in 1956, represents only about a quarter of the organizable work force, is failing to maintain even this modest ratio as the labor force grows, and has attracted proportionately fewer workers than in any of the advanced industrial countries.

The crisis in the labor movement is most acutely reflected in the inability of the unions to develop or recruit effective organizers. With a changing, more youthful labor force the unions desperately need committed young organizers—the kind of people who in the thirties found in the labor movement a natural outlet for their ideals. Today few such people are attracted to organizing. Many of them have demonstrated superb organizing skills in other areas: civil rights, rent strikes, campus movements. They would like to "graduate" into the labor movement but are repelled by its backwardness. Some of them do overcome their misgivings, but almost uniformly pull out after a little exposure to the bureaucracy.

Gus Tyler, assistant president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and head of its Politics, Education and Training Department, has written two books which, in quite different ways, defend the labor establishment. *The Labor Revolution* pays lip service to the plight of the labor movement as I have described it but manages to find a silver lining in every cloud—no matter how dark.

The book has much the flavor of a Madison Avenue promotion to recapture a dwindling market for a product which has fallen into popular disfavor. Thus we are invited to read about labor's "deep and quiet revolution" which when matured will be "the third great labor epoch in the 20th century." The doom-sayers simply "have lost sensitive contact with current developments" with the result that "a great phenomenon in the making may go unheeded until it overwhelms both the seers and doers, the intellectuals and the trade unionists."

The trouble with these gloomy critics, says Tayler, is that they neglect the long view—"by periods instead of individual years." And where will labor's revolutionary new leaders come from? Tyler's answer is a Panglossian gem: "New leadership in a movement is part of the historic process that introduces new elements in a culture; it is endemic." (A few years ago, ILGWU smashed a staff union by firing its leaders.)

Tyler finds strong support for his optimism in the potentialities of the professional and white-collar sector. But, here as throughout the book, he ignores the facts which demonstrate that the very groups he counts on to transform the union movement have proved to be most resistant to unionism.

In a volume fertile with distortion, the author's treatment of labor's civil rights record is especially startling. To hear Mr. Tyler tell it, the labor movement has fought valiantly against discrimination. And when labor has blighted job opportunities for Negroes, it has only been because of job scarcity.

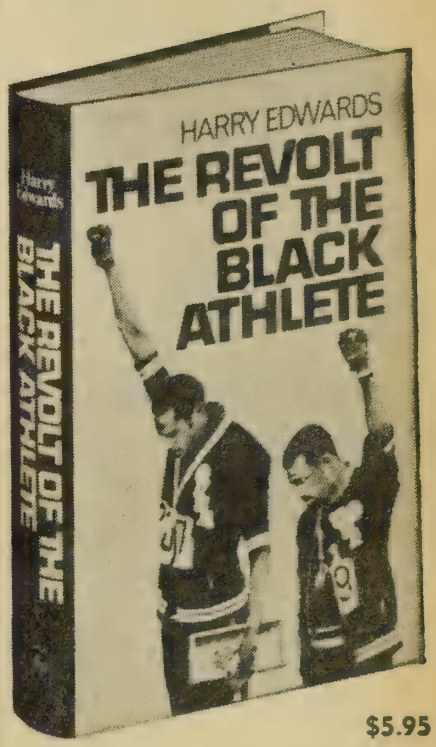
But Tyler's apologetics are shamed by the record of his own ILGWU, a union of about 450,000 needle workers, of whom some 150,000 are nonwhite. Civil rights and civil liberties organizations have repeatedly charged, in the language of CORE, that "ILGWU has for years permitted conditions to exist which keep the vast majority of black workers in the lowest-paying jobs and has denied black workers a policy-making voice in the union through restrictive constitutional provisions." NAACP officials, in commenting on a 1962 administrative finding that the union had discriminated against a Negro cutter, complained that nonwhites were not only systematically denied better job opportunities "but are also denied a voice in the effective leadership of their union. Perhaps if this second condition did not exist, the first would not have been able to develop."

Over the years, rank-and-file protest against the union's discriminatory policies has been suppressed by highly restrictive eligibility requirements for union office, enabling the incumbents to co-opt the leadership. The formation of an opposition is further stymied by a constitutional prohibition against caucuses except for a brief period prior to the conventions. No Negro has ever been elected to the general executive board of the union.

In a book which so fondly mythologizes labor's failures, we find a predictable polemic against independent political action and ideology, and yet another blueprint for a labor-based liberal coalition (no mention is made of the poor). But the sterile reality was made all too clear by the last Presidential election. (The New York City Central Labor Council has just endorsed the law-and-order mayoralty candidate, Mario Procaccino against John Lindsay with no dissent by the ILGWU.) And the self-congratulatory account of the coalition's claimed triumphs during the years of Democratic ascendancy altogether suppresses the fact that for all of labor's enormous contributions in money and manpower to the Democratic Party, its influence has been nominal.

A thesis about the origin and nature of trade unions, first suggested in *The Labor Revolution*, is the subject of Mr. Tyler's later book, *The Political Imperative*, a volume in *Studies of the Modern Corporation* sponsored by Co-

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lumbia's Graduate School of Business. Mr. Tyler here disputes the generally accepted notion that unions came into being out of economic necessity. He urges instead that a trade union is the product of an instinctual biological urge ("imperative," "compulsion") to form groups. The emphasis, in Tyler's language, is on an "anthropological investigation of unions: the missing link between man's relationship to the apes and his employer."

The "congregational compulsion" is ratified by the institutions of the culture as they have evolved historically. According to Tyler, when Aristotle said, "Man is, by nature, a political animal," he meant that "somewhere in man's bones is a congregational compulsion. . . . Man gathers in the *polis* not by accident nor design but by nature. He is re-enacting in a civilized state the primeval habit he inherited with his animal origins: the herd instinct."

The *polis* through which the "congregational compulsion" finds expression may be any grouping from a cocktail party to a bowling league, from a corporation to a union. The *polis* of the work place is the union which owes its origins to "the instinct of occupational birds to flock together."

Unions and corporations are "generically one and the same" but our perceptions of this unity are obscured by semantics. (Hence, the book's subtitle, *The Corporate Character of Unions.*) The modern worker is a "citizen" of the corporation which employs him. His union, which he is biologically driven to join, is "a little corporation within the larger corporation, which is, in turn, a corporation within a larger corporation, the state."

Now we know the reason for the optimism of *The Labor Revolution* about the organizing potential of the new labor force—the congregational compulsion as expressed through the "history of man on earth." (Just wait until the primeval urge begins to bubble in the blood.)

Mr. Tyler's book, for all of its up-to-the-minute jargon, is a belated addition to the literature of social Darwinism. Reading it is like traveling through a museum of intellectual antiquarianism with an enthusiastic guide touting its tired attractions.

We are thus being invited to inspect as fresh discoveries and without attribution: some of Herbert Spencer's faded "laws," Darwin's insistence (in the *Descent of Man*) on man's social habits, Walter Bagehot's "faculty of coherence" (Bagehot's *Physics and Politics* was subtitled *Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society*), John Fiske's *Meaning of Infancy* (Tyler weirdly transforms Fiske's thesis promulgated in 1883 about the socializing influence of prolonged infancy into an explanation of the reasons for unions), and related theories advanced to counter Hobbesian interpretations of Darwinism and culminating in Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid.* Similar attempts to find biological support for social cooperation and group solidarity were also used to justify nationalism and racism.

"Pet notion" books like this which seek to challenge accepted theories can charm (even when they fail to persuade) by their speculative boldness, imagination and originality. (Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision* is a good modern example.) But Tyler is derivative and preachy; and because his "anthropology" is so free-wheeling (strongly reminiscent in its oversimplification of Arthur Brisbane's Hearst editorials) and his *polis* so all-embracing, he proves nothing—except that American labor apologists will go to extraordinary lengths to reject the class nature of unions.

Harry H. Wellington's book—(he teaches at Yale Law School)—is as elegant and analytic as Mr. Tyler's areo verblown and wish-fulfilling. As I have suggested, the modern union is almost wholly a product of legal rules. While addressed primarily to the law student and teacher, Wellington's detailed exploration of the key legal problems raised by government support of the collective bargaining process is illuminating for the general reader as well as for unions. As he points out, issues precipitated by the new statutory powers of unions—such as the scope of rights of management, the role of the employee in the collective structure, and the relationship of labor to the political process—are not really new but revive in a more complex and sophisticated form many of the historic problems raised in the courts when workers struggled to collectivize the employment relationship.

Unique to modern collective bargaining representation by unions is the duty of fair representation. Neither the Railway Labor Act nor the Wagner Act specifically provides that the union chosen by the employees must represent all of them impartially. In the 1944 *Steele* case, the Supreme Court began a process of spelling out such a duty in a dispute involving discrimination against Negroes by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, then a lily-white union, in matters of promotion and seniority. In a landmark decision the Court struck down a discriminatory agreement and read into the Railway Labor Act a duty of fair and nondiscriminatory representation.

But, as in the case of other judicial pronouncements against racism, the Court's ruling was either ignored by

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unions or narrowly confined. It was not until 1964 that the NLRB finally recognized that the duty not to discriminate in negotiating or administering the collective bargaining agent could not, as a matter of law, be properly discharged by a Jim Crow union. As the author points out in commenting on the board's extraordinary reluctance to reach this decision: "The unhappy fact is that the National Labor Relations Board failed during these twenty years to perform its task properly, to display the courage required of it, to provide leadership in the fight against discrimination; and leadership, nothing less, was what the statute required. Indeed, it was not until the civil rights movement caught up with the fair representation doctrine that the Board accepted its responsibility."

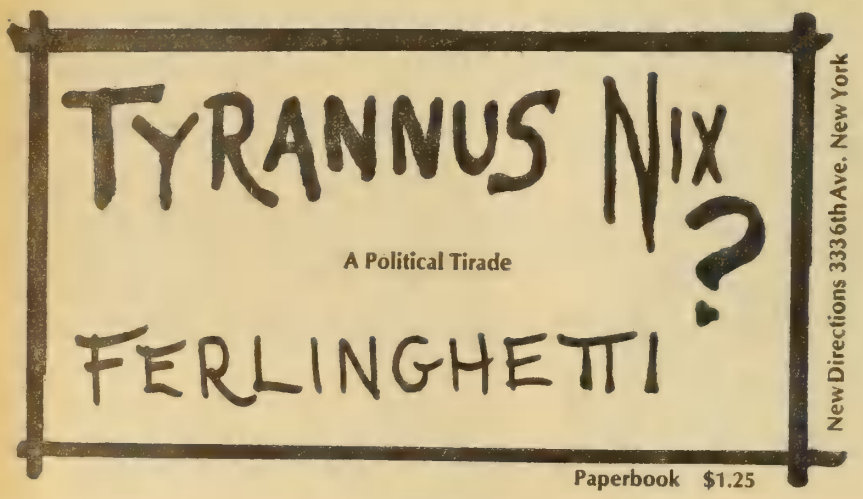
The author hopes that the Labor Relations Act remedy, together with the union and employment anti-discrimination provisions of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, will overcome industrial racism. As he notes, the statute's conciliation therapy and reliance on individual lawsuits by victims of discrimination is not a promising way to cope with the problem. But one cannot share his optimism that the Attorney General's office will use its injunction seeking powers to curb a "pattern or practice" of discrimination.

Even a statute with teeth—hardly a realistic political possibility these days—would not eliminate the impacted economic discrimination of generations of racism in industry without voluntary major compensating adjustments by employers and unions.

The problem of economic discrimination by unions against members of the bargaining unit is also implicated in the duty of fair representation. This problem is far more complex than that of racial discrimination because a standard of fair representation is impossible to formulate. The author suggests as a standard of fair representation "the expectations of the employee community," and proposes that the Labor Board develop and apply such a standard. But this proposal fails to take into account the erosion of collective expectations in the bargaining unit and the extent to which the short-term self-interest has Balkanized its solidarity.

Besides, the prospect of government review by board and courts of collective bargaining decisions, not to speak of day-to-day procedures in administering the contract, can hardly be viewed with equanimity—especially in the light of the powerful anti-union mystique of individual rights, historically perhaps the most damaging weapon in the attacks on unions and the bargaining process.

The notion of governmental review in this area makes sense only if it be assumed that the fundamental values of trade unionism are irreversibly lost—a conclusion fashionable among sociologists. Certainly one must agree with the author that federal internal regulation, as reflected in the Landrum-Griffin Act, cannot restore union democracy—in the sense of "popular sovereignty." Indeed, the effect of the statute has been to legitimate the undemocratic *status quo* by giving dissenters rights which are all too often empty promises.



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Splendid Story

UNION MAN: The Life of a Labor Statesman. *By David J. McDonald. E. P. Dutton & Co. 352 pp. $7.95.*

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

Mr. Gibbons, a previous contributor to The Nation, *is a labor editor in Pittsburgh. He has also written for* Commonweal *and* Labor Today.

American labor, according to C. Wright Mills, had climbed into bed with the Establishment soon after the end of World War II, and social and economic historians are still offering diverse postulations as to how it occurred. And while autobiographies of self-described "labor statesmen" are not likely to be the best route toward documentation, they do offer a study in personalities and motivations, providing some light along the way.

David J. McDonald was many things to many people. A man who once authorized an earlier house biography called *Man of Steel* could never claim to be unassuming or modest, and readers of this book will not be troubled by bashfulness. While few will recognize him as the author of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which is one of the many revelations in this "Life of a Labor Statesman," McDonald is worthy of consideration.

As secretary to Philip Murray he was privy to much of the interplay which led to John L. Lewis staking the treasury of his Mine Workers toward the unionization of America's unorganized mass industries. For sixteen years he served as Murray's alter ego as secretary-treasurer of the United Steelworkers of America; after his death McDonald assumed the presidency for thirteen years until he

was deposed in 1965. Thus he was more than an eyewitness to the dramatic surge of the CIO, the internal fratricide with the Left unions and the Communists, the *rapprochement* with the American Federation of Labor, and the partnership with the New Deal and the Democratic Party.

This in itself might have made a worthwhile and colorful contribution, but David McDonald tells it in such a way that one feels he is reading a trade union version of *The Cardinal*. Yet a wholly believable account is his turning down an opportunity to go to Hollywood as an assistant director on two occasions. Is he lamenting this decision by writing an epic for the screen?

Reconstructing his early life, McDonald allows that indeed here was a man on a rendezvous with history: "Had someone told me then," he writes of the time he watched the Harding funeral train, "that I would in a few years hence become closely involved with six United States Presidents I would no more have believed him than I would have believed that one day my picture would appear in Pittsburgh newspapers more often than any other living American."

When the entrenched craft unions in the AFL turned down his proposals to organize the unskilled in the basic industries, Lewis and his supporters went ahead with the CIO organizing campaigns. Murray, vice president of the Mine Workers, was selected to head up the Steel Workers Organizing Committee with McDonald as number-two man. Or was it the other way around? Reading *Union Man*, one is not quite sure.

The CIO drive in big steel, hardened by almost half a century of fear and paternalism after unionism had been crushed at Homestead, Pa., has been portrayed as one of the more dramatic of the 1930s. McDonald tells otherwise, declaring that as the SWOC was despairing "at the lowest ebb of our organizing campaign . . . an incredible stroke of good fortune came our way." In February 1937, Myron Taylor, board chairman of U.S. Steel, the giant of the industry, asked Lewis, Murray and Sidney Hillman to dine with him at his Manhattan home. Serious thought about the plight of his employees, prompted by an ocean voyage back from the Vatican, made him a humanitarian and as a consequence, "the United States Steel Corporation fell into our lap."

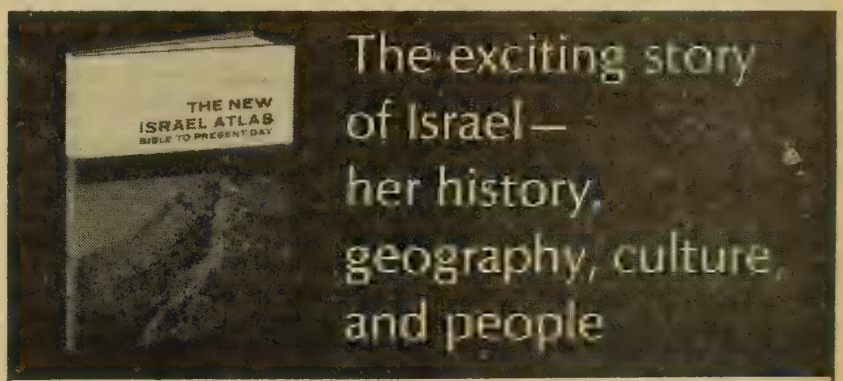
McDonald was pacing in a hotel room while that pact was made, but he had a piece of the action from then on. The Man of Steel drove through a police barricade in Youngstown, Ohio (telling the fuzz he was a salesman for Whiz Products—"a company I created on the spot") where he prevented a Communist-led mass march of striking Steelworkers to a "certain bloodbath." Later, when Murray fell ill, McDonald admitted to a virtual one-man organization of the industry holdouts in "Little Steel." One recalls Samuel Johnson's caution that "seldom any splendid story is wholly true."

Yet in truth he was a skilled negotiator and no one's fool at the bargaining table. "I was a tough son of a bitch," he declared after assigning barracks to families driven out of their homes by the mine owners in the 1925 strike. Despite this he became a missionary for what he called "democratic capitalism," for a time provided a forum for Moral Rearmament, and eventually skidded into something called "mutual trusteeship," which to many men in the mills was little more than high-sounding back-room bargaining. Moving in high circles, he tells of a White House dinner where a Washington society leader inquired of his position:

> "Are you kidding?" I asked. "My picture has been in the papers almost every day lately and I'm on the television news every night." She shook her head so I tried again. "Don't you know about the steel strike?" She looked blank and asked, "What steel strike?" And I said, "Jesus Christ, you are a dumb broad." She thought that was very funny, roared with laughter and repeated it to everyone around the table.

Memoirs of close associations with exalted politicians and public figures are always deadly. McDonald was no exception; he was an early boomer for John Kennedy, preferred his brother Robert to Hubert Humphrey (who reneged on his political debts, he says) was unimpressed with Adlai Stevenson, and was for Lyndon Johnson when the rest of the labor caucus at the 1960 Democratic convention sought to stop his Vice Presidential nomination. Richard Nixon is there too: they remained "warm friends" despite the political gap.

The anti-climactic termination of his own political career in the union came a few months after the 1964 Democratic triumph. Wet-eyed, he left the helm of his "beloved Steelworkers" and retired to Palm Springs, to write his story. Like many such efforts, what he tells is interesting; what he does not tell may well have been more significant. And to Dave McDonald it might not have been particularly interesting or significant that he endorsed his friend Richard Nixon in 1968.



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Poverty War Games

THE GREAT SOCIETY'S POOR LAW: A New Approach to Poverty. *By Sar A. Levitan. The Johns Hopkins Press. 348 pp. $7.95.*

GEORGE BRAGER

Mr. Brager is a professor at the Columbia University School of Social Work. He was formerly co-director of Mobilization For Youth, and edited Community Action Against Poverty *with Francis Purcell.*

No federal office, perhaps since the Freedmans Bureau, has been as subject to critical barrage as the Office of Economic Opportunity. Republicans and Democrats have variously characterized the poverty war as a great boondoggle and a fomenter of class struggle. The anti-poverty warriors have hardly fared better. Saul Alinsky, Chicago's professional radical, calls them "pimps of the poor," while Daniel Moynihan, Nixon's resident urbanologist, attacks from another direction, suggesting that perhaps they are idealists with a middle-class lust for the apocalypse. However contradictory the criticism, it has emanated from all sectors of American life: rich and poor, North and South, the courthouses and the universities, reactionaries and radicals, the mild and the militant, blacks and whites, and many of the groups between. The poverty program constitutes a political Rorschach.

We tend to assume that widespread criticism is evidence of the program's failure (Moynihan's *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* is a prime example of such devaluation). Certainly, the Office of Economic Opportunity is demoralized and in disarray. In "spinning off" Head Start and the Job Corps to other federal departments, and appointing a Congressman who voted against the Economic Opportunity Act as OEO director, the Nixon Administration has only accelerated, rather than begun, the devitalization of the office. But these are short-range consequences. Even Nixon accepts the continuation of a federal agency whose special interest is the poor.

The fortunes of the office are separate from the impact of its activities and ideas. What has been needed is a comprehensive evaluation of the poverty program itself. Sar A. Levitan has attempted it in *The Great Society's Poor Law*—and with considerable success. As Levitan readily acknowledges, the findings are not definitive. Adequate data and reliable measurements are unavailable, and even if they were, much would still remain a matter of value judgment and gut feeling. Levitan's conclusions are, as a matter of fact, only somewhat less qualified than the report of the General Accounting Office, which after fourteen months and $1.2 million, concluded with statements as equivocal as "[the Community Action Program] appears to have gained acceptance in most communities as a mechanism for focusing attention and action on the problems of the poor; and it has introduced new or expanded existing services to the poor. However, CAP has achieved these ends in lesser measure than was reasonable to expect." Aside from the significant fact that Levitan's work did not constitute a public expense, it is a more informed and independent analysis than the GAO survey. Levitan is a competent researcher, and he has subjected a number of discrete studies of OEO programs (some of them with contradictory outcomes) to critical review. Moreover, since evaluations of OEO are reflective of the evaluators, the fact that Levitan is a sympathetic, moderate and urbane man insures these qualities in his study.

Levitan is a social bookkeeper, and his approach is programmatic. Following a review of OEO's legislative history and administrative structure, the bulk of the work is devoted to a chapter-by-chapter analysis of the individual OEO programs, e.g., VISTA, Outward Bound, legal services, comprehensive health care, etc. He approves of most of them, if with qualification. On the basis of cost effectiveness criteria, the birth control program comes off the best investment. Of the program's most controversial feature, the community action agency, Levitan concludes that it "must certainly be judged an innovative agency which gave the poor their first social and political role."

A program by program evaluation has its disadvantages. A primary one is that it does not allow for a comprehensive analysis of concepts and issues which transcend single programs. So, for example, we read about OEO's need to compensate for the inadequacies of other federal programs and departments in each discussion of individual OEO programs. Head Start has been successful in providing guidelines for dealing with impoverished children, but, says Levitan, it must ultimately be assessed by the changes it induces in the American educational system. OEO attention to migrant farm workers is a necessary corrective to the indifference of the Farmers Home Administration and other bureaus in the Department of Agriculture. OEO's attempt to fight poverty with the pill "continues to be necessary because HEW has been even slower in adopting family planning programs." And so it goes. Nowhere are we treated to a dis-

cussion of issues for a federal agency whose jurisdiction overlaps the jurisdiction of others, and whose very success is dependent upon change in these other agencies.

Inevitably, OEO had to fight for position against the established agencies which it was intended to coordinate. Furthermore, its attempt to influence change in the federal bureaucracy (and in local welfare institutions) necessarily entailed making adversaries of powerful interests. And when it retreated, whether from excess caution or political wisdom, it alienated other constituencies.

The above is not needed to explain the virulent criticism directed against OEO, however. The fact that its intended beneficiaries were poor is sufficient. The Economic Opportunity Act is unabashedly class legislation, but as Levitan points out, although class legislation is very much a part of the American experience, it ordinarily benefits organized groups, not the unorganized poor. In their economic backwardness and political impotence, our impoverished citizens have traditionally provided the American public and its politicians with a ready target. Nor do the programs and professionals serving the interests of the poor escape unscathed. So, notes Levitan, in Congress' handling of the annual OEO appropriation, "the anti-poverty warriors were treated in the manner to which the poor, whom they represented, have always been accustomed. The annual handout was given grudgingly, with many strings attached, and after delaying as long as possible."

If its constituency and place within the field of institutional forces made criticism of the poverty program inevitable, the office undoubtedly contributed to its own travail. One can perhaps be sympathetic regarding its inconsistent response to pressure in implementing the "maximum feasible participation" provision of the legislation. It made a few courageous starts and some ignominious retreats. Although it is true that when principle and politics vied for ascendancy, the former gave way, it is also true that the poor did gain a foothold in the policy-making processes of many of the 1,000 community action agencies, due in large measure to OEO efforts. What OEO can be scored for, however, is the expansiveness of its rhetoric and its penchant for gimmickry. Like Westmoreland in that other war, Shriver promised quick victory.

Yet the nature of American social welfare is being changed by the poverty program. The Economic Opportunity Act contributed significantly and dramatically to the democratization of social welfare, though the task is far from finished. Its concept of participation by the poor is likely to endure, and is already written into other legislation (Community Mental Health, Model Cities). Innovative patterns and styles of service have been designed and have found acceptance: the comprehensive social service and health care centers, the extensive use of para-professionals, vigorous advocacy by social workers as they intercede on behalf of the poor with the public bureaucracies, and the testing of welfare law and regulation (OEO's legal services program initiated the Connecticut case in which the Supreme Court struck down residency laws in public welfare).

With it all, the Economic Opportunity Act has contributed little to the reduction of poverty. Levitan wryly notes that "though poverty sharply declined during the years of the Great Society, the most ardent friends of the EOA would not credit its programs with contributing much to this improvement." One must endorse his conclusion that what is required is, first, an income maintenance program, and second, a considerable expansion of the OEO type of service-oriented, self-help program. He estimates that each carries a price tag of approximately $20 billion, and argues that the nation can afford these expenditures by utilizing the additional revenue generated by normal economic growth. The knowledge and resources to eliminate poverty are at hand. But, as Levitan observes, until we muster the national will to do the job, the biblical admonition that "the poor shall never cease out of the land" will hold for our society.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

HANDEL: *Alexander's Feast.* Honor Sheppard, soprano; Max Worthley, tenor; Maurice Bevan, bass. Oriana Concert Choir and Orchestra. Alfred Deller, cond. Vanguard SRV-282/3-SD (two disks). $5.96.

Solomon. Elsie Morison, soprano; Lois Marshall, soprano; Alexander Young, tenor; John Cameron, baritone. Beecham Choral Society. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Seraphim SIB-6039 (two disks). $4.98.

Theodora. Heather Harper, soprano; Maureen Forrester, Maureen Lehane, contraltos; Alexander Young, tenor; John Lawrenson, baritone. Amor Artis Chorale. English Chamber Orchestra. Johannes Somary, cond. Vanguard VCS-10050/2 (three disks). $11.94.

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MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

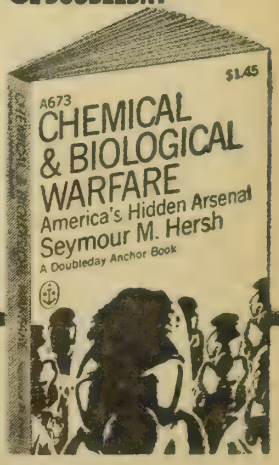
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ings, should at last lay to rest the traditional image of Victorian sanctimony associated (quite wrongly) with *Messiah* and a few other works. In his wildly misguided way, Sir Thomas Beecham endeavored to dissociate *Solomon* from that tradition by abridging, reorganizing, and thoroughly reorchestrating it to emphasize the secular aspects—but in the process he managed to homogenize Handel's wide range of textures and to unbalance melodic-harmonic relationships. It is a travesty, of which one is more conscious in the wake of the recent, more authentic Simon recording (see *The Nation*, December 2, 1968), but the Beecham also reminds one that, on its own terms, it is superbly performed; one can but lament that the newer version did not benefit from a similar sense of timing and feeling for phrase structure.

Theodora, Handel's penultimate oratorio, is here recorded for the first time: a work that eschews the elaborate effects of *Solomon*, it rather exploits a wide range of formal approaches to aria and chorus composition. The level of craftsmanship is exceptionally high, the concentration of musical events greater than usual with Handel—notably in the fine chorus that ends Part II and some of Theodora's arias (it should be noted that some perfunctory material is omitted in the recording). The performance is generally capable—the soloists often very good, the chorus often cloudy in sound. A welcome detail is the natural, expeditious delivery of recitative, avoiding the usual rhetorical stateliness.

The much earlier setting of Dryden's second Cecilian Ode is filled with ambitious and successful pictorial detail (the subject of the text is the power of music, which lends itself rather well to this sort of treatment). Deller's performance (a reissue) is short on orchestral accuracy, and the chorus' accented (if clear) diction does less than justice to Dryden, but there is a good sense of phrase and line; unlike Beecham's, these faults are nothing that a listener with ordinary imagination cannot amend.

STRAUSS: *Till Eulenspiegel*; *Don Juan*; *Tod und Verklärung*. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Seraphim 60094 (mono). $2.49.

BELLINI: *Norma*. Maria Callas, soprano; Ebe Stignani, mezzo-soprano; Mario Filippeschi, tenor; Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, bass. La Scala Chorus and Orchestra. Tullio Serafin, cond. Seraphim IC-6037 (three disks, mono). $7.47.

PUCCINI: *Manon Lescaut*. Licia Albanese, soprano; Jussi Bjoerling, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone. Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra. Jonel Perlea, cond. RCA Victrola VIC-6027 (two disks, mono). $5.

OPERATIC ARIAS. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto. RCA Victrola VIC-1409 (mono, recorded 1906-13). $2.50.

OPERATIC ARIAS. Enrico Caruso, tenor. RCA Victrola VIC-1430 (mono, recorded 1904-06). $2.50.

These exemplify various valuable aspects of the growing bargain-price "paperback" catalogue. Seraphim's circulation of the Furtwängler repertory is especially welcome because his recordings have recently been available only as expensive imports, and before that were only perfunctorily promoted by RCA during the years of the Toscanini craze (although these particular works happen to have been quite impressively played by both conductors). Cheaper editions of prestereo complete opera sets make reasonable the purchase of a recording because of the exceptional qualities of an individual performer such as Callas, and sometimes they represent the best available version of any vintage, e.g., the Perlea *Manon Lescaut*. And a special word of praise to Victrola's "old vocals" reissues, which avoid the usual chestnuts that RCA used to bring back repeatedly.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 194)*

their homes, or trying to exterminate them like rats. Not even at Sharpsburg or in Alabama. At least not women and children *first!*

I have a feeling that the photograph of Bernadette Devlin with a paving stone raised in her two hands over her head is going to become one of the landmark records in mankind's attempt to be free in this century—that some day there will be a statue in Bogside showing her in exactly that position. There certainly should be one in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, along with the memorials to those three Anglo-Irishmen—Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet and William Butler Yeats. For if it hadn't been for Bernadette Devlin there would have been no successful defense of Bogside. And if Bogside hadn't been successfully defended the British troops wouldn't have been called in. And if the British troops hadn't been called in, there would have assuredly been another St. Bartholomew's Night in Northern Ireland. Only this time the Roman Catholics would have been massacred.

Above all, I hope some day there will be such a statue outside the House of Commons. For if the books I read as a schoolboy in New England were telling the truth, that's what the House of Commons was originally all about. You can't get any commoner than Bogside. Or Miss Devlin. In the finest sense of the word. Saturday afternoon in Bogside I kept thinking about what an older but equally hot-tempered member of that same body had once said would happen if the enemy invaded *his* homeland. "We will fight them on the beaches. We will fight them in the streets." His youthful fellow M.P. has translated his immortal words into flaming action. In the end I believe both the English and the Irish will be proud of Bernadette Devlin. *John Philip Cohane*

one man's oligarchy

Great Neck, N.Y.

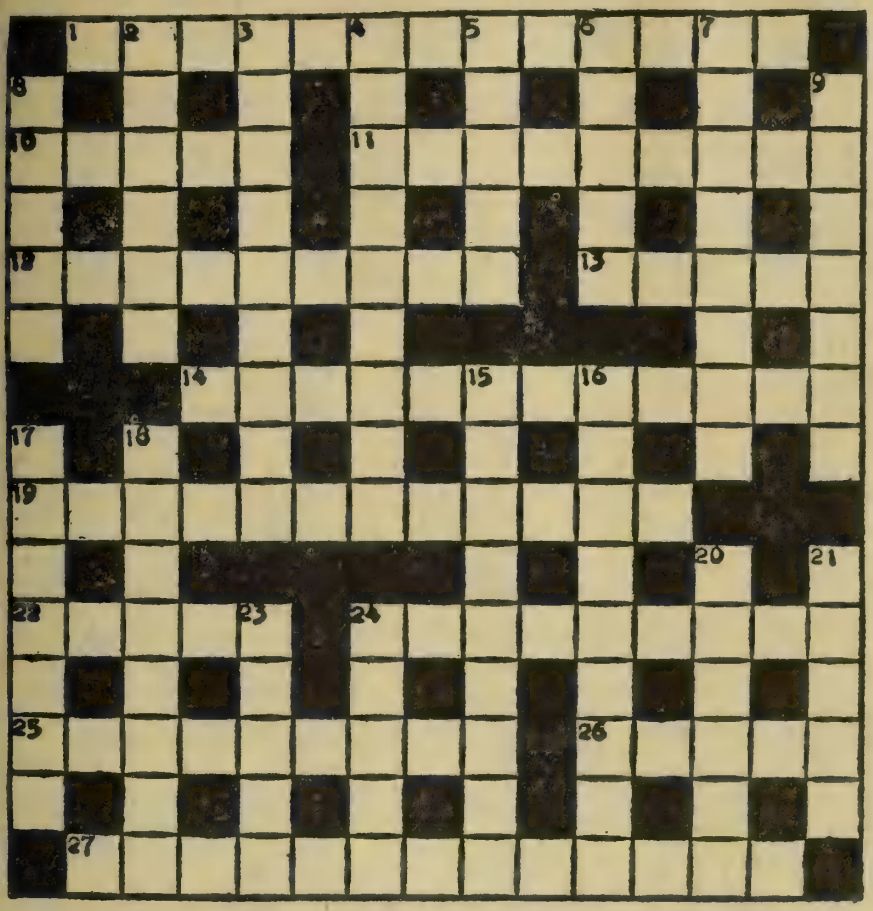
DEAR SIRS: It is discouraging to see a *Nation* editorial ["But the Problem Remains," Aug. 11] express the increasingly discredited viewpoint that "Latin American countries are ruled by feudal oligarchies." Several contributors to *The Nation*, the most recent being Robert Smith in his book reviews, have effectively demolished his hoary proposition. . . .

The issue is not a narrow academic controversy but is basic to an understanding of developments in Latin America. To contend that Latin America is ruled by feudal oligarchies is to portray, almost inevitably, the middle class as the force for social change. This of course is the rock on which the Alliance for Progress was built. But if one recognizes instead that Latin America is already ruled by the middle class and that the economic interests of the commercial-industrial and landed elements have tended to coalesce, then one understands that this policy is but a chimera. The people of Latin America cannot place their hopes for a better future on a middle class which has tied its chariot to the imperial economic interests of the United States, and is so fearful of the popular aspirations that it eagerly supports military coups whenever there is the slightest threat to the *status quo*. Need one mention Brazil?

What Latin America requires is a popular revolution supported by and in the interests of the impoverished peasantry and the urban slum dwellers. It is understandable why the policy makers of this country tenaciously cling to the theory that a supposedly progressive middle class will be the salvation of Latin America. . . . *Jack Minkoff*

Crossword Puzzle No. 1311

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 April riches to uncover very, very early. (13)
10 Where some say they should have stood. Rose there, too! (2,3)
11 This appears to be a man I dislike violently! (9)
12 People who have a strong affection about a little amphibian sometimes get them for dinner. (4-5)
13 They give greater breadth in skirting what the bull sometimes does. (5)
14 There's a certain lack of inspiration in what TV wrestlers sometimes put on. (12)
19 and 8 down Notes Jackson can be on only one side, obviously! (6-6,5)
22 Feeling the wrong road goes right? (5)
24 You can consider this gem no counterfeit, but not exactly specified as such.
25 See 20 down
26 Often, nuisances are filled with a feeling of weariness. (5)
27 Things will never be the same with this! (13)

DOWN

2 Polish again? Check! (6)
3 So dry that it needs alteration to detect the presence of water. (9)
4 See 20 down
5 Savor characteristics. (5)
6 Specific in general baking ingredient which could improve the appearance. (5)
7 A sizeable plot of land atop it, dedicated to Greek poetry. (Music to "Oh Say Can You See" originally so dedicated, too.) (8)
8 See 19 across
9 These aside, without the trimming, might suggest the literal sound. (7)
15 Its winner had the highest standing at the Olympics. (4,5)
16 Law, perhaps. (9)
17 Fibers of leaves? (7)
18 The city we held in a state of riot? (3,5)
20, 4 down and 25 across Letter perfect as far as accomplishment? (6,6,3,9)
21 Implying at least one advantage in the encore. (5)
23 What an old cleaver does? (5)
24 Curtain material, which if quietly put on, would seem to be sparing. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1310

ACROSS: 9 Items; 10 Cherubini; 11 Entries; 12 Yearned; 13 Treed; 14 Spoken for; 16 Raspberry; 18 Track; 19 Hessian; 21 Explode; 22 Repugnant; 23 Raise; 24 Scrambled eggs. DOWN: 1 Leicestershire; 2 Sweetness; 3 Rescind; 4 Wicks; 5 Everybody; 6 Educate; 7 Scion; 8 and 1 across Finders keepers, losers weepers; 14 Strongarm; 15 Flavoring; 17 Bridger; 18 Tapered; 20 Septs; 21 Extol.

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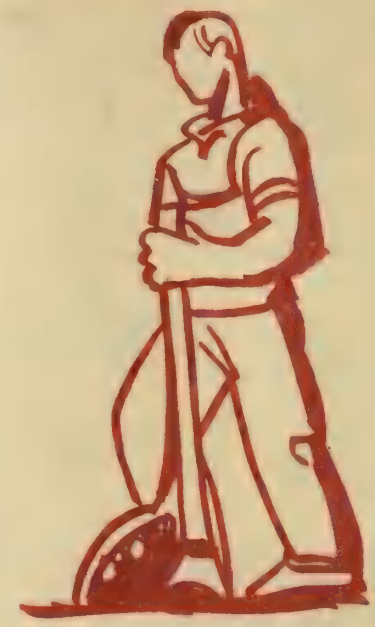
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HENRY S. KARIEL on LIBERALISM

LETTERS

terror from without

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Generally I liked the review, "Kremlinology: Power and Terror" by David Joravsky [*The Nation*, July 28]. However, I question the date 1918-21 as one of the four great spasms of terror. This one was different from the others. This one was completely externally induced. During the three-year period 1918-21, thirteen countries including the United States had armies of intervention on the new Soviet soil trying to abort the coming of the first Socialist state. The peasant General Chapayev was one of the heroes of this great patriotic time.

David Seidman

and you still can't buy one

Andover, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Willis Park Rokes's article, "The Ma Bell Rental Agency" [*The Nation*, June 30], at first merely annoyed me, but then disturbed me greatly, for it raised doubts in my mind about the credibility of a journal which I had come to respect.

I retired from the Bell System last year after almost forty-one years of service, for all but a few months of which I was a design engineer with the Bell Telephone Laboratories. I am not a "Ma Bell right or wrong" type by any means, although I am proud of the accomplishments of the Bell System and of my involvement in it. Mr. Rokes's Naderesque tirade is, at least in its technical references, either a work of ignorance, or its intent is to mislead the reader by deliberately eliminating significant information. He sneers at a long-lived handset—does he have any idea what it costs to make a repair visit to a subscriber? He excoriates the "snaillike pace of telephone innovation"—does he want Bell to junk 80 million telephone sets every three or four years?

The reference presumably is to the present standard ("500 type") telephone set, in the design of which I was deeply involved. Doesn't he know that this telephone set also provides increased efficiency on long subscriber lines (thus eliminating the need for special equipment for such service)? Hasn't he noted the lighter and more convenient handset? Hasn't he even observed the marked improvement in voice naturalness compared with earlier apparatus? Isn't he aware of a very meaningful reduction in needed maintenance? Regardless of whether he actually did not know, or handled the facts selectively, it makes me wonder about the rest of the article.

For most of us, the credibility of an article is colored by its accuracy when it touches on an area in which we ourselves are knowledgeable. Your publication of Mr. Rokes's article makes me wonder how many other discussions in *The Nation* should be viewed with suspicion. . . .

Wilson R. Neisser

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Neisser's letter reflects the artisan's justifiable pride in the "long-lived handset," but again, it ignores the economic principle of obsolescence. Mr. Neisser's counterparts in the computer industry, not protected by a monopoly market, are constantly introducing new generations of equipment, even though it may require junking equipment which works perfectly well. The question of cost of replacement in a highly competitive market is easily resolved when weighed against the question of survival of the firm. Unfortunately, "Ma Bell" has never had to choose between alternatives. If the buggy still works, and the horse is still healthy, why replace them with innovation?

Reflecting this calcification of company philosophy, the

(Continued on page 262)

EDITORIALS

The Real Danger

The generally accepted view of Middle East tensions is that while the situation is disquieting, the explosive elements are on a long fuse. For the present, it is held, the Soviet Union has no intention of permitting itself to be involved in a major war in that region; for one thing it has too much to worry about on its eastern frontier. The United States, likewise peaceably inclined, has no intention of jumping from the Vietnamese frying pan into a Middle East fire. Israel is annoyed rather than endangered by Arab threats and guerrilla activity; in large-scale military operations it has clear superiority over the Arab nations, singly or combined, and this margin of safety is reasonably certain to persist over the foreseeable future. Therefore, while fighting will continue sporadically, with raids and reprisals, even perhaps on a somewhat ascending scale, it is assumed that the situation will not get out of hand, at least for now.

The most menacing element in the Middle East "powder keg" (as President Nixon termed it last spring) is the Palestinian Arab presence within Israel, in numbers that have been greatly augmented by the 1967 war. A new danger has arisen in this phase of Arab-Israeli relations, particularly in the possible Israeli reaction to the incidents that are bound to occur between the occupied and the occupiers. The conversion of Jerusalem into "one city" certainly has its advantages for both Jews and Arabs, and for Christians too, but it has brought about a more perilous proximity than when Jews and Arabs were separated by walls and check points.

The fire at the Al Aksa mosque is symptomatic. There were fires at the mosque in 1949 and 1964, but since the area was then under Jordanian rule it was not feasible to blame the Israelis. The recent fire, although under the circumstances the last thing the Israelis could have desired, immediately became a pretext for Arab demonstrations, and even an attempt in high Arab governing quarters to rally the world's 600 million Moslems (of whom 100 million live in the Middle East) against Israel as the spearhead of Jewish influence.

Such appeals to unreason may turn world opinion against the Arabs but, quite understandably, also tend to make the Israeli leaders nervous. The crucial question is how they will react. It is currently believed in Israel that the Arabs inside are being manipulated from without. Perhaps, but Palestinian Arabs have feelings like other people —quite like those Jews would have if the situation were reversed. They do not require instigation or direction from without. Whether true or not, however, the Israeli fear of the internal danger—a potential fifth column—may lead to very serious consequences. Ascribing the behavior of a restive population to "outside agitators" is the most common resort of those for whom the restlessness is inconvenient, and the invariable effect is to aggravate it. One may hope the Israelis will be more humane and more intelligent.

Henry Owen, who is director of the foreign policy

studies program of the Brookings Institution, has drawn an analogy between the situation in Europe preceding World War I and the present situation in the Middle East. While there are both similarities and differences, the similarities are obvious enough to make one think twice. Six million discontented South Slavs lived in provinces of Austria-Hungary that had been annexed from the Turks. They looked to Serbia much as the Palestinian Arabs look to the Arab nations today. Russia provided Serbia with somewhat the same support that the Soviet Union now furnishes to its Arab allies. When a Serbian terrorist assassinated the heir apparent to the Austrian throne, Austria made impossible demands on Serbia. Germany supported Austria, Russia supported Serbia, England was drawn in when the Germans violated Belgium's borders, and the war was on.

It need not happen again. But it might.

The New Breed

John Dewey once remarked that ours is a government not of laws but of lawyers. This is not remarkable, since —as we say—ours is a government of laws, not of men. The fact that we have a written Constitution, a doctrine of the separation of powers, and a complex state and federal structure of government has given lawyers a special prominence in the American scheme of things. All three branches of government, at both levels, are packed with them. As a further consequence, the legal profession has acquired a reputation, well deserved in many instances, of serving private clients with greater zeal and enthusiasm than it has served the public interest. But today a new breed of lawyers is emerging. They constitute, at the moment, a small minority in the profession, but it is one of increasing importance.

Individual lawyers have, of course, long served the public interest with dedication and high competence. But the new breed of lawyers is to be distinguished on two counts: they have a heightened sense of the social importance of the law in a complex society and of the social purposes to which it can be put; and they function, in many cases, as a group within the profession. Many of them, for example, are to be found in government agencies. Examples of the new breed in action are the civil rights lawyers currently in rebellion against their superiors in the Justice Department, and the hundred or more lawyers connected with Neighborhood Legal Services, an OEO project, who recently addressed a 16-page telegram to the President protesting threatened cutbacks in funds for legal aid programs.

However, the most impressive current example of lawyers serving a good cause at considerable personal sacrifice is described by Charles Howe in "Draft Resisters Multiply—So Do 'New Lawyers,'" in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. In 1968 alone, 2,472 young men appealed to the federal courts for exemption from military service which had been denied them by their draft boards. On March 31, 1969, 2,481 draft cases remained on the dockets awaiting trial, despite assignment of special federal judges who do nothing but hear pretrial arguments

IN THIS ISSUE

September 15, 1969

EDITORIALS

234

ARTICLES

238 Whitey's on the Moon Now — *William Eastlake*

239 The Pendleton Brig: Andersonville-by-the-Sea — *Robert G. Sherrill*

243 Black Business—Bleak Business — *George Eckstein*

245 What Consumers Need: Show Biz or Hard Facts — *A. Q. Mowbray*

248 Blood and Fire Against the Draft — *Peter Rowley*

250 Defining the Future — *Gerald Feinberg*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

253 The Persistence of Liberalism — *Henry S. Kariel*

254 Hung Up on Immortality — *Fred Powledge*

256 Report of a Repentant Symposiast — *George P. Elliott*

258 Mexican-American Literature — *Philip Darraugh Ortego*

259 The Trial of Wole Soyinka — *Charles R. Larson*

260 New Poetry from Europe — *Henry Taylor*

261 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

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NATION *Volume 209 No. 8*

in draft cases, and the fact that such cases take precedence over all other criminal litigation. These cases represent about 15 per cent of all criminal cases in the federal courts, and they are coming in as fast as they can be disposed of. The legal situation is in a state approaching utter confusion. As fast as loopholes are found in the draft laws and are closed by court decisions or by Congressional actions, new grounds are found for keeping young men out of the most immoral and unpopular war in American history.

This extemporaneous attack on the Selective Service System is being carried on by lawyers, many of them assigned by the courts to defend indigent draft resisters. They are described by a federal court attaché as "bright and tough and willing to put in the work it takes. They're more dedicated than the average older attorney; they take the law seriously." That they must. Working for fees rarely exceeding $500, they sometimes spend up to six months in preparing a case.

The next time someone has the impulse to condemn the members of the bar en masse, he should weigh these developments before making up his mind.

Letting Lady Bird Down

We had hoped that something fine would come out of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's beautification program for the nation's highways. It seemed so simple, as over against the big ones—ghettos, Vietnam, disintegrating cities, defense spending and so on. Here, at last, seemed an easy test of the ability of government to accomplish an uncomplicated, worth-while objective. But hope was alloyed with skepticism. For reasons everyone senses but which are hard to define precisely, it seems almost impossible these days for the federal government (or for government, simply) to accomplish anything decent except in a few areas.

Why did Lady Bird's praiseworthy endeavor fizzle out? Gladwin Hill, one of *The New York Times*'s finest reporters, tells the story in a long, depressing account (August 31). People do have an interest in highway beautification, or at least an effort at de-uglification, but it is too diffuse to prevail against highly organized opposition. The extent of vested interest in the nation's roadsides is unimaginable until one tries to buck it. Billboards are a prime example. The Johnson administration pressed through anti-billboard legislation which called for the federal government to share with the states, on a 75-to-25 basis, the costs of eliminating objectionable billboards by buying up sign leases.

Eventually a federal report disclosed that 839,000 billboards outside commercial areas were illegal and must come down by 1970. The prospective cost of removing these signs, and a smaller number of others deemed objectionable, included some $558 million for compensating sign owners. To date, of the 839,000 invalidated signs, 750 have been removed, and removal rights have been obtained on another 371. At this rate, it will take a thousand years—give or take a century or two—before Mrs. Johnson's yearnings for beautification are satisfied.

Billboards constitute a vested interest of no mean proportions, and vested interests know how to lobby and how to litigate. According to the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, some 250,000 property owners across the country rent space for billboards. Almost 12,000 concerns manufacture, contract and distribute signs. The owners of "standard" 25-by-12-foot structures who rent space to big advertisers number about 600. The states administer the federal laws, and the experience of one state is indicative. As Lieut. Gov. Paul Simon of Illinois puts it: "Nothing happened. We ran into the big billboard lobbyists, who were able to amend the bills so that they were meaningless."

The billboard interests feel that they have a constitutional right to advertise on the land they own or rent. That the only value of a billboard is derived from the traffic on the road—which in every case was built with public funds—seems to escape their understanding.

Two states, Vermont and Oregon, are honorable exceptions to the rule of self-interest. They seem bent on restoring their scenery to the travelers. But in general, in a country where business profit is paramount, such public-spirited efforts as Mrs. Johnson's get their day of publicity and then soon peter out.

Fan Dance

Under our two-party system (or is it three?) every administration must play politics, but under Mr. Nixon's direction politics is played in the most derogatory sense —worse, if that be possible, than when Mr. Johnson was at the controls. In part, at least, the current confusion over the "peace dividend" appears to be calculated; it was the President's way of telling would-be welfare spenders, whether of his own party or the other, that the dividend was not going to be anything like what they had hoped for, and they should be grateful for whatever they did get. From a public relations standpoint the procedure was reminiscent of the fan dance of an earlier era; now you saw, or imagined you saw, what you wanted to see and now you didn't, and it was all strictly for the peasants.

The master stroke was in designating good old Dan Moynihan to lead off with the bad news. As the Administration's leading exemplar of liberalism, Moynihan could speak more in sorrow than in jubilation. At the same time he could lace the announcement with the Irish-American wit which is part of his stock in trade. It needed a certain amount of blarney, for this was deflation on the scale of what has been happening in the stock market (but nowhere else). From the Johnson dividend of some $19 billion to be diverted to pressing peacetime needs thirty months after the Vietnamese War was over, Moynihan had to de-escalate to the general range of millions instead of billions. He did it manfully.

At the same time there was enough optimism floating about so that the welfare spenders would not feel altogether destitute. Even the GOP House leader, Gerald Ford, contradicted Moynihan. Herbert Stein of the Council of Economic Advisers felt the picture was not as black as people supposed, and Dr. Arthur Burns, the President's confidant in economic matters, talked of a cornucopia

of $8 billion over the coming year—if the war ended immediately. Which, obviously, it won't.

The most obfuscating part of the whole performance was that the President himself said whatever monies were freed when peace came were already spoken for and, he implied, mostly committed. But he did not give any idea of who had asked and who was to be enriched. Keeping in mind Mr. Nixon's weakness for ABMs, MIRVs and similar expensive toys, one may suspect that the Pentagon will come out on top.

Current evidence in the same direction is the spending spree on which the Pentagon has embarked. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, new factory orders for military goods were at a new high, in what some analysts believe may prove to be the Pentagon's last spending fling for some time. This remains to be seen. The Pentagon wants that dividend as badly as anyone, and it has a very good prospect of getting most of what it wants, in the future as in the past.

The Evans Case

The prosecution in the trial of Fred Ahmed Evans told jurors that they had a duty "as Americans to stand up and be counted. . . . Let's wake up, America. From the acorn grows a mighty tree. A spoonful of ink in a gallon of water gives you a tainted color." This and similar appeals to racism apparently made it easy for an all-white jury to convict Evans of conspiring to murder three white policemen and a black civilian, although the prosecution admitted that it could not prove he had killed anyone. (See "Bad Day in Cleveland," *The Nation,* July 14.) Evans is now scheduled to die in the electric chair on September 23 unless a reprieve is granted.

However, more than racist rhetoric was employed to secure Evans' conviction. The key witness to the "conspiring" was a 17-year-old who had been charged with murder, arson and theft; all of these charges were dismissed when he was "allowed" to join the Army. Coroner's reports were handled in a questionable manner in order to hide the fact that two of the dead police officers were drunk. Reports on the type of wound were changed months later, and another coroner's inquest reached a conclusion directly opposite to that indicated by the official autopsy. A poisonous climate of opinion was created by the mass media, with reports of plots, ambush and a "massacre of police." As Evans' lawyer charged, the Cleveland media's portrayal of him as a "Black Frankenstein" made all that followed, including the death sentence, seem not only just but self-evident on the "facts" presented.

Reversing the conviction in a political trial of this sort —where the target is not only the accused but also his ideas and the movement he represents—requires massive public protest. The Evans case is one of national as well as local importance, because it is one of a number of similar prosecutions in which an attempt is being made to cripple black militancy by selecting a victim to symbolize the movement, and then using the very instrument that brought it into being—white racism—to destroy it."

Evans recognizes the intent of the prosecution, and his final words to the court will haunt the Cleveland community if it permits his execution to proceed: "This will not end by the means that have been used today against the black men who are willing, who are able, who are strong enough to stand up. The electric chair or fear of anything won't stop the black men of today."

If Evans is executed, it will be a bad day not merely for Cleveland but for the state of Ohio and the entire nation. What we do not need, at this point in time, is a black martyr, particularly one convicted in a case which carries the taint of racism from first to last. No one has been executed in the United States for nearly two years, a commendable hiatus in legal violence. Evans, a black man convicted of killing three white police officers, is today nearer that fate than any prisoner has been for two years.

Ho Chi Minh

By any reckoning, Ho Chi Minh was a great Vietnamese patriot, a man who embodied the finest qualities of the traditional culture of the Vietnamese, and a most remarkable political and military leader. Unswervingly, selflessly, with courage, consistency and a brilliant sense of tactics and strategy he served the cause of Vietnamese independence throughout the entire range of his adult life. He must rank as one of the most extraordinary world figures of this century.

Official and press reactions to his death have been contradictory, confused and naive. On the one hand, officials in Washington hopefully suggest that his death will trigger a fierce and destructive competition for leadership, but is not likely to affect the course of the war or the negotiations in Paris. Other comment, in the press, suggests that his death is likely to prolong the war and complicate the negotiations. On balance it seems likely that his death will have an adverse effect on the negotiations.

His prestige was enormous, North and South. If he approved a settlement, it would be accepted. Many elements in the South had great respect for him as a national leader and, by inference at least, might have less confidence in a settlement reached without his presence in Hanoi. Similarly the cause of unification has probably been set back by his death. He may have been, as press comment indicates, "almost a mystic," but he was also "an enormously pragmatic Communist." And it is pragmatists who are in short supply in Hanoi, Saigon and Washington.

Drew Pearson

Almost alone among newspaper columnists, Drew Pearson carried on the muckraking tradition in American journalism. His column, which went to an audience estimated at 50 million, helped fill the gap that was caused when muckraking journalism fell out of style—or, to state it another way, when the bulk of the American press decided not to engage in it, except occasionally, cautiously, and when it seemed quite safe.

As Robert Sherrill pointed out in a special issue we devoted to Pearson as a rare phenomenon in American journalism ("Thirty-Six Years on the Merry-Go-Round," *The*

Nation, July 7), "nobody comes even close to competing with the Pearson product." Nearly everyone sensed that it was a good product of its kind and enormously useful; in fact there was only one common complaint about it—that it was often inaccurate. And so it was. But Pearson was usually on to something. It was often quite important and in the end he generally succeeded in flushing the story out into the open. Unlike Lincoln Steffens, Pearson never concluded that muckraking was a mistake or that it was outmoded or ineffectual. At the same time, he had no illusions about the power of even the best muckraking journalism to "reform the system." He knew that the struggle would never end to keep "the system" reasonably honest but that it would be more dishonest and corrupt if the effort abated.

Despite his long experience with corruption and chicanery in high places, Pearson was not a cynic nor was he an up-tight moralist. He was a link between the old muckrakers, who tended to be moralistic and superficial (Steffens was an exception), and the new muckrakers—Ralph Nader is a case in point—who have deeper and more relevant insights. Pearson's summing up in these pages will stand, we feel, as a fine statement of his intention and methods, and of his thinking, as we put it, about war, love, graft, politics, revolution and the hiding places of power.

WHITEY'S ON THE MOON NOW

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake's latest book is The Bamboo Bed, *to be published this fall by Simon & Schuster. He is the author also of the* The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster).*

Tucson

I had a Papago Indian intellectual friend over to watch the first man on the moon.

The Papago Indian intellectual brought over a Papago Indian cowboy to watch too.

"They are about to land," I said.

"You said something about beer."

"Wait."

"What for?"

"Till they get on the moon."

"Are they on the moon yet?"

"Yes."

"Can I have the beer?"

"The white man on the moon said one small step for a man and one giant step for mankind."

"That's nice," the Papago cowboy said. "Can I have the beer now?"

"What he means," my friend the Papago Indian intellectual said, "is that his people are starving. He's not interested in the white man on the moon."

I got the Papago cowboy the beer.

The Papago cowboy, now that he had the beer can, smiled and said, "How much did it cost to go to the moon?"

"Twenty billion."

The Papago cowboy smiled and shook his head at the white man on the moon.

"What he means," the Papago intellectual said, "is that he hopes they are happy on the moon."

"Who that?" the Indian cowboy said.

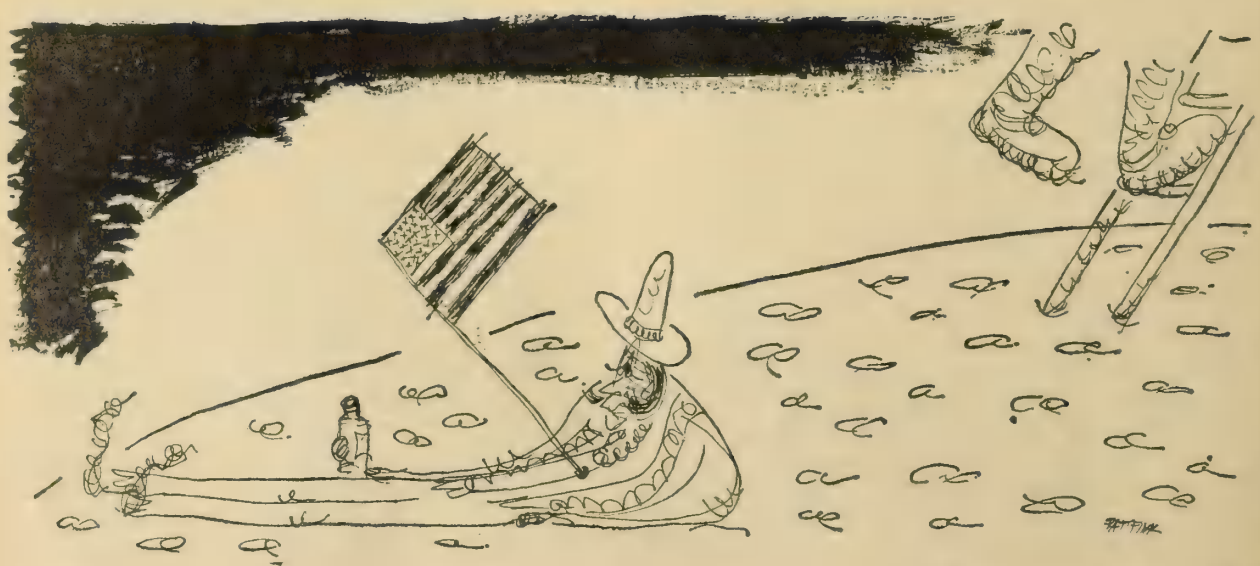
"President Nixon."

"Why?"

"He says it's the biggest thing since creation."

"Why?"

"What he means is he hopes President Nixon is very happy on the moon."



"Would you like all white people to go to the moon?"

"Yes."

"Never come back from the moon?"

"Yes."

"Would you like some more beer?"

"Yes."

When the Papago Indian cowboy got the beer he thought a while and then said, "No."

The intellectual Papago said, "He means why do you want to destroy another planet."

"Curiosity."

The cowboy Indian Papago thought about that and laughed.

"He laughs because the Papago are all cried out," his friend said.

"They will bring back moonstones," I said.

"Will they kill all the people there?" the Papago Indian cowboy said.

"No."

"Put them on reservations?"

"No. Because there are no people on the moon," I said.

"Will the white people come back?"

"Yes."

The Papago Indian cowboy got up.

"Where are you going?"

"To the moon."

"Of course you can't," the intellectual Papago said.

The Indian sat down.

"You see," the Papago intellectual said, "the Indian would very much like to get off this planet. If you will not get off his land."

"One small step for a man on earth . . .?"

"And forget the moon."

"Yes."

"What he means," the intellectual Papago said, "is he would like another beer." That is why they call my Indian friend an intellectual Papago. All over Arizona they laugh at him because he does not want to settle for Overkill Rockets at Tucson or a dam on the Grand Canyon or the London Bridge over the Havasupai or for mankind to take their first giant step on the moon.

"Why can't they take it here?" he said.

"Would you like a beer?"

"Why can't we take it here?"

Like all Indians my intellectual Indian Papago friend and the Papago Indian cowboy are mad, not mad crazy, but just plain damn mad. Not moonstruck. Just two hungry, angry Indians watching Whitey on the moon.

THE PENDLETON BRIG

ANDERSONVILLE-BY-THE-SEA

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

On March 17, a "for official eyes only" memorandum was sent from Wallace H. Robinson, Jr., quartermaster general of the Marine Corps, to the chief of staff, Gen. W. J. Van Ryzin, in which he warned that "a truly explosive situation" exists within the Camp Pendleton, Calif., prison but that "a public disclosure of existing conditions could tend to place the Commandant in an embarrassing defensive position."

He was right on both counts, but he failed to point out that the Pendleton brig—the second largest prison in the Navy apparatus—was continually erupting with riots and brutalities that only the Marine Corps' great luck had kept from reaching the press. Racial tensions in the Marine prison are intense. One riot a few months ago sent twenty men to the hospital.

Accompanying his memorandum was a secret survey of conditions at the Pendleton brig, conducted last March, in which it was officially admitted that the prison—a conglomeration of World War II temporary wood-frame buildings and tents, and prefab metal buildings once used as a prisoner-of-war camp—is no better than a concentration camp. The brig was built to handle 400 men. The normal prison population is now 800, and often there are peak loads of nearly 900.

The report is limited to the physical breakdown of the camp. It makes no mention of the cruelties imposed upon the prisoners, but accounts of these were obtained by *The Nation* elsewhere—from Father Alban Rosen, a priest who has done voluntary chaplain work at the base, from U.S. Senators, from men who are deserters from the Marine Corps, and from Dr. Larry McNamee, who served as brig physician for a year.

There are several accounts of prisoners being handcuffed to the steel-mesh fence surrounding the 20-acre camp—handcuffed in a spread-eagle fashion, their feet dangling inches above the ground. On one occasion the sight of a prisoner hanging like that brought about a sit-down mutiny that might have blown up into something much worse than the celebrated Presidio Army base "mutiny," but in this instance cool-headed officers broke it up.

Dr. McNamee, who left the Marine Corps in July and is now doing his residency in Cleveland, came away with many memories of his career as the first and last full-time physician at the Pendleton brig. He recalls a number of prisoners who came to him bruised over their chests and backs, who told of being beaten with taped clubs by the guards. An investigation uncovered the clubs, but nothing was done to the guards. He also remembers the prisoner whose arm had been broken and was in a cast; this young man was ordered to lie down on the ground, and then one of the guards stepped on the cast and smashed it.

On that occasion—it was a time of wholesale punishment, for the prisoners had done something the guards resented—"I saw a prisoner in a down position (with nose touching ground, legs spread-eagled and hands clasped behind back; in other words the prisoner is supported on the ground by his face, chest and toes), and one guard was standing on one foot and another guard was kicking the other foot out further. A foreman was with me and I said, 'go over and stop them—the guy's legs can't spread any further.' But the prisoner himself reacted. He jumped up and kicked at one of the guards and another guard got pushed back by the prisoner. At that point, the second guard ran at the prisoner and kicked him in the chest, knocking him to the ground. Three or four other guards grabbed him, forced his hands behind his back and his face to the ground. He couldn't possibly move. The guard who had just kicked him, now fell on top of him and began pummeling him on the back of the head, hitting him as hard as he could with his fist closed. I mean, really belting him. Before I could get there, somebody else had pulled the guard off. The prisoner was sent to the Ice Box."

The Ice Box is made up of six cages set on an open concrete slab. Prisoners held there are protected from the weather only by bars; the confidential report acknowledges that the Ice Box, which has been in use for years, "is a cruel and unusual punishment." This is incorrect; it is cruel but not unusual. In fact, there is another twist to the Ice Box punishment that the report did not notice: the cases are covered with canvas during the day when it is hot; at night, when it is cold, the canvas is removed. And the nights at Pendleton can be cold indeed.

Another of the specialty facilities is the "Bull Pen," a fenced-in area used for holding prisoners who are being processed. Sometimes as many as thirty men are held in this area and they are kept there up to eight hours. There is no toilet, no urinal or drinking fountain in the Bull Pen. If guards refuse to take them out, they must relieve themselves on the spot. Eight months before General Robinson's survey, Dr. McNamee had sent in a complaint to the base's commanding medical officer about this situation, without results.

Although the report claims that "the double chain link fence which surrounds the main compound is basically sufficient to contain prisoners," it elsewhere notes that "there were 166 escapes during the past year." Although more than 90 per cent of the prisoners are being held on no charge more serious than AWOL, the treatment meted out to them encourages attempts to escape, even at the risk of being shot.

The report continues: "The camp was described by one officer as looking like Andersonville. The following paragraphs are an attempt to graphically describe a most serious situation that could develop into a series of embarrassing circumstances to the Marine Corps if immediate steps are not taken to permit corrective action."

¶The 1942 vintage building being utilized for all newly confined prisoners undergoing indoctrination and/or awaiting classification is a fire and safety hazard. The two-story barracks building was built as a temporary structure at the beginning of World War II and very little improvement has been made since. The bottom decks are divided into cells utilizing scrap steel bars, etc., that were salvaged when Camp Elliott was closed down.

¶It was reported that if the prisoner load on the second deck was past a certain level the doors to the cells on the first deck would not open.

¶There is only one escape hatch on each deck, all the windows and doors being either barred or secured to prevent escape. This particular building and two others like it are notably the best structures in the complex except for a new Maximum Security building which was recently completed.

¶Even the new building is inadequate; there are 48 cells in this building and only two commodes, the heating is poor and food must be carried from the mess hall and served in the individual's cell which routinely, during the winter, results in cold, greasy food.

¶In two areas tents are being used for confinement of medium custody prisoners. Oil burner heating is provided for these areas, and the tents are extremely overcrowded, the average footage per man in these tents is about 25 square feet. The standard square footage is 72 square feet per man.

¶Supervision of these areas presents an additional safety problem. In order to exercise any degree of control over the prisoners it is necessary for the guards to mingle with the prisoners. At night this is obviously an extremely dangerous practice as recently evidenced by a guard being beaten up by some prisoners while he was making his security rounds.

The men who run the brig have put a great deal of imaginative thought into figuring out ways to punish prisoners. One Marine deserter hiding out in Pasadena, Calif., told of the room of mirrors, in which some prisoners were punished by being forced to stand naked all day, sometimes for several weeks, just looking at themselves. Another deserter, interviewed in Whittier, Calif., had been a guard in a correctional custody platoon until he couldn't take it any more. "There's an interview that all prisoners go through," he said. "I've seen twenty or thirty. You hold your sea bag that weighs between 75 pounds and 115 pounds; you hold this over your head and turn in a circle as fast as you can, screaming, 'No, Sir' and 'Yes, Sir.' Once I saw a sergeant climb up on top of two foot lockers and jump on the bag one fellow was holding over his head. The bag fell on his head and he was knocked flat to the floor. It broke his nose and knocked out his teeth."

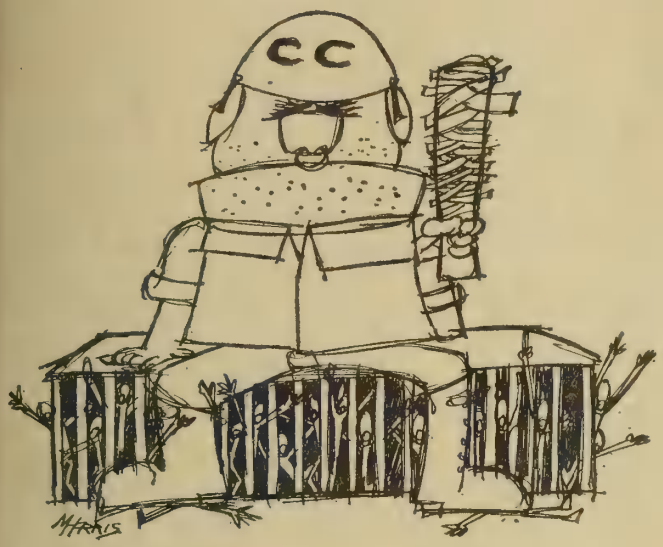
Father Al, the Franciscan priest, who was stationed at San Luis Rey Mission near Pendleton said: "No matter how bad it is, you can believe just about anything the Marines tell you about the brig. I really don't doubt any of the stories, because of the things I've seen and heard. I've seen faces beaten in. I know about the room of mirrors."

After Dr. McNamee had been treating patients at the brig for a while, and after he had made numerous complaints to his superiors to have conditions improved,

he began asking the prisoners who came to him to write down what had happened to them. Here are a few. The original spelling is retained sometimes to convey a more accurate indication of the kind of young men the Marine Corps pushes around in its prisons.

Charles L. Francis set down these troubles on March 3, 1969:

"About 17:30 I was called to the duty hut. I was haveing my gear inventoreid. L/Cpl. Johnson was explaning the rules. He told me to stand at atention on the yellow foot prints in the duty room. I was told to keep my head and eyes to the front. He told me to give him 25 4 count push



ups. When he seen that I was tirering, he wanted them perfict. After he seen that I couldn't complet them he had me stand at atention then he comenced hitting me with a club in the stomach and ribs. He would stop four a few minutes and then say I was eyeballing the area and start the beating again."

The doctor found sufficient cuts, bruises, skinned areas and lumps to support the story.

McNamee made the following report on H. L. Clark (no date):

"States he told corporal he couldn't take any further harassment and then began to cry. He was then hit in the eye, thrown to the ground and kicked in the left hand and left side of the chest."

When he reported to the doctor, he had a three-inch swelling under his right eye, a swollen cheek and bruised ribs.

This one is signed by Pvt. Jimmy L. Milton on March 5, 1969:

"On 2 March 1969 Cpl. DeGross called me to the Correctional Custody office and then he beat me a few times in the chest, then he made me eat four cigaretts and then pushed me out the door.

"Then on the 3 of March 1969 Cpl. DeGross again called me to the duty CC office and then L/Cpl. Johnson and Cpl. DeGross beat me agein, L/Cpl. Johnson dug his finger nails into my forhead and beat me in the chest along with Cpl. DeGross, and this time Cpl. Anderson held his fist at the back of my head and L/Cpl. Johnson then pushed my head back as hard as he could.

"Then they made me get on the deck and then L/Cpl. Johnson kicked me in the head and some one kicked me in the side."

Statement signed by Pvt. Stephen Weddel on February 28, 1969:

"I was called in the duty CC office and L/Cpl. Johnson, Sgt. Blye and another cpl. beat me in the chest with thier fist and feet leaving marks on my chest and hurting my ribbs to the point where I can just barely breath."

Statement signed by Pvt. Howard J. Stamm, Jr., on March 4, 1969:

"On or about the 27 day of Feb. I was called into the duty CC instructors office and Cpl. DeGross beat on my chest until I fell backward out the door and he then pulled me back in and continued beating on my chest until I fell down. He choked me and told me to get up he then pushed me out."

Pvt. Charles J. Comiskey received a bloodied and broken nose in the following episode, which he described in a statement signed March 4, 1969:

"I was called into the CC instructors hut and told to stand at attention on some yellow footprints keeping my eyes straight ahead. At that time L/Cpl. Johnson started beating me with a rolled up towel in the face. He then gave me blows to the stumic and karate chops in the neck. When I put my hands up to protect myself instinkivly, he thought I was crazy or something and invited me to hit him back. When I accepted his invitation with a swing and a curse, three of the CC instructors grabed me, beat me, and tied me up continuing the act until the assistant warden came and took me to sick bay."

Statement of Pvt. Peter T. Rood, signed March 5, 1969:

"At approximately 0915 on this date I suffered a cut on the back of my head. I was in the CC instructors hut doing extra P.T. because I couldn't do correct push-ups in the yard due to my back. I had a skiing accident about 1½ months ago. I went off a jump and one ski caught on an open patch of the jump. I tumbled and landed against a tree which was very close to the side of the slope. I struck the tree directly on the small of my back.

"Since then I've had bad, sharp pains in my lower back, accompanied by severe headaches and bad dreams. When I returned from the regular P.T. this morning, my back was sore and I had sharp pains in my spine. I couldn't hold a push-up position so I was told to go into the CC instructors hut.

"Cpl. DeGross forced me to do exercises when I complained about my back. He kicked my feet out from under me and grabbing the back of my shirt pushed me forward to the deck. After several repititions I was left on the deck. Cpl. DeGross kicked me a few times in my side and grabbed my shirt collar, lifting and dropping me in a push-up type exercise. I was then righted and I began to feel dizzy. I began to fall but the corporal held me up. He then gave me a shove and I fell backwards, tripping over something and striking my head on a footlocker, I believe, and I then blacked out and came to when a corpman tried to awake me. Others were in the room but

since I was new in the CC area I didn't know them. When I was laying on the deck I overheard the people in the hut discuss what story they were going to tell everyone."

Pvt. Mark S. Sutherlin, a prisoner in the maximum security unit, got into an argument with a guard in October 1968. The result of the argument was this:

"He pushed me and then ordered me to put my tray of food on the floor and eat it there. Well, I didn't feel like being his fool, so I refused agien. So he pushed me agien, nocking my tray of food all over the place, then he came at me swinging his fists, so I swung back. While we fought, he kicked me in my scrotum, it didn't hurt then, but now, and it is also all blue."

It was indeed, as the doctor noted in his memorandum, entirely blue and large and tender.

Pvt. C. W. Mowery, on February 5, 1969, told of being called into the instructors' hut and being ordered to take the prisoner's down position.

"I got down in the prisoner's down position and everyone left except the two CC's that were to make the CC instructor's rack. Then another CC instructor that was just came on duty came into the CC instructors hut and stomped me twice in the back while in the prisoners down position. There were about six CC instructors in the hut when it happened but only two wrote me up. I seen the Major Voigt and he beleives what they say I reckon. Anyway he told the Cpl. on duty to sent the assault charge against me to my C.O."

From L/Cpl. Gerald M. Bonnell, January 17, 1969:

"When I came to CC the 14 of January 1969, it wasn't until the next morning when they started beating on me, hitting me in the belly 3 or 4 times and asked me if I would do any thing if they did it again, and kicking me in the back by my left shoulder 2 or three times and almost breaking my neck by the jurk of being kicked. They said to get things straight and I got all nervous and confused and couldn't so that is when they chocked me and picked me almost up off the deck by my neck. I have been a nervous wreck since I joined the Marine Corps. I never said any thing or talked back, or disobeyed the CC instructors or threatened or took a swing at any of them, but yet they treat us like animals and I want out of CC and the Marine Corps."

To that he added a postscript: "Now since I signed this here form it will be a lot harder on me so I want out of CC as soon as possible."

Pvt. Lloyd A. Wyman, in a statement signed September 26, 1968, told of his refusing to run in physical training, as ordered, after which this happened:

"Upon my refusal to run, two of the aforementioned personnel dragged me by the arms in order to make me run. Fortunately, I was able to pull away from them, at which time I was placed in the 'Prisoners Down' position. While in this position, one of the personnel present at the time jumped, landing on his knees in the center of my back. This action was executed with considerable force and caused great pain. It should be known that I have been under treatment and medication for a back problem."

Fifty-three per cent of the prisoners Dr. McNamee tried to have taken for clinical diagnosis or hospital care never got there. Guards could not be spared to escort them but, as Dr. McNamee said, "there was always a guard available to escort prisoners to mow the general's lawn."

Also, Dr. McNamee says that only 15 per cent of the medicine he prescribed for his patients was ever taken by them. One prisoner with gonorrhea was in the brig from October 1968 to January 1969 and was never admitted to the hospital despite repeated efforts by Dr. McNamee to get him there. Dr. McNamee made eight efforts to get a private admitted to a chest clinic for studies, and never succeeded. Sometimes prisoners with temperatures of 102 degrees are forced to take part in daylong exercises.

Boredom takes almost as high a toll as sickness. In a report to the base medical officer, Dr. McNamee spelled out some of the results. "Inmates throw razor blades at one another. Numerous small lacerations have been seen on my confinees as a result of the above. Boredom apparently is the cause of this activity. Boredom also contributes to the incidence of self-inflicted cigarette burns. Two confinees place a lighted cigarette between their forearms to see who could stand the pain longer." Prisoners also catch wild mice and try to keep them as pets; several prisoners are treated each day for bites.

There aren't enough guards to do a proper job. Consequently, security is poor and drugs pass in and out with no trouble. Inmates who can't afford drugs shoot cold water, coffee, Kool-Aid and various medications dissolved in tap water. As a result, one to two cases of serum hepatitis per month are seen at the brig sick bay.

Obviously, to bring the prison facilities and treatment up to a civilized level, a number of things are needed, including money. The Marine Corps is asking for $2.5 million to build additional brig facilities, but they would not be large enough and the old jail would have to be used.

As General Robinson said in his private note to the chief of staff: "Difficulty is anticipated on this line item before Congress in view of its historic reticence to fund new brig facilities. Senator Stennis in particular has gone on record stating he did not like to build a new facility for the 'bad guys' while the 'good guys' lived in substandard barracks. . . .

"The Senatorial investigation of conditions at the Presidio could serve to assist the Marine Corps in obtaining authorization and funding of this line item at Camp Pendleton, because recognition of a need for more adequate service brigs would help us."

The best and quickest solution, of course, would be to follow the precedent set in 1957 by Gen. David Shoup when he was commandant of the First Marine Division at Pendleton. He simply freed everyone in the brig who was there for something less than a felony—which immediately cleared the prison of virtually every prisoner.



BLACK BUSINESS—BLEAK BUSINESS

GEORGE ECKSTEIN
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Black business is currently one of the most talked about subjects. President Nixon promised the blacks "a piece of the action" through "black capitalism." The trouble is that there is such a wealth of agencies, government and private, concerned with the matter that most of the action gets lost in the maze. On the government side there are the Office of Minority Business Enterprise (Department of Commerce); Operation Mainstream (Small Business Administration), and the Economic Development Agency, to name only a few.

Among the private agencies, there are the Urban Coalition, national and local; Coalition Venture Corporation, and Capital Formation, Inc., both working with the Coalition in New York; Interracial Council for Business Opportunities (NAACP); the National Urban League, and some CORE units. In addition, some of the large banks, notably Chase Manhattan and First National City, have put special officers in charge of minority business loans.

There have been so many symposia and panel discussions that they begin to weary the participants, especially the few moderately successful black businessmen called upon to tell of their experiences. Among the organizers: Legal Defense Fund-NAACP, Arden House, Capital Formation, Ripon Society, and some business schools.

A steady flow of press releases has come from all these sources, but measured against the vast input of time, money, labor and good will, results so far are discouragingly small. The same few success stories: a hat manufacturer or dress house here, a small foundry, supermarket or gas station there. The more ambitious Community Development schemes seem to remain on paper. The mountain of organization and conversation is producing a mouse of actual black business. It's time to have a closer look.

Black business is not new. As a matter of fact, there was more of it in the past than exists today. There used to be sixty-eight Negro-owned banks compared to today's twenty-one. Even the number of Negro-owned businesses in Harlem has dropped by one-third. The Negro share in terms of numbers, and even more in terms of volume, of all enterprises is still insignificant.

Two principal roadblocks bar the way, if not to riches, at least to independence: lack of managerial know-how and lack of capital. Both are, of course, interrelated and mutually reinforcing. Capital is not forthcoming where experience is lacking, and know-how cannot develop if given no chance to practice. As in many other areas, a lack of entrepreneurial spirit is often blamed on a lingering "slave mentality." But this is only partly true; Negro businessmen in Atlanta and other cities of the South have been rather successful—the "hustler" in the Northern ghetto is often a shrewd and resourceful "free enterpriser." Psychologically, with their initiative boosted in the current climate of growing self-reliance, the blacks should be able to develop their enterprises much as other originally less business-minded minorities (Irish, Poles, Sicilians) did in their time. However, other minority groups had certain advantages the blacks lack: they could start out from skilled trades (construction worker into building contractor, tailor into garment manufacturer, etc.), and capital requirements in earlier days were smaller. Now the Negro businessman's access to capital is very limited: he has little savings; his family is without funds to lend; he has no credit from suppliers and little chance for commercial bank loans without collateral. His way through government or private agencies is plastered with good intentions, a multitude of forms and bureaucratic delays which frequently make any financial assistance—if it is at all forthcoming—too little and too late. Add to this the current tight money market, and the result is general frustration—a feeling of discrimination among the blacks, of disappointment among those who would like to help them.

The reason for the difficulties, of course, goes deeper—to the institutions of our corporate economy. They are naturally stacked against the small independent businessman, black *or* white. The fatality rate among small businesses is 70 per cent within their first three years. There is and there will always be room for the man with special skill or formula, but the "Mom & Pop" store—while its high "visibility" may confer status in the ghetto—offers its proprietors, in the age of the supermarket and the drug and variety chains, much more hard work than hard cash. The situation is somewhat better in the service industries and in small manufacturing, especially if not confined to the ghetto limits as, unfortunately, too many of the existing enterprises are. But on the whole, the independent entrepreneurship through which former minorities have worked their way into the American business mainstream, is no longer a way for the blacks to obtain "a piece of the action" in today's corporate economy.

More in line with the latter, and thus more promising, is the establishment of blacks in franchises and dealerships in such fields as gas stations, store branches and "EAT" chains. In these the parent company usually provides at least part of the capital, managerial assistance and guidance. The considerable loss of independence is compensated for by a considerably lessened risk of failure. There is no reason why a concentrated effort of private agencies, banks and franchise enterprises should not result in many more black-managed and black-owned branches.

The co-ops, exemplified by the well-publicized Quilting Bee of Alberta, Ala., present no real solution. They have a certain romantic appeal for both the old and New Left; but the climate of the economy and the spotty history of Negro solidarity make the co-op a viable alternative only in a few exceptional instances.



"And If You Don't Believe I'm Promoting Black Capitalism . . ."

Small enterprise still appeals to the essentially middle-class, largely Southern-formed mentality of the NAACP who—at their forum in May—advocated their extension out of the ghetto into the mainstream of the economy. But, as became clear in the intervention of Roy Innis of Harlem CORE at the same discussion, this does not interest the new breed of Black Power separatists. They are thinking in bigger terms: of community development corporations, such as the Bedford-Stuyvesant Corporation initiated by Robert Kennedy, or the Harlem Corporation that Roy Innis is trying to organize with the help of other politicians. The capital which they hope to obtain through political pressure from Whitey (government, banks, large corporations) would be used by them to finance various ghetto enterprises. They are not interested in enterprises active in the mainstream economy, but on the contrary expect large corporations to set up "turnkey" operations in the ghetto to be relinquished on favorable terms to ghetto ownership and management. Ironically, one of the first such enterprises actually established, and much hailed by Innis, has been the Harlem branch of a Wall Street brokerage firm which will drain ghetto dollars into U.S. corporate coffers.

But, what counts above all to these young men is the power they hope to wield from the command post of their community development corporations, first within the ghetto and ultimately outside in the political arena. Their big problem, however, will be to provide a high quality of management without which funds can be quickly dissipated. All too often, such essentially power-inspired ventures have a tendency to get mired in bureaucracy, nepotism and fraud (for example, Dave Beck's Teamsters union enterprises), and it is very doubtful whether the people from whom the capital is expected, can be scared to the point of providing it without retaining some control over its use. Nevertheless, these grander projects seem to have met with a certain amount of sympathy on the part of the Republican Establishment desirous of finding an accommodation with turbulent black separatists through the switch of ghetto economics.

There have been more modest, and more indigenous poolings of resources, such as Challenge, Inc., a Harlem investment corporation set up by Spencer Jourdain, a Harvard Business School graduate, Jim Brown of football and movie fame, and others, including several community organizations. By spreading equity ownership broadly in the community and among their employees, they hope to "build up a series of businesses in the ghetto while avoiding exploitation" (Spencer Jourdain). Whether or not the second part of this hope may be realized, such economically oriented ventures should have a fair chance of success. They undoubtedly will attract the black separatists among the growing number of black business school graduates.

The majority, though, undoubtedly will go neither into business nor ghetto corporations but will find their way to jobs with large corporations. The latter are more and more willing and at times even eager to hire black college graduates, if only for public relations or reinsurance. (Actually, what keener sign of changing times as when the corporate image is improved—not blemished—by the sight of Negroes, at least on the lower and middle rungs of management and in laboratories?) While all too often these managerial jobs are still connected with the hiring and handling of Negro personnel, it can be expected that there will be increasing access to other fields in management. The upper reaches, undoubtedly, will remain closed to blacks for a long time, but Jews even today are largely excluded from the top positions in some of our biggest industries.

Insofar as the "action" is now unquestionably in the large corporation, the young college-educated black will best find "a piece of it" there. Whether he can preserve a militant separatist attitude in the corporation is another question, but it can legitimately be raised as well about the radical advocates of economic Black Power who are perfectly willing to work with the Establishment as long as it allots them a small piece of its power.

The hard fact has to be faced: that despite the good will now existing in many places the laws of business can-

not easily be bent. Money goes where there is believed to be the least risk and/or the most profit; the existing institutions tend to work in favor of the haves, not the have-nots. In this context, the role of private agency, such as the Urban Coalition, can at best be limited. Their funds are insufficient to cover little more than their expenses. Their prime function is educational, as expressed by Robert Lenzner, a young man who interrupted a promising Wall Street career for one year to work with the Urban Coalition: to make business ("the fat cats") and the public aware of the needs and possibilities of black business; to help black would-be entrepreneurs get access to and contact with possible sources of capital funds and managerial advice.

The only force that could suspend the laws of business to some extent would be the government. The existing agencies move in a slow, haphazard manner, sometimes paralleling one another or working at cross-purposes. Only a clear, dynamic policy would establish aims, priorities and proper measures such as simple rules for loan guarantees, interest subsidies, tax relief for new black businesses, government contracts directed toward black companies (which are now mostly ineligible under the rules of the Defense Department favoring the big corporations).

Instead, we squander money in half measures in a multitude of directions. For example, Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans announced the following ("Negro Businesses Get First Grants," *New York Times*, July 10):

> A $200,000 grant from OEO through the SBA to the National Bankers Association, consisting of twenty-one Negro-owned banks, to establish a "credit pool" for loan guarantees and equity capital (i.e., an average of under $10,000 per bank!).
>
> A $200,000 grant from the Office of Education to Howard University to establish a National Institute for Minority Business Education. "The institute will identify successful businesses and make the information available to minority business men."
>
> A $650,000 grant from SBA and EDA to Rev. Leon Sullivan of Philadelphia to train shopping center developers in thirteen cities. Mr. Sullivan developed Progress Plaza in Philadelphia.

The prospects for black business in the immediate future remain bleak; nor can the main solution for the economic ills of the black community come from this direction. It will have to be created through the general increase of its economic level; through the opening of skilled blue- and white-collar jobs; through training and education; through income maintenance where other measures fail.

It is difficult to see how any of these aims can be accomplished through the present policy of economic retrenchment which cannot fail to hit black business the hardest.

WHAT CONSUMERS NEED

SHOW BIZ OR HARD FACTS

A. Q. MOWBRAY
Mr. Mowbray is the author of Road to Ruin *and* The Thumb on the Scale *(both J. B. Lippincott).*

The state of the U.S. market place is nowhere better illustrated than in a television commercial now going the rounds for Oxydol. The scene is a modern, cheerfully appointed home laundry. A young man is being instructed in the mysteries of detergent quality by a bright young housewife. What, he asks, is so good about Oxydol? "It's those green things," she tells him, pointing to the flecks of green bleach in the pile of detergent she has poured into his outstretched hand. "But how well does it work?" he persists, all male innocence and gawk. "Stick your head in the basket," she leers, nodding toward the washing machine, "and you'll find out."

For fumbling young man read typical consumer. For impertinent housewife read U.S. manufacturer. And for "green things" read all the advertising puffery and nonsense that manufacturers substitute for hard information when touting their wares. How well does it work? The most adroit young minds in our society are hired to devise slick phrases with which to brush off such questions. Instead of giving hard answers, detergent manufacturers give you a choice between the credibility of Eddie Albert and Arthur Godfrey.

What the consumer needs in order to make rational choices among competing products is standards for those products—standards of performance, standards of durability, standards of safety. How well does it work? How long will it last? Is it safe? The paucity of standards for consumer products is at the heart of most of the consumer questions that have found their way to Washington during the past several years. Much of our annual highway carnage has been attributed to a need for safety standards for automobile design. Truth in packaging is unattainable without either standard net contents or standard unit price statements. Truth in lending is now being achieved through standard methods of stating the cost of borrowing. Wholesale meat can be provided only through sanitation and inspection standards. And so on.

Where the public health and safety are concerned, there seems to be a growing realization that the government, and especially the federal government, can no longer rely on the spotty and often ineffectual efforts of manufacturers to build safety into their products. Recent hearings of the National Commission on Product Safety are filled with testimony on eyeglass frames that burst into flame; fragile

glass in storm doors that shatters and kills small children on impact; cribs that strangle infants, toys that stab them, floor grates that burn them; and ungrounded electrical appliances that electrocute their parents. Few who have seen this testimony deny that there is vast room for improvement in this field. In this complex technological world it is unreasonable to hope that all man-made hazards can be eliminated, but it seems clear that they can be greatly reduced. It is equally clear that the federal government must, at the very minimum, serve as the stimulus to industry in a sweeping program to improve the safety of its products. The commission will be making recommendations next year on how the government should fulfill its responsibility. These recommendations are awaited with great interest by industry and consumers alike.

There is hope, then, that answers will soon be forthcoming to the question, Is it safe? But that leaves untouched the two remaining consumer questions: How well does it work? How long will it last? In the areas of performance and durability, the role of the government is not nearly so well defined, and the role of standards is not nearly so well understood by consumers.

When a manufacturer buys the materials that he uses in making his products, he refers to standards. He gives the materials supplier a standard specification spelling out the performance characteristics the material must have, and he also stipulates the standard test methods that will be used to sample and test the material to insure compliance with the standard specification. When General Motors buys material from U.S. Steel, it does not rely on assurances from the steel company that the shipment will be "new and improved" with twice the active ingredient of shabby old Brand X. GM says in very hardheaded terms that the steel must meet certain specifications as to strength, hardness, ductility, corrosion resistance, or whatever property is of interest, and it must pass certain standard tests to prove it.

The interesting and little understood aspect of this transaction is that both the standard specification and standard test method were agreed upon long before it took place. They were developed by representatives of the producer (U.S. Steel), the consumer (General Motors), and most other buyers and sellers of steel in the country, working voluntarily in a committee of an organization called the American Society for Testing Materials, a nonprofit society organized just for this purpose: to develop the standards without which commerce in the materials of manufacturing and construction would be all but impossible.

This is the *modus operandi* of the so-called voluntary standardization system that grew up in this country at the turn of the century. The emphasis is on voluntary because the work of developing the standards is contributed voluntarily by industry, and also because use of the standards, once developed, is wholly voluntary. There is no compulsion by government either to develop or to use the standards. The main point, however, is that such compulsion is entirely unnecessary. The commercial transaction is between two industries, each of which recognizes the need for the standard, and each of which can summon the technological expertise needed to comprehend the problem, to develop the solution, and to defend its interests in arriving at a balanced consensus. The process of developing the standard, as well as the act of buying and selling, involves a confrontation between equals, and the result is a balanced standard and a fair transaction.

When we turn to the consumer market place, we find a completely different ball game. The producer (General Motors) and the consumer (you or I) no longer deal as equals. The result is that standards for performance and durability of automobiles are all but nonexistent, and the consumer is adrift in a sea of non- and misinformation. Choices must be made on the basis of advertising claims, rumors, subliminal appeals to sexual prowess, and a vacant stare under the hood.

Compared with the orderly processes of the industrial market place, the consumer market place is a scene of anarchy. Organizations such as Consumers Union do a creditable job of attempting to provide information about products that will enable the consumer to make a rational choice. But such efforts by a private organization are necessarily limited by the support that can be generated among enlightened consumers, as well as by a lack of consumer product standards. The plea now from consumer advocates is for a nation-wide, systematic program to develop standards for consumer products. There seems little doubt that this plea will eventually be answered. The key question is, will such a program be organized by industry, by government or by a cooperative effort of the two?

Foot-dragging among manufacturers is widespread. Some still cling to the ostrich principle. The problem doesn't really exist, they maintain—manufacturers flood consumers with information about their products. This yammering for consumer standards comes from a few vocal gadflies and malcontents, and if ignored it will eventually go away. The ranks of these hard-core *caveat emptor* types are being thinned by the encroachment of reality, but some die hard.

Other manufacturers resort to the too-many-variables ploy. The argument goes about as follows: When a new toaster, say, is carried home by the typical housewife, it is impossible to predict how she will use it, or abuse it, and therefore it is obviously impossible for the manufacturer to give her any hard assurances about how it will perform or how long it will last. Consumers are too unpredictable, service conditions too widely changeable, for the manufacturer to devise any test to simulate actual use. One of Betty Furness' favorite lines during her last months in office was to ask manufacturers why they couldn't tell her how long her washing machine was likely to last. Upon hearing this, the manufacturers would smile patronizingly and exchange words of pity over this poor woman who obviously had no concept of the very complex nature of simulated service testing, reliability, quality control and other highly technical matters.

What Miss Furness meant, of course, and what con-

sumers all over the country would like to be told, is *how long* a representative sample of that model of toaster or washing machine performed in a standard test that was fairly designed to simulate average use. Everyone understands the variable nature of consumer use, but if all competing toasters are subjected to the same standard test, certainly the results would be helpful in comparing similar products and deciding which one to acquire with one's hard-earned cash.

When U.S. Steel sells a piece of steel to General Motors, no guarantee can be given as to how well that particular



product will bear up under the conditions of manufacture in a given GM process. What U.S. Steel *can* say, however, is that similar pieces of steel performed in a given way when subjected to tests designed to simulate that process, or designed to measure properties critical to that process. Similarly, we do not ask General Motors to tell us how long our Chevrolet will run before the brakes need to be relined, because General Motors cannot possibly know our driving habits. We *would* like to know how long a similar model bore up in a standard road test.

But automobile manufacturers prefer to hire glittering young ladies to simper at us from our television screens while they run silken fingers along shining fenders and croon love songs to the deep-pile interiors. This is the third source of difficulty: many manufacturers prefer to compete on the basis of show biz rather than hard facts, on the theory that a few million bucks spent on high-power persuasion yields a lot more mileage than the same money invested in product quality. If it is a competitive market place, the competition is in advertising copy and television talent. Where no measure of quality exists, there can be no competition in quality.

Some manufacturers defend the *status quo* by pointing out that the consumer will be fooled only once, and if he is dissatisfied he will change brands. But in the absence of information about product performance, reliability or durability, how can the disgruntled buyer know that the change will be for the better? And more to the point, why should it be necessary for him to be fooled even once? Why should he not be given comparative information about competing brands so that he can make a rational choice in the first place?

An increasing number of Congressmen are asking these questions. Some believe that this shopping-information gap must be filled by an agency of the federal government. Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.), for example, has introduced a bill that would establish a National Consumer Service Foundation "to receive, assemble, evaluate, act upon, and disseminate information helpful to consumers of the United States in performing their economic function more efficiently." One of the tasks of the foundation would be to "formulate and publish standards for specific consumer products or categories of such products which will facilitate the determination of values by consumers." Senator Hart envisions a kind of super Consumers Union, linked to a huge computer system and making its vast store of information available to the shopper at the point of sale. The consumer would merely slip a quarter in a slot and out would come all the data on all competing brands.

A large and growing number of responsible manufacturers—no doubt motivated in part at least by the "threat" of government action—are attempting to persuade industry leaders that the voluntary standardization system, which has worked so well in providing the thousands of standards by which industrial products are bought and sold, must be brought to bear on the vast unsolved problem of standards for consumer products. The arguments in favor of doing this are very persuasive.

Standards development requires an enormously complex organization, foolproof procedures, and a great variety of technical skills. All these already exist in the private sector. In the technical society mentioned earlier, for example, the American Society for Testing Materials, there are more than 100 standing committees developing and perfecting standards year in and year out for thousands of materials and products used by industry. These committees are manned by the nation's foremost technical experts—the engineers and scientists in the companies engaged in producing and buying these materials and products. For an organization such as this to take on the job of developing standards for consumer products would be but a simple expansion of scope. Further, the entire operation is supported and financed by industry—no public funds are required.

On the other hand, for the government to take on the job would require the creation of an agency to duplicate this enormous reservoir of technical skills and knowledge. Such an agency would have to include technical people with expertise on every consumer product in the market place. The prospect is staggering. Even if such an

organization could be created, it would be difficult for it to maintain its expertise at the needed level. In today's fast-moving technologies, this can be done most effectively as a member of the producer organization.

Most observers of the standards scene, both in and out of government, agree that this is a job that can be done most efficiently and effectively in the private sector. The voluntary system has worked well in providing industrial standards; we should find a way for it to work equally well in providing consumer standards. There are two major differences that must be accounted for, however, before this can be possible.

The first of these is the matter of consumer representation on the standards writing team. If it is an industrial standard, the consumer is an industry, and there is no problem. In the case of the steel purchase cited earlier, the consumer is General Motors Corporation, quite a formidable voice on any team. In this situation, the producer industries and consumer industries come together on an equal footing, and the chances for a consensus reflecting both points of view are excellent.

If it is a consumer standard, however, who is to voice the wishes of the consumer? Consumers are unorganized and lack the financial resources and pool of technically competent manpower necessary to engage in standards development on a par with representatives of the manufacturing industries. It has been suggested that the government fill this need, not by sending representatives from government agencies to man the committees but by contracting with competent technical consulting firms to represent the consumer interest on committees developing consumer product standards.

The second major difference between industrial and consumer standards is the matter of incentive. Given their "druthers," manufacturers on the whole would prefer that there be no standards for consumer products. They pay fervent lip service to the virtues of competition, but they are much more comfortable without it.

The present incentive that is moving some manufacturers gingerly to examine the need for consumer standards is the "consumerist" movement, now in full cry, and its attendant cloud, no bigger than a housewife's hand, that threatens to grow into the thunderhead of government domination of our nation's system of standards development. This threat must either materialize or disappear for the tension cannot be maintained indefinitely. If it materializes, the ball game is over. If it disappears, the government must then find a way to provide a permanent, effective incentive to the private sector to develop the standards so sorely needed by our nation's consumers.

The issue is joined. No bands play, no troops march. The struggle goes on quietly in Congressional staff offices, industry board rooms, and the committees of standards writing groups. Despite the lack of noise and the almost total lack of public understanding of the question, the outcome will have incalculable economic consequences for industry and consumers. The free enterprise system faces a major trial. If it fails to measure up, we will all be the losers.

Blood and Fire Against the Draft

PETER ROWLEY
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Burning and mutilating draft board files has grown to the point where it is a significant new development in the history of nonviolent protest. It is also becoming a rallying point for the peace movement against the war in Vietnam. As the Paris peace talks drag on and the deaths in Vietnam continue, these attacks on draft boards increase in number and nuisance value to the Selective Service System. Since 1967 there have been eleven incidents, excluding an invasion of the Dow Chemical office in March of this year in Washington, D.C., and the burning down of the draft board in Great Neck, N.Y., cause unknown.

It all started in Big Lake, Minn., when young Barry Bondhus, member of a family morally opposed to conscription but not, ironically, to this war, deposited his and his brothers' excrement, gathered in pails, on the files of his local board. He served fourteen months in jail and was immortalized, inaccurately, as a pacifist-hero in the song, *The Ballad of Barry Bondhus.* On October 27, 1967, four pacifists, including Rev. Philip Berrigan, poured simulated blood on files in the Baltimore Customs House. The reaction of the majority of the opponents to the war was that the Baltimore action was too "way out" to have much impact on public opinion.

Nevertheless it led to Catonsville, Md., on May 17, 1968, where another group, including Berrigan and his brother Dan the poet, burned 600 files with napalm. The actions by now were clearly Christian-oriented, and religious convictions were a keynote of the defense at the subsequent trial. On June 2, 1968, Frank Femia and Suzi Williams attacked a Boston draft board; on September 24, 1968, fourteen men burned 4,000 1-A files in Milwaukee. There then followed Washington, D.C., and on May 25, 1969, Chicago, where fifteen people immolated 50,000 files. Up to this point the assaults on draft boards were regarded "as the Catholic bag or thing by the rest of the peace movement," says Jill Boskey, one of five women who attacked thirteen New York boards in one building on July 2.

On May 21 and May 20, respectively, an induction center in Los Angeles, Calif., and a draft board in Silver Springs, Md., were struck, and these two events combined with the one in New York were carried out largely by non-Catholics, the first evidence that the nonviolent-but-violent-to-property technique was widening in its appeal. In August there were two more file-destruction incidents, both in New York, one at a Bronx draft board and another in Jamaica, Queens. So far an estimated 400,000 to 500,000 files have been affected; at least sixty-three persons, most of them in their 20s, have been charged by federal and state governments with these "crimes," and a total of sixty-five boards out of 4,000 in America have been involved, approximately 1.6 per cent. Currently only seventeen individuals are in jail. Most of them belong to the "Milwaukee fourteen" group, which includes five priests. The original bail for the fourteen was set at $450,000—a little more than $30,000 for each defendant. Under Wisconsin law, the defendants could not be admitted to bail pending appeal so that thirteen of them are now in prison (the fourteenth is to be tried separately).

What effect, if any, have these attacks had on the nation's draft boards? Officials either contend that the burnings are ineffective or admit delays and increased costs as a result of them. Like the war in Vietnam both sides have a tendency to exaggerate. In the Chicago action it was later shown that only the surface of the files was burned. In New York at what is now known as either "Women Against Daddy Warbucks" or "Ladies Day at the Draft Board," the women claim: "We tore into four pieces each file, mixed them up on the floor and removed the 102 ledgers which list the men's names, dates of birth, and order of induction." Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the national director of Selective Service, says the actions are a serious inconvenience.

Obviously the draft board attacks have not slowed inductions because when one board is unable to meet its quota, other boards send out more "Greetings" in their areas. The federal government is spending hundreds of thousands of additional dollars to restore the files, improve security, and prosecute the offenders.

The attackers are hoping that draftees will bring legal actions against the boards affected to prevent themselves from being conscripted "out of turn." The trouble with this approach is that the courts will entertain a case only after refusal of induction, which means, if the draftee loses the case, possibly five years in prison. Injunctions against induction have not been allowed so far under the present law.

The motivation behind the attacks is complex. First and foremost is hatred of the Vietnamese conflict. There is frustration because of the seemingly ineffectiveness of more conventional protests, such as demonstrations and "within the system" political activity. Mark Rudd, the SDS leader who led the Columbia University uprisings, says: "Anyone can take a building, but to walk in and deface draft records, well, that takes a lot of courage."

The first stage of protest, as different from the current nonreligious one, was based on religious ideals. One of the District of Columbia nine, Joe O'Rourke, says: "Catholics coming from a power-oriented and corrupt organization were well suited to attack monolithic systems." It was strong personal conviction that enabled them to face public and police hostility. The *Milwaukee Journal* headlined, MILWAUKEE 14 FAIL IN BID TO WIN PUBLIC SYMPATHY.

The opposition of the young to the military-industrial complex is an increasingly important factor. Two of the New York draft board attackers told me, "We don't want to be trapped into the system our parents were." There are also more personal motives. Someone connected with these incidents said: "The Marxists and Maoists in the New Left accuse us of heroics and being elitists. However,



they too have their own small cadres. We're also accused of masochism and martyrdom and self-destruction. There is some slight truth to this. In any case you cannot help but have a few neurotics in a movement like this. Belligerence against the world is a slight factor too. Proving one's manhood is also a motive."

The draft board assaults are, as their New Left opponents charge, individualistic. But this is their strength, for there is proof—*visible to the eye*—that the action has had an effect unlike the mass demonstrations of Berkeley or Chicago, which at least in immediate terms, produce only broken heads and no change in the political system. An article in *Commonweal*, the Catholic weekly, calls them "a sort of theater of literal effects." They are, then, means by which young men and women can attack a tiny part of the system they oppose, a dramatic way of publicizing the peace movement, and a source of encouragement to radical leftists. Whether they increase in frequency depends on the progress of the Paris peace talks and the future of the draft.

DEFINING THE FUTURE

GERALD FEINBERG

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The past few years have brought an enormous upsurge of interest in the future. This is evinced by many scholarly and popular books and articles that have been published dealing with aspects of our yet hypothetical future. A further indication is the formation of various organizations, missions and other groups in different parts of the world to study the future, either as a whole, or in part. While there is a long history of concern with the subject, especially in imaginative literature, the serious attention being given today by academic intellectuals to prophecy, and the support of their activities by such power centers as government and industry, is novel, unless one considers as a precedent the royal support of fortunetellers in other ages.

There are several understandable sources for this new concern with what is to be. One is the recognition that societies have changed in many ways from those of the recent past. Since the forces which produced these changes may operate to produce still more, we are impelled to try to identify such prospective changes before they occur in order that we may better be able to deal with them.

Another source of interest in the future is the purely intellectual desire to achieve a greater understanding of more of the world. Predicting the future is particularly attractive to social scientists for this reason; through it they test their theories, which cannot generally be done by setting up controlled experiments, as natural scientists do. Furthermore, since it is generally accepted that providing explanations for known facts is not nearly as critical a test for a theory as is predicting yet unobserved phenomena, prediction of the future is a better proving ground for theories about society than is historical explanation.

A particular attitude toward the future, which is both unjustified and inopportune, has often been the result of this prophetic approach. The implicit assumption in many recent studies has been that the future, like the past, is a fixed condition which we should try to understand, rather than an undetermined state which we can try to influence. This is unjustified because what will happen at any time in the future is not yet fixed but depends on what will happen in the period between now and then. It is inopportune because more and more of what happens in the world is subject to human intervention and control, so that more than ever before we have the power to determine the future, rather than to prophesy it. Given this rapidly developing power, the result of what we have learned about the world and ourselves, we should be more concerned with choosing what future we want than with divining what providence or blind chance has in store. We should recognize that to an ever increasing extent, the future is what we make it.

It is sometimes argued that we should avoid determining the future in order to leave open as many options as possible for generations yet unborn. It is difficult to make sense of this view because our actions will influence the future whether or not we wish them to. Since the environment that men inhabit is now to a large extent man made, the lives of future men will be shaped by actions of today. Thus, if we care about the future at all, the choice is between doing what we can to make things come out in a way we think best, or allowing them to result from random actions. Unless one believes that things will work out for the best whether or not we intervene, the choice seems obvious. If man does not take care of his own future, then nothing or no one will do it for him.

Of course, it is impossible for us to determine the future completely or to predict it with complete accuracy. The lives of individuals or of small groups depend on too many special features for them to be fixed in any real detail ahead of time. However, the general features of a society, which characterize the lives of most or all of its members, can be more easily decided by actions taken in advance. Examples of these common features are the biological nature of people, the technological abilities of the society, the political system, etc. Obviously, these factors play very important roles in defining the lives of the people in a society, but do not determine their lives completely. It is such general aspects of life that I shall be referring to when I write about choosing our future.

The recognition that the future is ours to determine

is especially important in view of the possibilities for drastic changes in man and his society that come from our advanced technology. One familiar aspect of this is that through technology, we have or soon will have the potential to do things that can affect our environment very substantially. For example, the energy generated by man on earth is well on the way to becoming a measurable fraction of that coming to the earth from the sun. This situation, if it develops much further, could easily have a large and probably detrimental effect on the earth's overall climate. On the other hand, the new energy sources available to us through nuclear reactions afford us the possibility of making positive changes in the environment on a grand scale, such as massive desalting of the sea water.

Probably even more important and novel than such possibilities for environmental changes are the possibilities for altering the functioning of man himself that are being opened up to us by developments in biology and psychology. These developments are likely to be more important because they affect man more directly and because man is what matters most to himself. They are more novel because our ability to influence the way our bodies and minds work—when compared to what we can do with the rest of nature—has been quite limited in the past.

Major perturbations on our society have already been produced by such developments in these areas as the introduction of effective contraceptives or of drugs that affect the mind, like LSD. These innovations are the beginning of what our increased knowledge of biology and psychology is going to make possible. We are now gaining the scientific knowledge necessary to do biological engineering, that is, the design of biological organisms, including human beings, so that certain of their functions can be better performed. Some examples of what may be possible, that have been discussed by scientists working in these fields, include advance determination of the traits of children by direct gene manipulation, electrical transmission of information to the brain without going through the senses, and even the elimination of aging and death. Unexpected developments may well be even more spectacular than these. Man may soon have the ability to make himself biologically what he wants—and the question then will become, what does he want to be?

In view of the almost universal dissatisfaction with various aspects of the human condition, we may reasonably infer that men will choose to utilize some of their new powers to modify themselves. If we do choose to use the technological fruits of scientific advance to change man, we must realize that our social institutions will have to change accordingly, since they have for the most part been developed to reflect the existing biological character of man and might not be appropriate under new circumstances. For example, the elimination of aging and death, or even a substantial increase in the active life span, would suggest changes in almost every aspect of our present-day society. These include education, marriage, seniority, retirement procedures, inheritance and all the other consequences of a limited life span. While a new society that would be appropriate to the new condition could doubtless be built, it would be very different from our own. It is probable that the changes in society that could result from the use of biological engineering would be much more radical and thoroughgoing than any in previous history.

The potentiality for such world-shaking changes in man and society through technological innovation is not confined to biological engineering. It is implicit in many other areas where there have been major technological advances. Another such area is computer technology, which has raised the possibility of creating artificial intelligence comparable to human intelligence, and also of a world without need for human work. Still another would be the establishment of radio contact with an intelligent extraterrestrial species and the possibility of detailed communication with it.

The practical realization of any one of these possibilities should involve us in a careful examination of its long-term consequences before it is put into operation. If they all occur, the need for this becomes even more critical.

If such an examination is to be done rationally, we must know how to predict the consequences of our actions, and we must know what we want to accomplish. If we are unable or unwilling to think through qualitatively the long-range effects of technological innovations singly or in combination, then even with the best of intentions we may end up producing a world which neither we nor our descendants find desirable or even livable. While this could also happen without our intervention, it would be an ultimate tragedy if we engineer it ourselves.

The ability to make long-range predictions of the consequences of our actions is not well developed at present. The intellectual problems involved here are very similar to those that have come up in the attempts mentioned earlier to predict the future. The main difference is the element of considering alternative choices for innovation, rather than guessing what unique things might happen. It would therefore seem logical to extend the scope of some future studies in this direction to see what kind of world may arise, if we can and do make specific technological innovations. Through this type of study we might get some idea, by comparing different predictions, of the variations that might occur in the actual situation. However, I believe that we will have to develop new intellectual methods for dealing with the extremely complex system that is human society in order that long-range planning may be accurate. These new methods will very likely involve the widespread use of high-speed computers. Some progress in this direction has already been made in the fields of systems analysis and related disciplines, but this is only a beginning. The detailed understanding and accurate prediction of the behavior of complex systems is a problem that occurs, and is unsolved, in almost all branches of science, and it is reasonable to expect that methods to do this will eventually be developed in some branch, and will then find general applications. Perhaps the need for long-range extrapolation of technological innovation will act as an important spur to do this quickly.

The development of methods for accurate long-range

forecasting is the major intellectual problem that must be solved before we can rationally determine our future. But even if that is accomplished, we will still face the decision of what we want the future to be. We may think of our increased technological ability as a vehicle that can transport us, and the ability to do long-range forecasts as a road map that tells us where we can go, but we still must choose where it is that we want to go before setting out.

It is clear that when we are able to make fundamental changes in the way things are, we should try to figure out how we want them to be before committing ourselves to the changes. It is, however, not at all clear what mankind actually wants itself and its world to be. The answers given to this question by ancient religions and philosophies are flawed by the lack of understanding on the part of their propounders of the essential discoveries of modern science. Since these discoveries have had a major effect on our picture of the world and man's place in it, it is natural that we should reconsider our goals in the light of this knowledge. But this has generally not been done in modern times when most social thinkers have been committed to a program of amelioration of immediate troubles and to a concern for short-range problems. It is as true for revolutionist as for evolutionist and for conservative thinkers that they have paid little heed to where mankind was eventually going. Furthermore, most such thinkers have thought of the biological aspect of man as fixed and considered how man could be changed by changing society, rather than inversely. Their pronouncements are therefore not especially useful in the coming situation in which man will be biologically and psychologically malleable.

What is needed is a new consideration by mankind of what, in the broadest sense, it wants to be. The limitations imposed on us by the laws of nature are very wide and there is reason to believe that we can accomplish almost anything we wish, although these laws may require us to use methods different from any we might have imagined necessary to accomplish some particular end. However, the attainment of one particular aim automatically precludes others, that could equally well have been done but no longer can be. We must therefore choose what long-term goals mankind wishes to achieve. Such a choice of goals that we will work toward would establish general principles which could be used to guide the many short-term decisions that we will need to make in determining the nearby future. These principles could help also in establishing priorities among the many activities that compete for our attention. Without such principles, the implementation of our technological advances will be done blindly, and we will have reason to despair of the ultimate outcome. With them, we will be doing our best to create a world better than anything that has been before or that would occur without our conscious effort.

How then are we to choose our goals and who is to make the choice? The only satisfactory answer is that we all must choose together, for the future is everybody's business. There has been a long-term historical trend both in ideology and in actuality toward more democratic participation in societal decision-making processes, and as a result men will want to have a role in deciding the future. Since the aspects of the future that we are focusing on can eventually affect the whole human race, it seems reasonable to plan these aspects in terms of the human race, rather than any limited branch of it. Although there are obvious differences in the present lives of the people of the world, it is just when we are considering major changes in our way of life that these differences are least important. For example, it may not be necessary for the underdeveloped countries to reach the technological level of developed countries before their people go to the stage beyond, along with those in developed countries.

When considering choices that will affect the whole human race, it is essential that the widest possible group of people be involved in making them. The contrary notion, that such choices should be made by some elite group or groups, with special qualifications of intellect or knowledge, entails a misunderstanding of the problem. Intellectual considerations play their crucial role in the preliminary determination of what it is possible to achieve, and in the process of figuring out how to achieve the goals that have been chosen. There is no reason to require that everyone participate in these processes, but the choice of what we want is more a matter of feeling than of intellect. In matters of feeling, there are no special qualifications; each man has feelings which can contribute toward the reaching of a consensus. To rely on some elite group—because of superior knowledge or expertise—to make the choices that properly belong to all, is to commit the old philosophical error of assuming a parallel between ethical and factual statements, which actually does not exist.

We must thus develop a program through which all concerned men can participate in the determination of what the human race wishes to make of itself and of its world. It is essential, though extremely difficult, to avoid as much as possible, entangling this program with the political and social divisions that play such an important role in the contemporary world. There are many aspects of the future that are of common interest to all men, whatever their political persuasion. It would be a salutary step to determine and publicize fundamental positive areas of mutual interest that men could work for together. If this could be done, it would in itself tend to diminish the apparent importance of those matters that divide men, and in that way would contribute to insuring that the human race survives to have a future.

Obviously, to carry out such a program involves immense difficulties and will require the creation of entirely new institutions through which the mutual consultation and interaction between people can be channeled. But even more than this, it requires a recognition on the part of enough people that such an effort is needed, and their dedication to setting up means by which it can begin. Given that dedication, then means to implement it can surely be worked out.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Persistence of Liberalism

THE END OF LIBERALISM: Ideology, Policy, and the Crisis of Public Authority. *By Theodore J. Lowi. W. W. Norton & Co. 322 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.50.*

HENRY S. KARIEL

Mr. Kariel is professor of political science at the University of Hawaii, member of the executive committee of the Caucus for a New Political Science, and author of, among others, The Promise of Politics *(Prentice-Hall) and* Open Systems: Arenas for Political Action *(F. E. Peacock).*

It is so much an American convention to regard politics as a struggle for power over scarce material resources that an alternative conception is virtually unthinkable. Following the dominant ideology, you engage in political action so as to realize some quite definite objective, so as to get something tangible out of it. If you go into politics at all—and even voting is a partial entry—it is to reap some reward, something which, when all goes well, will serve to enrich your private life. You electioneer, cast a ballot, lobby, and even occupy public office in order to make the laws favor you, or at least to keep them from doing you harm. The rewards lie not in the process but in some calculable results. The process itself is no meaningful substitute for victory. It is but a means to an end.

Because most candidates and bills are defeated, the political process seems to consist of a succession of painful experiences which, so we have been led to believe, only the few are prepared to bear. Nothing is gained, according to the prevailing conception, by someone who merely perceives new interests, publicly displays them, and succeeds in bringing them into a precarious state of balance. Only future generations or invisible interests are gratified by such balancing acts. There would seem to be so few rewards and pleasures in the *process* of politicking that it is incredible anyone should aspire to engage in it at all.

So far, American political science has done little to make credible an alternative conception of politics. True, Murray Edelman, Robert J. Pranger and a few others have pointed to its expressive aspects, recognizing political participation as a form of symbolic action, treating it as the most comprehensive of the performing arts. But at the center of the discipline, politics is seen in "realistic" terms as a mode of behavior in which individuals—to the extent that they are rational—strive to maximize their power. In widely respected theory, the citizen remains the economic man who has learned from *Federalist* No. 10 that he is driven by private ambition and that he will find it in his self-interest to enter the political market place, there to strike what bargains he must to extract what he can.

This astringent ideology—the model of liberalism patented by Hobbes, Adam Smith, Hume and Madison—was ultimately to be qualified by the theory of pluralism. Sovereign individuals were replaced by sovereign groups: the new theory exalts a self-regulating process of interest-group competition. Theodore Lowi's *The End of Liberalism* makes clear in considerable detail what is entailed when this interest-group liberalism, as he aptly calls it, is taken seriously, when it becomes the public philosophy legitimizing governmental policies.

Subjecting public policies to analysis, Professor Lowi shows that while government organized on the basis of interest-group liberalism can respond to social needs by activating itself, it cannot coordinate and focus its efforts. It cannot plan. Its power, though massive and dynamic, is delegated, dispersed, diffused, and ultimately exhausted. Congress may wish to direct television broadcasters to act in specified ways; but, unable clearly to articulate its wish, it will delegate power to the FCC which, in turn, succumbs to the needs of the most established sector of the broadcasting industry. While governmental power is thus emasculated, private power is enhanced. Policy objectives being undefined at the center of government, they are "informally" interpreted at the margins of the administrative process—and erode. Institutions of popular control atrophy; old structures of privilege are maintained; and adjustment to new social pressures is retarded. A pluralistic system—one within which public policy originates at the top of private hierarchies of power—operates against the emergence of those laws which might give form and focus to common enterprises. As a result, domestic policy is characterized by drift and deadlock whereas foreign policy remains a sequence of incoherent *ad hoc* reactions unconvincingly rationalized by programmatic rhetoric. The problems posed by inner-city ghettos, racial conflict, income inequality and international anarchy fail to be met within the framework of interest-group liberalism.

Given this diagnosis, Lowi's remedy is so obvious as to almost suggest itself: to him it seems imperative to firm up. We must recover our respect for formal institutions, uphold clearly articulated law, and get back to explicit standards. To regain our balance, we must rehabilitate what Professor Lowi calls alternatively "democratic formalism" and "juridical democracy."

That his prescription—basically his plea for formalizing the procedures of government—should suggest a return to traditional constitutional principles is not surprising, for he furnishes himself with no theory for transcending the present state of affairs. His work assuredly demonstrates what is entailed in practice when we continue to accept the ideology of liberalism as authoritative. Yet he offers no words—no dialectic—which put the depicted results in jeopardy. Held in check by the gritty diction of political science, he hardly expands our knowledge of political possibilities or challenges the dominant understanding of the meaning of our public life. Characterizing his plea as "radical reform," he hopes for the restoration of the rule of law.

It is likely, however, that our public predicaments are more basic than Lowi's approach allows us to recognize, that we are confronted by romantic insurgents in society who insist on calling attention to emotional resources which "the rule of law" as conventionally defined scarcely accommodates. Reacting to Madisonian constitutionalism, to Robert's Rules of Order, to a plate-glass and plastic civilization, and ultimately to all rationality and discipline, they are prepared to blow the whole show. So far, the rest of us have displayed neither the will nor the wit to entertain a political formula capacious enough to include advocates of willful spontaneity as well as fanatics hysterically lashing back. Until we do, treatises such as Lowi's are at best an impassioned parade of facts followed by ingenious analysis. They cannot provide us with the vision to move beyond our current maladies toward a community within which increasingly more interests are integrated without being assimilated—that is, esteemed for what they are.

The limits of Professor Lowi's work may help make clear that the problem of the practitioners of contemporary

political science is to find it within themselves to adopt perspectives—models, metaphors, languages, forms—which might impel them to perceive the unacknowledged dimensions of the romantic impulse in society. Confined by the dominant ideology, haunted by the specter of Jacobinism, political scientists continue to look for the worst and find it: the triumph of the will, social convulsion, formless power. They have yet to acknowledge potentialities dramatized by writers from Rousseau to Malraux, revealing that the worst promises the best: dedication, loyalty, courage, nerve, vitality, idealism, compassion. Of course they will discover no final formula which might tell us how much romanticism—how many eccentric interests—can safely be injected into the channels of politics. But they may reveal that our common life would be enriched were we capable of bringing outsiders into the present balance of interests, were we psychologically and economically prepared to enlarge politics by including those apolitical men whose very posture is a protest against the lack of community.

Although Lowi's perspective includes those not now engaged politically, it does so only in part. It fails to appreciate them as carriers of experiences and styles which it may profit insiders to recognize, which would make politics less conventional, at once more difficult and more pleasurable to bear—provided we can bear new forms at all. It fails to incorporate men who hunger for community, mutual respect, recognition, intimacy, sincerity and idealism. Until we find the words which might make it legitimate for men who are frustrated and frantic to share the pleasures of participation, to bring their impulses under control and gain in composure, we will remain dumbfounded victims of the situation depicted by Professor Lowi. We will experience the crisis to which the subtitle of his book refers, but will not grasp its meaning and cannot come to terms with it.

That Lowi fails to expand our political consciousness can hardly be held against him. Nor can he be blamed for his repetitive style or patronizing illustrations. He is, after all, a political scientist offering an analysis which must attract at least those who assign reading to undergraduates. For them, he has provided an innovative text—readable, engagingly opinionated, efficiently organized, likely to sell. He is sensitive to the established facts, the rules rather than the exceptions, the decisions made rather than losses suffered. In view of the commitments of his professional discipline, it would be perverse to expect him to have offered the saving metaphors by which poets establish new realities, making others aware of lives they fail to live, of a politics they might yet experience.

Hung Up on Immortality

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER: The Story of the Men Who Influence the Institution that Influences the World. *By Gay Talese. The New American Library. 555 pp. $10.*

FRED POWLEDGE

Mr. Powledge used to write for The New York Times, *reporting on race relations. He is the author of* Black Power-White Resistance *(World), and is now working on a book about cities, particularly New Haven, Conn., for Simon & Schuster.*

Ordinarily, when a book comes along about some giant of the journalism industry, it is a painful and embarrassing experience. Such books are usually authorized versions, and they are generally awful: they are obvious and heavy-handed attempts to reflect with perfect fidelity the publisher's image of himself and his institution. Every ordinary executive seems bigger and wiser than life, and the publisher seems the biggest and wisest of them all; every hapless reporter who stumbles into a natural disaster is a hero; every anecdote serves to reinforce the institution's concept of itself as a place where fine and only moderately eccentric men work lovingly at low pay for the privilege of being turned on by the hum of presses. These books go into journalism school libraries and copies of them are given, along with pamphlets explaining the pension plan, to new staffers, who, fortunately, never have the time to read them.

Gay Talese's book on *The New York Times* breaks that rule, and it breaks it magnificently. Not only has he explained the pre-eminent institution of an industry that ordinarily resists having itself explained: he has explained it in readable, understandable, even exciting terms.

Talese, who for ten years was a staffer for the *Times*, and who now is a free lance, did his work without authorization but with a great amount of cooperation from individuals at the *Times*. (New employees are given copies of *The Story of The New York Times*, by the late Meyer Berger, for their authoritative version of the paper's history. It is a thorough and competent book and perhaps the best of its sort, but it is authorized.)

In his author's note, Talese says he is trying to produce "a human history of an institution in transition, a book that would tell more about the men who report the news than the news they report . . . the internal scenes and confrontations and adjustments that are part of the vitality and growth of any enduring institution."

Now that amounts to a formidable undertaking, considering the vastness, complexity, and secretiveness of the institution of journalism in general and of the *Times* in particular. And such an effort comes at a time when the institution is indeed in transition, when the public and the craftsmen inside the business seem to be asking more and more about the relevance and the fitness of the business and about the immunity from criticism, regulation and involvement that it has been enjoying for so long.

The *Times* is hung up on immortality. It is at the same time an enormous bureaucratic institution, with all the troubles of such institutions, and the best piece of daily journalism that we have. Its editors and reporters and publisher are profoundly concerned with a desire for their work to shape the nation and the world, and most of all to *endure*. Sometimes, quite naturally, they translate all this into their own personal desire to endure. And so, quite often, the editors and executives often forget that they all work for the same outfit. The inner conflicts and passions of these men are beautifully documented in *The Kingdom and the Power*. It is no less than a landmark in the field of writing about journalism.

During the last few years, Talese writes, there has been "a quiet revolution" going on within the *Times*, a revolution "distinguished for its tactics and intrigue." Talese then proceeds to examine and explain that revolution—but not as an exposé, for, while the struggle for power at the *Times* may be fierce, it is carried on by gentlemen and it rarely is naked. He explains it in terms of the humanity and the fallibility of the men who made, and are making, the revolution—and some who dropped out along the way.

There is James Reston, the repository of so much of the *Times*'s power down at the Washington bureau, "a poor boy to whom America had indeed been a land of opportunity," and who thus developed "a gratitude, a patriotism that made him a better convert than a critic." There is Clifton Daniel, an "almost lovely" man who, as managing editor, lost a crucial battle to Reston. There is A. M. Rosenthal, the distinguished foreign correspondent who came home to shake up the metropolitan news staff, and who got shaken up a bit himself by

the somewhat vicious reactions of the older staffers to his proposed reforms, but who has survived and who seems likely to keep on surviving. (This summer there were several "promotions" at the *Times*, and Rosenthal got Daniel's job.)

There is Harrison Salisbury (my own favorite character in all these struggles), a man seen often in the middle distance, carefully, quietly observing others' struggles, taking notes, remembering: "He had spent much of his career writing about Russian purges and plots, power politics and executive intrigue, the ups and downs of commissars, and he was a master at bureaucratic gamesmanship." And behind it all, the big, silent, red-faced Mississippian, Turner Catledge, about whom Talese writes perhaps the most, and explains the least, for Catledge is a vastly powerful but mysterious man at the *Times*, and it is possible that one of the reasons for his power is that less powerful men do not know how much power he has or where it comes from.

And Tom Wicker and Lester Markel, John Phillips, the early Ochses and Sulzbergers, and the later ones, and Abe Raskin, Herbert Matthews, John Oakes, Claude Sitton, Homer Bigart, Craig Claiborne, David Halberstam, Charlotte Curtis, J. Anthony Lukas and John Corry, each of them far more interesting than, say, the rise and fall of the Western edition, although Talese covers that, too.

Some readers may become nervous over Talese's technique of telling you what all these characters were thinking: The paper was "like an elephant, Catledge thought"; Reston "saw himself locked in a debate with his colleagues in New York. . . ." Perhaps it should be explained that the people with whom Talese is dealing are so involved in the immortality of their institution, and in their own immortality (for most of them, personal immortality only means leaving their personal stamp on their immortal institution), that it is perfectly reasonable to assume that these men granted the author as much time as he needed, as much access to their inner thoughts and fears as he wanted, all in the interests of immortality.

The immortality of *The New York Times*, and of the people who work for it, seems to be seriously in doubt right now, and that is another reason why Talese's book is so valuable. For so long, now, the newspaper has been accepted at face value by so many important people. It was, as Talese puts it, a "necessary proof of the world's existence, a barometer of its pressure, an assessor of its sanity." But in recent years the barometer seems to be leaking. People who never questioned the *Times* are finding it, like most other institutions, inadequate. It was one thing to read in the *Times* about the Southern sheriffs and to feel compassion and send money to Martin Luther King; now, the *Times* reader can often see the confrontations with his own eyes, on his own block, or perhaps in Grand Central Station, and what he sees is frequently at odds with what he reads the next day.

The paper has not properly reported the troubles of the cities. It certainly has not approached the comprehensive job that a single staffer, now gone, Claude Sitton, did in the South in the mid-sixties. The *Times* did a glorious job not long ago of reporting financial shortages in New York City's poverty program, but it did little to explain the program back when it was starting and when it was going through its crucial period of organization. It could be argued that the program might not have fallen into such despair if the *Times* had paid it the sort of attention all along that it routinely pays to, say, the arrival of buyers, Joe Namath, or the antics of Charlotte Curtis' little gaggle of social people.

The *Times* gave one side of the Columbia University uprising, but its sensitivity failed when confronted with the other. One of its finest reporters, Tony Lukas, wrote a moving article about a girl who had fled comfortable suburban life in Greenwich, Conn., for the hippie scene in Greenwich Village, and who was murdered there; Lukas won a Pulitzer Prize for it. It remained for *Esquire* to see the need for a story about the poor, unprivileged boy who was murdered with her and to ask Lukas to write it.

It was as if the issues of black alienation in the North, youthful distrust of the older generations, and the radicalization of young and old had somehow been too much for the *Times*. It did foolish things: it joined with the rest of white business in explaining the lack of black faces in the newsroom with the moan that "we can't find any qualified ones." Then, when it finally did start hiring more than a token or two, the paper became uptight when one of them acted like a white reporter. Eager to prove his value and to carve out some kind of nonracial identity in the vast newsroom, he wrote stories that were later to be classified as fantasy. He left the paper (at the *Times*, few people are fired), and for a long time afterward it was obvious that the next "one" would have to be superhumanly "responsible."

The *Times* upgraded a fine, sharp, but somewhat scroungy looking copy boy to reporter and wanted him to report on the youthful revolt, but it also sent him to Brooks Brothers on his lunch hour, with an advance on his next week's salary, to buy a suit. The *Times* decided, three and a half years ago, that the big story was the troubles of the cities, and a meeting of editors and reporters was convened to discuss this idea, and race relations was not mentioned in the metropolitan editor's list of priorities.

Perhaps one reason for all this is that no newspaper, not even the best that we have, could do an adequate job of reporting and interpreting such rapidly developing social change. Maybe no institution at all could summon such sensitivity; certainly the institutions of education, politics, labor and the postal service have failed to keep up. But no good newspaper man would ever admit that his craft was *incapable* of adapting itself to the changing society. A more likely answer is that many of those who were in positions of authority at the *Times*, or who were on their way up the editorial ladders, were not devoting enough of their energies to being newspaper men. They were dissipating too much of their energies on watching Harrison Salisbury to see if he were watching them: and in speculating on Tom Wicker's fate: and in cataloguing who was going in and out of E.C. Daniel's office. And, being preoccupied with these diversions, they were unable or unwilling to take on the risks and controversies involved in reporting completely and fearlessly on social movements that were becoming increasingly neither black nor white, becoming increasingly more complex and demanding than dirigible explosions and Presidential news conferences.

Talese does not attempt to resolve questions such as these, and some may consider this a fault. I do not think so. If he had entered this vast and relatively unexplored territory (explored only by the reporters, over beer, at Gough's Chop House after the deadlines, and by furious and generally uninformed writers in *Ramparts* and *The Village Voice*), the book would have lost some of its timeless, surgically clean quality.

What Talese does do, and does so well, is provide sufficient background information, and provide it in never-boring abundance so that an informed reader can, for the first time, do his own interpretive reporting on *The New York Times*.

Talese quotes a *Times* staffer who told Adolph Ochs, in 1916, on the occasion of the staffer's resignation, that "the *Times* was so well and solidly made that there was almost nothing an individual could do to it." The staffer was going to the *Herald Tribune*, which was not so solidly made.

A few years ago, Gay Talese was sitting at his desk halfway back in the huge city room, watching the deadlines go

past (for he had no major assignment that day), talking with a group of other young reporters, as usual, about working on the *Times*.

Their conclusion was that there was very little an individual could do to the *Times*. They complained that whatever creativity they had was being ground out of them by the huge, impersonal system that produced a newspaper every day, and they complained about all the energy that was wasted on playing the power game, and they talked, as young reporters always do, of going to the *Herald Tribune* (it was alive then and still not solid) and writing a column better than Jimmy Breslin, or of free lancing. And they talked of their reluctance to leave the *Times*. It is difficult to leave the best of something, to turn in the fluorescent police pass and the Air Travel Card and the knowledge that big, important men will return your telephone calls.

Of that group that evening, all are now gone from the city room. One of them died, unexpectedly, after resigning to write a novel. Two went to magazines. Two are free lancing, and Gay Talese is one of those. He was able to do something to the *Times*, after he left it, to tell some of the truth about the men who run it, and for that the *Times* should be thankful.

Report of a Repentant Symposiast

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT
Mr. Elliott's most recent book is a collection of poems, From the Berkeley Hills *(Harper & Row).*

After a symposium, those who are simply polite look at you sympathetically and half smile; the polite for whom even a little hypocrisy is a great strain cast their unhappy glances anywhere but at you; the polite and kind murmur "very interesting, very stimulating," or even valiantly take issue with one of your points for a minute or two. There are also the impolite.

Last year after a symposium, a young caught me at the Party After and, writhing in an agony of embarrassment, blurted at me, "Why did you do it?" The true answer, I suppose, was vanity, but I was not about to say this to a stranger: I don't go in for cocktail confessions much. Besides, I'd guessed ahead of time that this was likely to be a bad evening —the topic, the occasion, the symposiasts, all had promised the tedious disaster we'd just been in; and knowingly to participate thus in public folly implies a vanity too depraved to dump on even a rude young under such circumstances. Anyhow, I'd also come to this bash out of a sort of loyalty to an editor, paying off an old debt, a fact which was none of the young's business. The decibels in the room were approaching the five-jackhammer level. "Money!" I shouted. "Money? But you can't need the money." "No, but I like it." He writhed away. My special, campy (i.e., perverted), secret satisfaction came from knowing that I'd be clearing less than $50 from this turn; at least he hadn't asked *how much* money and so spoiled my anti-nonjoke. After the Party After, thinking about this episode, I felt like something out of Susan Sontag; and believe me, whoever you are, I don't enjoy feeling like something out of Susan Sontag.

Once, years ago, at a regional meeting of the MLA in Seattle, I was on a good symposium. Somehow, the demon in charge of keeping symposiums lousy had been negligent: things went well for us. Everybody stayed on the subject, which is nearly unheard of; odder yet, the subject was worth staying on. It wasn't The Future of the Novel, or The Function of Drama Today, or Form and Content in Modernist Poetry. It was defined by a critical essay, the first chapter of Sheldon Sacks's then unpublished book *Fiction and the Shape of Belief*, which the five symposiasts and the audience of seventy had read ahead of time. The essay was intelligent, disputatious and moral, and the subject mattered to us all. We enjoyed that fine sort of intellectual intercourse in which things worth listening to get said. But, as I mentioned, the demon had fallen down on his job, in a way and to a degree I have not detected in him before or since. Nearly always, the question to be asked about a symposium is *how bad?*

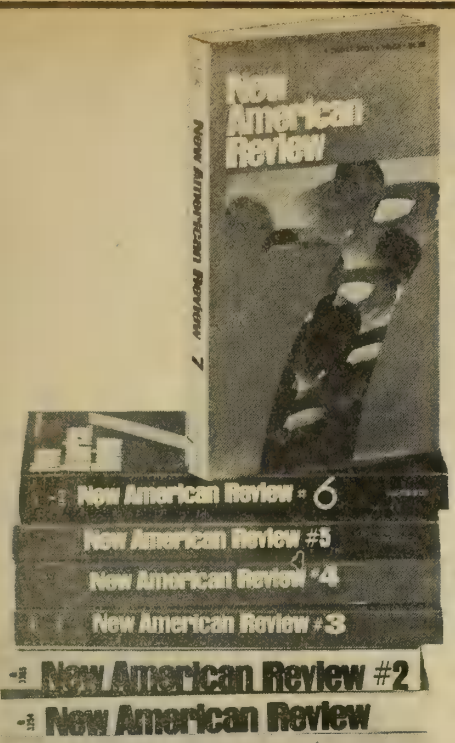
The least bad one I have been on was rigged. A dear friend and I were invited to be on a symposium with one moderator and no other symposiasts. Seeing our chance, we unscrupulously plotted between ourselves to pay no attention to the subject or to whatever the moderator might say, but to continue in public our years-long argument, most of the terms and twists of which we knew well by then. Our collusion fooled the demon all right, though the inconsecutiveness between our argument and the moderator's comments made for some mighty rough bumps. As we were leaving the Party After, our host professor, whom we had known for several years, said, "I want you to know that was the best symposium I was ever at, and I sure have seen some bad ones in my time." *Post symposiasm, omnia intellectual tristem est.*

The worst one I've ever been on—or maybe the next worst, it's hard to make these delicate discriminations—took place at St. Mary's College (California) where such things had never been known before. No two of the four of us talked on the same subject (The State of Literature in America, or some such ilk, had been announced). Alfred Kazin, the symposiarch for the occasion, droned a passage from a book he was writing. I droned a passage from a book I was not writing. Evan Connell, who had never talked in public before, talked to the 500 before us, and has never done it again. Herb Gold, who is defter at the craft of symposiastry than anyone else I know, said nothing wittily for ten minutes. His joke that day was to begin, "There are three respects in which. First we see that." And all the earnest coed pencils flashed. But there was no second, no third. Pretty little foreheads puckered, pencils drooped, heads leaned and touched, they gave up. Then came questions from the floor, and the wrangle. The next day, a student on the committee which had perpetrated the occasion said to my best friend on the faculty, "Wasn't it awful?" "Absolutely disgraceful." "I can't understand how they could have done such a thing. . . . Let's have another."

Which poses the question I could not even conjecture an answer to for years: why do people arrange and throng to symposiums? To learn something? Plainly sentimental of me. Sheer masochism? Perhaps, but hopelessly vague.

I narrowed this down to one manifestation of the common American urge to be cheated, the urge which advertising exploits in a myriad of ways—50 Girls Count Them 50—and which is as good an explanation for the popularity of pornography, for the chicness of voyeurism, as I know. But this cheat-me urge, though it seems to be important all right, baffles me. I keep looking for another explanation so as not to be stuck with this utterly perverse insanity. I've come up with a pretty good one.

The lousiest symposium I ever witnessed took place at Buffalo a few years ago. David Posner was the moderator. Robert Creeley was on it. Snodgrass was standing in for Randall Jarrell, and Robert Graves for Hugo Williams. Appropriately enough, Marshall McLuhan happened to be in town at the time, for this poets' symposium had no real content but the symposiasts themselves. Posner, who was handsome, profiled to nonexistent TV cameras. Creeley mumbled



Philip Roth's Portnoy.
Jane Jacobs' cities.
William H. Gass's Holocaust.
Stanley Kauffmann's *Times.*
Eric Salzman's music.

And now Kate Millett's Sexual Politics.

From NEW AMERICAN REVIEW #1, where Portnoy announced his complaint and Stanley Kauffmann explored his experience as drama critic for the *New York Times*, to NEW AMERICAN REVIEW #6, where William H. Gass previewed his extraordinary new novel, where Jane Jacobs explained why our cities stagnate, and composer-critic Eric Salzman why our music has revived, NAR subscribers have been finding that their serious reading catches up with *them.*

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Other examples of "complex and aggressive honesty" in NAR #7 are:

Rosalyn Drexler's "Like . . . ," a backhanded love story from the contemporary underground; "Illumination Rounds," Michael Herr's extraordinary reportage of the surreal warfare in Vietnam; and "Don't You Wish You Were Dead," a shattering story about three disturbed boys, by L. Woiwode.

That would be more than enough for one issue of any journal. But NEW AMERICAN REVIEW is not just any journal. There are also two richly speculative essays by William H. Gass and Benjamin DeMott; timely, articulate verse by 13 poets; five short stories by new writers; and a lengthy, hard-hitting editorial on the current "New York" influence on American writing.

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earnestly. Graves sort of picked his nose, flirted egregiously with a woman in the third row, and collected his $1,000. Snodgrass was a boob: he tried to say something. Under such circumstances he actually said something! Graves, no boob he, threw his left arm across Snodgrass' shoulders and with his right hand slipped a blade between his ribs. "I can't understand all these big words you're using. Why don't we get down to poetry again?" And he lapsed into Greek. In the middle of the Party After, I found myself chatting with Mrs. Leslie Fiedler, when up rushed Snodgrass. "Wasn't it awful?" "Absolutely disgraceful," I replied. "He ought to be shot." "I've never felt like such a fool in my life." "Oh, Mr. Snodgrass," said Mrs. Fiedler and I hurriedly introduced them, "I thought you did a fine job." "*Wha-at?* You saw what that son of a bitch did to me?" "Oh yes, but that's nothing. There're just two reasons for a poet to get up in front of an audience, to read his poetry or to display himself, and I thought you did a fine job of displaying yourself."

Ah ha. She was right: spectacle. But I still couldn't figure what the audience was getting out of it, really. A poet on display without his poetry? I'd rather watch 50 Girls Count Them 50 any day, and so, I assumed, would anyone else in his right mind.

Then last year came that symposium after which I lied to the young about why I'd been on it, and things fell into place. The next day I talked on the phone with the editor who had arranged the whole bash. People had been telling him what a great occasion it was; so I told him, with a sort of New Year's resolution fervor in my voice, that I was never going to be on another symposium in my life. (I've only contracted for one since then, only one, the *very* last one.) I assured him that all the other symposiasts, except for the symposiarch (a reviewer famous for his unkind wit), shared my view of the occasion. Then the editor said something to this effect: people come to see some writers they have read and heard about perform. It's like releasing four or five dangerous animals in a pit to see what they will do to one another. They sniff, they snarl, they scuffle, they. . . . Even if they do nothing more, that is in itself interesting.

Think of the best symposium that ever was or is likely ever to be, that Platonic all-night drinking party of which Socrates was the symposiarch, of which the subject was love. Then imagine their doing it for money in front of 1,000 paying spectators avid for gore. . . .

By setting intelligent or talented people against one another under circumstances which make them appear stupid, silly, vicious and cheap, the symposium gives a crowd the leveling pleasure of being intellectually cheated and gladiatorially satisfied at the same time. Any way you look at it, the audience gets what it came for. And the beasts? Some publicity anyhow.

Mexican-American Literature

EL ESPEJO—THE MIRROR: Selected Mexican American Literature. *Edited by Octavio I. Romano-V. Quinto Sol Publications. 241 pp. $4.95. Paper $2.95.*

PHILIP DARRAUGH ORTEGO

Mr. Ortego is a member of the English Department at New Mexico State University where he teaches courses in Spanish and Latin American literature. He is currently working on a study of the Mexican-Americans.

El Espejo—The Mirror is a brown paperback book reflecting "brown" literary hopes and aspirations in this country. Though a few Mexican-American writers have been published in various little and national magazines, and a few like Julian Samora (*La Raza*) and Ernesto Galarza (*Merchants of Labor*) have written books, *El Espejo* represents the first fruits of a struggling nascent effort on the part of a *nueva ola* (new wave) of literary Mexican-Americans. *El Espejo* probes for its relevance in the Mexican-American experience, an experience which has heretofore been articulated only at the fringes of American literature.

El Espejo is a collection of painfully honest writing by Mexican-Americans who, having found their literary voice, have created their own outlet in Quinto Sol Publications for what they consider to be Mexican-American alternatives for Mexican-American problems and affairs. *El Espejo* is the natural issue of Quinto Sol's quarterly publication, *El Grito*, in which some of the selections first appeared.

Significantly, the emblem of this *nueva ola* is the great Aztec seal which dominates the title page of *El Espejo*, identifying the Quinto Sol writers with the Indian roots of their heritage rather than with the romanticized and fictitious templar tradition of the Spanish Southwest. And in the preface is the explanation for the title:

> To know themselves, to know who they are, some need nothing more than to see their own reflection. Therefore . . . *The Mirror-El Espejo.*
>
> May this book serve as a mirror for the many who see themselves herein.

Of course, many—especially Mexican-Americans—may see only a sad countenance reflected in *El Espejo*. The point of departure of the first story, Silvio Villavicencio's "El Espejo" (from which the volume derives its name), is the Biblical observation: they have eyes, yet they see not. "Look at your eyes," the protagonist commands himself. "Look at yourself in the mirror and see those dark and viscous things in yourself." Something explodes inside the man and he kills his pregnant mistress, starkly commenting that "a person is like a clock put into motion by sinister hands." For Villavicencio, one of the most articulate spokesmen of the "new wave," the human spirit, trodden and depressed, seeks identity in the violation of those who pretend to love it.

Perhaps no history of a people has been more obscure, more apocryphal, and so utterly misapprehended by the majority of Anglo-Americans than the history of Mexican-Americans, for they continue to exist in the United States as an "invisible minority." In a piece entitled "Goodbye Revolution—Hello Slum," Octavio Romano, a Berkeley-trained anthropologist, shows that Mexican-Americans are not attempting to maintain an idiosyncratic identity but rather that they are Americans with as rich a heritage as any other group of Americans. Romano deplores the fact that "in the millions of words about Mexican-Americans that issue from the pens of the social scientists, there is nothing of the breath of Zapata, even less of Juarez." He is distressed that in the "quest for the quaint" social scientists have confused Mexican-Americans with Mexicans; he insists on replacing the stereotyped concept of a "traditional" Mexican-American culture with the concept of a "historical" one.

That the problems of Mexican-Americans relate to American life, not Mexican life (just as the problems of Anglo-Americans relate to American life, not English life) is best illustrated in Rudy Espinosa's piece, "Que tal, Rocha?" which memorably details a "fragmented journey" from San Francisco's County Hospital, where he was born, to the groves of academe. Espinosa writes that along his academic journey he learned it was not material comfort he sought but the knowledge of how to live with his fellow man and with himself as a Mexican-American. This realization had its roots in an act of human kindness for his buddy Rocha, an illiterate Mexican-American from San Antonio whom he knew in the Army. The painful quest

for identity is the theme of a good many of the stories in the volume. An example is the story by Carlos G. Velez, in which Ricardo Gonzalez explains to an Anglo friend that he is Chicano, not Spanish. Reacting to the rejoinder, "Oh, you mean Mexican," Ricardo "remembered feeling the pang of shame when he heard the word 'Mexican.' It seemed as if every time he had heard the word, someone had spit it out like a wad of phlegm."

Perhaps the best works of fiction in *El Espejo* are those by Nick Vaca and Octavio Romano. While Vaca works in what might be termed a "mixed media," Romano works within the framework of traditional narrative. Vaca's story of "The Week of the Life of Manuel Hernandez" may be architectonically more interesting, but Romano's tale of "A Rosary for Doña Marina" functions in a moral dimension we can more readily perceive and acknowledge.

"A Rosary for Doña Marina" relies on historical emblems: Romano's Doña Marina emerges as a solitary penitent, hurrying to her Friday evening rosary. The historical counterpart of Doña Marina is "la Malinche," mother of la Raza, forever darkly garbed and penitent for her betrayal. Vaca's story is structurally experimental. "The Week of the Life of Manuel Hernandez" begins on Monday, March 9, 1943, and ends on the day of his death, Sunday, March 14, 1968. Thus our view of Hernandez is spatial rather than sequential. While Romano exhibits a keen sense of the historical, Vaca demonstrates a percipient sense of the existential. In two other stories Vaca ploys the mixture of English and Spanish to good advantage in defining place and character in the Mexican-American experience. In "The Purchase," for instance, Doña Lupe utters:

> Ave María Purísima, I must make another pago hoy or else it'll be too late. Si, too late and then what would I do? Christmas is so close and if I don't hurry con los pagos I'll have nothing to give any of mis hijos. . . . Santo Niño de Atocha, if Christmas should come and catch me sin nada I would never sleep well por el resto de mi vida.

This is "binary phenomenon" at its best, that is, where the linguistic symbols of two languages are *mixed* in utterances using either language's syntactic structure.

But the poetry perhaps best captures the bilingual spirit of the Mexican-American experience. Here are two examples:

Mis ojos hinchados
flooded with lágrimas
de bronce
melting on the cheek bones
of my concern
razgos indígenas
the scars of history on my face
and the veins of my body
that aches
vomito sangre
y lloro libertad
I do not ask for freedom
I am freedom

Alurista

The weight of despair.
The weightlessness of
Exhilaration?
Ambiente—
Transparent como
Una jolla, opaca como
El Carbón, heavy like
a feather—carga fija
Del hombre marginal.

Jose Montoya

There is no "cultivated" urbanity in *El Espejo*, only the rough-hewn insistence on recognition of a people who are as individually different as other Americans. All in all, *El Espejo* is a promising collection of Mexican-American literature. And though Mexican-Americans have yet to produce their Ralph Ellison, Bernard Malamud, and the like, we can see in *El Espejo* the emerging images of such writers. The selections in the volume are like fragmentary reliefs hinting at what is still to be found in the digging.

The Trial of Wole Soyinka

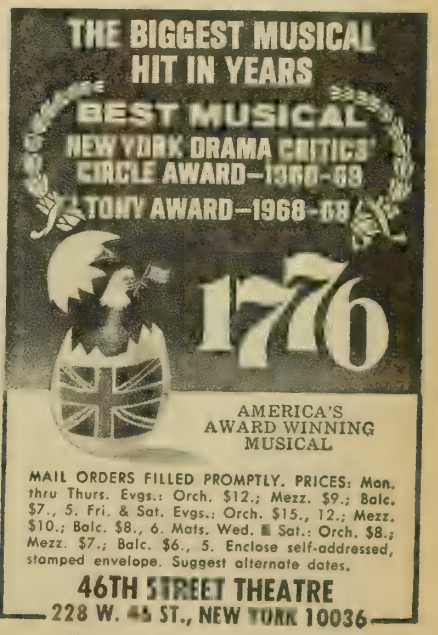
CHARLES R. LARSON
Mr. Larson teaches comparative literature at Indiana University, and is general editor of Collier Books' African/American Library.

Wole Soyinka—the brilliant Nigerian playwright, poet and novelist—has been in prison for twenty-two months and for the last eighteen in solitary confinement in a small cell in the prison at Kaduna in Northern Nigeria. Ostensibly, the charges against him are that he aided the Biafran rebels at the outbreak of the current Nigerian-Biafran civil war. Soyinka himself has referred to his trip to Eastern Nigeria (Biafra) as a "peace mission." However vague the charges against Soyinka may be, the Nigerian Government has seen fit to detain the gifted writer for nearly two years without trial.

Inevitably, with the secrecy and confusion surrounding Soyinka's detention, the number of myths and rumors regarding his existence have noticeably increased. (There have been few official Nigerian statements about his condition ever since he was moved to the Kaduna prison; in a recent issue of *The New York Times* it was reported that Soyinka is supposedly ill.) Shortly after his imprisonment, however, prison authorities leaked out the story that Soyinka had tried to escape—that was in October 1967. More recently, in a number of letters smuggled out of his prison cell, Soyinka denied this attempted escape along with the original charges which were made against him. There have also been a repeated number of rumors of Soyinka's supposed death. *Books Abroad* published an obituary in its Winter, 1969 issue, and then in the following issue declared that their information was incorrect. A public announcement at a Library of Congress poetry reading also reported Soyinka's demise in the Kaduna prison.

Now word has been received that earlier this year at the University of Ghana a drama based on Soyinka's imprisonment was presented under the direction of James Gibbs, who also wrote the play. (Gibbs, an Englishman, has long been interested in Wole Soyinka's career. In 1966 he wrote a thesis on Nigerian drama at the American University in Washington, D.C. Since that time Gibbs has been teaching in Africa and carefully following the fate of Wole Soyinka.) Gibbs gave his drama the title: *A Selection of Some of the Verse, Plays and Prose of Wole Soyinka as Presented by Inmates of the Federal Prison at Kaduna under the Direction of Prisoner Jaguna.* The play's significance lies not in its literary or propagandistic merits (strongly pro-Soyinka) but in suggesting the great interest African students and intellectuals all over the continent are taking in Soyinka's yet to be decided fate.

Gibbs's play might more aptly be



called *The Spurious Trial of Wole Soyinka by the Government of Nigeria under the Direction of Jaguna*. In the play, bits and pieces of Soyinka's writings are quoted out of context by Jaguna, a corrupt Nigerian official, to make it appear that Soyinka has long been guilty of treason. (Readers familiar with Soyinka's writings will recognize the name "Jaguna"; in Soyinka's tragedy, *The Strong Breed*, Jaguna, the staunch upholder of tradition, sacrifices his daughter's fiancé rather than permit progress to change the traditional culture.)

The trial, which is mostly a dialogue between Soyinka and Jaguna, begins with an attempt to ridicule the prisoner Soyinka for his wasted Western education. Jaguna states: "Your lack of patriotism continually astounds me. . . . You have the good fortune to go to England, and, at a time when the country is crying out for lawyers and . . . scientists, you study English." Jaguna next makes reference to Soyinka's famous drama, *A Dance of the Forests*, which was given official performances at the Nigerian independence celebrations in 1960, describing it as "a totally distorted impression of our nation and our national heritage." Even Soyinka's famous rejoinder to negritude ("Why should you bother about your negritude; does a tiger bother about his tigritude?") is used to mock the Nigerian playwright. Jaguna says, "there aren't any tigers in Africa. . . . Aren't our African animals good enough for you?" The play ends with a distorted summary of an article Soyinka published in *Transition* (the defunct Ugandan publication whose editor has recently undergone a fate similar to Soyinka's):

The Political Prisoner says that African writers have betrayed themselves and the humanitarian ideals for which Africa stood in the colonial period. The Political Prisoner says that African writers have devoted most of their energies to celebrating a largely imaginary past, propounding a myth of racial essence and describing a romanticized version of the day to day life of their societies. They have been manipulated by their political "leaders." They have blinded their eyes to vision and held their tongues from criticism. The African writers have been inactive while "the black tin gods" of independent Africa have established regimes as oppressive as those of the white racists. The regimes of Nkrumah and Banda, the Political Prisoner maintains, are as bad as the regimes of Vorster and Wallace. It is thanks to these "black tin gods," the Prisoner continues, that Africa has become, once again, the setting for genocide. At present the campaigns are on a smaller scale than European ones, but, the Prisoner suggests, this is only due to a temporary lack of scientific organization.

Gibbs has written a bitterly ironic play which reflects the insecure position of the intellectual in Africa today and the political inanities of the Nigerian-Biafran war. A leading African intellectual (who will remain unnamed) recently wrote: "One wants to scream against this numbers act, against the whole of the Nigerian Government and Britain and Russia. How irrelevant all the fucking negritude romanticism in the face of all these numbers." Gibbs's drama leaves a taste of bile. If Soyinka ever is brought to trial, this is probably the way his "trial" will be carried out.

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New Poetry from Europe

HENRY TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor teaches English at the University of Utah. He has published a volume of poems, The Horse Show at Midnight *(LSU Press), and translations in various anthologies. He is now completing a translation of Euripides'* The Children of Herakles *for Atheneum.*

The Swallow Press, in cooperation with the British firm of Rapp and Whiting, has released eight volumes in a new Poetry Europe Series. (There should be nine volumes; the most recent is so numbered; but the fifth volume, Gunnar Ekelöf's *Late Arrival on Earth*, has been delayed.) The publishers' admirable aim is to "make available in English, often for the first time, the work of the most distinguished European poets," and to "present, in uniform editions, the best of that poetry in the best available translations."

So far, the series consists of three poets from France, and one each from Germany, Spain, Finland, Israel and the Netherlands. On the whole, the translations are quite good, though there are exceptions. One difficulty which shows up in a number of the books is that British translationese is more obvious to the American ear than American translationese might be; a Scotsman's idiomatic rendering of Dutch slang, for example, is likely to be as puzzling to us as a literal translation. This is a minor difficulty in view of the large service the series performs, but it could perhaps be straightened out by a strong-minded editor on the American end of the partnership.

The other exception is more specifically located in the fourth volume, *Concerning the Angels*, by Rafael Alberti, the great Spanish poet who began writing at about the same time as Lorca. Geoffrey Connell is clearly an authority on Alberti's work: his introduction to the volume is the best in the series. Unfortunately, he is no poet. He says in his introduction that he has tried to avoid the use of English poetic conventions, trying instead to find equivalents for Alberti's syllabic meters and his dependence on assonance instead of strict rhyme. In short, he has tried to give us the sound of the Spanish, to follow the ancient and impossible dictum, "Give us the original." What we have instead is material for a new *Stuffed Owl*:

The flower of wine, never having tasted tea,
without ever having seen a boudoir grand.

Four coopers are daubing the barrels with whitewash.
The sweet white wines, weeping, too soon must leave the land.

It would have been better to place Connell's introduction ahead of someone else's translations, the procedure followed in the best volume in the series, Johannes Bobrowski's *Shadow Land*. The translations, by Ruth and Matthew Mead, bring into English a directness, a concern for the moods that lurk in nature, and a control of music which, even in translation, establish the late East German poet's place in the front rank. The brief but authoritative introduction has been provided by Michael Hamburger,

who knows as much about recent German poetry as anyone in England.

Two other poets, David Rokeah and Remco Campert, have also been blessed with translations done in collaboration. Rokeah's *Eyes in the Rock* contains versions done by eleven translators, some working from the original Hebrew and some, more established poets such as Christopher Middleton and Michael Hamburger, working from versions supplied by the poet. The effect of a joint effort of this kind is to break down the barriers often imposed by a single translator's idiosyncrasies. Rokeah comes through as a poet of *things*, of the concrete and immediate image; in this he is similar to Bobrowski, though Bobrowski gives more room to the areas of statement demanded by the imagery. (It is odd that the volume has no introduction; it would seem that someone in this large group could have done it, and it is disappointing not to have one.)

The other collaboration, between John Scott and Graham Martin, is a selection from the work of Remco Campert, a remarkably energetic Dutch writer. Though he is only 40, he has published eleven collections of poems, five collections of stories and four novels. His poems arouse interest in the balance they strike between confessionalism (in one poem he expresses admiration for Anne Sexton) and detached irony (in other poems he acknowledges a debt to Auden). The result of the balance is that a deep anguish often comes through a series of cynical observations. The difficulty with slang which I mentioned earlier is all the more annoying because of Campert's many references to totems of the "now" generation—Bogart, Jane Fonda, even (pun intended?) Dutch Schultz. Campert's offhand style, as rendered in this volume, is often stiff to the American ear: "Come, let's drink lots of whisky/ from a glass or from the bottle,/ so long as it reaches the stomach."

Each of the other volumes has been translated by one person. As I have indicated, this involves some risks, but most of the work here is first rate. The youngest poet in the series, Pentti Saarikoski, has been ably translated from the Finnish by Anselm Hollo. Saarikoski's human involvement is total, which means that he can write unself-consciously of things which often embarrass poets in this country—the act of writing, for instance, is mentioned casually in several of these poems. But most important is the ease with which Saarikoski can write about politics. Political realities, such as the short distance from his home to Leningrad, are immediately available to him as human realities—*other* human realities, I should say, but American political poetry has conditioned me to expect effort and posturing which do not appear in this book.

That there are three French poets already in the series throws things off balance, I trust temporarily; for while I would not do without any of these, I look forward to work from other countries—Italy, Russia and Poland, for example. But these three poets have been well selected, for they represent a wide range of ages and approaches.

Jouve is an elder statesman, one of the most important figures in French poetry of this century. Keith Bosley's translations exhibit a delicacy of ear and a deftness which are required by Jouve's somewhat atypical use of the French language. His poetry is dense and ambiguous, occupied with the relationship between form and reality, and that between God and nothingness. Dadelsen is atypical in a different way. Where Jouve rarely relies on the proverbial lucidity of the language, Dadelsen is direct; but he has released himself from the concerns with precision which have been inherited from Valéry. Dadelsen's poems have great energy and personal power, but they are marked with a certain impatience; there is a driving urge to *get it said*. This is accomplished most overwhelmingly in "Easter 1957," a long confessional in which the poet's knowledge of impending death (he died of brain cancer in June 1957) acts in some miraculous way as a restraint; the control in this poem bears out Lucie-Smith's statement that writing was, for Dadelsen, "an existential act of faith."

The Ring Around the World is a selection from five of Jean L'Anselme's fifteen books, and it is one of the liveliest collections in this series. Michael Benedikt has been able to bring into English the peculiarities of each of L'Anselme's several styles and methods, and these are various, for L'Anselme is a ceaseless experimenter. He displays a wild humor in some of his experiments, such as his reproduction of newspaper clippings as "found poems," but through it all comes the sense of a genuine struggle to come to terms with a world in which poetry seems to him increasingly hard to justify.

Though there is still insufficient uniformity in the series as a whole, these eight books make a successful beginning, and will fill a definite need in this country and in England. I look forward to more, for if there are deficiencies, the worst of these is still worth having; the best are indispensable.

Poetry Europe Series*

SHADOW LAND. *By Johannes Bobrowski. Translated by Ruth and Matthew Mead, with a Foreword by Michael Hamburger. 63 pp.*

JONAH. *By Jean-Paul de Dadelsen. Translated with an Introduction by Edward Lucie-Smith. 67 pp.*

HELSINKI. *By Pentti Saarikoski. Translated with an Introduction by Anselm Hollo. 48 pp.*

CONCERNING THE ANGELS. *By Rafael Alberti. Translated with an Introduction by Geoffrey Connell. 65 pp.*

LATE ARRIVAL ON EARTH. *By Gunnar Ekelöf. Translated by Robert Bly and Christina Paulston, with an Introduction by Eric Lindegren.*

THE RING AROUND THE WORLD. *By Jean L'Anselme. Translated with an Introduction by Michael Benedikt. 47 pp.*

EYES IN THE ROCK. *by David Rokeah. Translated by Bernard Lewis, Colin Falck, Michael Hamburger, Michael Bullock, et al. 78 pp.*

IN THE YEAR OF THE STRIKE. *By Remco Campert. Translated with an Introduction by John Scott and Graham Martin. 60 pp.*

AN IDIOM OF NIGHT. *By Pierre Jean Jouve. Translated by Keith Bosley. 80 pp.*

*Published by The Swallow Press. $4.95 each.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

This column is for criticism, not news, but here is some news of the 1969-70 season, in the form of pre-emptive criticism. This month the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum will show, respectively, Claes Oldenburg and Roy Lichtenstein in retrospective exhibitions—large ones. In February there will be a Jim Dine retrospective at the Whitney Museum and two Andy Warhol museum shows are scheduled. A retrospective is announced by the Pasadena Art Museum for May and though the Whitney has been rumored for a New York showing, no date is set. Warhol has also done a show called "Raid the Icebox" for which he went through the reserve collections of the museum of the Rhode Island School of Design and dug out 400-odd objects. (This show of a museum's underside will be seen in Hous-

ton, New Orleans and Providence between October and April 1970.)

Clearly it is to be (among other things) a Pop season. The fact that all these museums are putting on large shows by the artists called Pop is admirable: it is proof that the narrowing of the time lag between museum programs and present styles of art, to which post-World War II museum policy leads, has not abated. On the other hand, there is a question about the way museums handle the *early* retrospectives of artists. When an artist, though still young, has been around long enough to stand a big show, the museum gets into unnoticed problems of interpretation. If what I am writing is to serve as a piece of pre-emptive criticism, a prophecy is in order: my guess is that the catalogues of these shows will protect each artist from Pop art as a movement.

In a survey of Pop art, in either book or exhibition form, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Dine and Warhol would, to say the least, be prominent. In monographs and retrospectives, however, individual artists usually appear in holy isolation. The internal sequence of an artist's work has a good chance of being decently charted but his context and contacts are rarely pursued. The implication is that compared to the richness of an artist's *oeuvre* any movement is necessarily fragmentary and constricting. Last year's retrospective of Robert Indiana (Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania) is typical, with such catalogue statements as, Indiana's "concerns are broader than those of the Pop artists. . . ." As the work of a decade or so is collected together, an artist's special habits of mind and hand become clear, often for the first time, and this is properly a main subject of discussion. The stress on personal identity, however, often becomes infatuation and the public form of infatuation is promotion. The artist's life gets told as from his mother's point of view.

It is true that the early showing of a young artist in a group tends to be celebrated by overestimating the novelty of the work ("at last, a viable post-Freudian art," or "X has released art from the strait jacket of the Renaissance, or tonal values, or the flat rectangle, etc."). The later appearance of the artists who keep going are interpreted differently. Radical artists become celebrated in the highly traditional terms of a self-made, self-contained identity. It seems that the reward for youthful *avant-gardism* is conservative individualism: from the *all new* to *the same thing*. Ideas are for the young; after that, there's only art defined as the release of autographic largess.

The process by which *avant-garde* groups form (like the Earthworks artists, like the Pop artists ten years ago) goes something like this. Separated people converge on the basis of shared interests and attitudes; their common position is drafted by group exhibitions (whether there are formal manifestoes or not is unimportant). The group exists in terms of mutual understanding and feedback for a few years; this is the time when any criticism attached to it exaggerates its novelty, but has the virtue of being speculative. When the time for retrospectives and monographs comes round all this is inverted: there is a rite of passage to routine individuality for all.

A group show which aims to firm up a present diffuse activity is scheduled for the Whitney next month called, I'm sorry to say, "Human Concern/Personal Torment" (earlier title: "The Grotesque in American Art"). I hope to return to it later, but one point can legitimately be made in advance: it consists of artists who have consented to being grouped in some kind of expressionist-protest continuum. However, when the retrospectives of Richard Lindner, Lucas Samaras, Peter Saul or Ernest Trova come along, to name four of the exhibitors, you may be sure that they will be only towering individuals, not associates of movements.

My objections have nothing to do with retrospectives as such but with the custom of their organizers of turning each artist's individuality into a mummy case with a fixed likeness on it. American artists seem forced to move from topicality (for instance, the early phase of Pop art, the present phase of Earthworks, possibly the emergence of protest art forms round about now) to normalized individuality (which is Pop art's present social standing). The artist's accumulated tensions with other artists and the desire of museum writers for timeless, noncontroversial greatness in their subjects, support each other to produce insipid heroes.

The term Pop art served to identify something for which no other term was available at the time: it indicated a *shared* historical circumstance. I'm not writing in defense of the term because it seems to have derived from me, because this season's problem is recurrent. The Abstract Expressionists were first recognized as a group, in terms of "a new force in American art," or some such topic, and sorted out as individuals later. For all their personal irreconcilability, a historical identity unlike that of preceding or later painters, unites them. Pop art is the common point among the forthcoming retrospectives and historical questions like these arise. Will the text on Lichtenstein discuss his Arte Déco imagery in relation to other artists' interests in the period? Oldenburg's monumental plaque "Céline" had a projected sequel which was not made, "Dubuffet"; will the influence of Dubuffet on Oldenburg be discussed? Will Dine's early relation to Oldenburg be fully documented in his catalogue? These are the kinds of contextual matters which, to judge from recent catalogues, are likely to be played down or passed over.

Since museum staffs work with a fair amount of time for research and even thought, they are, of all the groups who contribute their bit to the literature of art, in a good position to contextualize their subjects. On the whole they have not done this, seeming more interested in opposing the rhetoric of the *avant-garde* with a rhetoric of institutionalization. I hope for fewer candidates for the art world's crowded Mount Rushmore and a stronger sense of short-term art history from this season's museum catalogues.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 234)*

Bell System boasts that it has changed the interior of the dial telephone only three times in the past twenty-five years (see *The Wall Street Journal*, Oct. 15, 1965). Any company in a competitive industry would be ashamed to make that statement about its product.

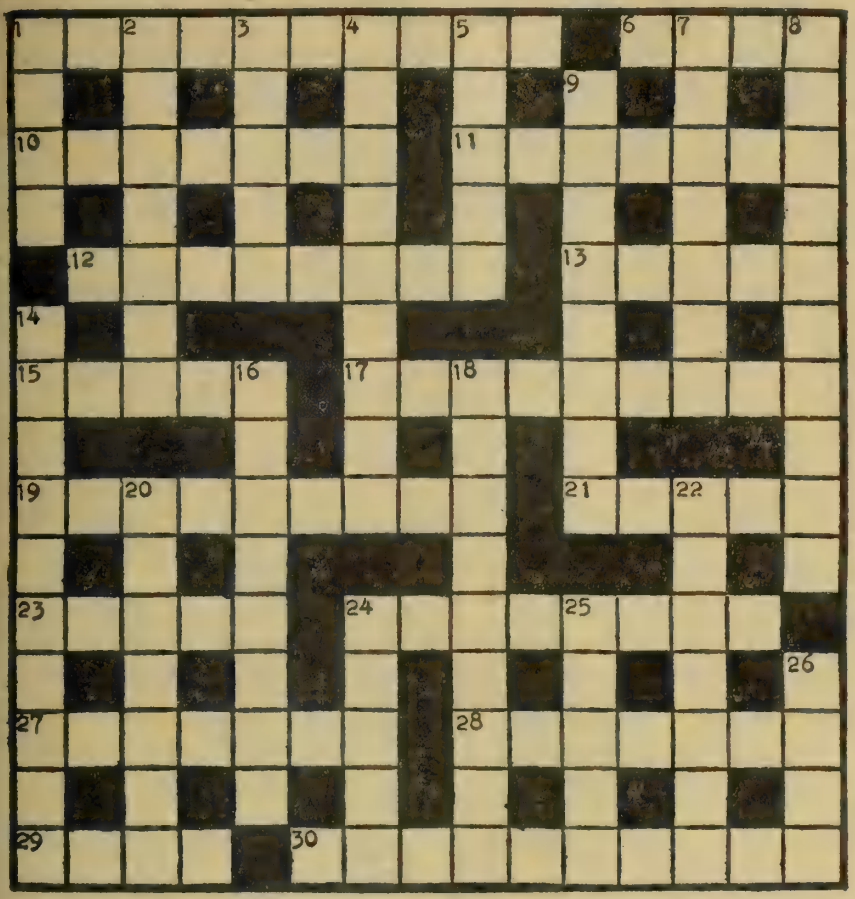
AT&T at present is telling us about the marvels of new services the public will begin to receive when the now available electronic switchboards become commonplace. We are advised, however, that we must wait until the present electro-mechanical systems wear out before enjoying the electronic wonders of the 1960s. Thus "Bell doesn't expect to have electronic switching systems in all its central offices till the year 2000." (*Business Week*, Nov. 20, 1965.) Meanwhile, the company is busily tying up CATV systems with restrictive leases so that cable television cannot offer these same services thirty-five years earlier. (See *Life*, Nov. 18, 1966.)

Willis Park Rokes

P.S. There were a couple of typographical errors in my article concerning dates: AT&T indicated that Picturephone could be installed in the home merely by adding an extra line in 1956, not 1965. Also, the year the company began to face a formidable opponent, the fashion-conscious housewife, was 1962, not 1952.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1312

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Saw nothing strange in making capital! (10)
6 Look both ways, as some birds do. (4)
10 He might have a lot to offer. (7)
11 See 28 across
12 The weapon cost might be steep! (8)
13 The one who hits a high ball isn't the type who slips in another sport. (5)
15 29 over? It's the one so marked! (2-3)
17 It might offer a writer protection to reproduce something correctly. (9)
19 Though asleep, can somehow create an old-fashioned estate, in part. (9)
21 Prohibition might come back at a sign of disapproval. (5)
23 Another version might be a sort of rime. (5)
24 One sometimes does with a log. (Exhaust the most common association.) (8)
27 Going to it certainly doesn't show one is lukewarm. (7)
28, 29, 16 down and 11 across There's no recommendation of a single revolution involved! (3,4,4,8,7)
30 Stage version of Little Red Ridinghood? (It should be easy!) (6,4)

DOWN

1 and 26 down Is it practical to put in eight hours? (8)
2 Obviously it should end in a road, in the main use. (3,4)
3 And obviously bristles have fiber. (5)
4 A bad golfer can make a "birdie," nevertheless! (9)
5 One might find the early American circle over-wise. (5)
7 Resounding? (7)
8 A puncture has no indication of loudness in final emphasis. (10)
9 It's a sign of submission to crudely strip one of the foremost things in craft. (8)
14 In addition this fits flexible people to a T. (10)
16 See 28 across
18 Such children are probably not yet classed as such. (9)
20 One might be headed for the office at his pleasure. (7)
22 A bird ran awkwardly in where some games are played. (4,3)
24 The wood sounds like a good vacation spot. (5)
25 Worries about part of the design? (5)
26 See 1 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1311

ACROSS: 1 Prehistorical; 10 In bed; 11 Abominate; 12 Left-overs; 13 Gores; 14 Stranglehold; 19 and 8 Twenty-dollar bills; 22 Ardor; 24 Something; 26 Ennui; 27 Dissimilitude. DOWN: 2 Rebuff; 3 Hydrostat; 5 Odors; 6 Icing; 7 Anacreon; 9 Seaside; 15 Gold medal; 16 Enactment; 17 Strands; 18 New Delhi; 20, 4 and 25 Signed, sealed and delivered; 21 Again; 23 Rives; 24 Scrim.

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LETTERS

today's cop

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: Network TV coverage of the clash between Pittsburgh police and Negro anti-discrimination pickets on Aug. 26 must have convinced viewers that today's cop is no longer the friendly humanitarian on the street corner who provides lollipops for lost children.

I was shocked to see three heavy-set officers subdue an unarmed black woman and hold her on the ground while a fourth struck her repeatedly with a large night stick. These weren't gentle taps but bone-shattering blows which left the defenseless woman screaming helplessly.

It is unfair to generalize because many police officers are mature, dedicated public servants. However, it is the savage bestiality of most metropolitan police that is exacerbating the problem of street violence and provoking the lawlessness of otherwise placid demonstrators.

Steven M. Cooper

employment opportunity

Peekskill, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Others may be puzzled, as I am, by the stories by Anatoly Kuznetsov that have appeared in *The New York Times* and *Time*. It would seem that he prefers the free world to the Soviet Union.

He has confessed to so many lies, how can we be sure he is now telling the truth? If Mr. Kuznetsov wants really to convince us that his heart and tongue are in the right place now, wouldn't it be appropriate for him to go to Vietnam and fight for the free world in the ranks of the Green Berets?

He might not survive the war but he would go down as a person who puts truth above everything, including whatever dollars he is being paid for his confessions.

Walter Lowenfels

name calling

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The article "Architecture in Mexico" by Nathan Silver [*The Nation*, Aug. 11] is an insult to your readers and to the people of Mexico. It is not only superficial and arrogant but it reveals a lack of understanding and perception, which a man with Mr. Silver's supposed background should possess. . . .

As a personal friend of Ricardo Legorreta, an acquaintance of Luis Barragán and a long-time student of the archaeology and anthropology of Mexico, I can assure you that you have done your readers a great disservice by publishing such a grossly misleading article.

I visited Legorreta several times during the design of Camino Real Hotel and can assure your readers that the design is pure Legorreta. If Mr. Silver would have taken the trouble to see recent examples of Legorreta's work (one of which, "Automex," was widely publicized in American architectural journals) he would have been aware of the Legorreta touch. The Alameda Hotel was done years ago in association with another architect and does not represent Legorreta's presently developed style. Mr. Silver's implication in the statement, "The hotel's architect of record is Ricardo Legorreta" is an insult to one of Mexico's most creative young architects.

As for Mr. Silver's obvious ignorance of Mexico's archaeological and anthropological experience, his offhand dismissal of Palenque as a sightseeing object for "grand tourism" is enough proof of this. . . . He not only is insensitive but he can't even read. He certainly did not find any of

(Continued on page 294)

EDITORIALS

The Lull

Undeniably there is a lull in the national tumult. Delegates to the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice were told that laymen are losing their enthusiasm for the cause; lay involvement has declined from a peak in 1968. That strange conglomerate known as "the peace movement" is politically quiescent. Interviewed in Amsterdam, a group of young Americans on vacation told a *New York Times* reporter that enthusiasm for political activism had abated. "Most of the people I know," one of them said, "who were political are now apolitical. You take that one year, Bobby Kennedy's death, then the Chicago debacle. . . . After Nixon's election people say, 'Ah, hell!' " Another said: "I've been marching in peace parades since 1964. What did it accomplish?" A Congressman, returning to Washington from the summer recess, told Ted Lewis of the New York *Daily News*: "Nobody seems to give a damn. It's as if they had lived with the big problems troubling the nation so long that they wanted to escape thinking about them any more."

Nixon, of course, has been the beneficiary of the lull which he encourages by having "official" spokesmen issue pleasant and reassuring statements from time to time. In the meantime, nothing much happens and the country drifts along. "Is the country just dozing?" asks columnist Joseph Kraft, "or has the Nixon Administration really and truly put the giant to sleep?" The tide of protest that began with the Kennedy administration in 1960 seems to have gone slack.

But popular moods, whether of calmness or outrage, sooner or later give way to their opposites. There are in fact signs of trouble ahead. At a recent conference of concerned lawyers, Arthur Kinoy cited the denial of a postponement in the Chicago "Conspiracy Eight" trial, the indictment of Bobby Seale, which has the unmistakable odor of frame-up, the refusal to cut bail in the Black Panther cases, the backing away from desegregation guidelines in Mississippi, and others. In Berkeley a full-fledged battle plan was discovered in the police department—part of a nation-wide crackdown on the Panthers. All of this spells trouble, and the more so precisely because of the lull. For that matter, Hartford, Conn., Camden, N. J., and Fort Lauderdale, Fla., have experienced disturbances which, though lacking the carnage of Watts, Detroit, Newark, Washington, and other big city actions, were exceptions to the tranquillity in the civil rights field, which some federal officials heralded a bit prematurely.

Against this background, Senator Eastland has introduced S.12, a dolled-up version of similar legislation introduced last term. The bill has been approved by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, so it is not a mere Eastland trial balloon. As bait for Senate support, the bill purports to repeal the concentration camp provision of the McCarran Act, but actually it lays the foun-

dation for such a development. It would amend the Smith Act to create a new crime of peacetime treason. It would set up a sweeping loyalty program for employees of "defense facilities." It would get around the *Yates* decision of 1967, to the effect that advocacy of overthrow of the government had to include advocacy of action, not merely of ideas. Eastland would now make it a crime to advocate overthrow "without regard to the immediate provable effect of such action." Another provision would make it a crime punishable by a $10,000 fine or ten years' imprisonment, or both, to "knowingly and willfully" give "aid and comfort to an adversary of the United States by an overt act, other than the mere expression of a personal opinion." An "adversary" is defined as "any foreign nation or armed group which is engaged in open hostilities against the United States or with . . . the Armed Forces of the United States."

Unconstitutional? Probably, but one cannot be certain. It is no longer the Warren Court that stands guard against such inroads, but the Burger Court, whose future course is unknown.

Clearly, in the face of such developments, the lull will soon be a thing of the past, and the conflicts which will succeed it may be more bitter, and more dangerous to American freedom, than anything in the recent past.

NATO's Missing Link

As W.G. Forrest emphasizes in his article on Greece (page 279 of this issue), the reason for Washington's grudging support of the ruling colonels is its belief that the Greek army is an essential link in NATO encirclement of communism. But if Saville R. Davis, staff correspondent in Athens for *The Christian Science Monitor,* is right, it has become a nonexistent link. In a dispatch earlier this month, Mr. Davis says flatly: "The Greek Army no longer exists as a stable, organized force-in-being."

The reason he gives, citing the most circumstantial evidence in support, is that the colonels, in a series of purges, have removed from the army—and the navy and air force—the officers who gave these forces their reality as fighting units. Ironically, in the light of U.S. gifts—issued with requests for just a touch more democracy, please—a good number of the officers banished or jailed had received much of their military training in the States. And almost without exception, the men stripped of their authority and their personal freedom have pristine records as anti-Communist fighters. According to one of them, quoted by Davis, "Their offense against the present government was that they were broadly nonpolitical, but pledged to the Western institutions of freedom that were born in their land, and they detest the enslavement of a free and proud people by the present rule of dictatorship and martial law."

The number of officers thus removed is in the hundreds, and those who still hold their jobs know that they are watched by spies placed in the lower ranks by the colonels. Under such conditions, officer morale is nonexistent: these men are, and know themselves to be, hirelings of tyrants. Officers in such a fix, deprived for

IN THIS ISSUE

NOV 25 APR

September 22, 1969

EDITORIALS

266

ARTICLES

271 Nixon's Drug Bill — *Geoffrey C. Stokes*

272 Labor and Race: Confrontation in Pittsburgh — *Charles C. Robb*

274 Private Deals & Public Interest: The Politics of Tobacco — *Edward Schneier*

279 Greece: A Chance for Democracy — *W. G. Forrest*

282 The Garbage Explosion — *Charles A. Schweighauser*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

285 The Apostle of Nonviolence — *Ronald Sampson*

286 Genetic Programming — *Jack Leavitt*

287 The Astronomer and the Boy — *Annette Grant*

288 The Human Environment — *Frederick Gutheim*

290 Mies and the Closing of the Bauhaus — *Richard Stern*

290 Unicorn French Poets — *David Kleinbard*

292 Poetry:

To My Mother — *James Brunot*

Snow in the Poem — *Frances McConnel*

The Orchard — *Eugene Ruggles*

Morning Fog — *Beth Bentley*

293 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

294 Films — *Robert Hatch*

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THE NATION *Volume 209 No. 9*

the most part of their more experienced seniors, and more afraid of their political bosses than of any outside threat, cannot and will not maintain the minimum necessary *esprit* of the rank and file. (Again according to Davis, the navy is now strictly rationed as to fuel, lest it steam out of the Aegean for ports unknown.) Anyone who calls that a link has never closely examined a pitfall.

So the United States, which has once more put interest before principle, once more discovers that its interest is a mirage, that it is acting by automatic response to knee-jerk stimuli and ignoring the evidence of its counselors (surely American intelligence in Athens knows what a newspaper man can discover). As we find ourselves saying much too often, such behavior is worse than wrong; it is stupid.

Their Excellencies

Time was when a U.S. Ambassador, particularly to a Latin American country, enjoyed a sinecure second to none in government service. He had nothing much to do, his prestige was enormous, he inhabited a palatial embassy with his retinue, and received no end of perquisites. Since he was usually wealthy to begin with, he could be numbered, in a material sense, among the happiest of men.

But no more. One U.S. Ambassador has been killed (in Guatemala) and our man in Brazil, C. Burke Elbrick, was kidnapped and released only when the Brazilian junta agreed to broadcast a rebel manifesto and exchange Mr. Elbrick for fifteen political prisoners, who were flown to Mexico in a Brazilian Air Force plane.

As kidnappings go, this was quite a civilized operation, with both the kidnappers and their victim acquitting themselves well. After rapping the Ambassador on the head with a revolver butt, the kidnappers allowed him to write notes to his wife, and engaged in political discussion with him. At a press conference on his release, the Ambassador, a career diplomat, spoke calmly and without rancor. He described his captors as "intelligent fanatics who blame the U.S. for most of Brazil's problems." The released prisoners, for their part, charged that the Brazilian military held power in "a climate of tension and anxiety, insecurity and violence, extending to all levels of society."

Indignation at the manhandling of an American diplomat is of course perfectly justified, although not altogether accurately expressed in the New York *Daily News* editorial describing the kidnappers as "a mob of Fidel Castro-inspired terrorists—Castro being the bearded Red rat who has tyrannized over Cuba for ten years." What is not stressed, and not understood even by some level-headed commentators, is that anti-American feeling in Latin America exists largely because the regimes in these countries, many of which we have installed or helped to install, are unpopular, do not have strong backing except in the military forces, and are prone to deflect expressions of popular unrest toward the United States as a kind of safety-valve operation. But we have only ourselves to blame for the success of this stratagem, since it is based on our ill-advised policy of supporting military juntas and reactionary regimes and arming them against restive students and other opponents.

To make matters worse, the regimes tend to be stupid as well as repressive. After Mr. Elbrick's release, the junta declared that a state or "revolutionary or subversive war" exists, and decreed the death penalty for acts of subversion or terrorism. It is time to get tough, one general said—as though the government had not been tough right along. The underground groups can get tougher too.

Against this background, the cat-and-mouse game that Mr. Nixon is playing with the Rockefeller report would be humorous if the situation were not so serious. Why can't this document be made public? One would think that right now is a most appropriate time to release it. Obviously what Mr. Nixon is afraid of is that he will not be able to implement the recommendations contained in the report, for the usual reason: no money that has not already been pre-empted—largely by the U.S. military, who have such close, friendly and expensive relations with their Latin American counterparts.

Public Interest Reconsidered

The sanitary aspects of waste disposal are referred to in the Old Testament, and waste disposal generally has been a problem in communal life from the beginning. But in the early days populations were small, the earth seemed infinite, and there were no beer cans, no-deposit bottles, or discarded washing machines. Even up to a few years ago, waste disposal could be regarded as important, certainly, but peripheral, deferrable and far from urgent. This complacency is disappearing as environmental problems assume major importance and are seen to be central rather than peripheral.

All of the easy outs have been tried and a solution is still nowhere to be found. Waste disposal troubles are continent-wide. San Francisco's Brisbane dump will be filled by 1971 and none of the substitute methods of disposal seem practical; some are regarded as too costly, some entail pollution of air or water, some, like pressing waste into building blocks, are untried on any considerable scale. The situation is just as bad in New York, where New York City alone generates 7 million tons of refuse a year and the place where most of it has been dumped, a land-fill operation on Staten Island, has little room left. North of the city, Westchester County's Croton-on-Hudson dump has its 80 acres filled to a depth of 40 feet, and the end is near.

In many situations technological ingenuity finds a way out, but waste has so far baffled the engineering profession, although some desperate remedies have been suggested. The special case of industrial waste has led to the drilling of a well more than half a mile deep at the Hooker Chemical plant in Niagara Falls, which every minute produces 250 gallons of unwanted liquid waste, including hydrochloric acid. Though this facility is not yet in use, New York State has permitted the well to be drilled and it is expected to be in operation next year. Some 150 deep wells are receiving industrial waste, but in some cases there appears to be danger of polluting water sup-

plies. In one instance—the Army's 12,000-foot-deep well at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver—there have been indications that earthquakes may be triggered by the injection of large amounts of liquid which, acting as a lubricant, might unstabilize the underlying rock. This expensive installation is no longer in use.

The broad question is why the problem of waste disposal was allowed to grow to its present proportions. It is a case of each company, industry, municipality, etc., acting in its own short-term interest and the devil take the hindmost. But with growing population, growing industrialization, growing affluence, the devil takes us all. In the waste disposal field (see article page 282), as in many other areas (see article page 274), it has become clear that the public interest can no longer be regarded, if it ever could, as merely the sum of private deals. Environmental problems—problems affecting in equal measure the entire population—have acquired an immediate urgency which requires a new conception of the public interest.

Lindsay and the Future

Qualification of the new Independent Party, which has designated Mayor John Lindsay as its candidate, for a second line on the ballot, should prove to be a useful device for marshaling independent and Democratic votes for his re-election. But it could have a larger significance. If the Mayor is re-elected (he deserves to win and we hope he does), then the coalition of forces supporting him, including those who will vote for him on the Independent Party line, might play a key role in efforts to form a new national coalition.

The New York campaign is indeed a strange one. The Mayor seeks re-election without the nomination of a major party, with the backing of only one of five Republican borough organizations, without a city-wide political organization of any kind, and with nothing more than a loose coalition of forces, including volunteers, party defectors, issue-oriented groups, young voters and independents. But the coalition supporting him could well foreshadow the emergence of a new national coalition, with a strong base in the major urban communities. It includes: Negroes, Puerto Ricans, the younger Jewish voters, liberal and reform Democrats (Rep. Shirley Chisholm, at present National Democratic Committeewoman; Paul O'Dwyer; Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo; Howard Samuels, former Under Secretary of Commerce and a likely candidate for governor next year; Percy Sutton, Manhattan Borough President; City Councilman J. Raymond Jones, the Harlem Democratic leader; Arthur J. Katzman, Democratic Councilman from Queens, and a number of Democratic assemblymen), an important section of labor's rank and file (principally the municipal unions), and liberal-moderate Republicans (the Mayor after all did receive 49 per cent of the Republican vote in the primary).

The fact that these elements can unite in support of Mayor Lindsay is a measure of his appeal as a "new coalition" candidate. He could play the same role nationally. In the past the Mayor has been handicapped not merely by the fact that he is a Republican but by Governor Rockefeller's unfortunate tendency to regard him as a rival. Now, by nominating John Marchi, a leader of the Conservative Party, the Republican Party has given Lindsay a new freedom of action, and Governor Rockefeller, who was trapped into endorsing Marchi (an action that he and the Republican Party will regret), has relieved the Mayor of any personal obligations. Lindsay is now free to seek state office at a later date—or in 1970, in the event that he should be defeated—as an independent fusion candidate or as a Republican with coalition backing. Should the war drag on in Vietnam, an independent candidacy by Lindsay in 1972, in selected Presidential primaries, might be an effective means of challenging President Nixon and his policies, just as Senator McCarthy's candidacy tapped the opposition within the Democratic Party to President Johnson and much the same policies in 1968. Against this background, a vote for Lindsay has a dimension of national significance.

Ulster's 'Spoils System'

The Rev. Ian Paisley, spokesman for the Orange Order, is now in this country to answer charges made by Bernadette Devlin of discrimination against Catholics in Northern Ireland. If there is job discrimination against Catholics it is, he assures us, solely because of the spoils system. "If there is one political party in power and you don't work for it," he tells us, "you don't get the spoils of office." Simple. But suppose a faction (the Orange Order) controls one party (the Unionist Party) and through skillful gerrymandering is able to minimize the vote of the entire opposition, to the extent that it cannot win even in those areas where it constitutes a majority?

Consider, for example, the situation in Tyrone County, where in 1961 (when the census last tabulated denominational figures) Catholics totaled 73,395, Protestants and "all others" 60,521. In this county, therefore, Catholics outnumbered all other groups by 12,874 and since 1961 the margin has increased. Yet a recent study by one of the civil rights organizations indicates that of twenty-two clerical employees in the County Surveyor's office not one is a Catholic; of nine surveyors, only one is Catholic; Catholics are absent from the County Rate Collector's office (nine employees) as well as the County Secretary's office (thirty-six employees); there is only one Catholic on the County Library staff of twenty-three; only two Catholics in the County Engineer's office of fifteen employees; of forty-two top-salaried posts in the Health and Welfare Department only five are Catholics, while all thirty-one of the clerical employees of this department are Protestants; in the Education Department, of seventy-seven salaried employees only one is a Catholic.

In brief, Tyrone County is very much like a Deep South county in which Negroes constitute a majority but are denied all but a few crumbs as "spoils." In a sense the trouble in Northern Ireland is that it does not have a spoils system; if it did there would be less discrimination.

La Guerre Est Finie

More than thirty years ago, some 7,000 young Americans went to Spain to fight Franco. When they came home—the half of them who survived—these men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade formed a veterans organization. Since 1947 it has been on the Attorney General's list of subversive and Communist organizations.

Some of the volunteers in the Brigade were certainly Communists; some may still be, though many say they broke with the party years ago. In any case, there is no evidence that their veterans organization has engaged in subversive activity of any sort and even the Justice Department no longer requires that it register with the Subversive Activities Control Board. The Brigade has been suing since 1953 to be removed from the Attorney General's list, and is now before the Supreme Court, alleging that the compilation of such a list violates the First, Fifth and Tenth Amendments, and citing damages suffered by the group and its members because of the designation.

The Spanish Civil War was one of the darkest tragedies of this century and the part played in it by the United States (as by England, France and the other Western democracies) was not pretty. The men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade fought, quite literally, as the conscience of their country and when they returned they were greeted as heroes by countrymen whose consciences were ill at ease. For more than twenty years now they have been stamped subversive, suffering the handicaps in employment and other associations that such labeling confers. Guernica is a world away; what these men thought and said in those days is no longer relevant. What is relevant is that they fought on the right side of a terrible war—and have been paying for it ever since. The Supreme Court should give them the relief they seek.

The Cracks Are Showing

The Nixon Administration, like the Johnson administration before it, is fumbling the ball in Vietnam. Nixon, like Johnson, is having a difficult time trying to make it appear that "the two Presidents"—the one in Washington and the one in Saigon—see eye to eye on the strategy and tactics of the war and efforts being made to end it. While the American forces reduced their offensive operations sharply during the recent cease-fire—if it can be called that—the South Vietnamese increased theirs. For a twenty-four hour period the differences were out in the open, for all to see, despite manful efforts in Washington to make it appear that none existed. But these efforts, instead of allaying doubts, only increased them. Much the same effect is produced when Washington prods Thieu to broaden the base of his regime and he proceeds to call in more generals. Such actions are evidence of Thieu's confidence in his ability to counter any Washington peace initiative of which he does not approve. And the Administration seems to be having as much trouble with the Pentagon as with the Saigon regime. The President keeps stressing his determination to withdraw troops but the Pentagon insists that there is a point beyond which any withdrawals would endanger the stability, such as it is, of the South Vietnamese regime. No doubt the American command would go along with plans to remove 25,000 or 30,000 troops; but beyond some such figure they will be as difficult to "persuade" as their allies in Saigon. It is obvious that none of the regimes we have backed in South Vietnam have wanted peace except on their terms, which imply a permanent division of Vietnam, guarantees of the continued existence of the South Vietnamese regime and heavy long-term commitments of American aid. But the time for such posturing is over. With the formation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam on June 8, the North Vietnamese made it clear that they were no longer prepared to negotiate on the basis of the integration of the NLF into the structure of the Saigon government.

What they are apparently willing to negotiate is the setting up of a new representative regime in the South and the withdrawal of all foreign troops. The President must now accept the fact that the Saigon regime will not long survive the withdrawal of U.S. troops, even with our backing. To force Thieu to negotiate realistically, Mr. Nixon should announce a schedule for the withdrawal of a significant number of troops by the end of the year, and then adhere to it. But, as Senator Javits said, "There is renewed danger that the United States Vietnam policy will again fall captive to the false optimism and lack of realism which continue to pervade the thinking of some top U.S. officials in Vietnam, both civilian and military." By and large they are the same advisers who misled the Johnson administration. The fact is that their point of view is much closer to that of the Saigon government than that of the government they serve. The cease-fire hiatus has already joined the long list of opportunities, not so much missed by Washington as sabotaged in Saigon.

The Theory Topples

Words, phrases and slogans have a coercive effect on public opinion and on decision makers and policy planners. "Appeasement," "Munich," "isolationism" are cases in point. But even more troublesome is the false "model" of a situation which is built up over a period of years and comes to be regarded as reality itself. Communications experts tell us that once a model of this sort has been thoroughly inculcated, people will readily accept information that confirms or is consistent with the model but will reject anything that is at variance with it.

One of those phony models which has had a disastrous effect on American foreign policy in the Pacific is the "domino theory," first propounded by, or in the name of, President Eisenhower. Discussing Southeast Asia, Mr. Eisenhower had recourse to an analogy which would be understood at all age levels: If one regime in the area succumbed, the rest would tumble over like so many dominoes. Widespread and monotonous reiteration of the theory had the effect of winning nearly universal acceptance of it as a "model" of reality in Southeast Asia.

Now, however, it is not the dominoes that are toppling but the theory. Quite suddenly commentators are deriding it, Senators reject it, and recent statements by

President Nixon and Secretary of State Rogers strongly imply that the domino model is being shelved at the highest levels of policy planning and decision making. C. P. FitzGerald, our Southeast Asia correspondent, tagged the domino theory as a fallacy some years back ("Fallacy of the Dominoes," *The Nation*, January 28, 1965). Even earlier, another contributor and editorial consultant on Southeast Asian matters, W. Macmahon Ball, had pointed out in a book which the State Department might have studied to good effect (*Nationalism and Communism in East Asia*, 1953), that nationalism was the best counter to communism in the region.

If the views of these two men, who knew the differences between dominoes and nations, had found wider currency and acceptance, it is altogether likely that the hypnotic spell cast by the "dominoes" model might have been dissipated long since, at a considerable saving in American lives and treasure.

NIXON'S DRUG BILL

GEOFFREY C. STOKES

Mr. Stokes is Director of Program Development for the Addiction Services Agency, City of New York, and has recently served as consultant on drug abuse to the government of Puerto Rico.

This is, apparently, the year for drugs. Television relentlessly offers addicts, ex-addicts, kids who smoke pot, and parents who worry about it. Congress already has before it a number of thoughtful bills, including that of Rep. Edward I. Koch (D., N.Y.) suggesting creation of a Presidential commission on marijuana, and Rep. Lloyd Meeds's (D., Wash.) proposal to assist local educational units in developing curricula on drug abuse. Action on these, and on other worth-while bills, has been held back for some months while Congress awaited the Administration's bill; it is finally out, and it is deeply dishonest, because it does not deal adequately with either the criminal or the social aspects of drug abuse.

For several months prior to its release, word on the proposed legislation (S.2367) had been selectively leaked at various international conferences on drug abuse. It was supposed to be a "rationalized and liberalized" overview of the drug situation. Penalties for marijuana possession (which now carries a minimum two-year jail term) were to be sharply cut back, and a great deal of emphasis was to be placed on research, treatment and prevention.

Despite favorable reaction from the professional community, comments from Congressmen who had been briefed on the new bill were almost uniformly negative. College drug use had been widely publicized, and hometown reaction against student demonstrations was so strong that a hawkish bill was called for. The Administration responded, and early in June, at just about the time when the bill was supposed to have been sent to Congress, a new and ominous set of rumors replaced the earlier reports: the Attorney General's office had taken over drafting the bill; National Institute of Mental Health scientists were no longer requested to give advice; the bill was to focus on law and order; there would be no permissive attitudes toward crime from the Nixon Administration. All the latter rumors have proved correct. The President's message, as it was released on July 14, is a throwback to the era of Harry Anslinger; the bill which was sent to Congress one day later is, if anything, even worse. The message at least paid lip service to education, research and rehabilitation; the legislation embraces only increasing police activities as a way of controlling drug traffic. When reporters challenged Deputy Atty. Gen. John Dean about the bill's silence on education and treatment, he argued that adequate legislation was now on the books for those purposes. He stated further, "All we need to add to what is there is men and money." He did not specify the amount of either commodity which the Administration might deploy in the battle.

With this background, it would be all too easy to dismiss the Nixon bill as simply law and order propaganda, of a kind which reveals a limited understanding of the causes of drug abuse. That would be a mistake, as the peculiar viciousness of the bill lies in its actual targets. In the words of one government mental health professional: "This is not an anti-drug bill. It is an anti-student bill," for its provisions are aimed at the occasional drug user, rather than at the system which supplies him.

The truth of that judgment is borne out by the changes in present legislation which the bill makes, and those which it doesn't make. The penalties for simple possession of marijuana, despite the growing body of information indicating its relative harmlessness, remain unchanged; those for sale are raised. The penalties for possession or sale of LSD are raised even more sharply. In addition, the bill provides "no-knock" license for police officers. Under this provision, police who have a search warrant in a narcotics case can break into the home of any suspect without knocking or otherwise identifying themselves. The rationale behind giving this power, according to Justice Department officials, is that its use could prevent suspects from destroying illicit drugs before the police were able to seize them. (The same official rather breezily announced that anyone who shot a police officer who broke in unannounced would be tried for murder.)

With respect to the justification advanced by the Justice Department, it is necessary only to point out that the logistic difficulties attendant to flushing a kilo of marijuana down the toilet, or of burning a similar amount of heroin, are such that the no-knock provision is simply not needed to reach the dealer, who would be likely to have substantial amounts of any illegal substance. Its inapplicability has long been recognized in New York State, which has had a no-knock provision for five years. Manhattan Dist. Atty. Frank Hogan's office reports seek-

ing no-knock authority in only three out of 903 narcotics cases last year. In Queens County, where the District Attorney's office also has a reputation for toughness, a no-knock warrant has never been used. In fact, the no-knock provision is of use only against persons who are likely to possess a relatively small and easily disposable amount of a drug: that is to say, against typical younger activists like (and here the examples of police use of a drug charge in a political context are factual) Mark Rudd, Abbie Hoffman and Huey Newton. In short, the bill attempts to legitimize "Stony Brooks," the kind of promiscuous midnight raid on a college dormitory which yields large headlines, but no progress against the forces which control illicit drug traffic in America.

Despite the brave rhetorical flourishes which accompanied it, Mr. Nixon's bill is timid. It treats drug abuse as a criminal problem, but provides no real weapons against organized crime. Neither does it provide for research, treatment or education. It does contain, in its penalties against marijuana and LSD and the no-knock provision, a major weapon against America's student activists. With Attorney General Mitchell in his ascendancy, we can be sure that this function of the bill will be fully utilized.

LABOR AND RACE

CONFRONTATION IN PITTSBURGH

CHARLES C. ROBB
Mr. Robb is editor of The Pittsburgh Point, *a weekly newspaper that has dealt extensively with racial issues in its city.*

Pittsburgh

The growing drive by blacks to crack the building trades unions has reached a head in Pittsburgh. The week before Labor Day saw the city convulsed by five successive days of demonstrations by blacks and counter demonstrations by white construction workers. The issue was sharply—and at times violently—drawn.

The week's confrontations began on Monday, August 25, when about 1,000 blacks, and white supporters, answered the call of the recently formed "Black Construction Coalition" for a mass demonstration at the new stadium under construction on Pittsburgh's Northside. From there the protesters marched across the Allegheny River to the "Golden Triangle" where they massed on Grant Street—one of the city's busiest—beneath the towering steelwork of the new 64-story U.S. Steel Building. The objective was to shut down construction at the stadium, the U.S. Steel Building, and every other major job in the city until contractors and trade unions agreed to a program for putting more blacks on the jobs.

City authorities, forewarned of the demonstration, avoided trouble that first day by requesting contractors to shut down their jobs in advance. The Black Coalition did not appreciate the gesture and called its forces back the next day. When the demonstrators assembled at the stadium on Tuesday, the police were there in force to see that both construction and traffic stayed open. Before the morning was out, there had been clashes between demonstrators and helmeted officers of the police "tactical" unit, who on many occasions rushed into crowds with riot sticks flailing. Nearly 200 demonstrators had been arrested on charges ranging from disorderly conduct to conspiracy and inciting to riot.

The show of police force served only to strengthen the Black Coalition, and a still larger and angrier crowd turned out on Wednesday for another march from the stadium to the U.S. Steel Building. This one culminated in a sit-in on Grant Street which totally tied up traffic until the police, having arrested more demonstrators, cleared the streets. That was enough for City Hall, and in the afternoon Mayor Joseph M. Barr ordered all city construction sites closed down until after Labor Day, to permit a "cooling off" period and negotiations.

On the next two days the white construction workers became the demonstrators, protesting the suspension of their jobs. On Thursday several hundred assembled; on Friday there were several thousand. They marched around and around City Hall, often cheered by bystanders and saluted by police officers. They left with the assurance of Police Supt. James Slusser that their jobs would not be shut down again.

The week after Labor Day the city waited anxiously while Black Coalition leaders met with white union and contractor representatives, a three-man panel set up by the Mayor serving as "moderator." The parties sat dutifully each day, all afternoon and into the early evening, but at the end of the fourth day the blacks stormed out of the meeting room. "There has been absolutely no progress," said the Rev. James J. Robinson, of the Black Coalition. Robinson added that the blacks would return to the negotiations after the weekend, but that in the meantime "we're going to mobilize ourselves."

By the time the negotiations began again, the Coalition had announced plans for "Black Monday" on September 15. It was to be a day of street demonstrations, walkouts by blacks and their white supporters from jobs and schools, and other activities. It was hoped that contingents of demonstrators would come from other cities.

Meanwhile, plans were being made for legal action to stop construction on public projects like the stadium. Byrd R. Brown, an attorney and chairman of the Pittsburgh NAACP, said that he was preparing the necessary papers for an injunction suit similar to those filed recently by the NAACP in Buffalo and Chicago.

Because of their recent experience, the Black Coalition leaders assume that "Black Monday," if it happens, will be accompanied by police retaliation, vio-



lence and many arrests. This prospect seems only to have reinforced their determination to carry through at whatever risk. Pittsburgh's black community is unified today as it has never been before (which is not to say the unity is total). Even moderate black leaders have decided that now is the time to stand and fight.

They have good reason to fight. In no city is there a more clear-cut case of discrimination by the building trades unions. There are twenty-six such unions in the Pittsburgh area, with a total membership of about 32,000. About 2,200 of these are black, or just under 7 per cent. However, the totals include the Teamsters, which boasts a 24 per cent black membership this year, and the Construction General Laborers Union with a 49 per cent black membership. When these two noncraft unions are excluded, the percentage of black journeymen in the building trades unions drops to about 1.5 per cent.

In four unions there are no black journeymen at all—the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, which has maintained its white membership rolls at 1,000 for the past twenty-five years; the Asbestos Workers, with 217 members; the Bridge and Iron Workers, with an estimated 2,000 members; and the Elevator Constructors, with 225 members.

Because of the self-governing nature of building trades unions, this discriminatory pattern has been unaffected by the welter of employment and job training programs put forth by the anti-poverty program, the Urban League, the state employment service and other agencies. The first invasion of the union privacy was made by Nate Smith, a black former prize fighter (his ring nickname was "Available"), who is a member of Operating Engineers Local 66, the union of heavy construction equipment operators. Nate Smith was one of about 125 black men in a union of 7,000 members, and he didn't like it. So he came up with the idea for a program which would give black men training on heavy construction equipment. It would be significantly different from other training programs in that the men would be guaranteed union books at the conclusion of a one-year period of instruction.

Smith took his idea to the director of Pittsburgh's anti-poverty program in the early spring of 1968. A few weeks later the idea received the boost it needed: a group of militant blacks in the city's Northside ghetto let it be known that they would not tolerate the absence of black operators on heavy construction equipment then (and still) engaged in building a superhighway through the ghetto. The threat was plain—either black men work those machines, or the machines will be destroyed.

The Northside is a racial tinderbox, and the city administration was not disposed to quibble. Nate Smith's idea was handy, and City Hall grabbed it. Smith himself went over to cool the Northside, and recruited many of the men there into what became known as Operation Dig. Four months later, Mayor Barr officiated at the signing of a contract between the U.S. Department of Labor and the Pittsburgh Constructors Association for a fifty-two week program to train heavy equipment operators, carpenters, pile drivers and teamsters.

A year later Operation Dig was a success. It had cost a lot of money—$485,000 in Labor Department funds—but it had gained journeyman union books for sixty-seven men. It was praised as one of the best programs of its kind—if not the only one of its kind—in the nation, and Nate Smith figured that a good program deserved to be repeated. So he came up with a proposal for Operation Dig II, which would have trained 110 men to become heavy equipment operators, carpenters, cement masons and bricklayers. The proposal was approved by the U.S. Labor Department, but it was rejected by the Pittsburgh Master Builders Association, comprising fifty-five general contractors, and the Pittsburgh Building Trades Council, representing the unions.

Smith refused to take the rebuff lying down. He went to the Pittsburgh Human Relations Commission, which held a public hearing and listened to the usual arguments from both contractors and unions: a one-year training program could not produce qualified journeymen; it was not an acceptable alternative to the time-honored apprenticeship programs of three to five years. The commission made some halting attempts to get at the reality of the apprenticeship system—is it really necessary and is it really followed as scrupulously as the unions say it is?—but in the end the hearings produced no more than a plea for the parties to get together and negotiate.

Some of the blacks had plans for more direct action. Several weeks later a group of Operation Dig men appeared at the stadium and attempted unsuccessfully to block access to the construction site. It was the first skirmish of a swiftly escalating war. Two weeks later, in early



August, a larger group turned up at the stadium and succeeded in blocking trucks. Police arrested twenty-six, including eight women, on the charge of loitering. Most of those arrested were employees of the Bidwell Cultural and Training Center, another black organization in the Northside ghetto. The Bidwell Center, started after Pittsburgh's 1968 riots (touched off by the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King), has had some success in training outside the building trades. But its experience with the building contractors and unions made it an ally of Nate Smith and Operation Dig.

Among those arrested was the Rev. James J. Robinson, then president of the Bidwell Center. At the hearing in police court, Robinson explained why the stadium was the target: "The stadium is the real shining example of bigotry and everything that the labor unions stand for." The police magistrate dismissed the charges, and counseled moderation, but the blacks were beyond moderation. "We're going on the jobs and stop them," declared Nate Smith. "Now it's time for war."

At that point the Black Construction Coalition was announced. It was to be composed of Operation Dig, the Bidwell Center, and almost every other black organization in the city.

A week later the Black Coalition staged its first action, again against the stadium. More than 100 demonstrators appeared, blocked trucks, and became involved in several confrontations with construction workers and police. Eight were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct.

The contractors' response was to obtain a court injunction limiting picketing at the gates to the stadium. The Black Coalition's counter response was to call for the mass demonstration at the stadium the Monday before Labor Day. The war had been declared.

As in all wars, once the combat begins, the price of peace goes up. When negotiations began after the Labor Day truce, it was apparent that the Black Coalition, having tested its strength in the streets, was not going to weaken at the bargaining table.

Two months ago the contractors and unions could have satisfied the blacks by accepting Nate Smith's Operation Dig II for 110 jobs. Several weeks ago, the contractors, in an apparent effort to deflate the black protest, put forth their own proposal to provide apprentice training for ninety to a hundred men. The blacks rejected it then because they had not been involved in developing it. When the same program was put forth a second time at the post-truce negotiating session, Nate Smith tore it up and threw it in the face of the builders' representative.

The Black Coalition then put forth its demands: a minimum of 1,130 jobs, excluding laborers, in one year; within two years, a minimum of 40 per cent black membership in each of the craft unions. The Coalition specified that 20 per cent of the trainees be recruited from "detention facilities" in western Pennsylvania. The Coalition also demanded that no training program take more than eight months; that qualifications for journeyman status be determined by a committee including representatives of the Black Coalition.

It was obvious that these demands would never be agreed to by the contractors and unions, and the blacks regarded them as no more than starting points for negotiation. "Our position is negotiable," said Nate Smith. "We know eight months for training is low. We left room for them to come up with a figure. We're willing to go up to fifteen months. But they won't come down at all."

"As for the 40 per cent," Smith went on, "the black population of Pittsburgh is not 40 per cent. We're willing to go down to 10 per cent. But they haven't offered anything."

The contractors and unions, naturally, felt they had offered something in their original plan with some later modifications. "We don't feel it got proper consideration," said one contractor. The Black Coalition considered the industry plan just long enough to decide that it left the apprenticeship system basically intact, with no guarantee that there would be black men in the IBEW or the Iron Workers union. Their answer was "Black Monday."

PRIVATE DEALS & PUBLIC INTEREST

THE POLITICS OF TOBACCO

EDWARD SCHNEIER

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There are billboards in the South which read: CAUTION: ANTI-SMOKING PROPAGANDA MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR ECONOMIC HEALTH. And well it might. Smoking is big business in the South. In Kentucky it accounts for 40 per cent of the state's total income, 77 per cent of its cash crops. It is the most important single industry in both North Carolina and Virginia, and the leading cash crop of five states. Half a million farm families and 100,000 factory workers in these five states earn their livelihood from Lady Nicotine. For many Southern Congressmen it is more important that they vote "right" on tobacco than that they champion the cause of States' rights.

Cigarettes are more than a business. They are a regular and accustomed part of the daily routines of 60 million Americans. The average smoker consumed 9,100 cigarettes—twenty-five a day—last year, and by so doing reduced his life expectancy by six and a half years. Every day 4,000 teen-agers and young adults took up smoking as a like number of their parents and friends began the torturous process of kicking the habit. For every one smoker who succeeded in giving up, there were hundreds

who would have liked to. Surveys have shown that as many as eight smokers in ten are dissatisfied with their habit and would like to quit. Nine in ten believe that smoking is dangerous to their health.

As an issue of public policy the smoking and health controversy has a number of interesting facets. Attempts to control the tobacco industry confront the classic dilemma of regulation: minor benefits for the many can be gained only at the expense of major reverses for the few. The hazards of smoking, though real, are remote, intangible and diffuse. Smoking damages the health of millions, but for any given individual the degree of damage is at best problematic. On the other side of the coin, however, any significant decline in the number of cigarettes consumed would have an immediate, tangible and drastic impact on the economic well-being of tobacco farmers, fertilizer merchants, cigarette factory workers, cellophane and aluminum foil manufacturers, salesmen, vending machine companies, and perhaps even the corner druggist. And how would the state and federal governments replace the more than $4 billion in tax revenues which they derive each year from cigarette taxes?

The American political process usually works to avoid regulatory issues. The interests of tobacco growers, of cigarette manufacturers, and of television broadcasters (who derive almost 11 per cent of network advertising billings from cigarettes) are immediate and direct, and of course well represented in Washington. The tobacco lobby was able to bring more than twenty distinguished doctors and medical researchers before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce to argue that the health case against smoking is not clearly established. The Governors of two Southern states testified on behalf of their major industries. Thirty members of the House—all but three from major tobacco-producing districts—introduced legislation on behalf of the tobacco industry. And of course the tobacco growers, tobacco workers, the broadcast industry, and the major manufacturers were also represented.

Weighed in the balance against this impressive array of knowledgeable and concerned citizens is a motley, ill-coordinated hodgepodge of public officials, private citizens and independent researchers speaking on behalf of that elusive concept known as the public interest. In contests such as these the general public almost invariably loses out.

What makes this year's smoking and health controversy interesting and significant is the very real possibility that for once the public interest may triumph. There are encouraging signs, moreover, in this and in other current controversies, that a new and very meaningful concept of the public interest may be evolving. In a system long accustomed to defining the common good as the sum of private deals, the change will not be wrought overnight, but there are signs of a shift. In this controversy it is the tobacco industry and not the public which is on the defensive.

The major forces behind the shift have not been generally associated in recent years with progressive policies. The key agent of change has been the Public Health Service. The 1964 Report of the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee, with its stark and startling conclusion "that cigarette smoking is a health hazard of sufficient importance in the United States to warrant appropriate remedial action," was the opening gun in the government's war on cigarettes. Traditionally a conservative agency, dedicated to the maintenance of close ties with the medical profession and with local health officials, the Public Health Service (PHS) had concluded as early as 1956 that there was a definite causal relationship between excessive smoking and lung cancer. Not until 1964, however, was the PHS willing to suggest that the health hazards of smoking were of sufficient magnitude to warrant public action. The PHS has little direct power. It has been able to encourage further research and to mount a modest educational campaign. But by the very fact of its having found smoking a public hazard, the Surgeon General's report became the critical catalyst to the development of new policies. What the PHS did in 1964 was to transform the problem of smoking into the issue of smoking, and a problem must be perceived as an issue before the policy-making process can begin.

Once smoking had been defined as a public issue, once the problem had been injected into the public arena, the balance of political power began to shift. No longer simply a contest between private groups such as the American Cancer Society on the one hand and the tobacco industry and its allies on the other, smoking became an issue on which Congress, the press, the medical profession, and various agencies of government were forced to take a stand.

In 1964, two forces in particular were moving in on tobacco. Most important were the courts. Citing the findings of the Surgeon General, literally hundreds of lawsuits were initiated against the cigarette manufacturers by the families of individuals who had died of lung cancer and related diseases. Even if unsuccessful, these suits were a source of major embarrassment to the industry. Second in importance was the Federal Trade Commission. Like most regulatory agencies, the FTC has not recently been noted for the vigor with which it has defended the public interest. In the characteristic cycle of institutional development, the FTC is in its "mature" stage, a stage when, in Emmette Redford's words, "the agency has lost the original political support, when it has found its position among the contending forces in society, and when it has crystallized its own evolved program. It then becomes part of the status quo and thinks in terms of the protection of its own system and its own existence and power against substantial change." Such agencies seldom rock the boat. But in 1964, within months of the Surgeon General's report, the FTC rocked and shocked the tobacco industry with a proposal to require a health warning on all cigarette packages and in all cigarette advertising.

It was this FTC order which sent the tobacco lobby scurrying to Congress and which resulted in enactment of the Federal Cigarette Labeling and Advertising Act of 1965. That act represented an overwhelming victory for the tobacco industry. One minor concession—the warning on the pack—was traded for a blanket four-year preemption of all other governmental actions in the field. By the terms of the 1965 law no federal agency, no state or

local government could act in such a way as significantly to control the cigarette industry. And as an added bonus the warning helped to absolve manufacturers from any legal responsibilities for premature deaths.

The only meaningful victory for the anti-smoking forces in 1965 was to limit the effect of the act until June 30, 1969. It is that magic date which has a second time put Lady Nicotine on trial. And in the interim her opponent has grown in strength. Two significant allies have been added to the anti-smoking coalition. The medical profession, through some very aggressive state medical associations, has become an increasingly vocal supporter of the Surgeon General's report.

It was widely rumored in 1964 that the AMA had reached an agreement in Congress whereby tobacco states' opposition to Medicare would be traded for AMA neutrality on the issue of smoking and health. Though agreeing that smoking was "a serious health hazard," the AMA's policy position was, in the words of FTC Com. A. E. MacIntyre, "precisely the position of the tobacco industry." If an explicit agreement with the industry ever existed, however, it is not now in effect. The AMA no longer defends tobacco interests; and it has been largely at the urging of state medical societies that California, New York and Utah have taken steps to curb tobacco sales. In the most far-reaching proposal the California state assembly passed an act in May which would have banned all advertising of cigarettes in the state. If Congress fails to act, the pre-emption provisions of the 1965 act will lapse, and strict state laws such as these will be allowed to go into effect.

The final, and in some ways the most surprising source of anti-smoking pressure, has come from the Federal Communications Commission. If the Federal Trade Commission is in its "mature" stage, then surely the FCC is in its dotage. In a special study of the regulatory commissions which James Landis prepared for John F. Kennedy in 1960, the FCC was described as more subject to pressure, more subservient to industry, and more in need of a total overhaul than any other agency. The FCC has not been overhauled, but it has become a key factor in the smoking and health controversy. In 1967 it ruled that broadcasters carrying cigarette commercials must give a significant amount of time to information on the health hazards of smoking. More recently, on February 6, the FCC proposed to adopt rules which would ban the broadcast of cigarette commercials by all radio and television stations. In view of the overwhelming evidence, publicly sanctioned by the Bureau of Public Health, that smoking constitutes a serious health menace, the FCC ruled the "presentation of commercials promoting the use of cigarettes is inconsistent with the obligation imposed upon broadcasters to operate in the pubilc interest."

A revived coalition has apparently emerged. At best loosely coordinated, it includes such old stand-bys as the American Cancer Society and a surprisingly heterogeneous group of public and private agencies: the AMA and American Dental Association, the FCC and FTC, ASH (Action on Smoking and Health), the Public Health Service, and a growing number of state legislatures. The actions of these groups once again have confronted the tobacco lobby with the need for Congressional action.

More than ninety members of the House of Representatives sponsored bills this term dealing with the smoking issue. They ranged in severity from those proposing a simple extension of the 1965 law, to bills proposing an outright ban on all radio and television ads, a requirement that the warning statement be strengthened and placed on the front of the pack, and an authorization for the Public Health Service to regulate the length of cigarettes. The House, acting with unusual dispatch, quickly passed a modified version of these bills. Six of thirty-seven members of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce have given up smoking, but only five could be prevailed upon to vote against the combined interests of the tobacco and broadcasting industries. A floor motion to send the bill back to committee for strengthening amendments was defeated by a vote of 252 to 137.

The coalition which rallied to the defense of tobacco in the House was a familiar one. Only six Southern Democrats—Wright Patman and five Floridians—voted to recommit the bill. Only a handful of Northern Democrats, most of them from rural districts, voted against the motion. Among Republicans a similar pattern prevailed. Of the fifty-two voting for recommittal (and against the tobacco lobby) only three—Kyl, Mayne and Schwengel of Iowa—represented Midwestern agricultural constituencies. Thus it was at base the old farm bloc which passed the bill. It was not a partisan issue, it was not a split between liberals and conservatives: it was the quintessence of the old politics.

Rep. Joe Skubitz of Kansas, the only Northerner to sponsor a bill acceptable to the tobacco industry, gave away a part of this game when he rhetorically asked a witness at the House hearings what would happen if the tobacco crop were reduced:

> If you stop raising tobacco you are going to go into raising more cattle (there are 8,700 livestock farms in the 5th District of Kansas). You are going to go into raising more grain products (with 6,500 commercial farms, feed grains are the second most important product in the district), and you are going to be in competition with a lot of states that are now in the production of these commodities, and perhaps add to their surpluses. Is that correct?

Correct or not, an alliance of economic convenience has long united the grain and livestock farmers of the Midwest and the cotton and tobacco growers of the South. And it is not simply the fear of competition that holds the alliance together. Call it logrolling, accommodation, horsetrading or whatever, it is the system of bargaining which has dominated American politics for close to four decades. It is a system in which public policy is arrived at through a simple summing of private deals. So long as each minds his own business, each major interest from tobacco to corn, and from airlines to atomic scientists, is free to write its own ticket. Government exists to ratify these programs.

This system, which Prof. Theodore Lowi of the University of Chicago calls "interest-group liberalism," operates in almost every important policy arena. Educators make education policy, bankers make banking policy, military men make military policy, railroads make railroad policy.



New York Times Book Review

"No! No! No! No! You Haven't Got it Cheerful *Enough! You Haven't Got it* Light! *I Want it* Merry—*I want It To* Bounce! *Let's Take It Again from 'Caution, Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous. . . .'"*

The system has operated most smoothly in the field of agriculture where, in Lowi's words "government-by-conflict-of-interest" has been elevated "to a virtuous principle." Under this system the public interest, if such an interest is conceded to exist, is simply one more interest among many. Thus Joseph P. Cullman, chairman of the Tobacco Institute, has attacked the actions of the FCC and FTC as follows:

> A great diversity of interests is involved. Any legislation or regulation affecting cigarette advertising or labeling would have important consequences for farmers and growers of tobacco, processors, distributors, retail merchants, and cigarette manufacturers, as well as the general public. . . . It is wholly inappropriate for a decision of this scope to be made by any Federal administrative agency whose jurisdiction and expertise are limited to one particular aspect of this complex national problem.

Leaving aside the substantive merits of Mr. Cullman's statement, what is incredible in it is the assumption that the public interest is simply one among many to be considered in making policy. The interests of the general public should not be ignored, Mr. Cullman seems to be saying, but neither should it be exalted above the interests of tobacco growers, processors, et al.

It is possible to run a government according to the tenets of interest-group liberalism. Indeed in some policy arenas the system has worked quite well. But it is a philosophy of government that is inherently shortsighted. All interests are not organized, and therefore all interests are not represented in the making of policy. Moreover, there are general public interests which are difficult to represent but which transcend the interests of any particular groups. Public health is one such issue. And even if we confine ourselves simply to problems of economic injury, the arguments are not all on the side of tobacco. All of us share some of the costs of cigarette damage in cleaning public buildings, trains, planes and hotels, of forest fires caused by smoking, of higher life insurance rates attributable to the higher mortality rates of smokers, of higher fire insurance rates, and of the higher costs of automobiles and public facilities engendered by the need to accommodate to the needs of smokers. Arthur T. Roth of the Franklin National Bank—in a report presented at a Congressional committee hearing—has estimated that the total annual costs of such items related to smoking is more than $10 billion a year. When this figure is compared with the $3.7 billion received from tobacco sales, a plausible anti-cigarette case can be made on purely economic grounds.

That this case did not prevail in the House is not surprising. As noted earlier, the interests of the industry, in contrast with those of the anti-smoking forces, are immediate and direct. One could hardly expect Republican Rep. Tim Lee Carter, whose Kentucky district includes 36,000 tobacco farmers, not to champion the industry's cause. And the bargaining structure of the House is such as to virtually insure the victory of such special interests. Senators, however, have broader constituencies and broader policy perspectives. The bargaining structure of the Senate is much less specialized. If a new concept of the public interest is in fact emerging in our politics, it is here that we are likely to find it.

As this is written, the Senate Commerce Committee is beginning its consideration of the House bill. The composition of the committee adds to the problems of the tobacco lobby. Unlike its counterpart in the House, which is one-third Southern, the nineteen-man Senate committee includes only four Southerners, just two of whom—Spong of Virginia and Hollings of South Carolina—are from major tobacco states. Both Chairman Magnuson, of the full committee, and Moss of the Consumer Affairs subcommittee, who now has charge of the bill, have been consistent advocates of strong regulation. There is a very good chance that the bill will die in committee. And if this happens, or if the bill is filibustered to death, or if it is defeated on the Senate floor, or if the House and Senate conferees are unable to compromise, the pre-emption provisions of the 1965 law will die. With those restrictions no longer in force, the FCC and FTC, the California legislature, and other state and local governments will be free to act as they see fit.

It is this frightening possibility which has sent the industry and its allies running for cover. In the true spirit of interest-group liberalism, the tobacco industry has once again pledged itself to a program of self-regulation. In preference to allowing the FCC to set an arbitrary date, the National Association of Broadcasters in June announced plans to phase out all TV and radio ads by 1973. A month later, the tobacco industry itself proposed a 1970 ban provided that the Senate passes the pre-emption bill.

What self-regulation will do is postpone tobacco's day of reckoning. As the president of the National Association of Broadcasters bitterly lamented on hearing of the manufacturers' action, it's "no great sacrifice on their part" to switch to other media. "They will save $200 million with full knowledge that consumption of cigarettes will not decrease." Self-regulation was also proposed in 1964 in a similar attempt to ward off an adverse vote in the Senate. The nine leading cigarette companies hired

Robert Meyner, former Governor of New Jersey, to administer the code. The broadcast industry too established voluntary regulatory standards. Both the tobacco and broadcast industry codes attempted to avoid unsubstantiated health claims and direct appeals to youth. Athletes, seductive women, uniformed professionals, and models under 25 years of age were banned from media ads, as were health claims ("not a cough in a carload," "more doctors smoke Camels . . .") or promises of social prominence to be derived from smoking.

In some respects these rules were effective. Athletes lost a major source of revenue. College newspapers were effectively declared off-limits by the tobacco code. Health claims have disappeared from cigarette ads. But as a staff memorandum of the Broadcast Code Authority put it in 1967, overall cooperation on the part of the manufacturers has been "more token than real." Lorillard withdrew from the manufacturers' code in 1966. In 1967, the American Tobacco Company, arguing that the broadcast code was sufficient, also withdrew from the tobacco industry agreement. They then took the view, as Warren Braren, a former manager of the broadcast code's New York office, put it, "that if a commercial was approved by the television networks there should be no reason for the code authority to raise any questions." And of course the networks themselves refused to question ad material on the ground that this was the function of the code. Self-regulation became a farce. Its only remaining function was to ward off Congressional action. As Braren says, "Broadcast self-regulation became synonymous with trade association lobbying."

Whether effective or not, however, self-regulation derives from a radically different set of political values than does regulation by a public agency. It is this point, this question of a fundamental philosophy of government, which underlies Senate consideration of the issue. The real question is this: Is the public interest in the question of smoking and health sufficient to justify appropriate public action: or is this a question which can be trusted to the private sector? Former Governor Meyner posed this larger question quite clearly when he told the House Commerce Committee:

> The outcome of your deliberations in this matter . . . will reach far beyond the cigarette industry alone. The whole concept of industry self-regulation is at stake here. For if Congress now turns its back on this serious effort and resorts to broadened government control, future efforts at self-regulation will be discouraged. What might have been the start of a new era of cooperation between industry and Government will become just another step down the road of business-Government conflict, leading to slower and ever more inefficient regulation.

To put Meyner's alternatives somewhat differently, the issue at stake is whether Congress will affirm the unique status of the public interest and the special role of government in defending that interest; or, alternatively, whether it will continue to encourage the blurring of the lines between the public and private sectors, and in essence define the public interest as a summing of private deals.

In a previous article ("The New Tide of National Politics," *The Nation*, January 22, 1968) I argued that we were approaching a significant break-point in our political history. Substantial numbers of Americans are disaffected with the interest-group liberals' approach to politics and are searching for a new public philosophy. In the 1968 elections two candidates in particular, George Wallace and Eugene McCarthy, were able to capitalize on this mood of restlessness. Though poles apart on most specific issues, Wallace and McCarthy were alike in denouncing government catering to special interests. Both were alike in calling for majority rule rather than government by coalitions of minorities.

This vague and not very clearly articulated call for a new public philosophy appears to be bearing fruit not just in the area of smoking and health but with regard to such issues as automobile safety, conservation, pollution. But like invocations of patriotism, the public interest can be a last refuge of scoundrels. It can be a dangerous concept, and there are aspects of the smoking and health controversy which point these dangers up.

One of the more serious potential problems is the tendency for popular majorities to be rough on the First Amendment. Freedom of speech is not clearly involved in the present instance. As the United States Court of Appeals ruled in 1968:

> Promoting the interest of a product is not ordinarily associated with any of the interests the First Amendment seeks to protect. As a rule, it does not affect the political process, does not contribute to the exchange of ideas, does not provide information on matters of public importance, and is not, except perhaps for the admen, a form of individual self-expression.

True as this may be, the line between activities which can be protected by the First Amendment because they are political, and those which need not be because they are commercial is not easy to delineate. Is violence on TV a proper subject for public action, or is it permissible, as Congressman Broyhill of North Carolina puts it, "to pollute the mind but not the lung"? And if government can take steps to control violence, what other kinds of content can it regulate?

A second difficulty is in guaranteeing expert action. One of the signal advantages of interest-group liberalism is that it locates power and knowledge in the same hands. The tobacco industry people probably know as much about tobacco as anyone—certainly they know more than does the FCC. That they are almost undoubtedly blinded by bias does not alter the fact of their knowledgeability, and a plausible argument can be made that this knowledgeability entitles them to special consideration. Just as the views of welfare recipients should perhaps be given special consideration in formulating welfare policies, or students in making educational policy decisions, so perhaps should the concerns of tobacco growers and producers

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be given extra weight in making policy in this area. This is not to say that they should be allowed to make that policy but only that their views should be specially sought and specially considered. In a large and complicated society it is particularly important to find effective means of decentralizing some decision-making powers into the hands of those most immediately concerned with the issues at hand.

These caveats notwithstanding, the emergence (or perhaps it is a re-emergence) of a public philosophy in America cannot help but have a salutary impact on our political system. With such a philosophy, in the words of New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, Bess Myerson Grant, "We need not surrender our social and physical environment to the vast corporate and political bureaucracies, which now too often stand beyond any meaningful public accountability." The assertion of the public's interest in the issue of smoking and health is part of a much larger rebellion against the increasing privatization of the political process. Even if self-regulation and private control win out in this instance, the battle has been joined.

Greece: A Chance for Democracy

W. G. FORREST

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Friends of the military junta claim that there was no democracy in Greece before the coup of April 21, 1967; its enemies say that the revolution destroyed democracy. Paradoxically both are right.

The Greece which was invented in 1833 was poor and primitive; it was still poor and comparatively primitive a hundred years later. Economically there had been little industrialization and even by 1967 some 50 per cent of the population was still employed on the land. Politically, a constitution of a sort was established in 1844 and another in 1864, when a Parliament was also created. But 300 politicians do not make a Parliament unless they have some Parliamentary marrow in their bones and the politicians who assembled for the early Parliaments, more often than not, were the same local barons who had run the near-independent local units of Turkish Greece. They were supported by their constituents for the power they could exercise for them and the patronage they could give them; ideology was a rare commodity and it was small wonder that General Metaxas, as late as 1936, could dissolve Parliament with Parliament's own initial approval. He could not destroy democracy for there was none to destroy.

But he did other things. In the political establishment's corridors of power little was changed, but at street level his persecutions turned a Communist Party, which had acquired some artificial significance by electoral accident in 1936, into an organization which was ready to become the chief focus of resistance to the Germans after his death in 1941. Communists had become numerous; those who were prepared to associate with them also had increased. Ideological thinking was creeping in.

But if it crept in still further during the Nazi occupation, it seemed to have been swept out again by the end of the Civil War in 1949, a war which left Greece broken —morally, economically and politically. The disreputable Left had been destroyed and this brought chaos to the Center. Britain, America, the traditional establishment had apparently won. The forty-four parties which presented themselves at the elections of March 1950 inspired little hope for a restored "democracy." The institutions themselves were unsatisfactory and the old corruption, inefficiency, nepotism and intimidation prevailed. Besides there were still many Greeks in prison for no apparent reason.

Nevertheless there were some Greeks, particularly among the youth of the country, who were beginning to see that the old-style political game was outdated; that the need was for efficient government; that there could be no efficient government without a stable parliamentary system (or, of course, a stable dictatorship). And even among the politicians there began to appear an awareness of change. For the elections of November 1952 the right-wing parties came together under General Papagos; the Center grouped itself uneasily around General Plastiras; the Right gave itself an overwhelming majority of seats (247 against 53) on a minority vote, and so began a government which did more good for democracy in Greece than had any before it.

That is a judgment that would shock any doctrinaire democrat. The administration set up by Papagos and taken over by Karamanlis in 1955 kept itself in power by gross electoral chicanery. But it did keep itself in power until 1963 and when it fell it was no longer a mere electoral coalition; it had become a party. Meanwhile it had been efficient and stable, and its stability, which continued against an apparent background of parliamentary opposition, conditioned Greeks to the idea that the opposition might one day take power. It also conditioned the opposition to produce a rival party to fight the elections of 1961 and to win the elections of 1963.

The old-style politicians of the Center were slow to find an answer to Karamanlis' National Radical Union (ERE). It was opposed at the elections of 1956 by a loose coalition of no less than eight parties which gained more votes but substantially fewer seats than ERE. Fortunately, it was not a coalition that could have lasted. Further left the picture was brighter. The Communists were banned but a new party had been created, the United Democratic Left (EDA), under Communist influence but with many non-Communist members and an impeccably moderate program. It had joined the coalition of 1956 but in 1958

it stood alone and won seventy-nine seats against ERE's 171 and, more significantly, only fifty for the other parties.

So the Center came to see that, while part of EDA's appeal was to genuine left wingers, many Greeks were voting for it because it was the only solid opposition to Karamanlis. Many others were voting for Karamanlis because they saw him as the only alternative to the "Communist" EDA; in other words, a united Center party could win. Thus the twelve parties that had fought in 1958 were only six in 1961 and of those only three mattered, ERE, EDA and the new Center Union (EK); in 1963 there were only four; in 1964, when EK won handsomely, there were only three.

This was the result of a belated, unenthusiastic response by parliamentarians to the changing patterns of Greek political feeling; but it was only partly superficial. EDA had at its core the established solidarity of the extreme Left; eight years in office had given ERE a real identity; remarkably, in a year or two EK too acquired a common purpose, a common loyalty which was unlike anything there had been before.

This was largely due to two men, George Papandreou and his son Andreas. George had done little to create the new climate, but was quick to sense it and well suited to exploit it. The politicians were not converted overnight and it needed old-style political skill of a high order to hold them together. This Papandreou had. He also had a consistent liberal record. What he lacked was a new look, but this was provided by Andreas, an American-trained academic economist, a Kennedy-style liberal who had returned to Greece when the Kennedy myth was at its height. Here was someone whom the young people could believe in and want as a leader.

On the surface, the elections of 1961, 1963 and 1964 were fought on specific issues—education, defense, the civil service, agriculture, etc.—which concerned EK in office. Collectively EK's answers raised another, wider issue. Even with an annual growth rate of 6 per cent—which Karamanlis had established and EK was maintaining or increasing—could the economy stand the strain which the Papandreou reforms were putting on it? It was a legitimate question and it produced a healthy democratic argument. Unfortunately the argument which led to the fall of the Papandreou government in July 1965 was less healthy and much less democratically conducted.

The Greek army had long played an important part in politics, since 1936 a right-wing Royalist part, for Metaxas had removed nearly 1,000 Republican officers. There also had been a further major purge under British guidance immediately after the war. Inside the army "secret societies" had always flourished, innocent enough organizations designed in the main to engineer promotion for their members, but sometimes possessing political color. In 1965, one such organization, "Aspida," was uncovered. It was of a definite political color (allegedly Red), and linked with Andreas Papandreou himself. George Papandreou then moved to bring the army under more direct political control. The army's commander in chief, the young King Constantine, countered by dismissing Papandreou. Thus old quarrels were revived, about the monarchy, the army, other things; but the real quarrel was a new one. Who ruled Greece, the establishment or a popularly elected government?

The chaos which followed the July crisis illustrates the balance between new and old that had been reached by 1965. The King and his advisers resorted to traditional intrigues and were able to arrange for the defection of about thirty EK deputies, thus making possible an ERE coalition government. To many observers, including some influential foreign diplomats, this was proof that Greek politicians were what they always had been: fickle, venal and unprincipled. But these same observers failed to notice that this time the price for defection was abnormally high (it was a defector, Stephanopoulos, who became Prime Minister), nor did they notice that more than a hundred EK deputies remained loyal. In 1952 the electoral defeat had shattered Plastiras' coalition; now, despite every kind of maneuver, a substantial party remained in existence.

The significance of the decision to hold new elections in May 1967 was also missed. There was much in-fighting before the decision was taken and there was much more to come. But the essential facts were that the man who had succeeded Karamanlis as leader of ERE, Panayiotis Kanellopoulos, was ready to face a straight fight with Papandreou in spite of the likelihood that he would lose; that he is a man of great integrity who would have accepted the result; that a substantial part of the establishment seemed to have recognized that the King's and its own antics during the preceding eighteen months had led nowhere and could lead nowhere. There was a strong desire to settle things in a civilized way. Instead, the tanks moved in.

Here then is the answer to the paradox. There was no democracy in Greece in April 1967. It had been suspended by the King in 1965 with strong support from the army and the right wing. But there had been a fair democracy in operation two years earlier and something that resembled democracy for the preceding ten years. More important, that democracy, or a better one, might be restored in May. There were two other possibilities: a military dictatorship of the Right or a Communist dictatorship.

The danger of the latter was unreal. First, the number of hard-core Communists was always small, and the number of their possible sympathizers, as measured by the EDA vote, had been dropping steadily (from 24.5 per cent in 1958 to 11.8 per cent in 1964) as EK moved ahead. They could not win alone. Second, there was no reason for EK to encourage Communist revolution when they were confident of winning alone. Third, of the seventy truckloads of evidence for a Communist plot, which the colonels claimed to have discovered at the time of their own coup, only a handful has been published, presumably the most incriminating.

The danger of a right-wing coup was no such mirage—it happened, though not as expected. There were some reasons to think that the army, led by its generals, with the support of the King and some substantial right-wing elements, might try to put into effect a NATO contingency plan (the "Prometheus" plan), either to forestall or prevent an EK victory at the polls. It can be said that such a coup would have been more intelligent and more humane than that of the colonels. But it did not happen. A



"You've Arrived Just in Time—The Natives Have Been Getting Restless"

group of virtually unknown junior officers took over the plan and set themselves up as the saviors of Greece.

Greeks have not shown much eagerness to be saved. For a time there was some hesitation on the Right, caused by the foolishness of the King. He was not privy to the colonels' plans but by his collaboration gave them a spurious respectability which influenced some in their favor. He then took a step, perhaps fatal for the monarchy, toward organizing a counter coup in December 1967. The attempt was understandable but the act was both incompetent and cowardly in execution. Nevertheless his failure and his exile have cleared the air. The colonels are now on their own.

To senior officers even to those who have survived the present purge, the colonels are disobedient upstarts. To the Athenian aristocracy they are uncouth, brutish yokels. To right-wing politicians their claim to sweep away the corrupt old political world has had little appeal. They have even alienated the nonpolitical Right, members of their own Council of State, judges whose desire for law and order led to initial collaboration. As for others on the Right, who believe in democracy, and were prepared to accept the test of May 1967, they are considered criminals.

Only the Communists can be happy. More and more the resistance-minded youth are attaching themselves to the Communist groups and, if it comes to civil war, the Communists will again win the disproportionate influence they had in the forties. Moreover, the same change in attitude to politics which made the Center Union possible, the shift to more party-conscious thinking, has made a strong Communist Party possible, given the right conditions. The colonels have provided the conditions.

Meanwhile, in the rest of Europe the revolution has met with little favor. The Communist countries, true to the spirit of Yalta, have maintained a decorous silence. In the West, reaction has varied from the noncommital coolness of France and the spineless dithering of the United Kingdom to outright condemnation by Italy, the Netherlands and, above all, the Scandinavian countries. The Council of Europe has postponed decision on the expulsion of Greece until the autumn, but that was out of cowardice, not for any love of the junta.

If all are against, who is for? How do the colonels stay in power? They appealed, of course, to the Greek fear of communism and to the frustration felt after two years of chaos; to the desire for efficiency at all costs. They won good will by remitting agricultural debts; by their religious fanaticism (one of their most repulsive characteristics) which attracted some orthodox elements. And the prospect of stability, however achieved, was agreeable to powerful business interests. But all this has brought very little enthusiastic support. Half a million Greeks came into the streets, whatever the risk, to mourn the death of George Papandreou in November 1968 and made a hero of his old rival Kanellopoulos who gave the funeral oration. Would there be half a dozen to mourn Papadopoulos?

George Papadopoulos would have mourners where in life he has had his only support, in the United States. The CIA was almost certainly aware of the generals' plan for a coup, but had probably overlooked the colonels. Nevertheless neither the CIA nor the State Department nor any other organ of the U.S. Government has shown any marked opposition to the junta. The United States has behaved like an incompetent nanny with a disagreeable child. And Mother Britain, who handed Greece over to the nanny during the Civil War, has sat back and made helpless noises.

There are two reasons why this has happened. First, American diplomats have been no more successful than the British in plotting the changing political consciousness of Greeks since 1945. To innocent third secretaries and equally innocent ambassadors they were still the "knavish Greeks" or the "childish Greeks." Second, there is the magic formula called "the security of the Western Alliance." Since 1946 the Greek army has been a reliable "Western" army, and it is no exaggeration to say that Greek governments have been judged in Washington as much or more by their acceptability to the army as by their own political activities. It was Papandreou's "interference" with the army that first alienated American sympathy; it was the fact that a part of the army (even if the wrong part) organized the April coup that softened American hostility to it. Whatever distaste might be felt on the political side, Greece was at least "safe for NATO."

The problem cannot be solved without Washington's realization that these were errors, that the Greeks are now capable of running a democratic government, and that military rule does not make Greece "safe for NATO." The first is difficult, if not impossible. It demands an act of faith of a kind that diplomats and governments are rare-

ly willing to make. The second is much more easily demonstrated.

The sad events in Czechoslovakia seemed at first to strengthen the military case. If tanks of the Warsaw Pact had a place in Prague, NATO tanks had a place in Athens. But the tanks in Prague have not won many Czechs to the Russian cause, and there have been some expressions of disapproval from Warsaw Pact countries. The tanks in Athens have taught Greeks a hatred for America that few of them felt before, and not all NATO countries are happy to see the democracy which NATO was designed to preserve treated with cynical contempt by those who direct its policies. However strange tne thought may seem in the corridors of the Pentagon, many Europeans welcomed an American presence in Europe because they saw it as a guarantee of the preservation of institutions in which they believed.

What then, is the answer? A long time ago a very wise Greek remarked that "tyranny was a fine situation, but it had no easy way out." Nor does it. In a broad sense there are three possibilities: that the colonels be forced to liberalize themselves, that a caretaker government be installed with instructions to hold elections as soon as possible on the pattern intended in 1967, or that a government should be installed to watch over the preparation of a new constitution under which new and better elections could finally be held.

There are signs that American policy is still optimistically concentrating on the first, for on April 24, the State Department announced that the colonels had been given such orders. (There may have been earlier American pressure or fear of it behind Papadopoulos' announcement of improvements to be made.) Greeks, said Papadopoulos, are now to enjoy the right to security in their own homes. Apart from the tacit admission that they have not enjoyed it hitherto, it is clear that this new freedom will be exercised under the colonels' proposed constitution, but with the proviso that anyone who abuses such rights "will suffer the loss of the corresponding right or of all rights." But how, we may ask, can the abuse of such a right be detected except by infringing it, by breaking into the security of the home? And what could be blunter than Papadopoulos' comment on the quarrel with the Council of State—"Disagreement with me constitutes a *coup d'état*"?

The second possibility, quick elections, is scarcely realistic. For one thing, Greeks have probably moved too far in the last two years for a mere return to the *status quo ante*. Also, in the eyes of the State Department it would seem to offer far too easy a route back to power for Andreas Papandreou, and no one likes to confess that four years of effort have been in vain.

The third solution, though difficult and in some ways depressing, is practical and might prove to be beneficial. A right-wing government centered around Karamanlis would be acceptable to the State Department; with the support of other leading right wingers, Kanellopoulos, Markezinis, Mme. Vlachos, Rallis, Averov, even perhaps poor Constantine, it could have some genuine and popular backing—a minority backing, but more than the colonels will ever have and possibly enough to take Greece through without disaster to a a new and genuinely democratic life.

This would mean a return to 1952, and the Greeks do not want that. Most of them have acquired a taste for democracy—real democracy—and it will not be easy for them to be patient. Nor will they readily accept government by those they rightly see as the begetters, however indirectly, of their present horrors.

Nonetheless, it is a chance. It is the only chance if civil war is to be ruled out. So far the resistance groups have behaved well—a few explosions beautifully calculated to produce maximum effect with minimum damage and no casualties. But how long before they may decide that it is easier to kill than not to kill? At such an awful moment America will have to say farewell to Greece as a "safe" ally—or face up to a new Vietnam.

THE GARBAGE EXPLOSION

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The accumulation of solid waste in the United States is reaching alarming dimensions. Each person throws away more than half again as much waste as he discarded fifty years ago. A larger and more affluent population, buying an increasing quantity of goods designed to be discarded after temporary use, produces a gigantic disposal problem. Each one of us in a year throws away 188 pounds of paper, 250 metal cans, 135 bottles and jars, 338 caps and crowns, and $2.50 worth of miscellaneous packaging. And every year we amass 2 per cent more refuse which, coupled with a 2 per cent annual population growth, indicates a 4 per cent annual growth in the solid waste disposal problem.

In 1920, the daily per capita disposal was somewhat less than 3 pounds; in 1965 it was 4.5 pounds, not including industrial solid wastes, which account for an equal amount. In 1920 the citizens of this country were throwing away 100 billion pounds per year; today the amount is more than 720 billion pounds per year—not including 6 trillion pounds of mineral and agricultural solid wastes. By 1985, household wastes alone will amount to an estimated 1.25 trillion pounds per year.

The trend is illustrated by the history of glass containers. The first "no deposit, no return" beer bottle was made in 1938; in 1958 more than 1 billion bottles were made, and in 1965, nearly 5 billion bottles were distributed. The throwaway soft-drink bottle production was more than 1 billion. By 1970, the estimated combined beer and soft-drink use will exceed 12 billion nonreturnable bottles. That's 33 million bottles a day.

Nearly all major urban areas have run out of suitably inexpensive land for solid waste disposal, and are forced to dispose of solid waste by either long-distance removal or incineration. Incineration is more expensive than land disposal because of smoke pollution laws, and incinerator residue must be disposed of somewhere on the land.

The traditional method of disposing of solid waste was to put it either on the land, under the land, or down the side of a bank, where it decayed and was covered by vegetation. Very little thought was given to the pollution that resulted from using the land as a dump. Water, air and visual pollution weren't noticeable because their effects weren't very large. With an increasing population producing proportionately more waste, the physical insult to the land and to human sensibilities can no longer be tolerated. Urban areas must look for new methods and procedures to handle solid waste, as traditional techniques become unsatisfactory.

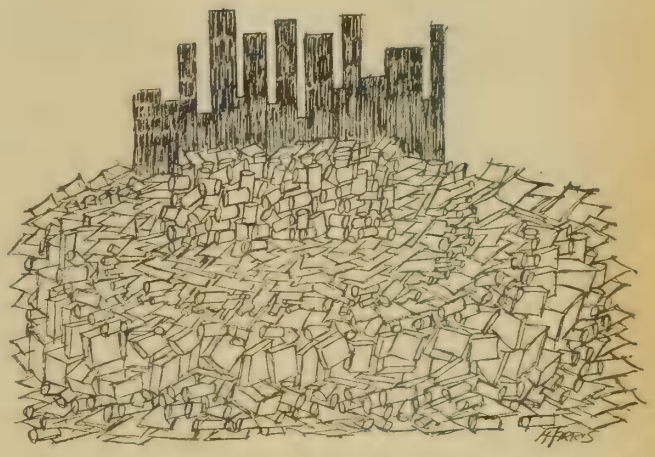
Few successful attempts have been made to re-use the paper, glass, plastics, rubber, rags and garbage that make up most of our domestic solid waste. About 35 per cent of total paper production, and about 10 per cent of plastics are recycled; glass not at all. The re-use of some metals is higher, as most major nonferrous metals can be economically salvaged. Copper re-use accounted for about 40 per cent of the supply in the United States in 1963, discarded lead was recovered at a rate that was more than double that produced from domestic mines, and scrap aluminum accounted for about 25 per cent of the total supply in the same year. Recovered scrap iron and steel currently account for about 50 per cent of total production. The recovery of rubber for chemicals, rubber and fibers is beginning to increase, and now stands at about 15 per cent.

The nearly 180 million tons of annual municipal refuse are estimated to contain ferrous and nonferrous metals valued at more than $1 billion. Each ton of residue from incineration contains 500 pounds of iron and 50 pounds of aluminum, copper, lead, tin and zinc. Fly ash from incinerators weighs about 20 pounds for every ton of refuse incinerated, and contains enough silver and gold to be comparable to a normal mine assay in the West.

Our solid waste disposal problems would be much worse if some materials were not recycled. A great deal more recycling could be done, but rising labor costs, uncertain markets, synthetics, and the mixing of refuse all make re-use costly and difficult.

Our industry is organized to use continuous input of new, rather than recovered, materials, and is sustained by constantly increasing consumer affluence and demands, built-in obsolescence, self-service merchandising, and competitive enterprise. We collect sometimes widely scattered resources, process and distribute them. But the responsibility of the private enterprise manufacturers stops at the shipping door. Neither distributors nor the retailers ever took responsibility for the disposal of the material they distribute (returnable bottles were an exception). Goods are used and then discarded; there are no consumers in the literal sense of the word. Responsibility thus passes from producer to user to a local government disposal agency.

So far it has been economically more feasible to build a new product out of new resources, because our industrial systems are so constituted, than to recover and re-use old products and their parts. Re-use systems could work in one of two ways: the material to be recycled could be collected by the producer, or the public agency or private individual keeps responsibility for returning the product to the producer/manufacturer (reverse distribution). The



former system has worked, but in a rather disorganized and unsystematic manner; missing are economic incentives to encourage an efficient re-use system. Compounding the problem is our resistance to investment of money in an item that we will never use again. Solid waste disposal, therefore, has a low priority status with the general public and its agencies.

Recycling of garbage presents some interesting and difficult situations. Before urbanization, domestic garbage was recycled through pigs, chickens and other farm animals. Piggeries still use domestic garbage, but on a lesser scale. Garbage must be separated from nonorganic solid waste, usually in the home, which causes problems. Most states require domestic garbage to be cooked before it is fed to swine in order to stop the trichinosis cycle, a requirement that is necessary for public health but that is also expensive and time consuming for the piggery operator.

Another recycling method for garbage is composting, a process that involves biochemical degradation of the organic material. This material must be separated from ferrous metal, usually by magnet, and from all other metals, glass, paper, rubber and plastics by hand. The remainder is shredded, put through a short aerobic period to increase bacterial action and to hasten decomposition, and then allowed to cure for several months. The final product is a soil conditioner.

The product is of good quality, but the cost of producing it is greater than that of other types of soil conditioners. The cost of compost material from other sources is higher in Europe than in the United States, and thus composting of solid waste is much more widely practiced there. Contribution to the cost factor is labor (including pickers), rather expensive equipment, time for the product to mature, and the relatively low percentage of organic

material in the total refuse. About 30 per cent of the original material must still be disposed of by other means. Vermin are also hard to control in a compost operation.

A number of schemes have been proposed, and a few are being developed, using other kinds of technology. For example, containers that dissolve in water or by the action of soil acids and sunlight are being investigated. Organic solid waste, mixed with sewage sludge, may give a high-grade composting material, provided that the pathogens can be removed. This process may also be valuable in curtailing excessive use of nitrogen, and thereby slowing down the tendency toward entropy in lakes and waterways.

Home solid waste grinders, analogous to contemporary garbage grinders, have been proposed. These larger and more rugged units might handle objects of paper, glass, plastics and light metal up to a cubic foot or more in size. After grinding, the material would be disposed of through sewer systems.

The Japanese have built large compactors to reduce solid waste to high-density blocks, which are then encased in an asphalt sealer and used for building foundations and other construction purposes. The city of Cleveland is also experimenting with a similar technique, using a mixture of solid waste, fly ash, dried sewage sludge, river and lake dredgings, and incinerator residue made into small, compact bricks for use as fill material to reclaim submerged lands adjacent to Lake Erie.

Paper products make up the largest percentage of most domestic solid waste. Since paper is nearly all cellulose, and since ruminants (cattle) can digest cellulose and turn it into protein, a number of public and private groups are experimenting with the use of paper products, supplemented with vitamins and minerals, as cattle feed. Today's newspaper may be tomorrow's steak.

Power production from incinerated solid waste has also been proposed. Milan, Italy, will soon be running all of its streetcars and subways by electricity generated by incinerated solid waste. Similar attempts in this country have been less successful, however, because of the inconsistent quality of the refuse to be incinerated and the production of electricity by other, hitherto less expensive means.

Other ideas have been put forward, such as adding hydrogen to wastepaper to make a high-grade fuel. Sanitary land-fill techniques along the sides of highways, power lines, sewer interceptors and other public rights of way have also been suggested. Such innovations have met with little enthusiasm, however, due to economic factors, entrenched procedures and lack of organized promotion campaigns.

The annual sum spent on solid waste collection and disposal in this country is large in comparison with other services. The annual cost of refuse collection and disposal, according to a recent federal document, is estimated at more than $4.5 billion, an amount that is exceeded only by schools and roads among public services. An estimated additional $750 million will have to be spent each year over the next five years to bring the collection and disposal systems of the nation to an acceptable health and aesthetic level.

The figures show only how much we have extracted from our natural environment, used briefly, and discarded permanently. They tell nothing about the supply of metals, pulp and other resources still left in the natural environment that we will use once and discard. Will we run out of resources before we choke on our own midden?

We can no longer treat solid waste as something to be shoved so far away that we'll never see it. There just isn't anywhere left to put it. We must learn to treat solid waste as a fact of life, and learn how to live with it, as we have learned to live with, or at least tolerate, sewers, automobiles, manufacturing plants and all other aspects of our modern age.

It should also be realized that our traditional attitude toward solid waste disposal is untenable in view of further environmental deterioration. This attitude can be characterized by the phrase "symptom-chasing." The disposal problem will not be solved by improving procedural techniques: it can only be postponed for a few years at best. The ultimate goal of refuse disposal—or any pollution control—is 100 per cent recycling of materials and energy. Advanced refuse recycling systems for urban areas are in the distant future; for the countryside they are even further away.



The problem can be viewed from another perspective. To control the effluent of our affluent society one must understand and rectify the causes in human behavior, and not just the symptoms. If a man has a brain tumor we would hardly expect his total treatment to be an aspirin. We must somehow convince the refuse makers—both the producers and the consumer-users (that means all of us)—that our overpackaged, overstuffed, throw-away life-style will bring long-term ecological and economic disaster. We probably will not much longer have the luxury of making decisions that will affect the ecosystem, as nearly all decisions ultimately do, based solely on economic and political expediency.

It is comparatively simple to write about solid waste practices and to recommend certain changes and improvements. It would be infinitely more difficult—but much more to the point—to study ways of drastically reducing solid waste effluent. And we must recognize that our solid waste situation, as well as our larger environment, can be improved only by self-imposed restraints.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Apostle of Nonviolence

GANDHI'S TRUTH: On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence. *By Erik H. Erikson. W. W. Norton & Co. 474 pp. $10.*

RONALD SAMPSON

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Under the slightly melodramatic title "Near Death's Door" Gandhi begins the 28th chapter of his *Autobiography* with the bald but plaintive statement: "I very nearly ruined my constitution during the recruiting campaign." The year was 1918. Gandhi was 49 years old. His doctor diagnosed his prolonged illness as "a nervous breakdown." Gandhi's suffering was very real; but it is difficult to repress a sad smile at the spectacle of the apostle of Ahimsa (Nonviolence) trudging a weary 20 miles a day through the villages of Gujarat to recruit soldiers to fight the enemies of the King-Emperor, George V. No wonder Gandhi fell ill—particularly since the villagers, to his chagrin, were not taken in by the devious arguments he advanced for betraying his own principles, and refused to be recruited. Even Gandhi's iron constitution was not equipped to contain with immunity a repressed inner conflict of such explosive dimensions.

Since Gandhi was, of course, unaware of the true source of his symptoms, he treats us to a lengthy disquisition on his experiments in dietary therapeutics, the temptations of the excellent cooking of his devoted wife, the value of ice packs, and the state of his anal tract. Finally he found relief in the milk of the goat, the milk of the cow being excluded by reason of an earlier vow. But Gandhi's love of the truth was irrepressible also; and tucked away in the midst of all the quack medicine—Western and Eastern—he tells us of the arrival of news of the end of the war with Germany. He acknowledges frankly: "The news that I had no longer to worry myself about recruiting came as a very great relief." A masterpiece of understatement.

Gandhi in South Africa, by his exemplary fearlessness and espousal of nonviolent resistance, had led the Indian community in successful struggle against legislative discrimination. By middle age he had thus decisively found his role in life, but on returning to India in 1915, he was faced with the problem of how to establish himself as heir apparent to the leadership of the Swaraj (Independence) movement in the eyes of the existing nationalist leaders, the British and the people at large. The people could be won by devoted service, and Gandhi gave it. Political power could be conquered only by the methods of power, and Gandhi resorted to them—at a price, as we have seen.

Professor Erikson, with that acuity of analytic insight to which he has accustomed us, enables us to relate Gandhi's lifelong ambivalence in the matter of the relation between morals and politics to the Oedipean conflict of his childhood. Gandhi's father, a powerful figure both politically and domestically, aroused his son's ambitions as well as his resentment. Gandhi refers to his father as short-tempered and "given to carnal pleasures." Gandhi's mother, a pious Hindu, was his father's fourth wife, an 18-year-old mate for her thrice-married, 40-year-old husband. Gandhi's unconscious pity for his mother, the object of aggressive "carnal pleasure," was combined with strongly ambivalent attitudes toward his father which were intensified when he was himself forced by his father into marriage at the age of 13. To disobey would arouse heavy guilt feelings as well as run counter to powerfully developing libidinal emotions. To obey would be to commit the same "offense" which he despised his father for committing—only more so, for his own bride was a playmate of 13. An impossible and cruel dilemma!

That Gandhi's own sexual history throughout life was compulsive in expression and fanatical in abstinence is scarcely surprising. In his attempts to escape, Gandhi alternated between revolt against his father and efforts to appease his guilt by painstaking devotion in nursing him when ill or stricken. Hence the morbidity of his guilt when his failure to be present at his father's deathbed was occasioned by his own concupiscence. Similarly Gandhi alternately rebelled and fought against the British and yet twice recruited for ambulance corps (and once even for soldiers) for them when the Empire was in danger.

Erikson, with characteristic discernment, quotes Gandhi's revealing imagery when speaking of the Mother of Parliaments as a prostitute in the service of successive Prime Ministers (Gandhi's father was a Prime Minister). The imagery, says Erikson, bespeaks not only Gandhi's infantile emotions; it speaks also to all the sons of ravished colonial countries. Tolstoy, who admired Gandhi and wrote to him on the need to concentrate primarily on refusals of military service, also commented that Gandhi's fatal weakness was his Hindu patriotism. This patriotism, which led logically to the struggle for political power to evict the British ravishers of *Mother* India, was grounded in powerful infantile emotions. There is unconscious pathos in Gandhi's "it behooves every lover of India to cling to the old Indian civilization even as a child clings to the mother's breast."

Gandhi understood the truth clearly; he brought to the task of implementing Ahimsa unrivaled capacities for heroic courage and self-sacrifice; but the complex of emotions within his breast was never freed from the corrupting love of power at the roots. The struggle with Jinnah and its appallingly tragic consequences was again logically entailed. Nationalism feeds nationalism—others' besides one's own—and the compromises demanded by power effectively becloud and confuse the clarity and simplicity of the truth that liberates men's souls. "Prophet in His Own Country" Erikson entitles one chapter. But that would be to violate one of the laws of life. Gandhi was a hero in his own country, but a compromised one, nevertheless. The gallows still flourishes in India when it has been abolished elsewhere. The army is a revered institution there as elsewhere. It would be absurd to hold him responsible, but Gandhi's military funeral was not entirely undeserved, all the same.

Professor Erikson unfortunately shares Gandhi's own ambivalence on the subject of Gandhi's recruiting efforts; and is therefore unable to diagnose the true nature of his middle-age identity crisis without ambiguity. While he gives fascinating and highly relevant material, much of it brilliantly construed, the central problem is never clearly focused. On the contrary, the central hinge of Gandhi's crisis is seen as the Ahmedabad strike, reviewed in great detail with the aid of first-hand witnesses, which though interesting never substantiates the author's exaggerated claims for its crucial role in Gandhi's development. The Champaran campaign was surely at least as important, subjectively as well as objectively.

Erikson not only condones Gandhi's rationalization to justify his role as re-

cruiting sergeant but adds embellishments of his own. Only those who lived in India under the Raj can fully apprehend the humiliation and degradation that corroded human relations in the social pyramid from the Viceroy to the lowest of the untouchables. Nevertheless, Gandhi's reasoning that in order to restore the subjugated to a sense of their lost manhood and give them back their self-respect, it is first necessary to teach them to learn the courage to kill in self-defense, is false, pitifully false. For Erikson to accept this reasoning and then extend the parallel to the Jews of the Diaspora in relation to contemporary Israel, is false and highly dangerous. He speaks of "the greatness of leaders who sanction the killing of those led by other kinds of leaders." There is no such greatness. He speaks of "honoring the duty [a military oath] stands for." It stands for legalized murder: it cannot be honored. These arguments are best refuted by Erikson himself later in the book: "For all have become obedient to the policing mind; and once we have learned to reduce 'the other'—any living human being in the wrong place, the wrong category, or the wrong uniform—to a dirty speck in our moral vision, and potentially a mere target in the sight of our (or our soldiery's) gun, we are on the way to violating man's essence, if not his very life."

Genetic Programming

MEN IN GROUPS. *By Lionel Tiger. Random House. 254 pp. $6.95.*

JACK LEAVITT
Mr. Leavitt is an assistant professor of law at John F. Kennedy University, and a free-lance writer.

Men In Groups is a dull book with profound implications. Although its writing is stilted, endlessly apologetic and somewhat inconclusive, its main premise demands respectful attention. According to Dr. Lionel Tiger, a 32-year-old Canadian anthropologist now teaching at Rutgers University, men are attracted to other men by urges as basic as those which draw them to women. The man-man (or man-men) bond is not a sexual attraction but a linkage that gives the resulting combination of males—the team—an opportunity for individual and group fulfillment. The coin of that fulfillment is invariably aggression, biologically sponsored aggression, against outsiders. Men unite and aggress because they cannot do otherwise.

Dr. Tiger's opting for biological necessity is the result of "promiscuous eclecticism," i.e., lots of reading. He rejects personal efforts in field research and specific experimentation largely because those approaches, he feels, would contribute nothing to an understanding of how males relate to one another and what this means for their communities. An intellectual "lumper," he advocates a multi-disciplinary approach by biologists, sociologists and anthropologists to see human problems in their fullest dimensions.

His leap from recognition of world-wide "male" phenomena to acceptance of an inherited socio-sexual determinant is, of course, a great—and possibly unnecessary—leap. Dr. Tiger himself says that he does not know what kind of biological mechanisms would operate to produce the postulated result. Yet the absence of certain variables in a world that was allegedly free should make us question whether the freedom really exists or whether we have optimistically assumed that it does because we prefer having a choice about our destinies. If we had no choice, how would we know it? Whatever else we decide, we should not reject his data out of hand because of distaste for its implications and consequences.

While Dr. Tiger tries to distinguish between aggression and violence, he never defangs his own proposition that any attempts to minimize aggression amount to tampering with ancient and central patterns of human behavior. The more harmony there exists within a male group the more unified strength—and necessity—there is for pressure outside the group. Equally true, we cooperate best when we have a common enemy. Dr. Tiger edges away from the implications of his analysis by suggesting that human beings, as a hunting species, must have hope—but the only optimistic feature of his work is the chance that his surmise is wrong.

To the extent that we refuse to accept genetic programming as conclusively governing our behavior and capabilities, much as our ancestors snubbed great-grand-uncles who lived in trees, we are bound to resist Dr. Tiger's arguments, regardless of the plausibility of his approach. The liberal ethic demands no less.

Without any assurance of the ultimate perfectability of mankind, through acts of good will, where can we place our faith? Without the illusion that the only time is right now and the only toll for progress is courage, how can we improve upon the past? And if we can do no better for ourselves than has already been done to us, why bother with anything?

Even so, we should be impressed by the simplicity and universality of Dr. Tiger's examples. He finds male bonding—and aggression—in baboon groups, college fraternities, political "back rooms," armies, poker clubs, secret societies, athletic teams, barroom regulars, hunting organizations, and the like. We see the pattern and claim it for our well-reasoned plan. We realize, for example, that despite women's numerical strength, only men consistently hold positions of power in government and the military anywhere in the world and at all levels of culture. Why? Because, we annotate our excuses, of childbearing, menstruation, stamina, tradition and, above all, popular *choice*.

And underlying our entire explanation is the promise that, on signal, we could reverse our field and adopt new cultural values. But if male dominance in the social activities that determine group safety is an incidental, changeable arrangement and not an inherited necessity, why are we unable to find a "genuine matriarchate" in any known civilization? (The mythical Amazons, remember, burned off their right breasts to make themselves better archers.) Are we faced with a statistical curiosity? Inadequate data? A common denominator of highly efficient social organization? Or, perhaps, something else?

If Dr. Tiger has woven his research into a valid pattern—and he has marshaled his evidence well enough to be troublesome—we must then concede that biological factors lead directly to human aggression. As the necessary end product of our inherited genes, rather than the erratic result of our cultural choices, aggressive behavior *is* the human condition. Under this theory, men, wherever they are, will band together with other men to engage in "conscious coercion" against the will of other individuals or groups. Whether tuxedoed, painted blue or wearing bones in their noses; whether worshiping a God who promises peace or an idol who shrieks for war; whether eager or reluctant, men will mate and strike. Male plus female yields male with aggressive tendencies; male with aggressive tendencies plus male with aggressive tendencies equals human society.

We can look to the stars, knowing that physical laws will prevent us from ever traveling to those brilliant pinpoints. We can look at ourselves, suspecting that genetic patterns old as Cenozoic mud will prevent us from living in peace. We do, after all, destroy ourselves. The only question is, "Must we?"

The Astronomer and the Boy

NUDE CROQUET. *By Leslie A. Fiedler. Stein and Day. 288 pp. $5.95.*

THE EGG OF THE GLAK. *By Harvey Jacobs. Harper & Row. 276 pp. $5.95.*

ANNETTE GRANT
Miss Grant, a free-lance writer, was formerly a book reviewer for Newsweek.

It would be difficult to find two collections of short stories more unlike than those of Harvey Jacobs and Leslie Fiedler. Jacobs is an idea man and Fiedler a man of ideas: the first spins tales that are comical and inventive; the second constructs virtual fables of social or philosophical attitudes. One is innocent of ideology, the other proposes Important Truths with a debater's fervor. To paraphrase Mark Twain, the difference is that between a boy and an astronomer.

The stories in *Nude Croquet* represent, according to the book jacket, "all of the short fiction that Mr. Fiedler wishes to preserve." Only four of the stories are newly collected and one of these—"Bad Scene at Buffalo Jump," a description of an Indian peyote ceremony—also appears in his novel *Back to China*. Some of these stories were first published twenty years ago, and it is a good deal harder now to become excited about yet another exposure of the hypocrisies and ambivalences of the liberal mind. But together, they offer a panorama of the author's pet obsessions: Jewish identity wrung from exile and alienation; gentile desire both to assimilate and to discriminate against outsiders; white guilt about Indians and Negroes; the political failure of liberals of the thirties; men's sexual revenge on women; the fear of (or desire for) sterility; and the various forms of male homosexual love.

Fiedler has explored these ideas brilliantly in his essays and criticism, particularly in *Waiting for the End* and *Love and Death in the American Novel*. But his strength as a social, intellectual, and literary historian is his weakness as a writer of fiction. *Nude Croquet* might be subtitled "pedagogical parables," so frequently do the ideological or symbolic overtones obtrude. His characters tend to remain abstractions anthropomorphized but insufficiently humanized. ("An Expense of Spirit," "Nobody Ever Died from It" and "Pull Down Vanity!" are honorable exceptions.) In "The Stain," which concerns itself with black self-hatred, a party member Negro (named Ham, yet), dreams that he is white and conscripted to wash from a stone an ancient and ineradicable stain. An army officer addresses him as "Stein," thus killing two black birds (only one being Jewish) with one stain. (The pun is laboriously explicated.) In case anyone misses the point, Fiedler spells it out in black and white: "*Their* stain, he cried in his head bitterly, *their* shame! . . . *their* lie. . . . Either the internal blackness was a human blackness, the dark failure of everybody, or else there was no stain, as the Party had taught—no stain at all."

In "Dirty Ralphy," a childhood memory based on the evolution of Jewish self-hatred, the symbols are less ostentatious. But again the story founders in sociology. "Later, when poverty came to seem to me not a symptom but a cause of disease, and I had been convinced that we others, not poor, were dying of it too, I felt remorse for my contempt of Ralphy, and could only believe him a victim, our hostility a disguise for social guilt, an uneasy hatred of what nurtured and defined our comfort."

"Let Nothing You Dismay" also explores a child's world of little understood ancestral burdens. The daughter of a gentile-Jewish marriage tries to puzzle out why "At the heart of her Christmases, she was aware of the sore." She rejects Santa Claus as probably unreal but, still, he might be that equally mysterious entity, a "Joo." Her father isn't much help. "It's *mine*, my crime, my disease, my sore. . . . If I had thought, marrying you, I would infect you, my children. . . ."

The inhabitants of Fiedler's tales have in common the rawness of their various wounds, their talent for pouring salt, however inadvertently, on them, and, finally, their propensity to assert that "unhappiness is a virtue." In the title story, a group of dropouts of the 1930s gathers for a reunion. As the long evening wears on, the company, middle-aged, flabby and drunken, strips for an indoor game of croquet (the wickets are formed by spraddled books). Once their defenses are down, their intellects conquered by the starkness of ugly bodies, the consequences are obvious, but still horrifying. They revert to primitivism and orgiastically sacrifice the weakest man's life to the communal gods of guilt and shame.

"The thing is, I was overly concerned with my own symbols." The line might have been written of Fiedler. Instead it is Jacobs' Oliver August ("The Girl Who Drew the Gods") who speaks. The way he continues suggests the difference between the obsessions of the

"We are special." "We are different." "We are outward bound from the old corruptions of the world."



Today's young people are creating a new culture, says Theodore Roszak—one that may transform our deepest sense of the self, of others, of our environment. His penetrating examination of this counter-culture and its major influences—including Herbert Marcuse, Norman Brown, Paul Goodman and Alan Watts—is an important antidote to the frequent hysteria of the mass-media on the subject. For in finding an answer to the question "How shall we live?" the new culture will be countering the crowning achievement of our technocratic society—the promise of thermonuclear annihilation.

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE
THEODORE ROSZAK
$7.95 at all booksellers
Anchor paperbound, $1.95
DOUBLEDAY

one author and the vagaries of the other. August has been suffering from his last visit to the dentist, and the symbols he is overly concerned with are scarcely Fiedler's: "Every night, my book by my bed, I dreamed about inlays, crowns, and unnatural bridges. With the equipment I used for chewing, a family in Peking could live like mandarins."

The guilts and taboos of Fiedler's world appear in Jacobs' only to be dismissed. Sickness, sterility and death—Fiedlerian themes—may receive explicit notice, but only as fugitives. The triad is no more than the last of a series of topics discussed in a course called "Know the Navaho II." "Wakanda Good. Love. Babies. Corn. Wakanda Evil. Dwarfs. Ogres. Underwater people. Thunder people. Maize blight. Sickness. Sterility. Death."

Where Fiedler's stories are intractably abstract, Jacobs' are winningly direct. There are, as the title suggests, elements of science fiction, but usually just enough to give the unmistakable stamp of true-to-life absurdity. In "The Voyage of the Peanut," a country boy gets a job in the big city (Los Angeles) as a walking advertisement, dressed as a giant peanut. His first day begins "when out of the blue a little kid off the sidewalk ran up to me and threw an arm lock around my haunches." She bites into his ankle, not because he is a Jew, Negro or Communist but because she is hungry. Later, the peanut is picked up by a famous movie actress with novel sexual tastes. "Now," she said. "Emerge! Cast off thy shell." The prince in a peanut is eager to oblige but cannot extricate himself and must be cracked open with a nutcracker. So much for the inner life.

Jacobs, unencumbered by the obligation to expose the failures of civilization, peoples his stories with an engaging abandon. At the center there is usually a man beset, a man in a quandary—but never a very serious one, never more serious than being trapped in a peanut shell. In "Reasons of Health" it is an American businessman trapped in Teheran by a phony health official; in "The Lion's Share," a campus epic, it is a shy poet who tries to keep his muse on a pedestal while she wants only to stoop to folly; in the title story it is a young man who agrees to transport the last egg of the extinct Glak to its native habitat in Labrador. The ordeal has all the earmarks of bedroom farce, for the hero must not only satisfy the sexual demands of four women but must also cohabit with the egg.

The Horatian dictum that art should either instruct or entertain suggests the differences between Fiedler and Jacobs. The distinction is not absolute. Fiedler sometimes abandons his didactic posture and achieves powerfully direct scenes, such as the unconsummated seduction in "Pull Down Vanity!" or the concurrent stripping of clothes and the vestments of civilization in "Nude Croquet." Jacobs makes tentative forays into the Fiedlerian territory of morality and conscience, as in "Epilogue" (typically, the first story in the collection). But on the whole, the two writers' apprehensions of the world still remain as far apart as those of the astronomer and the boy.

The Human Environment

EXPEDITION NINE. *By Benton MacKaye. The Wilderness Society. 56 pp. $4.*

FROM GEOGRAPHY TO GEOTECHNICS. *By Benton MacKaye. Edited by Paul T. Bryant. University of Illinois Press. 194 pp. $5.95.*

MAN IN THE LANDSCAPE: A Historic View of the Esthetics of Nature. *By Paul Shepard. Alfred A. Knopf. 295 pp. $6.95.*

THE SUBVERSIVE SCIENCE: Essays Toward an Ecology of Man. *Edited by Paul Shepard and Daniel McKinley. Houghton Mifflin Co. 453 pp. $8.95.*

FREDERICK GUTHEIM

Mr. Gutheim is a Washington-based consultant on urban affairs and planning and former president of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies. His volume, The Potomac *(Rivers of America Series) was recently reissued by Grosset & Dunlap.*

The world around us has become increasingly a universal human responsibility. As hunter and fisherman, man lived innocently with nature, a part of it. With the domestication of animals, with engineering technologies, with chemicals, man exploits nature, interferes with natural processes, depletes natural and human resources. The polarity of man and nature becomes man versus nature. The dominance of man that is assured by technology has now made inescapable the question whether man can avoid destroying his natural environment (perhaps including himself), and if so, what balance should be struck between the interests of man and the deteriorating human environment.

The history of agriculture offers many illustrations of the possibilities of such a harmonious relationship. If we knew as much about urban history it is likely that we would find a shrewd appreciation of such natural relationships to be the fundamental interpretive consideration in Venice, in Amsterdam and other cities built in fragile natural situations. Regrettably, not human history but the broader concerns of biology have inspired the mainstream of environmental studies and created the science of ecology. Thus far we have been shown the profound and widespread changes in nature—the extinction of entire species, the changes of ocean and climatic scale—that have been produced by technology. More recently, in terms of the human environment, the pollution of air and water, noise, the impact of urbanization, and above all, the pressures of increasing population, have been described. We are at the threshold of understanding the deficiencies of the urban environment—which is rapidly becoming the universal human condition—and its deteriorating effects upon man. The search for such understanding is frustrated, however, by the lack of an intellectual discipline which embraces both man and his environment.

Neither biology nor the social sciences has shown a convincing ability to move in this direction. Those who determine the human environment—architects, engineers, planners—are armed with blunt weapons. For the lack of such insight, the entire apparatus of government, law, economics, morality and human behavior hesitates, indecisive and mute. Those engaged in the tasks of environmental conservation often appear public moralists rather than men acting in the light of scientific authority, and their urgings are intrinsically the topics of controversy unresolvable except by the political process. These doubts and contradictions have been reflected in three important books during the last year: Raymond Dasmann's *A Different Kind of Country*; William H. Whyte's *The Last Landscape*, and Ian MacHarg's *Design With Nature*. No one can read such frequently apocalyptic utterances without the conviction that they are at best descriptions of problems, and at worst, nonsense. Until we have achieved and developed with greater certitude an apparatus for controlling human interventions, there will be little chance either of doing the right things or even of agreeing on what must be done to answer the question, "Can Man Survive?"—a query somberly posed and unconvincingly answered in this year's centennial of the American Museum of Natural History.

To face this question, we might look at earlier intellectual and cultural efforts at understanding man and nature. This is the approach of Paul Shepard. Or we can look at the results of organized practical activity in this field—principally

the movement to conserve natural resources, commencing in the United States about 1908—the approach reflected in the writings of Benton MacKaye.

MacKaye is living history. He celebrated his 90th birthday this year. Educated and professionally active as a forester, he early expressed broader interest in the human environment, or the habitat as he termed it. The habitability of regions, of cities, of the world has been his concern; and doing something about it, his activity. Some landmarks in a notable career have been his creation of the Appalachian Trail, proposals for sustained yield forestry based on the planning of stable communities for such work, participation in the initial regional plans for New York State and, with greater skepticism, of the Tennessee Valley. As a member of the Regional Planning Association of America he was associated with Clarence S. Stein, Lewis Mumford and others in initiating national programs of housing and community development which yielded Radburn, the Greenbelt towns, and much of the present technique of new town building. (Such planning programs could provide a most valuable stock of experience. Yet they have received almost no careful examination, except an excellent but rather specialized account by Roy Lubove in his *Community Planning in the 1920's*. The continuity of planning efforts over such a long period of time—more than half a century—commands attention. In the context of the projected United Nations 1972 conference on the human environment, one is even more conscious of the value and uniqueness of our national contribution to both the theoretical and the practical aspects of the problem, and even more frustrated by its relative obscurity.)

Nothing short of a full biography with extensive documentation, and a collection of his writings and letters, will really make clear MacKaye's contribution. The two volumes under consideration here must be regarded as contributions to the more comprehensive story, rather than as complete works in themselves. MacKaye's "expeditions" in the vicinity of Shirley Center, his Massachusetts home, are charming, insightful accounts of the changing environment of what is today part of the Boston exurbia, but still retains its aspect of a New England town. As in *Expedition Nine*, and everything else he has written, there is a strong flavor of personal experience, if not autobiography, in *From Geography to Geotechnics*. The series of essays from which this collection receives its title, published in *The Survey* when MacKaye had retired, is the outline for a more ambitious work. One can see now that such a work would have been impossible to complete, given the state of environmental thought in 1950, yet MacKaye's contribution is both clear and valuable in this form, and it can be accepted as his most mature statement of his views, reflecting a lifetime's experience with nature and human beings, regions and cities, practice and theory.

Paul T. Bryant has rounded out the volume with a well-selected group of MacKaye's other essays dating from 1919 to 1940, chosen to document the outlines of his philosophy. Bryant persuasively contends that MacKaye belongs, with Thoreau and others, to a select group of American writers who have contributed to the American awareness of our continental engagement with nature and the responsibilities we must assume. He regards MacKaye as a primary figure among those concerned with the quality of the environment, with, as Bryant expresses it in an excellent introduction, the "race to preserve habitability and establish the general practice of geotechnics before the environment has been finally and irretrievably destroyed." This collection of essays re-establishes at the right time a seminal thinker in a great national tradition and his importance in finding a solution to an urgent contemporary problem.

In a longer historical framework we have Paul Shepard's book, *Man in the Landscape*, and his anthology of readings in ecology, *The Subversive Science*. Biologists and anthropologists will not take kindly to many of Shepard's ideas and assertions; scientists will be uncomfortable with his mysticism; historians will doubtless pick flaws in his wide-ranging treatment of prehistoric animal husbandry, the attitudes toward nature of Italian Renaissance poets and 19th-century romanticists, and Theodore Roosevelt's philosophy of field sports and the strenuous life. But *Man in the Landscape* is an original and challenging presentation, rich with ideas, references and information. Ecology for Shepard is a cultural adventure.

A still richer feast has been laid in the collection of essays Shepard and Daniel McKinley have assembled. The authors include Paul Sears, René Dubos, Raymond Fosberg, LaMont Cole and other authorities. It is a genuine editorial accomplishment to have selected writings that are at once representative of their authors' thought, contributory to the overall themes of the volume, and fresh and contemporary in tone and style. But to complement this orthodoxy (if "the subversive science" can be said to have any establishment viewpoint) there are less familiar figures like Paul L. Errington, Erich Isaac and Colin Bertram, and stimulating contributors from peripheral

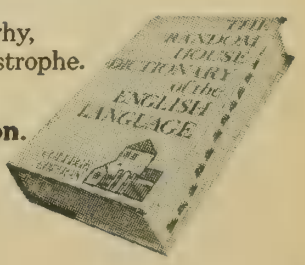
What is James A. Michener reading?

One of the books James Michener reads is our dictionary. *The Random House College Dictionary.* It has more definitions of words than any other college dictionary. More of today's new words, too. Maybe that's why Mr. Michener uses it. *The Random House College Dictionary.* $6.95. ($7.95 thumb indexed.)

If you want to read James Michener, his newest book is *Presidential Lottery.* It's an urgent book all about our electoral system. It tells why the system is inadequate and irrational for our time, and why, under certain circumstances, it could be a catastrophe.

The Random House Dictionary of the English Language/College Edition.

One of the books writers read.



fields, including Jacquetta Hawkes, J. B. Jackson, Laura Thompson and Edith Cobb. I cannot imagine anyone reading this collection without finding literary pleasure, intellectual stimulation and the solid satisfactions of learning. A most valuable anthology.

Incredible amounts of trash, from Pop science to Pop mysticism, are being offered a reading public that is increasingly alarmed by the environmental deterioration it sees on every hand, whether in cities or in national parks, at home or abroad. Predictably, environmental quality will decline further before the elaborate and necessary long-range measures to deal with population pressures, with environmental pollution, with the major economic forces involved, can become effective, or before the necessary public resolution is mustered to make the enormous expenditures needed to achieve a high-quality environment. No one can really escape some responsibility for such matters and these books, particularly the last, offer a splendid beginning from wherever you are.

Mies and the Closing of the Bauhaus

RICHARD STERN
Mr. Stern has just finished his sixth book of fiction, Veni, Vidi . . . Wendt, *and his first book of poems,* Some Home Truths (Some Abroad).

Building and literature are the political arts, but builders have often had to be more politic than political. How else will they get sites, get materials? And it's *a fortiori* for classical builders, the designers of those "typical" buildings of the age which anonymities reproduce for the quick appetite of business. What were the politics of Callicrates, of Bramante, of Mies van der Rohe?

What are the politics of rocks?
Resistance.

In the farewell salutes to Mies, I read no word of his part in the closing of the Bauhaus. Perhaps the story isn't known. It certainly isn't known as well as it should be. I heard it from the genial—the *genialisch*—old fellow a year ago. Four of us paid him a cocktail-hour visit in the old apartment next to the Pearson Hotel on the near North Side. A thirties apartment, chambered beyond need, wary of outside light. Rather bare within, for there were no rugs and the furniture was against the wall so Mies could wheel around the place. For decoration, marvelous pictures of his buildings, the Barcelona Pavilion, a stage of the great National Gallery not yet open in Berlin. And one of the clearest, most beautiful Picassos I'd ever seen, a Spanish cousin of Klee. Against the walls, Mies chairs and non-Mies sofas, many covered with blueprints and ruled drawings, extraordinary in a glimpse for line, detail and delicacy.

The builder himself, in his wheel chair, was—in seconds—not only presence but personage. A wonderful talker, ebullient, a fountain of ease, his great arched head tilting in the humor of things with memories, comment, hospitality.

The memory I want to recall here is the closing of the Bauhaus. I may have some of the details wrong, but this is substantially what he said of it.

He'd been head of the school for a few months. It had moved from Dessau and one other place to Berlin (or somewhere near Berlin). He said: "One day we came in and found it closed up. I went in to see Rosenberg to complain about it. He said to me, 'It's not me that's shut it. I don't want to close it, I'm an architect myself, have my degree from Riga.' I said, 'If you're an architect, how can you sit at such a desk? If I were you, I'd throw it out the window.' He said, 'It must be the Gestapo who's closed it.' So I went over to the Gestapo. The head of it then was a young fellow, 27 or 28, and I sat outside his office on a narrow bench, day after day, all day long. He kept avoiding me, going out the back door, but one day, he came out to call someone, and I went up to him and asked what it was all about. He said, 'There's So-and-So in your group who keeps shooting off his mouth.' 'That may be,' I said, 'but that is not our business.' 'Well all right,' he said, 'we'll let you open, but let's hope you can control things.' And the next day we came and it was open, and I called everybody together and said, 'They've given us permission to reopen. Now I suggest we close it.' And we did."

It may not be politics, but let's make the most of it. Cheers, Mies, and fare you well.

Unicorn French Poets

DAVID KLEINBARD
Mr. Kleinbard teaches at Queens College and is at work on a novel.

The Unicorn Press of Santa Barbara, Calif., has published a number of the most talented modern French poets in a series of handsomely designed paperbacks. The series reflects the *richesse* and variety of French poetry from Corbière, the 19th-century symbolist of the harbor and the slum, through the psychic revolutions and dream countries of surrealism, to the lucid, controlled visionary realism of three very different poets —Supervielle, Char and Guillevic. Four of the volumes are reviewed below.

MICHAUX. *Translated by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 70 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

"I come to cut you to bits," Henri Michaux snarls at the world in "Contre!" one of the many violently revolutionary poems in this collection. For Michaux the world is a carcass, its cultures are "frozen," its inhabitants "walking dead." In its place he promises not a return to Paradise or a City of God, but a city built with rags, smoke, diluted fog, whirlpools, shocks and blows, "snake-venom" and "wolf-teeth." Michaux writes to lash the "walking dead" into life, to pummel the soft "mediocrities" he sees around him into a state of painfully awakened awareness. This is "an eternity" of "seeking without finding," and of intolerable emptiness and solitude, when the self and its surroundings seem insubstantial and the "arms of desires" are twisted with endless frustration.

In the afterword to *Mes Propriétés*, Henri Michaux insists that he writes without method or deliberate construction. A mood, a dream, or a narcotic hallucination opens an artery leading up from the unconscious. Sometimes the absence of logical connections is exasperating. But even then, the interplay of rhymes and the irregular, impulsive rhythms may save the poem for the reader. In "L'Avenir," the last poem of the Unicorn edition, Michaux breaks free from the constraints imposed by language itself and brings poetry even closer to music with a marvelous celebration of sounds. Bizarre animals of language, the "mahahahahahas," "matratrimatratrihahas," and "honcucarachoncus" of "L'Avenir," seem perfectly at home in the poetry of Henri Michaux, where all things undergo astonishing metamorphoses, and even God turns into

a magnificent monster with a thousand infected buttocks sitting in a strangled world.

CORBIERE. *English Versions by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 48 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

In his poetry Tristan Corbière sought to be a young Proteus, clowning, swiftly changing from one grotesque shape to another, escaping comprehension. "Meditations on My Self-Portrait" flaunts his desire to be a whore's pet dog or a goddess with flowing tail and mane on the African coast. Corbière, the "toad" with an "eye of light," the "nightingale of the mud," escaped the insipidity of ordinary life by deforming and degrading himself into the most singular creature in his corner of Brittany. Living among sailors and prostitutes, he dressed as a convict, a woman, or a bishop with two eyes painted on his forehead, wearing a miter and leading a beribboned pig. The last years of his short life (he died at the age of 29 in 1875) created a legendary model for the surrealists and Dadaists.

Corbière adopted the sailors' slang and developed an ironic, conversational style that later influenced T. S. Eliot. In "After Rain," for example, his *argot* reverberates with double meanings, and the rhymes of dissonant words provide a richly varied play of wit in the dialogues between the eager poet and the woman who insists she isn't a whore. Like Baudelaire, Corbière invests vulgar and disgusting objects with the power to awaken awe or fascination. In "Paris by Night" he endows the corpse of a drowned man with a hideous sublimity, as he describes the fountain of life singing its "eternal song on the slimed green head / Of the ancient sea-god, lying naked, dead / On the marble slab: staring, with wide eyes." In the five rondels at the end of the Unicorn edition Corbière addresses a dead child (really himself) with a remarkable mingling of sardonic ferocity and tenderness. He conjures up the horrors of the grave, only to make them beautiful: marsh fires flaring from the child's eye sockets, when the wind-blown grass will be his hair.

SUPERVIELLE. *Translated by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 54 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

In Jules Supervielle's deeply moving parable of the poet, "Orpheus," the eyes of an enchanted lion thank the father of all poets "for having so exactly expressed what I, who can only roar, have long felt." Many of these poems convert the silent presences and inarticulate noises of nature into a language that bridges the abyss between nonhuman existence and human experience. Supervielle achieves these miracles of verbal transmutation without lapses into whimsicality.

The dead frequently appear in Supervielle's poetry, remembering the time when their senses were alive to the sunlight on the twigs, the sound of a friend's footstep, the feel of a polished pebble; other phantoms rise from the "deep waters" of the self, and the poet struggles to recognize their veiled, swiftly changing faces in his "most secret mirror." In some poems both the poet and his world become a whirlpool of metamorphosing shapes. The horse he rides in a "field of sky" seems a ship, then a desire, the head of a charger with a robe of delirium, a wind that whinnies in expanding. At this altitude of imagination, the poet loses sight of himself. He's not the same man who spoke a moment ago. Not only the self's identity but the universe itself may change beyond recognition and the future appear as a "blind space turning" where the earth once was.

GUILLEVIC. *Translated by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 56 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

Guillevic was born at Carnac, the Stonehenge of Brittany, where giant megaliths brood in a field, incomprehensible messages from Druid prehistory. Here Guillevic may first have felt the desire to discover what objects can reveal about the men who have lived among them, or, as the French critic Gaëton Picon put it, to wrest "from things what they know of man." In the poem "Ant" a tiny victim of boiling water suggests that man's penchant for killing is linked with his fear of whatever lives beyond his narrow circle of fellow feeling and understanding. Another poem recalls the "incomprehensible body-heat" which once trembled miraculously in "Flayed Beef," where "there is still / a little light in the depths of its eye." The poet's tenderness for the flayed beef may repel some readers, but it cannot fail to shock them into feeling and awareness. "You could still caress its flank, / You could still put your head there / and lull your fear."

Guillevic's work reflects a struggle to maintain the greatest possible concision and lucidity. Often his poems concentrate his extraordinary perceptions of ordinary objects into a few starkly simple lines. A chair made of old wood, resting, forgetting its tree and its rancor, powerless. It wants nothing more, owes nothing more. "It contains its own whirlwind." Implicitly the poem evokes an old person's existence; and it comments upon people who live in a world of objects without noticing them or who make

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TO MY MOTHER

Lay me down again in porcelain,
mother,
your ceiling was my first sky.
Old woman, your fingers were curtains for my belly,
your breasts' white windows took my breath away.
In new spoons I saw our flesh stretch and blend,
my lip was a red balloon,
your leg had a brown eye;
we made each other monsters behind green bottles.
I saw stars wash your back,
watched television on your yellow night skin,
our bed steamed from the gulf-
stream of your thigh,
jetstream of your soul,
your eggs threw dice and won me brothers,
we grew into three birdhunters . . .
And I left home the night you burned
our game meat and your graying hair
and you no longer turned me on . . .
Yet today, in these photographs before my time,
your name is not the same as mine.
At first I do not recognize your young, sunlit body
and I say,
as a suitor long strayed from your beauty:
Oh, who were you, and
where was it we once slept together?
Did you have a son by someone stronger?
When again will one like you
hold my minute hands?

JAMES BRUNOT

SNOW IN THE POEM

It is snowing there is no moon
standing yet not standing
dancing yet not
dancing touching yet
not touching snow in the poem
like us leans away from the center.

This element outlining shadow
locates me drifted against you
where melting yet not actually
melted crystalline stars touch
us brighter than shadow.

Trees grow white to the wind
while dancing up through the dark
we are not trees nor do we
begin to be their shapes
as kisses have no shape
but trace on lifting branches

a pure curve that trembles
delicate as wavering birds
as we warm and begin to tremble.

FRANCES McCONNEL

THE ORCHARD
(To Martin Luther King)

"The land is within."—Louis Simpson

The air has been planted that we breathe.
These branches start from the sky
and grow downward. They gather in a trunk
to blossom beneath the hot ground.

Where their fruit begins the long fall
toward our faces. Passing through stone
like morning coming down,
their seed is falling toward the sun.

Our hands are lifting ladders at the east—
the air has been planted that we should kneel.

EUGENE RUGGLES

MORNING FOG
(For Dixie and Theo Caldwell)

Morning after morning, fog
hugs the car;

half a block away
in every direction

I see an ocean;
it even smells like ocean.

If I drive straight ahead
it will engulf me:

a kind blur. Like
that morning last July

when we awoke,
the cheeks of our tent

sucked in against us.
We nested safe

in that hollow, swaddled
by a grey cave.

The harsh surf scraping
at the beach was

a reality we didn't have to bear.
Later, the sun burnt

off the fog, and
the washed trees rose

sentient as beasts.
The sun, unwrapping

the beach revealed
stones luminous as eyes:

we trod with care.
By sundown, the last

cloud clarified by fire,
we slept like the trees,

unhoused,
breathing mildly.

BETH BENTLEY

such objects without feeling for them and for the trees from which they come. The extreme simplicity and repetitiousness of the original give it an incantatory tone, as if it were a religious litany. For Guillevic, as for Rilke, who influenced him, the penetration "into the confidence of things" is a sacred act, a religious experience, as well as an act of completely devoted love. But no fuzzy mysticism or elusively subjective fantasy bars the reader who wishes to follow Guillevic into this region of awareness. Like the singing carpenter to whom he compares himself he has planed and sanded away all the superfluous words and images from these gnomic revelations.

Teo Savory's translations reflect a sensitivity to the rhythms, tones and textures of the French originals. In the Supervielle, and her "versions" of Corbière she sometimes substitutes her own ideas and images for the poets'. Occasionally the results are awkward or obscure; but more often Miss Savory's inventiveness effectively re-creates the spirit of the original.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I have often in the past referred to the inadequacy for theatre criticism of the brief time allotted the daily reviewer. I have lately become aware that even the few days vouchsafed the weekly reviewer are not enough for truly considered discussion.

It occurred to me long after the performance that I would probably have been more impressed with Tyrone Guthrie's production of *The House of Atreus* if I had seen it on the open stage in the Minneapolis theatre for which it had been originally designed rather than on the proscenium stage on which it was given in New York. Not only would the settings and costumes—aimed for sculptural effect—prove more expressive on the open stage but the actors' movements would have had more weight, amplitude and heroic dimension. In the theatres we ordinarily frequent, we lose sight of the architectural framework of a production as part of the total impact of the plays we see in them.

The same is true, in another way, of Nicol Williamson's *Hamlet*. In London it was presented in a factory, where the rough plainness of the environment, with its "proletarian" vibrations, must have made that crude and unkempt interpretation seem natural.

These thoughts recurred to me as I was directing *Uncle Vanya* this summer in Los Angeles. I began with a production idea the first item of which was that the play was not to be given a mournful tone, that it was to be physically active. Directing it on a thrust stage necessitated even more movement than I had anticipated.

I am not a partisan of the theatre in the round, the arena stage or any one of the other new scenic arrangements which are calculated to "free" the theatre. These sometimes prove advantageous, especially for the Greeks, Shakespeare, Molière's "low" comedies, and generally in plays which demand exuberance or plasticity of movement. For the Restoration pieces, for Wilde, Ibsen, Chekhov and the like the proscenium stage is more useful.

It became clear to me when I began work at the Mark Taper Forum (the 700-seat house which is part of the Center Theatre Group) that if the actors were not to move most of the time in all directions they would not be comfortably seen or even be sufficiently audible (particularly on the extreme left and right) for the audience to enjoy the performance.

Chekhov's characters are sedentary. In the first act of *Uncle Vanya*, for example, they are sitting on an open terrace on a hot summer day, drinking tea. But apart from my initial scheme—to make the characters more active than customary—I was now compelled to activate them sharply because of the relation of the playing area to the seating arrangement of the house. As a consequence, there was far more movement in the first act (indeed, throughout) than, let us say, in the Moscow Art productions of Chekhov.

This created a certain "Americanization" of the play. Yet for all its heightened energy, it remained Chekhovian in its brooding inwardness, as well as in its humor. This was not because I dwelled on "psychology" or "mood": I rather avoided such emphasis. Yet a number of people spoke of the pace as slow or too "Russian"!

There are several reasons for this reaction: one is simply the nervousness or lack of repose in our theatre audience; living as it does in an atmosphere of haste, confusion and general din, it is unused to compose itself to quiet observation. When the pace of a play becomes that of normal breathing or civilized behavior, we hear complaints of slowness. (Any director can make actors speak and move rapidly. Some years ago there was one New York reviewer who judged all direction by its "speed.") But there is something at the very heart of Chekhov's world (apart from its locale in sleepy country towns) which makes his plays seem "slow" no matter how crisply they are acted.

Chekhov's characters are passionate people constricted by conditions which afford little practical scope for their ideals. Hence we speak of their frustration. The quiet in which these people live is to a certain extent imposed upon them. They therefore fuss, fritter about, talk too much and succumb to sudden gusts of excitement. Gentle Vanya, for example, attempts to shoot his brother-in-law.

Chekhov's personages are usually people of delicate sensibility, dreamers. They *aspire*. In this respect they have a fuller inner life than many of us today who, spiritually undernourished, live in a world of furious displacement. The apathy of Chekhov's people is not in their souls; their pain sings. They are full of the juices of desire and rich human experience. They are aware of their existence—which is one way of being very much alive.

The texts of Chekhov's plays call for numerous pauses. But this does not mean that in these pauses nothing is going on. Living is going on. The notations of pauses in the text indicate an absence of overt behavior—the action is silent, but that does not signify that there is none. Apparent *non sequiturs*, tiny indications remind us of this. In *Vanya* one hears Astrov say, "It's quiet here. Just pens scratching, crickets chirping, it's warm and cozy. . . . I don't want to leave." In the second act the Professor, still awake after midnight, repeatedly asks, "What time is it now?"; time seems suspended.

The inanition of the sultry afternoon

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in Act I is highlighted by the poor landlord (Telyegin) playing the guitar while the old nurse on the estate scurries about the yard calling, "Here, chick, chick, chick": passive and innocent Telyegin thinks, "the weather is enchanting," while for Vanya, convinced that he has been cheated of life, it is "lovely weather to hang oneself." Chekhov's "slowness" is part of his meaning. The ruckus of the attempted killing in the third act is more than an acceleration of tempo: it is the outburst of a slowly brewing resentment and an almost farcical prelude to the ultimate resignation of the final act in which the antagonists forgive one another and everything goes on as before.

The endless dreariness of Vanya's life (it is perhaps stoically heroic) is accented by Astrov's seemingly pointless remarks about the lameness of his horse and his observation on looking at an inexplicable map, "It must be so hot now in Africa. . . ." And all this interspersed with the quasi-musical repetition which accompanies the various departures that leave Vanya isolated: "They've gone. . . . They've gone . . . he's gone . . . he's gone."

To my astonishment and satisfaction the thrust stage, I repeat, besides compelling even more movement than I had planned, also served to clarify the sense of each action. It did not alter the nature of Chekhov's truth nor impair the perfection of his craft which make *Uncle Vanya*, like Chekhov's other major plays, a poetic as well as a dramatic masterpiece.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

For me, the central figure in *Alice's Restaurant* is not Arlo Guthrie, who plays the lead, but James Broderick, who plays Alice's husband. By and large, Guthrie is acting himself; Broderick is acting an aspect of a good many of us.

He is a man no longer quite young who finds that in this era youth has a corner on life. Like so many today—I doubt that there is a historical parallel for the impulse—he wants to be part of that scene. The reasons are obvious: the adult world has rarely offered so few satisfactions, rarely presented miseries so intractable; the efficacy of intelligent choice seems, at least for the time being, to be gone. At the same time, youth has developed a style that is often witty and that seems to offer compassion and fulfillment. It is also terribly vulnerable, since it believes in taking chances and lacks the history on which to base the odds. That's where people like Broderick's Ray Brock see their opportunity: they will contribute the wisdom of experience to the commune.

As a rule, it doesn't work out—not from failure of sympathy or because of flagging energies but because the generations run on different time tracks. The peculiar quality of the young today—those, that is, who make up what might be called the movement—is that they are willing to travel light and uncommitted. Relationships have depth, but not much length, and when the vibrations falter, there is always another scene down the road (these young, incredibly, seem never to run out of travel money). But once you have passed 30, you can no longer afford that kind of freedom. Eventually, something has to work out, because you have no time to be repeatedly starting from scratch. Ray Brock, for example, wants his marriage with Alice (Pat Quinn, very beautiful and with emotions of mercury) to work; I think the boys and girls around him see that as quaint. And at the end of the film, he is talking about land in Vermont, where they can all settle down, raise their crops and grow in love for one another. The kids have perhaps never heard of Brook Farm; in any case, theirs is a kaleidoscope utopia. They understand love, but cohesion escapes them. That is the tragedy of Ray Brock.

The picture that Arthur Penn has directed, using Arlo Guthrie's autobiographical song—*The Alice's Restaurant Massacree*—as a spine, is a triumph of unstressed understanding told in a style of relaxed professionalism (the camera work is technically superb, but does not take on that commercial gloss that was so assertive in, for example, *Pretty Poison*, made on location in the same Berkshire neighborhood). It looks like a psychedelic carnival, but it works deep into the assumptions of the time. Alice and Ray have bought a deconsecrated church in Stockbridge (the restaurant, downtown, is presumably set up to pay for the venture) and run open house and haven for vagrant hippies. The gypsies flock in. The place is, in their language, beautiful: the Brocks are good people—they offer understanding and peace.

Comes the great bust, when Arlo and a friend are arrested for littering by Stockbridge Police Chief William Obanhein (played by himself in a tone of baffled outrage tempered by curiosity), followed by Arlo's Whitehall Street army physical (he doesn't get past the "shrink"—or, more accurately, he does get past the "shrink"), the death of Woody Guthrie in Bellevue, the death also of a young addict whose return to the drug produces from Brock a shocking outburst of rage induced by disappointment. It begins the breakup of the colony.

That script is hardly a plot: indeed plot is not the preoccupation of *Alice's Restaurant*. It is concerned with a panorama of relationships that are more juxtaposed than integrated: with what people expect of one another, what they are willing to give, what they will not accept, under what circumstances they recognize responsibility and when they get in their cars and travel. Those, it might be said, are the ingredients of all plots, but here no "line" emerges because the parts are too discrete. Instead, the film offers a mosaic of great sensitivity and acumen. Aside from the entertainment joys of the picture—the wild humor, the music, the young, engaging and often very handsome cast—*Alice's Restaurant* provides a primer on youth surviving the decade of Vietnam. It should be noted, however, that Arlo Guthrie has more talent and a better mind than the general average of his generation. He can better afford, perhaps, to run free.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 266)*

those observations in either Michael Coe's *Mexico and the Maya* or *Terry's Guide to Mexico*, if he read them at all. Or maybe he never even made the trip to Mexico.

Sydney H. Brisker, Architect, A.I.A.

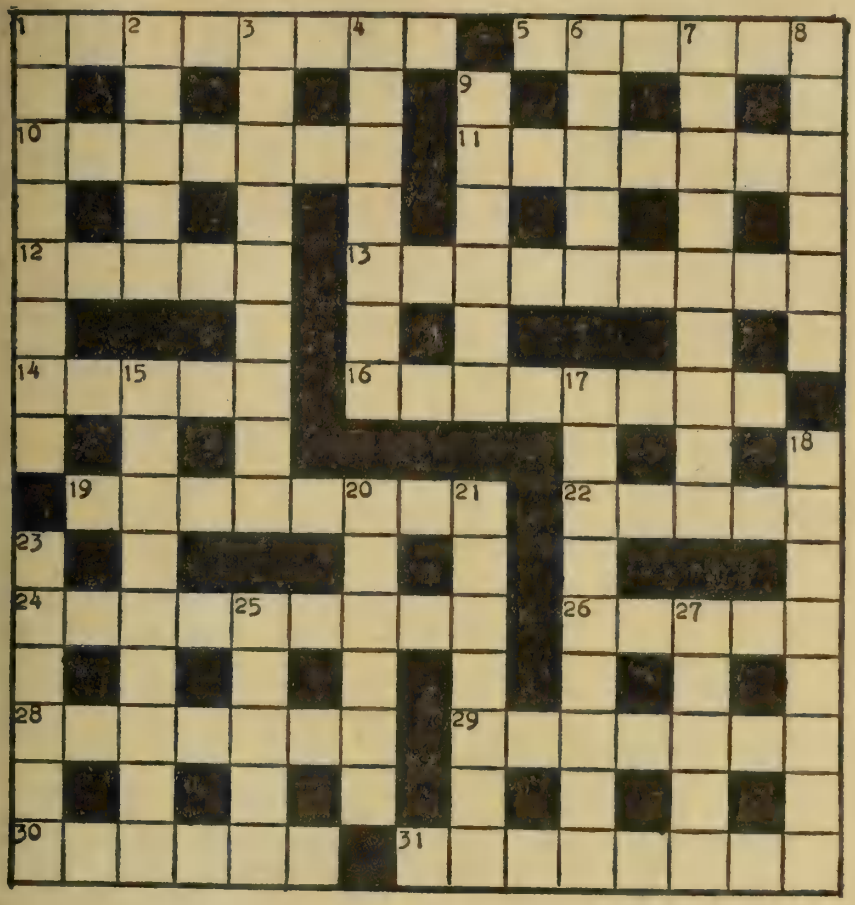
Cambridge, England

DEAR SIRS: If Mr. Brisker thinks that Camino Real is "pure Legoretta" and not the most breath-taking example so far of Luis Barragán's influence, as well as his actual participation, then he is either as insensitive as he accuses me of being, or else he hasn't actually been to see the building, nor to talk with the people who were the clients. *Mexico* and *The Maya* are two books, not one, so I guess Brisker is fooling about his knowing them too. There is no evidence presented elsewhere in the letter which justifies Brisker's virtually actionable malice, leaving me to suspect that his own judgments about Mexico are as vacuous as his phrases.

Nathan Silver

Crossword Puzzle No. 1313

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A thing once stuck in a pie to eat afterwards, indicating approval. (6,2)
5 See 2 down
10 You'd naturally expect to find them over a buck, which isn't bad for wall hangings. (7)
11 Far from a sure pleaser—more of a letdown! (7)
12 Rather loose description of one of those products of mine that got quite broken up. (5)
13 Sometimes set up by will-power. (9)
14 and 29 When tied up, game might easily go into them. (5,7)
16 The rough make-up of part of Iberia might go well on the stage. (8)
19 Not all at first is an irregular type. (8)
22 So-called expensive brew? (5)
24 What the Ladies' Garment Worker used to do might be expedient. (9)
26 and 28 Part of the press of business, perhaps. (5,7)
29 See 14 across
30 Growing more quickly, to a certain extent? (6)
31 Tundra? It should be this plain. (8)

DOWN

1 Make over. (8)
2 and 5 across Overseas color? (11)
3 Some basketball teams certainly do eat early! (9)
4 Hair-dos or crumbs might be. (7)
6 Take into account. (5)
7 It's a bad time to be about an improper caper—curse one! (9)
8 Puts into vigorous action. (6)
9 Beginning of a grave conclusion, as they say. (6)
15 Running gear to follow diamonds, perhaps. (5,4)
17 Over wrought? Or just wrought, for example? (4,5)
18 A very quiet suggestion soothes one, and altogether satisfies. (8)
20 Runs out of lighting material? (6)
21 Comparatively crazy description of some taste. (7)
23 Marked by three accidental signs with gold leaf, alternatively? (1,5)
25 If 21, one might have less, or something might appeal to one more. (5)
27 Was she up in arms on Broadway? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1312

ACROSS: 1 Washington; 6 Peep; 10 Realtor; 12 Macerate; 13 Skier; 15 Up-end; 17 Copyright; 19 Pleasance; 21 Taboo; 23 Emeer; 24 Backfire; 27 Extreme; 28, 29, 16 down and 11 One good turn deserves another; 30 Child's play. DOWN: 1 and 26 Workaday; 2 Sea lane; 3 Istle; 4 Gerfalcon; 5 Osage; 7 Echoing; 8 Peroration; 9 Bowsprit; 14 Supplement; 18 Preschool; 20 Elector; 22 Barn owl; 24 Beech; 25 Frets.

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Ho and the Senator

In the span of one week, death silenced the voices of Ho Chi Minh, one of communism's most eloquent spokesmen, and Senator Dirksen, one of its most implacable and colorful foes. Both were men in their 70s and both had fought all their adult lives on opposite sides of the great ideological conflict of the century.

Of course, the coincidence of their death will not put an end to the controversy, but it does provide a moment for asking again what are its causes and consequences. A book that searches into these questions from the American side of the barricades is ANATOMY OF ANTI-COMMUNISM, a report prepared for the American Friends Service Committee. It examines the anti-communism complex: how we got that way, what it does to us, what it really is, and what we can do about it.

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Sanford Watzman: Nader and the FTC

Robert Claiborne: War Games

LETTERS

lending our ears

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Paeans of platitudinous praise . . . on behalf of the late Everett McKinley Dirksen have inundated the land. This . . . purple prose has pictured Ev (late of the team of "Ev & Charlie") as a combination Abe Lincoln, Mark Twain and John Wayne. . . . The only way I can explain all this is that there must have been two Everett Dirksens in the U.S. Senate: the one so completely canonized currently and the one who shrewdly parlayed a small-town law practice into a position that wielded enormous governmental power. . . . Then, of course, there are all kinds of definitions of Americanism, patriotism and statesmanship.

Harry Cimring

the draft and the Constitution

Pine Plains, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your otherwise excellent article, "Why the Draft Should Go" by John M. Swomley, Jr. [*The Nation*, Aug. 11], left out an important reason. The New York Civil Liberties Union is now challenging conscription in federal court as unconstitutional. It is involuntary servitude, unauthorized anywhere in the Constitution, and violating the Fifth and Thirteenth Amendments.

Yet every month another 1,500 youths are forced into uniform and shipped out to Vietnam, while we simply wring our hands and deplore. I urge all of *The Nation*'s readers to join me in belling the cat. Let our letters descend in a blizzard on Congress immediately, telling our Senators and Representatives that we want a repeal of the draft at once. Let Nixon put up or shut up on his promise of a volunteer army.

Jules Archer

P.S. I'm a World War II veteran with four years of overseas duty in the Pacific.

handcuffed speech

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Two young housewives were arrested when they refused to leave the local draft board office at closing time and insisted on continuing to read the names of the dead in Vietnam. A municipal court jury quickly found them guilty of trespass. Instead of sentencing the women to a fine, the usual penalty for this minor offense, the judge put off sentencing for five days, ordered them handcuffed and sent to county jail without permitting them to post bail. . . .

Before the trial the judge attempted to intimidate the women into pleading guilty or *nolo contendere*, and threatened to penalize them if they insisted on exercising their right to a jury trial. He further made clear that he won't permit the spouting of anti-war protests in his court. The judge made good his threat.

A shocked and outraged community is preparing a demonstration of support at the courthouse, while a writ of *habeas corpus* is readied.

Theodore Schoenman

correction

In the letter from Benjamin Szold Levin [*The Nation*, Sept. 8] the title of Prof. Wilbur J. Cohen's address at Brandeis University on Jan. 9 should have read "Social Goals for *1976*," not 1967. We regret the error. *Editors*

EDITORIALS

'Trim and Hold'

Defense Secretary Laird is said to have a plan to deal with the war in Vietnam, the major problem of the Nixon Administration: *(1)* Cut down the number of U.S. troops in the field and "vietnamize" the fighting; *(2)* use mainly or solely volunteers, as the French did when public opinion forced the army to stop sending draftees to Vietnam; *(3)* continue to bolster the South Vietnamese forces with American air support, logistics, etc.; *(4)* try to reduce the level of fighting so that the South Vietnamese, with large-scale American help but few American casualties, can hold their own against the Vietcong and Hanoi.

Obviously this is not a plan to end the war but to continue it indefinitely. In announcing the current withdrawal of 35,000 troops, Mr. Nixon called on the North Vietnamese to negotiate an end to the war. That is pure verbiage. The reality is to be found in Mr. Laird's scheme, or some variant concocted by Henry Kissinger or some other Administration thinker. But it is reality only in the sense that it reflects the Nixon Administration's determination to keep the war simmering at a level that will disarm domestic criticism while avoiding acknowledgment of defeat, or what Kissinger calls an "elegant bug-out." It is a plan to make the war politically endurable.

The odds that it will work, even in this limited sense, are none too good. It assumes almost inexhaustible patience on the part of the American people and a degree of persuasiveness that Mr. Nixon does not possess.

The *real* realities of Vietnam cannot be glossed over. The North Vietnamese and the Vietcong obviously do not purpose to negotiate on the give-and-take basis which would be welcomed by Mr. Nixon, Mr. Laird, Dr. Kissinger (whose role is hardly more than that of a phrase-maker and heuristic expert), the Joint Chiefs, Ellsworth Bunker, Henry Cabot Lodge, et al. The North Vietnamese were taken in once, after Geneva, and do not intend to repeat the experience. But the obstacles in Paris, while serious, do not approach the roadblocks constantly built and rebuilt by Thieu and Ky in Saigon. These two, and the warlords they represent, are Frankenstein monsters, and the United States is Frankenstein.

If American withdrawals go beyond the rate at which they feel their necks are safe, there may well be still another military coup, as Ky threatens. Short of that, the militarists' opportunities for sabotage are unlimited. The events during the cease-fire declared by Hanoi in memory of Ho Chi Minh were an illustration. Under American pressure, Thieu agreed to observe the truce and went off fishing in the South China Sea. A South Vietnamese spokesman then announced that Saigon would continue to fight. There followed some further altercation between the "allies," but in the end the South Vietnamese increased their offensive operations during the truce period. Whether from this or some other cause, Mr. Nixon lost his composure (such as it is), halted the B-52 bombings in South Vietnam, then thirty-six hours later reversed himself, giving an impression of floundering that he will not soon live down.

If Nixon were to dismiss Lodge and Bunker and pull

the rug from under the Thieu-Ky government, he could have the peace he desires. Hanoi and the Vietcong would negotiate with a successor civilian government. But in such negotiations Hanoi would have the upper hand, and the owning-class faction in South Vietnam, the hawks in both the Republican and Democratic Parties, the Goldwaterites, the Wallaceites, the governing bodies of the veterans' organizations, and all the other die-hards at home and abroad would be at Mr. Nixon's throat. Even aside from the suicidal political aspects, Mr. Nixon is too vain to allow himself to go down in history as the President who accepted American defeat in Southeast Asia.

He will decide that his chances are better in 1972—and in the high school history textbooks—if he follows the policy of "trim and hold," which in its domestic aspect is a policy of trim and hope: that the public will give him more time, that the anti-war students and professors will not riot, that there will be no flash-overs in Congress or in the streets. But is there any reality in that hope?

Icebreakers

That the Nixon brand of reaction is still potent is shown by the defeats the Senate Pentagon critics have suffered in recent weeks, notably a 56 to 31 vote for development of a new intercontinental bomber to replace the B-52. However, there is profound discontent among members of the President's party over the course of events in Vietnam. A group of House Republicans is preparing a letter to solicit co-sponsors for a resolution putting a deadline of December 31, 1970 on the 1964 Tonkin Gulf resolution.

These Republicans are aware that they cannot muster the votes for repeal, but they wish to set a termination date on the statutory authority which Lyndon B. Johnson extracted from a supine Congress by blowing up a trivial naval engagement into a major affront to American power. It would serve public notice on Mr. Nixon that some Republicans want firm action leading to negotiations and an end to the war. The strategy was devised by two young, second-term Republicans, Riegle of Michigan and McCloskey of California. Senator Hatfield of Oregon has agreed to introduce the resolution in the Senate.

In the universities, a group of Eugene McCarthy supporters in 1968 have set up a "Vietnam Moratorium," which they call an "icebreaker" type of protest. The leaders include Sam Brown, David Hawk, David Mixner and Marge Sklencar. On October 15 there is to be a one-day protest demonstration on 200 campuses. The hope is to spread the protest movement from the campuses to the surrounding communities. The demonstrations are to be in the nature of "moratoria" rather than strikes, to emphasize the absence of coercion. The goal, however, is hardly low key—it is to gain a specific indication from the Nixon Administration that all American troops will be withdrawn in a short time.

The members of the central group organizing the demonstration had been associated with Rep. Allard K. Lowenstein (D., N.Y.) but split with him over his insistence that the call for the moratorium must be coupled with a condemnation of campus disruption and violence. The organizers certainly do not favor violence, but they

IN THIS ISSUE

September 29, 1969

EDITORIALS

298

ARTICLES

302 Higher Learning in California: The Education of Ronald Reagan — *Ross Y. Koen*

306 The Tupamaros: Uruguay's Urban Guerrillas — *Marysa N. Gerassi*

311 Scientology: Total Freedom and Beyond — *Donovan Bess*

315 Meat and Potatoes: Why the Poor Pay More — *Jennifer Cross*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

317 Nader's Raiders and the Traders — *Sanford Watzman*

318 Get Well Soon — *Shaun O'Connell*

319 Global Gamesmanship — *Robert Claiborne*

320 Crayola (poem) — *Dave Etter*

321 Testament of a Myth-Shrinker — *Ruth M. Vande Kieft*

323 Enlightened Imperialism — *M. Maldonado-Denis*

324 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

325 Music — *David Hamilton*

326 Films — *Robert Hatch*

326 For a Still-Born Niece (poem) — *William Witherup*

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know that Washington fears violence and the resulting headlines, and is much less perturbed by protest that does not disrupt normal activities.

The National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, which organized the Pentagon demonstration of 1967, is planning a "March on Washington" for November 14-15. The Students for a Democratic Society, or one part of it which survived the June split, is planning an October 8-11 anti-war action in Chicago, to synchronize with the trial of the "Conspiracy Eight." But some of the projected tactics, such as racing through high school halls shouting "Jailbreak!" are scarcely calculated to aid either the defendants or the anti-war cause.

Other anti-war movements are in the embryonic stage. All one can say at this point is that the Administration's hopes for tranquillity may prove as illusory as the past assurances of American military leaders that the Vietcong and Hanoi were practically licked.

The Cameron Report

The Cameron Commission—an official inquiry into the disturbances in Northern Ireland—has now issued its report (see *The Nation*, August 25, p. 140). Lord Cameron, a distinguished Scottish jurist, and his two associates (one Protestant, one Catholic; both on the faculty at Queens University, Belfast), have, in all substantial respects, sustained the charges that Catholics have been discriminated against in such fields as housing, voting rights and employment. To be sure, the commission found that the Catholic minority was not wholly free of fault, but the report traces the underlying causes of the disturbances to legitimate social and political minority grievances which have been ignored these many years.

It also makes the telling point that since the Government of Ireland Act of 1920 one party has been continuously in power, and no effective parliamentary opposition has so far been developed. The commission notes the inevitable consequences: "An opposition which can never become a government tends to lose a sense of responsibility, and a party in power which can never be turned out tends to be complacent and insensitive to criticism or acceptance of any need for change or reform." In a statement aimed directly at the Stormont government, the commission points out that it would be "a grave political and social error to regard the civil rights movement as narrowly sectarian or subversive; it was and is a movement which drew—and still draws—support from a wide measure of moderate opinion on many sides and to that extent is a novel phenomenon in . . . Northern Ireland."

That is indeed so, but the warning will probably go unheeded. It was not, of course, the task of the commission to inquire into the larger issue: the wisdom, fairness and present-day viability of the compromise that resulted in Ireland's partition. Some political problems—and partition is one—cannot be settled by compromise. In the end the division of 1920 must be squarely faced in terms of its latter-day consequences. On this matter it is a pleasure to quote a statement from a recent column by John P. Roche, whose views have not always been received with approval in these pages. "Ulster," he writes, "is an improvisation which has outlived its usefulness."

The Old Order

Of the generation gap we have heard more than enough. More interesting and significant is the slowly accumulating evidence that the old order is passing. In this instance by "old order" is meant the way in which the top-ranking chains of command impart consistency to institutions by preserving a similarity of views and assumptions over periods of time much longer than a generation. The death of individuals does not necessarily imply a change in "the old order"; individual leaders die every day. A change in the old order is signaled when institutions themselves begin to move in new—that is, nontraditional—directions. Several recent events illustrate the process.

At this year's meeting of the State Bar of California everyone, including the delegates, was surprised when the majority voted for abolition of capital punishment and approved lighter sentences for marijuana offenders. Then, by voice vote, the delegates rejected a recommendation that a mandatory prison sentence, without possibility of parole, be substituted for the death penalty. It was obviously felt by the delegates that murderers, like other prisoners, should retain the right of parole. Even more surprising, the Pasadena Bar Association, long regarded as a citadel of legal conservatism, pushed through a recommendation that in effect would eliminate "perversion"—oral copulation by consenting adults in private—as a criminal offense. Startled by this upsurge of rationality, Michael Harris of the *Chronicle* attributed it to "the rising influence of younger lawyers in California's legal establishment."

The sects affiliated with the United States Congress on Evangelism have long been regarded as the last holdouts against ecumenical cooperation. Yet the delegates to this year's annual meeting, held in Minneapolis, felt that the time had come to modify their traditional isolationism. "They now realize," one observer pointed out, that "they can't withdraw into a kind of Protestant monasticism and expect to reach people." A "new breed" of evangelists has evidently emerged, some of whom conduct "love-outs" and insist that members of the congregation not only make the traditional "decision for Christ" but commit themselves to a specific act of social involvement (*The New York Times*, September 14).

It is true that, timing his action to coincide with the Minneapolis meeting, the Rev. Carl McIntire, a leading fundamentalist, tacked a manifesto on the door of Riverside Church (which has become a kind of bulletin board for manifestoes) demanding $3 billion in reparations for "fundamentalists." But here too observers noted that "problems are piling up for Carl McIntire . . . his organization is eroding around him." He does still operate two colleges, a resort for fundamentalists at Cape May, N.J., and three radio stations, and publishes a weekly paper, but clear proofs that his problems are indeed mounting are the trend manifest at the Minneapolis meeting and the desperate bid for publicity implicit in the reparations stunt.

Other illustrations might be cited, for the phenomenon of the "new breed" is apparent not merely where it might

be least expected, among fundamentalists and lawyers, but in other professions and institutions as well. Old orders change more slowly than do people—often more slowly even than the people who comprise them—but a shift in interests and values can be discerned on a wide institutional spectrum, and now that it has started it is likely to accelerate.

Northwest Passage

The voyage of the combination oil tanker-icebreaker *Manhattan* is a feat of no small consequence. It may presage economic tumult in the oil industry—conceivably to the advantage of consumers in some parts of the world, although this is an industry which does not easily relax its grip on those who cannot do without its products. If the passage is actually opened for year-round commercial traffic, there could be vast economic benefits for Alaska and for Canada, with such incidental effects as a boom for American shipyards. Most of the supertankers now in service have been built in Japan, but by American law oil shipments between points in the United States must be made in American-made tankers.

But the manly hysteria which is aroused by prospects of mammoth gain tends to obscure the possible ecological losses. For almost the first time, these may be taken into account before the financiers and engineers make the plunge. Although ecology has only recently become a household word, it is now something to be reckoned with, even by oil tycoons. The *Torrey Canyon* is not forgotten, and conservationists ask what would happen if an even larger tanker should break up in the ice. The pollution is bad enough in warm waters, where bacterial action is comparatively rapid; in the Arctic, the destruction of the fish and animal life on which the Eskimos live could be catastrophic. Another consideration: who would pay for the damage, assuming that compensation were possible? Canada may claim the Northwest Passage as part of its territorial waters. If so, will the Canadians be willing and able to provide icebreakers to aid a tanker in trouble, and all the other facilities required for traffic control in narrow straits, under rigorous conditions?

The larger social aspects of the Alaskan bonanza are even more disquieting. The state government has already realized about a billion dollars by auctioning the oil leases along its north shore. The tendency in such situations is to seize immediate benefits and let the future take care of itself. Alaska has a chance to learn from history, but will it? It can reflect on the headlong rush into the Oklahoma Territory, the "destruction of California," the depredations of the railroad and lumber interests, the long, sad story of rampant special interest going back to colonial days. Alaska has the opportunity to enjoy the benefits of the oil discovery and the technology that has gone into the exploitation of oil and other mineral reserves, at a price that is not prohibitive. Perhaps the new feeling for the public interest can be made to prevail, in a sensible combination of development and conservation. But both the people of Alaska and the federal government must guard against the psychology of *carpe diem*.

Chop

Journalistic karate has come into fashion again in the mass magazines. It is not primarily muckraking as the generation of Lincoln Steffens knew it, which was directed against institutions and conditions, but is aimed rather at highly visible and controversial individuals. How justified it is will be more evident when the pattern of lawsuits such exploits inevitably produce is better developed.

The new era of reportorial chop began when the late *Saturday Evening Post*, frantic to emancipate itself from the financially enervating image of Ben Franklin, went "sensational." Most conspicuously, this produced an expensive libel suit as a result of allegations made against Wally Butts, the University of Alabama football coach. *Post* officials were said to have remained "high" on the story, despite what it cost them in settlement fees, but the new policy did not save the magazine.

Soon thereafter, *Life* raised the machete: Rep. Cornelius Gallagher of New Jersey (charged with Mafia connections), the Abe Fortas-Wolfson Foundation story, and a piece on Governor Rhodes of Ohio similar to the Gallagher attack. When *Life* went after Roy Cohn, indicating that his influence with the FBI was such that he could shift its agents about at his pleasure, the clever former satellite of Joe McCarthy replied, in tones suggesting that he had just been hit in the kidneys, that the story was "disastrous" to him. He is now trying to use it to his advantage in the government's case pending against him.

More recently *Look*, smelling the arena, has sunk its claws into Mayor Alioto of San Francisco (charges again of fraternizing with the Mafia). Alioto, whose ambitious political career (he would like to be governor) is at stake, is suing for the headline grabbing sum of $12.5 million.

Time, surveying all this street fighting from a prudent distance, lumps it together as muckraking and says that that is a cyclical form of journalism which emerges from time to time when a society is troubled. This society is indeed troubled, and a good deal of muckraking is going on, the most useful examples being associated with the exploits of Ralph Nader. Some of the celebrity daubing may also be useful (throwing the rascals out is a sound American impulse), but one cannot be altogether certain that the journals in question are moved entirely, or primarily, by a sense of outrage.

In circulation wars, the struggle is not for readers as such but for readers as advertising bait. And the readers must be of a certain kind. The layman might suppose that advertisers would prefer subscribers, who put loyal trust in the magazine. But on Madison Avenue, where the enigmatic "media men" play their hunches, the preference is for impulse buyers. Subscription copies may lie on the coffee table, but when a guy grabs a magazine from the newsstand he must intend to read it. They like to see the public rioting for its favorite reading in the railroad terminals and along the busy streets. And nothing produces such a riot more reliably than the blaring headline that the eminent Mr. So-and-So was found with his hand in the wrong till or his hat in the wrong apartment. It may be good citizenship to carve his respectability into steaks; it is certainly thought to be good business. Next victim?

The Education of Ronald Reagan

ROSS Y. KOEN

Mr. Koen is executive secretary of the Association of California State College Professors, associate editor of Voice of the Faculties, *and author of* The China Lobby in American Politics.

Sacramento

To observe that higher education is in trouble anywhere these days is hardly news, but in California the trouble is spelled with three Rs. They stand for Reagan, Rafferty and Reinecke. Reagan hardly needs introduction but there may be some who are unaware that Max Rafferty, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Ed Reinecke, the Reagan-appointed Lieutenant Governor, are, like Reagan, members ex-officio of the Board of Regents of the University and of the Board of Trustees of the California State Colleges.

His membership on and his power to appoint members to the governing boards of the university and state colleges gives the governor of California a special position of power which Reagan has not hesitated to exercise in order to achieve his twin goals of restructuring the basic social fabric of California and furthering his own political ambitions. Public higher education in California is as critical an element in achieving these goals as it was in attaining the governorship.

During his 1966 campaign, Reagan placed heavy emphasis on campus turmoil and on what was wrong with the university. It is a commonly held view that he rode the 1964 free speech movement at Berkeley to his seat in the governor's chair. He was scathing in his denunciations of dissenting and demonstrating students, and of university administrators who failed to put a stop to the dissent and the demonstrations. The language he used to describe those to whom he directed his attention was provocative and inflammatory. While he claimed—and still claims—that his attacks on the university were dictated by public outrage at what had occurred there, the fact is that Reagan and Rafferty together have done more to inflame public opinion and provide copy for reporters than all the events combined. Furthermore, each new round of speeches and each new incident on the campus requires more inflammatory and provocative language than the previous one, if public interest is to be kept at a high pitch.

More serious than his belligerent and inflammatory language were Reagan's campaign promises that he would "clean up the mess" on the campus by getting rid of the "small dissident minority" who were creating the disturbances, and would fire "weak" and "spineless" administrators who failed to take the measures necessary to restore order. Having no understanding of the sources of student discontent; having no knowledge of the machinery which keeps a university functioning; and having no ability to distinguish between order which is the result of an adequately functioning system of education and order which flows from the barrel of a gun or a tear-gas canister, Reagan made promises which no one, whatever his office, could fulfill. Even so, his campaign rhetoric produced victory for Reagan, just as it had on two previous occasions for Max Rafferty.

Whether or not to his credit, Reagan has remembered his promise to restore peace and quiet to the campuses; indeed, he has continued to repeat that promise, although no longer in the simplistic terms of the campaign. He discovered very quickly that, unlike the movie version, nothing happened simply because he, as Governor, had ordered it. The firing of Clark Kerr and the subsequent opening rounds of the battle to impose tuition on college and university students taught Reagan that securing control of the system of higher education—whatever effect that might or might not have on campus turbulence—would be a slower and more difficult process than the mere magic of issuing commands.

Firing Kerr was accomplished only by a careful stitching together of conservative and moderate members of the Board of Regents and required the three new votes which Reagan carried with him, as Governor, to that meeting. That the governor does have considerable power, even over the appointees of previous governors, is quite evident. People who have made their way up in the corporate and professional power structure in a manner conducive to their appointment to academic governing boards usually have a proclivity for submitting to the authority of elected officials. Moreover, the fact that the governor appoints the regents and trustees without any outside check or confirmation gives him great personal power over those members who hope for reappointment and whose terms will expire during the expected gubernatorial term. Even when the terms of members are sixteen years, as is the case with the regents, a new governor can frequently, with luck, gain control of these boards in less than one four-year term. Reagan's luck was either little short of magical or it was not luck at all. Evidence of the latter was one regent's complaint that Reagan threatened to turn loose every investigative agency of the state on the affairs of recalcitrant board members. The regent said that even the most scrupulously honest man could be ruined financially by such a procedure.

In any case, Reagan's acquisition of control over higher education was hastened considerably by the fact that he could appoint his own lieutenant governor after Finch left for Washington, and by the fact that Max Rafferty supported Reagan's election and is his ideological mentor. They think alike, both ideologically and politically. In addition, each new governor has an instant regental appointment upon taking office because he appoints the president of the state Board of Agriculture who is, by constitutional mandate, a regent ex-officio.

Reagan's control over California's colleges and universities was also enhanced by legislation, passed in 1967,

creating a new fifteen-member state-wide Board of Governors for the public junior colleges. Each of these eighty-two institutions is governed locally by an elected Junior College District Board, but the new board will set overall policy and will control the expenditure of the rapidly increasing amounts of state funds going to them. Reagan appointed all fifteen members early in 1968.

Reagan's first appointments to the Board of Trustees of the California state colleges went to two Republicans who were originally appointed by Brown, and whose terms expired in 1967. They were George Hart, an ultra-conservative who thinks Chancellor Glenn Dumke is an incompetent left winger, and Daniel Ridder, editor of one of the conservative Ridder newspapers.

Later in the year, Reagan made his first new appointment to the board by naming Earle M. Jorgensen to fill out the remainder of the term of liberal Democrat Victor Palmieri who resigned after frequent clashes with the controlling clique. Jorgensen, known chiefly for his opposition to increasing college budgets and faculty salaries, said last year that he would be happy to lead the police and National Guard forces onto the San Francisco State campus to clear it with machine guns.

In 1968, two members who had consistently espoused the cause of law and order and opposed any concessions to faculty or students, but who were Democrats, were replaced by two Republicans. One of the new members, Karl L. Wente, is the moderate, conscientious, independent head of the Wente Brothers Winery who had "never met Reagan before his appointment." He was apparently the nominee of the Democratic president pro tem of the state Senate, Hugh Burns, who, however, supported Rafferty in the 1968 race for United States Senator. The other is the extreme right-wing chairman of the board of National Airlines, Dudley Swim, who had already shown his colors as a Reagan appointee to the public membership of the Coordinating Council for Higher Education. He would solve the plane hijacking problem by offering pilots a $1-million reward for each hijacker brought back dead. He concedes that the attitudes of passengers in such a situation might present a problem.

Reagan gained almost complete control of the Board of Trustees of the state colleges this year when he appointed Reinecke and named two Republicans to replace Brown appointees whose terms had expired. One of these is a hard-line former district attorney, William Weissich, who has campaigned for right-wing Republicans. The other, E. Litton Bivans, is a Los Angeles businessman whose reputation as a moderate has not thus far been reflected in his actions on the board.

Currently, then, a majority of the members of the state college Board of Trustees, including all the ex-officio members and all of Reagan's appointees with the occasional exception of Wente, can be expected to support Reagan's "hard-line" approach and to turn the screw on students and faculty at every opportunity.

As for the Board of Regents of the university, Reagan gained control more quickly than had been expected in view of the sixteen-year terms. In part, this was due, as noted, to the fact that he appoints other officials whose position makes them regents ex-officio. In part, it was due to Reagan's early success in persuading the regents to fire Clark Kerr as president and regent. The key element in his early success, however, is the fact that he was able to name four new regents in the past year—one regular appointment, one to fill a vacancy created by death, one because of a resignation, and the fourth the lieutenant governor.

For several years the university was steered through a number of crises by a moderate-liberal coalition on the Board of Regents. As James Wrightson of the McClatchy newspapers has observed, "It was the moderate-liberal coalition which defused the free speech crises in Berkeley in 1964 by granting reasonable concessions to students and giving more authority to Chancellors to deal with student demands.

"It was this group on the board which backed U.C. Chancellor Roger Heyns's deft handling of the anti-Vietnam protests at Berkeley and kept them in bounds.

"This was the group which . . . rallied behind University President Charles J. Hitch last fall to keep the Eldridge Cleaver lectures controversy from moving into the realm of a direct challenge to academic freedom on the Berkeley campus."

The resignation of Mrs. Dorothy Chandler, one of the owners of the *Los Angeles Times*, clearly foreshadowed the break-up of the coalition. Whereas a year ago thirteen to sixteen members could usually be mustered to block any drastic action likely to lead to a confrontation with students or faculty, today Reagan seems to be able to count on twelve of the twenty-four regents, plus his own vote. Observers of the board place another seven in the moderate category. Only four are classed as liberals.

Reagan has also managed to gain substantial control over two other agencies in California which have considerable impact on public higher education. The first is the Coordinating Council for Higher Education, created by the 1960 "Master Plan for Higher Education" and designed to coordinate the development of all the segments. The second is the Constitutional Revision Commission which has been at work for five years developing proposals for revising and shortening California's antiquated and much amended constitution.

The Coordinating Council is made up of six public members (the original number of three was doubled by legislation in 1965), three members each chosen by the state college and university boards, three members representing the junior colleges, and three members representing the private institutions. The function of the council is to advise the governor and the legislature on the "orderly growth" of higher education in the state. Prior to the increase in the public membership, the council was dominated by the state's institutional representatives and was unable to take any action which encountered serious opposition from any one of these segments. Doubling the public membership has resulted chiefly in a stalemate, with the six public members and three private institution representatives evenly balancing the nine members from the public institutions.

Since the public members serve for only four years, and with an even higher turnover because of deaths and

resignations, it was relatively easy for Reagan to gain control of that portion of the membership. He can now end the stalemate and turn the council to positive support of his policies.

The Constitutional Revision Commission is important for public higher education because for almost 100 years the University of California has enjoyed a highly privileged constitutional status. Article IX, Section 9, of the present constitution gives the regents "full powers of organization and government" over the nine-campus university. In practice, this has meant that the university could use whatever funds were provided by the legislature as the regents saw fit, and that it was immune to intrusions by other agencies of government for accounting and auditing purposes. Only in recent years has the legislature begun to insist, as a condition of its continuing appropriations, on detailed fiscal reports from the university. The primary educational considerations thus before the Constitutional Revision Commission are whether the university should be continued in this privileged status, whether other public institutions of higher education should be granted the same status, or whether none of the institutions should be given constitutional protection.

The eighty-man commission, as originally constituted during the Brown administration, was largely made up of persons of traditional liberal and moderate views. They ranged from college professors and administrators, through the usual range of business and professional people, labor leaders, League of Women Voters housewives, and other civic leaders, to one almost unbelievable Uncle Tom, who was the only black member. Several vacancies on the commission have been filled by Reagan. Some of the changes in attitude on the part of the commission reflect, of course, the polarization caused by events of the past few years. Nevertheless, Reagan's new appointees are clearly having an effect.

If his past actions provide any guide, what Reagan will do with his newly consolidated control of the boards and agencies which govern the policies and direction of higher education in California is fairly predictable. At the same time that he was demonstrating his power with the regents by getting rid of Kerr, Reagan was also testing his power over educational finances. In his first budget submitted to the legislature early in 1967, Reagan reduced the proposed appropriations for the universities and the state colleges by some 15 per cent. These were not reductions from the previous year's appropriations but were cuts in the amounts proposed by the Brown administration for 1967-68 which were, in turn, substantially below what had been requested by the trustees and the regents. Part of Reagan's cuts in the higher education appropriations were restored by the legislature. Reagan responded by vetoing or reducing specific appropriations so that the university emerged with a budget 17 per cent below its own scaled-down request; the state colleges took a 12.2 per cent cut.

Although higher education has taken the brunt of the state's economy drives since Governor Brown's "bare bones budget" of 1964, and is living through a period of unprecedented annual enrollment increases, Reagan has permitted no rises in their appropriations beyond the minimum required to handle the projected increase in student population. The projected increases in enrollment, however, have fallen far short of the actual numbers seeking admission. In 1968-69, the state colleges were forced to seek a supplemental appropriation to pay for an enrollment of almost 7,000 students larger than had been projected. The money then allotted was about one-tenth the amount per student which had been included in the regular budget.

In a recent directive on preparation of 1970-71 budget requests, Reagan allocated to the university and the state colleges only as much money as was appropriated for their support in 1967-68. He ordered college officials to request additional funds for work-load increases (enrollment in the state colleges will have risen more than 30 per cent for the three-year period) on a strict priority basis. Requests for funds for new and expanded programs must be submitted in a third-stage priority list.

Throughout his 1966 campaign Reagan insisted that a substantial part of the financing of the public colleges and universities should be accomplished by charging tuition. He lost little time after his inauguration in making his first move in that direction. In his first budget, he proposed that a tuition charge of $250 for students at the university and $180 for students in the state colleges should be used as an offset against the general fund appropriation. He added a small carrot by agreeing that a portion of the funds from tuition could be used to augment the proposed appropriations.

Reagan soon learned that the constitutional status of the university prevented either him or the legislature from forcing the regents to charge tuition. The regents could have been placed under severe pressure had the legislature been willing to reduce the appropriations for the university by the amount which it was anticipated could be raised by tuition. The requirement of a two-thirds' majority for passage of the budget in California, however, made that a political impossibility.

When he found that tuition could not be imposed on the university at that time, Reagan abandoned the budget approach and concentrated his attention on getting the regents themselves to adopt tuition. After a fifteen-month campaign, during which he was forced to abandon the term "tuition," the regents approved an $81 increase in students' "fees." The trustees of the state colleges have also increased fees for 1969-70 in an amount slightly less than one-half that of the university increase. Reagan has not abandoned his campaign for tuition, and another substantial increase in charges to students can be expected.

But the most dramatic—and the most serious—of Reagan's approaches to higher education are his attacks on students and faculty. One must grant that Reagan has remarkable intuition when it comes to selecting issues to exploit. The rise in frequency and seriousness of campus demonstrations and disturbances in the past two years has provided him with the grounds for returning to the inflammatory language of the campaign at precisely the right time to prepare for 1970. Here again, the pattern of Reagan's actions emerges with perfect clarity.

The first meeting of the Board of Trustees of the California state colleges which Reagan attended was an

emergency session which he forced after a relatively minor incident on the San Francisco State College campus in December 1967. The Governor made nation-wide headlines and massive television film footage as he threatened and cajoled the board into adopting drastic emergency regulations to prevent such disturbances in the future. His actions could be seen at the time, and this view is confirmed in retrospect, as the opening step in his campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1968. The regulations were subsequently very sharply modified because of persuasive evidence that they would not work and were probably illegal. Reagan, however, had attained his objective of being depicted as a tough man who in a crisis could force a weak board to do its public duty.

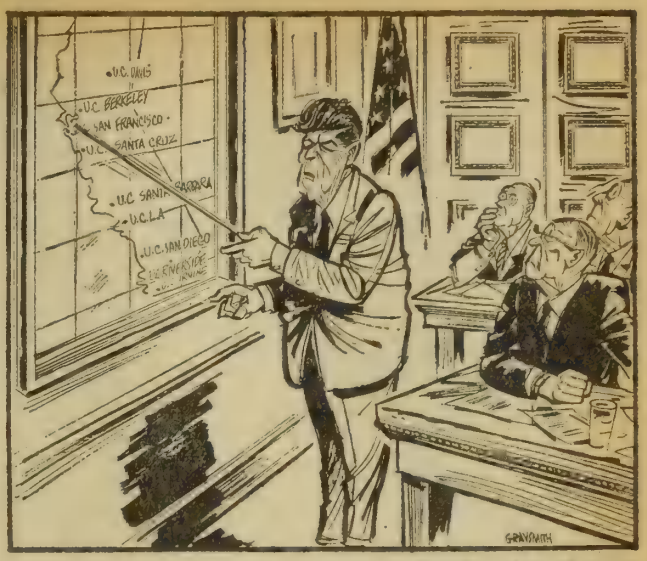
During the first several months of 1968, Reagan was busy promoting his Presidential candicacy in other states and fighting off a recall movement at home. His return home from defeat at the convention was marked by a sharp escalation in his battle with higher education. Two events which occurred almost simultaneously at Berkeley and San Francisco State provided the framework.

At San Francisco State a controversy was brewing over a report that a part-time black instructor, George Murray, had warned black students that they would be well advised to carry guns to protect themselves. Murray is a member of the Black Panthers, had been placed on probation for his alleged part in a fracas with the staff of the student newspaper in the spring, and had made an unauthorized trip to Cuba in the summer.

Following the report that Murray had advised students to carry guns, the college brought charges against him and was preparing to hold hearings to determine what, if anything, should be done. Before such hearings could be held, Reagan and state college Chancellor Glenn Dumke demanded that Murray be fired summarily, or at least be suspended pending the results of the hearings. College President Robert Smith resisted these demands while Reagan and Dumke fumed and blustered.

Meanwhile, an announcement from Berkeley that Eldridge Cleaver would give a series of lectures in a special course kicked off a new furor. Reagan demanded that the course be canceled and that those responsible for arranging it be fired. A series of sharp exchanges between faculty and regents made it appear for a time that a major confrontation over academic freedom was in the making. The issue was eventually settled without a serious revolt, but only because Reagan did not have a majority of the regents with him. This incident unquestionably helped radicalize many additional students and contributed substantially to the disruptive events later in the year.

A curious side effect of the Cleaver incident was its role in helping to push Chancellor Dumke over the brink on the Murray affair at San Francisco State. In the week preceding the November election, Dumke put the state colleges back in the headlines by ordering President Smith to suspend George Murray immediately. Smith complied with the order and on November 6, the day following the election, the student strike at San Francisco State began. There is little doubt that one of the motives for the timing of Reagan and Dumke's move on Murray was the hope that it would provide the margin of victory in Max Rafferty's campaign for the U.S. Senate. The move failed



San Francisco Chronicle

"Imagine if You Will, Gentlemen, a Row of Dominoes"

to achieve that objective but it gave Reagan a new source of headlines for the next three months.

It is important to note that Reagan had been able to prevail on Dumke to do for him at San Francisco State what the Governor had not been able to persuade the regents to do at Berkeley. Smith, responding to a vote of the faculty and the extreme danger created by an attack on students by San Francisco police, closed the campus, tried to reopen it, then closed it again. An emergency meeting of the Board of Trustees on November 18 provided Reagan a forum for demanding that the campus be opened immediately, that it be kept open "at the point of a bayonet" if necessary, and that there be no negotiations with or concessions to striking students until "order has been restored and the educational process resumed."

This "nonnegotiable" stance was maintained firmly by Reagan throughout the student strike and the strike by the AFT local of professors and teaching assistants which began on January 6. The true nature of Reagan's position, which is still not understood by the public, is that the nonnegotiation stance was applied to the professors by Reagan before they struck, thereby forcing them to that drastic action. To their credit, a group of trustees did begin negotiations and ultimately brought an end to the strike, but they could do so only by allowing Reagan and the board to maintain that no negotiations had taken place.

Restoration of relative peace to the San Francisco State campus came almost simultaneously with new disruptions at Berkeley in the form of a strike by teaching assistants and Third World students. Reagan reacted with what has come to be recognized as his characteristic response to any development at Berkeley—he declared "a state of extreme emergency" and ordered the State Highway Patrol to the campus. The conditions thus created ultimately merged with the people's park confrontation, the dispatch of National Guard forces to Berkeley, the tear-gassing of the campus by helicopter—all accompanied by Reagan's daily reiteration of his nonnegotiable stand.

Then as if he were desperately afraid that all the turmoil he had done so much to foment would go away over

the summer, Reagan raised two new issues in the spring. First he made the statement that college and university faculties, particularly those in the social sciences and the humanities, were unbalanced to the left and that conservatives could not get teaching jobs. He proposed to remedy the situation by seeing to it that departments in those disciplines have a "balance" of liberal and conservative members. He denied, when questioned, that he was proposing a political test for prospective teachers.

Shortly after raising this issue, Reagan persuaded the regents to take into their own hands the granting of tenure to each faculty member. The regents will now review the recommendations of each chancellor and will approve or reject each professor as they see fit. Regents denied that the decision would be based on political considerations, but one opponent of the move said he had never heard a professor's appointment or tenure discussed except as to his political beliefs. The trustees of the state colleges will have a similar proposal before them in late September. It is almost certain to be adopted.

One cannot review the actions and policies of the Reagan administration toward higher education, noting also their parallels in other areas of public concern, without reaching the conclusion that California is almost certainly facing a period of unprecedented crisis. San Francisco State is in many ways, even more than Berkeley, a microcosm of the condition of the state. The ruthless manner in which Smith was forced to resign; the appointment of the colorful but jingoistic and dangerous S. I. Hayakawa as acting president and then permanent president, in a way which violated every previously agreed on and established procedure for making such appointments; the firing of the chairman of the black studies program; the reduction in the promised number of minority student admissions this fall; the continued harassment of professors who struck last year, are only a few of the factors which suggest that the outward calm of last spring belies the underlying tension. Anyone familiar with the campus is aware that it could explode at any moment.

What has happened at San Francisco State, at Berkeley, with respect to all of public higher education, is typical of the Reagan administration in general. The entire pattern of actions presents to the observer the strange and disturbing phenomenon of the demagogue building up and using popular sentiment against the public.

For a variety of reasons, including the tax structure and educational discrimination against disadvantaged and minority group sections of the population, the parents of no more than one-fourth of the school-age children in California have any reasonable expectation of college attendance or completion for their children. Reagan's skill in cultivating nihilistic reactions is considerable, but it is obvious that many Californians are predisposed to condemn and punish any seeming misbehavior from college students as members of an advantaged group.

Reagan seems to draw heavily from the lower middle class to gain support for policies which will sharpen the tendencies toward inequality already so noticeable in California public higher education. A student body which has been wracked by reactions to the American social condition is condemned for its concern by sections of the public that stand particularly to gain from the very reforms of American society which are advocated.

Governor Reagan's special contribution to California politics is thus the use of artfully cultivated reactions from the middle 60 per cent of the population against themselves and against the bottom 20 per cent, on behalf of the rich.

The American political system has generally provided the means for constant correction and regeneration. In a matter of weeks, Governor Reagan is expected to announce his candidacy for re-election next year and his handling of educational issues will be a major facet of the campaign. One must hope, therefore, that the people of California are becoming disenchanted with the Reagan excesses and will return to the world of mid-20th-century realities. Meanwhile, it is particularly urgent that college and university faculty, administrators and governing boards, and students understand what is happening and see to it that the voters understand as well. They are the targets of Reagan's demagogy, but they need not be sitting ducks.

THE TUPAMAROS

URUGUAY'S URBAN GUERRILLAS

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Among the many protests staged by Latin Americans to demonstrate their opposition to U.S. policies during Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's recent visit was the destruction of the General Motors offices in Montevideo, Uruguay, by a commando of the Movimiento de Liberación Nacional (MLN), also known as the Tupamaros. Despite extreme security measures, four men, dressed as police officers and armed with machine guns, broke into the G.M. office building and tied two night watchmen. They sprayed fuel in several rooms and on some six cars and set the building on fire. The pamphlets found at the scene bore the five-pointed star of the Tupamaros and protested the visit of Rockefeller, "agent of imperialism." In July, with Uruguay under martial law, the Tupamaros killed one policeman and disarmed several in five raids.

The Tupamaros have been President Jorge Pacheco Areco's major headache since he took over the Presidency in 1967, after Gen. Oscar Gestido died in office. They are the major guerrilla movement in Latin America today and operate in an area—urban guerrilla warfare—where all other revolutionary attempts have failed in recent years.

Since Fidel Castro and his followers overthrew Batista, many Latin American revolutionaries have become convinced that the only means to achieve power is guerrilla warfare. They agree that the *"foco"* can create the "subjective conditions" for the revolution and have forsaken other possible strategies. The main disagreements have centered on the evaluation of "objective conditions" and on the role of political parties in the revolutionary process. The type of guerrilla best suited for each individual Latin American country has also been a topic of discussions. In certain countries, notably Venezuela, revolutionaries have tried both urban and rural warfare. On the whole, rural guerrilla warfare, advocated both in writing and in action by men like Ernesto Che Guevara, Régis Debray and numerous Latin Americans, among others Douglas Bravo (in Venezuela) and Luis de la Puente Uceda (in Peru), has been the more widely accepted strategy. In fact, urban guerrillas were considered to be totally inadequate for Latin America, especially after the failure of the Venezuelan *guerrilleros* in the early sixties.

The Tupamaros have done a good deal to advance the opposite case in Uruguay. Almost at the same time that urban guerrilla warfare was abandoned in Venezuela, the Tupamaros adopted that strategy as the most adequate for the "objective conditions" existing in their country. For many years Uruguay was one of the most stable nations in Latin America, where democratic traditions had profound roots, where the most varied parties of the Left had accepted the rules of democratic procedure, and where civic obligations were strongly felt. Uruguay had never shared the problems of the rest of the continent: dire poverty for most of the population, racial divisions, blind oligarchies, bloody dictatorships and exploitation. Its population had benefited from an advanced welfare system and its predominant middle class had enjoyed a high real standard of living in comparison with the rest of the continent. In fact, Uruguay was the "Switzerland of Latin America."

By the mid-fifties, however, Uruguay's economy, based on wool, meat and hide exports, began to falter and the two-party system organized by José Batlle y Ordóñez at the beginning of the century showed signs of strain. As the economic situation deteriorated, the anti-inflationary measures applied by the government in the early sixties met with increasing opposition. In June 1968, after the cost of living had increased 160 per cent in fifteen months, President Pacheco Areco sought to stop inflation and obtain credits from the International Monetary Fund by establishing wage and price controls. The decision was preceded by a month of violent clashes between the police and workers, civil servants, teachers and students (striking for more money for education and a lower bus fare). Before setting up wage and price controls, Pacheco Areco declared Uruguay under limited martial law, which empowered him to close labor unions, ban public meetings, establish press censorship, and jail any political agitator. This state of siege did not calm the situation and strikes went on. In September 1968, hundreds of students clashed with the police and three students were killed; the government closed the university and all schools on September 22. In January 1969, striking civil servants clashed with the police in Montevideo. One person was killed and thirty-two were injured.

On March 15, 1969, the state of siege was lifted. The workers who had been imprisoned were released; *Extra*, a leftist newspaper which had been closed, was permitted to reappear, and the special mounted police disappeared from Montevideo's main streets. However, as a result of the unrest provoked by Rockefeller's visit, Pacheco Areco reinstated martial law and added one item: all news concerning the Tupamaros was to be censored.

The fundamental factor that prompted the Tupamaros to launch their strategy in the early sixties was their belief that Uruguay had entered a deep and prolonged crisis. The measures adopted to cure Uruguay's economic ills have hit the middle class particularly hard. As it saw its standard of living go down, it joined the workers in protests against the rising cost of living. Civil servants, bank employees and students have defied martial law and gone on strike. Some have joined the Tupamaros. The two Tupamaros arrested after a Banco de Cobranzas holdup in 1964 proved to be a professor of the Escuela Nacional de Bellas Artes and an ex-student of that institution. The police subsequently arrested an engineer who had provided the arms for the robbery. The Tupamaros boast: "Most of the people may not be ready to take part in our struggle, but at least they are not willing to get killed defending a government that harms them."

Since 1963, the Tupamaros have carried out at least fifty-three commando raids, displaying a showmanship that is comprised of humor, audacity and good planning. Perhaps their most spectacular feat was exposing the operations of the Financiera Monty, an investment activity of the sort not legal in Uruguay, since such financing is reserved to banks. On February 16, 1969, Montevideo's broadcasting stations and newspapers received a statement signed by the Tupamaros indicating that two days earlier an MLN commando had broken into the offices of the Financiera Monty in downtown Montevideo and had "expropriated" some $25,000, three packages containing stocks and six account books. The Tupamaros demanded an official statement, saying why the public had not been informed of the holdup, and promised to publicize the contents of the account books at a later date. The police then issued a statement acknowledging that the robbery had indeed taken place and that an investigation was already under way. On February 25, the MLN sent another leaflet to Montevideo's news media, giving a list of the assets and the people connected with the company. The latter included a minister, politicians and figures prominent in Uruguay's business community. This second note was accompanied by photostatic copies of the pages from which the information had been drawn.

On March 1, a mysterious fire in the Monty offices

burned most of the documents that could have either refuted or substantiated the Tupamaros' accusations. A few days later, the company books were deposited at the door of the attorney in charge of the investigation.

The origins of the MLN are still very obscure. In a country small enough for everybody to discover the best-guarded secret, very little is known about the Tupamaros, how they came into being as a group, who the leader or leaders are. The name comes from Tupac Amaru, the 18th-century Inca *cacique* who led an unsuccessful rebellion against Spain.

The Tupamaros first identified themselves as a revolutionary group on August 9, 1965, when shortly before midnight a high caliber bomb exploded in front of the offices occupied by Bayer, the chemical concern. A leaflet with the following message was found nearby: "Death to Vietnam's Yankee assassins. The assassin's intervention in Vietnam must be answered by the union of all oppressed people. The common enemy must be crushed. Bayer, a Nazi enterprise, provides gas for the gringos' intervention. Viva Vietnam. Viva la Revolución. TUPAMAROS."

The beginnings of the MLN, however, go back at least to 1962 and are connected with the activities of a prominent union organizer, Raúl Sendic. Between 1959 and 1962, Sendic, a former law student in his mid-30s and long-time member of the Socialist Party, organized first the sugar beet workers of Paysandú and then the sugar cane workers of Salto and Artigas, in northern Uruguay. In June 1962, Sendic led the *cañeros*, their wives and children on a 350-mile march to publicize their demands. His long and arduous struggle, reminiscent of Cesar Chavez's drive with California's grape workers, finally paid off. He organized the UTAA (Unión de Trabajadores Azucareros de Artigas) and obtained the implementation of legislation long ignored by the local landowners. Other new UTAA demands, for better working conditions and the expropriation of 30,000 hectares left uncultivated by absentee landowners, were not met despite repeated marches to Montevideo in 1964 and 1965. The *cañeros* still use the slogan, "For the Fatherland and with Sendic," although he has not been officially connected with UTAA since mid-1963.

On July 31, 1963, a small group of men broke into the Rifle Club of Nueva Helvecia, a sleepy town in Uruguay's hinterland, and stole thirty-one rifles and two carbines, most of which had been lent to the club by the Uruguayan armed forces. At first, the police attributed the robbery to common criminals, but gradually concluded that it had been a political act and singled out Raúl Sendic as the leader. They are probably right.

The Nueva Helvecia robbery marked the beginning of a long series of attacks against arsenals. Dynamite, rifles, guns, military and police uniforms have disappeared in swift commando operations. On January 1, 1964, the customs office of Bella Union, a town on the border of Brazil, was attacked by a handful of men who escaped with nineteen rifles. In February 1966, a commando broke into a theatre showing an Arnold Wesker play and stole ten Mausers and eighteen military uniforms lent by the Uruguayan armed forces for the performance.

Banks have been another target. On October 14, 1964, a branch of the Banco de Cobranzas was held up by two armed men. They managed to get away with a few thousand dollars, but were later arrested. The Tupamaros have been far more successful since then—in their last bank holdup they got away with almost $10,000. Their most profitable "expropriations," however, have been from Uruguay's casinos. On November 29, 1968, six men entered Montevideo's Casino Carrasco at 3:45 P.M. and left with $25,000. On February 18, 1969, seven men dressed in the Tupamaros' favorite disguise, police uniforms, forced their way into Punta del Este's elegant Casino San Rafael and escaped with some $200,000.

Besides "expropriating," the Tupamaros attack U.S. business concerns. When Uruguay broke diplomatic relations with Cuba on September 18, 1964, they placed bombs in a Montevideo bank, in the offices of the Moore-McCormack Lines, in a building owned by Coca-Cola, and burned two official American cars parked in front of the U.S. Embassy. To protest Governor Rockefeller's visit, they not only set fire to General Motors (causing $1 million worth of damage) but started at least a dozen blazes in businesses connected with U.S. capital—Coca-Cola was again one of the targets. Montevideo's main radio stations have also been attacked by the Tupamaros. The sabotage of Radio Ariel, owned by Jorge Batlle, a close adviser of Pacheco Areco, was particularly effective. The station was raided a few minutes before the President was to address the nation and the damage was so great that it had to be closed for several days. The Tupamaros escaped, taking some short-wave transmitters with them.

The most unusual Tupamaro raid was that of the "Hunger Commando." That group held up a truck owned by a food-store chain on December 24, 1963, and distributed its chickens, turkeys and sweets to the inhabitants of a slum for their Christmas dinner.

The transformation of Uruguay's left-wing militants into Tupamaros took place somewhere between 1962 and 1963. That year, Sendic and the Socialist Party militants who had been organizing the nonunionized workers of Uruguay's countryside, became convinced that both tactics and strategy had led them to a dead end. Thus they decided to form a paramilitary group, independent of the official line adopted by the Socialist Party. That group was the Tupamaros and their first holdup, at Nueva Helvecia, was carried out without the support or knowledge of the party. The Tupamaros have not explained this transformation, but observers agree that the *cañeros'* struggle was crucial. The cane workers and their organizers faced not only the indifference of the government but that of the leftist parties as well. Furthermore, they met with the violent opposition of a labor union, now extinct, the Confederación Sindical del Uruguay. The death of a passer-by during a confrontation between the CSU and the UTAA in 1962, exposed the increasing radicalization of trade unions and political groups. This incident is regarded as one of the probable direct antecedents of the Nueva Helvecia rifle "expropriation" the following year.

The second stage in their evolution came about when the Tupamaros decided that a paramilitary group connected

with a specific party was not an adequate solution. Whether the Tupamaros attempted to engage the Socialist Party in revolutionary action and failed, or decided that it was to their advantage to dissociate themselves from a party, the fact is that the group's ties with the Socialists were severed. They became the Movimiento de Liberación Nacional, which welcomes all militants who agree with its strategy and tactics.

The only document stating the ideology and strategy of the MLN was published in the leftist Chilean magazine, *Punto Final*. The July 2, 1968 issue carried a long article, still the major source of information on the evolution of the movement, and an appendix entitled "Thirty Questions to a Tupamaro." The thirty answers, given to a magazine the Tupamaros could trust (Fidel Castro also chose *Punto Final* for the Latin American edition of Guevara's Bolivian diary) are considered to be the movement's official position.

The basic principle which has guided the MLN is that "revolutionary action in itself, that is, the process of arming and preparing oneself, acquiring equipment and finally carrying out actions that violate bourgeois legality, generates revolutionary conscience, organization and conditions." This principle is what separates the MLN from all other Uruguayan leftist organizations. Platforms and documents are important, but they are not sufficient to make a revolution. Furthermore, the principles of "a Socialist revolution have been spelled out and tried out in countries like Cuba. They cannot be discussed any longer."

Their position concerning strategy is quite clear. "Although the efforts to create a party or a mass movement before initiating the armed struggle cannot be disregarded, there is no doubt that armed struggle quickens and precipitates mass movements. Both Cuba and China are examples of this . . . . In other words, the rigid formula advanced by certain theoreticians, 'first create the party and then start the revolution,' has more exceptions than applications, historically. Nobody can doubt any longer that the smallest armed group has more chance to become a popular army than the group that limits itself to taking 'revolutionary positions.'" This rejection of the debate among numerous Latin American leftists over the role of the political party in the revolutionary process is typical of the Tupamaros and stems from their lack of dogmatism in everything except their ultimate goal, socialism. They have even managed to remain outside the usual bitter fighting of the Left. They place themselves in the Marxist-Leninist camp, consider their struggle to be part of a continental strategy aimed at creating "more Vietnams," but they are not sectarian. *Punto Final* described the MLN's relationship with the Uruguayan Left in these terms: "Their work receives fraternal treatment from the Socialist Party, the MRO (Movimiento Revolucionario Oriental) and the FAU (Federación Anarquista del Uruguay) and respectful treatment from the Communist Party."

Another indication of the MLN's flexibility is the refusal of the Tupamaro interviewed by *Punto Final* to give any detailed strategy for Uruguay or any other country: "Strategy is elaborated on the basis of real facts and reality changes, independent of our will." He indicated the following general lines, "valid for this day, this month and this year . . . . To create as soon as possible an armed force capable of taking advantage of any favorable situation created either by Uruguay's crisis or any other factor. To create consciousness in the population, through the actions of armed groups or any other means, that only revolution will bring change. To strengthen the labor unions, radicalize their struggle and connect them with the revolutionary movement. To create bases in the cities and in the countryside. To connect ourselves with other Latin American revolutionary movements for action throughout the continent."

More specifically, strategy was based on: "The conviction that the present crisis, far from ending, is worsening every day. Our country is bankrupt. A capitalist development plan aimed at increasing production of export goods, were it feasible, would give meager results and only in a long range. In other words, people will continue to tighten their belts for many years . . . . The second basic fact in our strategy is the high degree of unionization among Uruguayan workers. All unions are not equally combative—either because of their composition or their leadership—but the fact that practically all the employees of the government-owned services, banking, industry and commerce are unionized constitutes by itself a highly positive factor, unparalleled in America. The possibility of paralyzing the state services has created and can create a very interesting situation from a revolutionary point of view . . . ."

The Tupamaros discarded rural guerrilla warfare because Uruguay lacks the mountains or jungles where a "*foco*" can be organized. On the other hand, it is highly urbanized, at least 70 per cent of its 2,560,000 inhabitants live in cities and almost half in Montevideo alone. The capital also dominates Uruguay's economic life, handles most of the international trade, consumes 75 per cent of the electricity, and contains most of the industry. Montevideo was considered a far better setting for a guerrilla base than the flat, sparsely populated countryside.

Although police estimate that there are some 100 hard-core Tupamaros, the exact number is unknown. A recent publication indicates that the total is 1,000 but with only fifty or a hundred participating in commando operations. The members are divided into completely independent cells of six or seven men, coordinated through the leaders, and each Tupamaro ignores the real identity of his fellow cell members. Decisions for commando operations are put to a vote, individually or by cells. Leaders meet once a year to discuss their units' instructions and evaluations. It is not known whether the MLN has both a military and a political leadership or whether they are united in one person.

MLN prefers single men, but both men and women are accepted. The future *guerrillero* must be sponsored by a Tupamaro, who has to write an exhaustive report on the candidate. The Tupamaros who participate in commando operations must undergo intensive training. They must be in perfect physical shape; smokers are encouraged to cut down, and drinking is forbidden. Part of their preparation includes learning how to handle weapons and explosives, how to escape, how to start a car without a key, and how to sabotage police cars.

The Tupamaros train at bases for the most part located

outside Montevideo, often at one of the numerous beaches along Uruguay's southeastern coast. Some of these bases also contain hospitals, manned by medical students. In December 1958 a police raid uncovered a base where eight Tupamaros lived in two shacks and a barn which was part hospital, part laboratory for the fabrication of bombs, and part garage. On the premises, the police found twelve weapons (machine guns, rifles, shotguns and pistols), 700 rounds of ammunition, medical instruments, medicines, license plates, a Volkswagen (the Tupamaros' favorite car), a VW hood and seats, guerrilla handbooks, correspondence, fourteen false identity cards, uniforms and a list of police headquarters cars.

In the last three years, the police have uncovered some eleven Tupamaro bases. Several were hide-outs, others were makeshift ammunition factories, and still others provided services. In one of them, a photographer's shop, the raiders found equipment to make ID cards similar to those issued by Uruguay's police. All the machines used in the forgeries and even the paper were legitimate and had been obtained from police headquarters. The type of equipment found in Tupamaro hide-outs has led observers to believe that the movement provided Guevara with the false Uruguayan passport he used on his way to Bolivia.

Only two Tupamaros have been killed since 1965, when the MLN stepped up its activities, but at least twenty men connected with the movement are in jail. Although some are thought to have been tortured, the information obtained by the police has not led to a major crackdown because of the cell organization. No top-ranking Tupamaro has been caught. Sendic, whose capture was ordered after the Nueva Helvecia holdup and who is believed to be one of the top members of the MLN, if not the leader, is still at large. He is thought to have led the Casino San Rafael robbery, having spent at least two months in Punta del Este before the holdup, with his wife and youngest child.

The Tupamaro intelligence service has infiltrated even the police and the current joke in Montevideo is that if you want to find out the exact weather forecast, ask a Tupamaro. Their information on Uruguay's armed forces is voluminous. The police have captured documents which disclose a precise knowledge of Montevideo's garrisons—number of men, identity of officers, schedules, private addresses, logistics, etc. On February 7, 1969, a guerrilla deposited a package containing some sixty pounds of dynamite at the doorstep of the captain who is the Uruguayan army's armament technician. The following letter was attached to the package: "Captain Manzino: This material is in bad shape; since it is dangerous to handle it, we have decided to destroy it. We believe you are best equipped for this task. We are aware of your technical expertise. At any rate, since these boxes were ultimately going to be examined by you, we decided to avoid delays and give them to you. Movimiento de Liberación Nacional (Tupamaros)."

The Tupamaros have not attacked the government frontally, but have sought either to expose its corruption, i.e., the Monty holdup, or force it to display its weakness and respond with irrational repression. On August 7, 1968, a commando kidnapped Dr. Ulises Pereira Reverbel, president of the state-owned Electricity and Telephone Services, a close friend of President Pacheco Areco and one of the ideologues of the hard anti-labor line followed by the government. MLN issued a statement taking full credit for the kidnapping and warning the police not to search for the prisoner. Despite strenuous efforts on the part of Montevideo's police force, Pereira Reverbel was not found until he reappeared five days later, haggard, unshaven but unharmed, in a Land Rover parked near Montevideo's main football stadium. The kidnapping was not done only for publicity, like Fidel Castro's kidnapping of Juan Manuel Fangio, the Argentine racing champion. It sought to create support among the workers who had been subjected to Pereira Reverbel's anti-labor policies. In its efforts to locate him, moreover, the government ordered the search to include the university. The police entered some buildings without a warrant and without requesting permission from the rector. Students opposed the search and violent clashes ensued.

The Tupamaros have achieved the first stages of their strategy without terrorism. They fight with the police only when they are forced. Whenever their raids might hurt civilians, they make a point of protecting them. During a bank holdup, the Tupamaros helped an elderly lady who had fainted. Afterward, even Montevideo's chief of police had to admit "the perfect organization, the good manners of the robbers and their humane behavior." On another occasion, when the Tupamaros blew up the transmission room of Radio Ariel, they first took time to warn the people in a nearby house that they might be hurt by the explosion. Consequently, Uruguayans have not been seriously harmed by the Tupamaro raids, although on occasion passers-by have been wounded. Thus to a certain extent, and without necessarily approving its goals, they admire the MLN's audacity and expertise.

The Tupamaros have shown that urban guerrillas can be organized and survive, that they can use tactics which will not necessarily alienate the population, and that urban *guerrilleros* do not always develop the neuroses that the theoreticians of rural warfare, like Debray, attribute to them. Up to this point, the Tupamaros have relied almost entirely on their own resources, although they may have received aid from Cuba. They are also thought to be in contact with a newly started Brazilian "*foco*" which is using MLN tactics (as, for example, the recent exchange of the kidnapped United States ambassador for a group of political prisoners), and with Tacuara, an Argentine group whose origins are in the extreme Right. Uruguayan authorities failed to rout the Tupamaros when it was easiest to do so; now they may not be able to do it alone. Uruguay may ask either the United States or one of its powerful neighbors, Argentina or Brazil, to help destroy the MLN. Far from showing concern at the possibility of foreign intervention, the Tupamaros say it would benefit them in the long run. "In any case," writes a *New York Times* correspondent, "Uruguay and her Tupamaros seem likely to become a major problem for the United States in Latin America in the immediate future."

TOTAL FREEDOM AND BEYOND

DONOVAN BESS
Mr. Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

This is the year of Apollo 11. It is also the year in which that psychological sophisticate, Richard Alpert, came back from his guru in India to reap a big following of inner-space explorers with his story of spiritual conversion. It is a time of burgeoning meditation societies on the college campuses, and of passionate rebellion against the amorality of our technology.

Thus it is a year promising much to any man who can blend the psychological allurements of these two movements into one product, and such a product is indeed being ardently pushed. It is called Scientology. Serious work on the blend began in 1950 when L. Ron Hubbard, a science-fiction writer with exuberant red hair, set millions of Americans to playing a psychotherapeutic game called dianetics. His book on the subject became a best seller—helped, probably, by the almost panicky chorus of disdain expressed by respectable intellectual luminaries.

The Church of Scientology is a recent extension of dianetics into bizarre spiritual levels, where practitioners report the kinds of ESP experience abundant in the literature of psychedelic drugs. They commonly and casually assert that they *know* they have lived in past human bodies; some even remember how much they weighed. Creation of this church gave Hubbard a lot of new levels to offer his devotees, and at the same time stymied defenders of the public treasury, like the Internal Revenue Service, which so far has not persuaded the courts that Scientology is more of a commercial enterprise than a church.

Scientology offers its novitiates a system of psychological "processing" as specific as any program for learning shorthand or engineering. Each grade has been firmly fixed, in writing, by Hubbard. You go through all of the lower grades face to face with an "auditor," who does his best to keep his face stony and his mind bland so as not to ruffle any of Hubbard's precepts. You and your guide use an "E-Meter," a device that measures electrical resistance in your body; it is supposed to tell the auditor when you have an emotional "withhold" from him. He keeps asking you questions or giving you rote commands until you sweat your way through your memory and expose some traumatic deposit ("engram") which supposedly has blighted your life.

Perhaps it is not surprising that Scientology strongly attracts men and women trained in the tidier scientific disciplines, engineers and computer programmers. One of the top officials in American Scientology is John Michael Smith, a young chemist who resigned as an assistant professor at the California Institute of Technology after getting processed to the highest level so far invented by Hubbard. "I've looked at the physical sciences and I know what knowledge is there," he said. "Scientology deals with the spiritual aspect of the main source of the world we live in. The answers don't come from the physical aspect of man."

The theatricality of Scientology has also brought many entertainment personalities into the movement, including all of several leading rock bands and actor Stephen Boyd —who, like Smith, reached the Scientological peak and observed from there: "I guess that is about six steps above Nirvana." The church has established a Celebrities Center in Los Angeles, to make maximum use of the Hollywood talent among its members.

According to Bob Thomas, top administrator for the church in the United States, the E-Meter is as useful to Scientology auditors as the thermometer is to doctors. The person who is getting processed is called the "preclear," and regarded as a patient who wants to get well. His objective is to become a "Clear"—a man "who has got control over his thoughts, and has gone to the source of his aberrations."

During processing, the preclear hangs on to two tin cans wired to a Wheatstone Bridge in the E-Meter box. The auditor watches the device's circuit board. He pounds away with the Hubbard prefabricated commands or questions, commands like "tell me something you wouldn't mind forgetting." After repeated pokes into the memory with this command, a preclear will produce something painful. John McMaster of South Africa, Hubbard's world-roving spokesman, said an example of an engram is: "A man thinks of the time he wanted to show his penis to somebody but his mother said 'naughty.' "

Until the preclear fights his way back to the engram, the E-Meter needle does all kinds of fancy jiggling. When the auditor sees the needle float free, he feels the preclear has gotten a release from the grade. The preclear, himself, is felt to proclaim his emancipation by the blissful look of freedom on his face.

By hard work, sometimes as much as twelve hours a day, a preclear climbs through the first six grades of release and is entitled then to come to grips with the level in which he may try for Clear.

What interests the Internal Revenue Service about this spiritual escalation is that there is a stiff charge for every grade. Scientologists estimate the cost of getting Clear at $4,000 to $5,000. You can get through the first four grades of processing for a package price of $617.50, if you pay in advance, but the cost rises with the ascent. At the bottom are free lectures and a free "personality test." Then comes a basic communications course for only $15. For many an alienated person hungry for companionship and structure, this course may be worth the money if only because it puts him for hours opposite another person who has agreed to look him straight in



the eye and to give or take commands rapturously. Some neurotic inhabitants of big cities have never had even this much interchange with other human beings (even in sexual intercourse you can keep your eyes closed).

Many novitiates emerge with high enthusiasm from this preliminary orientation track. Dozens of Scientologists who went on into processing have told me with evident sincerity that they are getting rid of long-standing personal problems. Many report extraordinary healing of ailments ranging from headaches to diabetes. A typical testimonial came from Myron Ruderman, a 32-year-old graduate in physics from Reed College. "I think," he said, "that very shortly psychiatrists will have to learn Scientology and dianetics. There is a way the mind works. The truth is the truth." Pat Price, an ex-mayor of Burbank, Calif., said he came to this church with a 70 per cent hearing loss, but "while undergoing a [Scientology] process my hearing came back to me entirely."

"Clear" used to be the top level of Scientological striving, but Hubbard, employing the creative gifts that made him succeed in science fiction, has invented *six levels above Clear*. Spiritually ambitious folks now have that much more to work for, and that much more time and money to contribute to the church. A dry comment on this expanding theology came from H. Charles Berner, who was a close associate of Hubbard and spent fifteen years in the movement before rebelling at the rigidness of the founder's policies. "Every six months," said Berner, "he comes out with a new something or other."

At the moment, Hubbard is doing "advanced research" on two additional levels he will offer a constituency which, church spokesmen claim, now includes 15 million persons on four continents, 250,000 of them Americans. Jane Kember, Guardian Worldwide (chief administrator) of the church, said last month in a statement issued at the organization's headquarters in England: "Mr. Hubbard is currently engaged in a treatise on the decline and fall of Western civilizations in order to discover the future of Western civilizations in the context of what has gone before. There is possibly no end to a research which seeks to find the ultimate spiritual capability of Mankind."

John McMaster—"the world's first Clear"—recently told reporters that income sent to the church headquarters had stood at only $10,000 a week in January 1968, but rose to $140,000 in the succeeding six months. Scientology's churches and franchises (now called "missions") give 10 per cent of their income to the world headquarters in a thirty-room, baronial mansion near East Grinstead, Sussex. So the weekly gross income of the church presumably now stands at well above $1.4 million. (The church has expanded even faster in the past fourteen months.) The magnitude of the financial flow is reflected in Hubbard's statement a year ago to his top officers that the Scientology organizations owed him $13 million but that he had forgiven the debt. His administrator for the United States, Bob Thomas, said Hubbard had a salary of about $22,000 from 1957 to 1959, but has drawn no salary since then. Thomas said: "The average (Christian) minister's salary is $9,000 to $30,000."

Mrs. Kember's suggestion that there may be "no end" to Hubbard's research leaves the door wide open for the kind of out-of-this-world inventions dear to a science-fiction writer's heart. Already, Hubbard and his associates speak of "the galaxy" as though they have traveled to, or at least know about, the other planets. One disenchanted ex-Scientologist, Woody McPheeters, said that during his years in the movement he got the impression that the church leaders' expansion program includes "the entire galaxy."

Most Scientologists are too busy heading up toward Clear to worry about postgraduate striving. The people who make Clear demonstrate in their lives that they are better than lower-level parishioners at influencing people, winning friends and making money. They apparently are virtually assured of getting a lifelong position in the church hierarchy. Even knowledgeable preclears can claim advantages beyond spiritual growth. Alan Albert, training director for the Palo Alto mission, said that after only a few hours of training to become an auditor he quit a $17,500-a-year job with Philco-Ford—and makes "about the same" salary now. Training is a career opportunity in which you get processed as well as learn how to process others. Currently it costs $1,300 to become a Hubbard Advanced Auditor, but this year Hubbard & Associates are offering newcomers a $500 quickie training course by which you can get on the staff as an auditor in two months. With this training, church spokesmen in San Francisco said, you are eligible to process *anybody*. Your

income while doing this will run to about $200 a week.

About three years ago Hubbard moved out of the English manor house headquarters, occupied previously by the Maharajah of Jaipur. "He is trying to retire from public life," Mrs. Kember reports. At the moment he is cruising on the *Apollo*, a 5,000-ton ship that once ferried passengers between Scotland and Ireland. This is the flagship of a fleet operated by the church's exclusive Sea Organization. There are at least five other vessels in the fleet, two of them tied up near Los Angeles, Scientology's national headquarters and the site of buildings where you can get processing at the top levels, including the mysterious OTs.

"OT" stands for "Operating Thetan." There are six OT levels above Clear. Clear, according to Arthur Maren, Scientology administrator for the Western states, is "one who has cause over all mental matter, energy, space and time." So what else can a man do?

Soar on to the OTs, of course. An OT, says the Scientology dictionary, is "not in a body." Indeed, every OT I've talked to speaks of himself as a spirit ("Thetan") who not only wafts himself in and out of his contemporary body but gets his mind back into vivid remembrances of bodies past. Maren, who is OT-4, said Hubbard created the new levels "because there's more to life than your own time—I want to be cause over what's happening out there, too."

The style of the OT is exemplified by McMaster who, according to headquarters, "has achieved one of the highest States of Existence in this Universe." One day during processing, he said, "I was looking at the floor through the bottom of my feet." Advanced Scientologists do not question such reports, for they have their own experiences of extrasensory perception. McMaster said he had done so well at Scientological remembering that he picked up details of his experiences in the last womb he was conceived in. "In the womb," he said, "I recall fights between my mother and father." How did he pick that up? "I used to come out and look at them fighting," he recalled. He said he didn't want to "be born in a family of squabbles" but unfortunately got lost somehow, "became a helpless little baby" and got born from that South African womb. "If I hadn't become Clear," he said, "it's very likely I'd have gone into the dwindling spiral of not-knowing."

The spiral he did get into certainly has produced a happy personality. This pink-faced, white-haired, self-styled "pope of Scientology" good-naturedly parries television interviewers who doubt his faith or accuse him of psychosis. On one TV show a Roman Catholic priest complained that Scientologists "don't describe a deity." (Hubbard's name is sacrosanct, but the word God seldom shows up.) McMaster told the priest: "You must admit that for 2,000 years Christianity has failed." He is almost cavalier about his past lives. Here is an exchange on the subject:

Q. Who were you in previous lives?

A. I have been mostly male. In most of the lives I died early.

Q. Which body were you in last?

A. My last body died in New York in 1926.

Q. Who were you?

A. I won't say it, because it's a very well-known name. (*Hesitating, smiling.*) I was an actor.

Q. When did you die the last time?

A. The last time I was about 30.

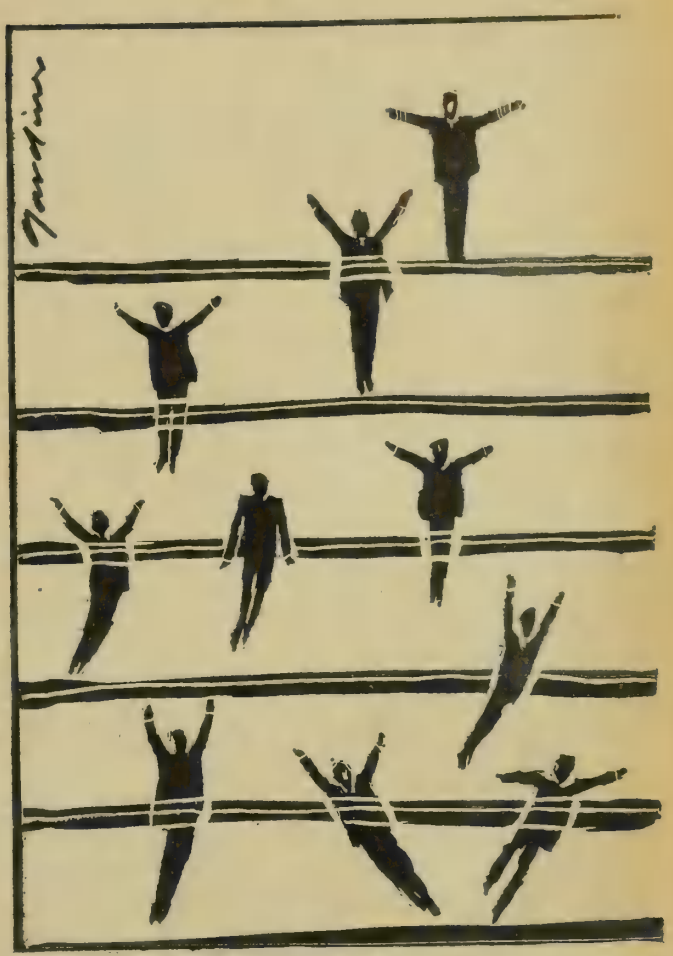
Q. Ah, so you perhaps were Rudolph Valentino? [*Valentino died at age 31 on August 23, 1926.*]

A. (*Smiling enigmatically.*) Rudolph Valentino knew he had lived many times, and announced it.

You don't have to be a blue-ribbon Scientologist to detect such memories in your psyche. Tony Shelton, a 17-year-old beginner reported: "The last time I was in a coal miner's body in Iowa. I was about 6 feet 4 and weighed 240 pounds." This time he's 6 feet tall and weighs only 190.

The atmosphere in Scientology churches is not one you would expect of a religious institution, except for the huge portraits of Hubbard. He gazes out into the room, not looking at you in the least but seeming to be concentrating fiercely on some profound and momentous idea.

The people you meet are very bright-eyed. They tend to say "Hi!" They peer brightly into your face, as though to find out just where you may be on the "road to total freedom." Public relations officials jealously defend top



officials from making *gaffes*. At the San Francisco church, no media cameraman may take pictures "within the organization," that is, on the premises. At the Los Angeles church, the receptionist will not let you by until you sign in. I got the feeling I had wandered into a building operated by the Defense Department. The Scientologists talk about their philosophy with the same humorless dedication I became familiar with when covering a convention of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Their certainty that they have The Truth may be rooted in the processing, which, defector Scientologists complain, tends to produce automatons. The church leaders take an opposite viewpoint: they think *we* are the automatons, puppets operated by the engrams in our "reactive bank." Ex-scientologists claim the church people operate under an authoritarian structure; Hubbard says the opposite —he says *we* are not democratic, and to get democratic we'll have to get rid of our reactive banks and become Scientologists.

Hubbard, wearing his commodore's uniform as commander of the Sea Organization, sometimes conceives odd concepts as he paces the deck of the *Apollo*, fingering the solid-gold bracelet that carries on it the words, "Operating Thetan."

Early this year, this 58-year-old native of Nebraska sat down at an electric typewriter especially built to keep up with his fast-moving mind, and wrote for his devotees an urgent essay on the need to expand. "Hitler, like Caesar," he wrote, "did not 'consolidate his conquered territory.' It was not possible to do so, not because he did not have troops but because he didn't have a real demand for German technology and social philosophy before conquering. Thus Hitler lost his war and fascist Germany died." Hubbard then added: "Only a Scientology organization has an unlimited horizon. But any organization must expand to survive."

In another essay, on "politics," he concedes that he has spoken "derisively of governments and ideologies—including democracy." He wrote: "Watching the U.S. and Australia fight Scientology with blind fury while supporting oppressive mental and religious practices proves that democracy, applied to and used by aberrated people, is far from an ideal activity and is only aberrated democracy."

Why did England, that bastion of tolerance, last year ban visits to the island by foreigners planning to study at the Sussex headquarters of this church? Kenneth Robinson, then the British health minister, said Scientology's "authoritarian principles and practices are a potential menace to the personality and well-being of those so deluded as to become its followers." An investigation is now under way in London under the direction of Richard Crossman, director of the Department of Health and Social Security.

It is possible that only psychologists could adequately investigate aspects of Scientology that seem to parallel those of totalitarian movements from the medieval Catholic Church to fanatical leftist and rightist organizations of this century. From the beginning, the would-be Scientologist is trained—or perhaps conditioned—to command and be commanded. I have never heard one well-advanced Scientologist utter a word of criticism or implied criticism of the founder.

"Scientology," Hubbard has written, "gives us our first chance to have a real democracy." Does this mean that his church is to make the future definition of what democracy is? And does he feel that people who don't at least try to be Clears can't be good citizens?

There's a clue to his feelings in one imperative of the Scientology Code of Honor: "Never fear to hurt another in a just cause." To explore this, I asked a question of David Ziff, a Columbia anthropology graduate who supervises the top level of auditing at the Advanced Organization of the American Church in Los Angeles. A "just cause," he said, "is expressed in any patriotic statement made by any country." The implication conveyed by such statements is that Scientology's ambitions extend beyond giving people spiritual help. Ziff also was told about criticism of his church by an ex-Scientologist who has set up a rival group. "If he's an ex-Scientologist," Ziff said, "he's an ex-human."

Hubbard's claims for the Sea Organization have a Wagnerian flavor to them. "The Sea Org," he has proclaimed, "is the most valuable and dedicated group of beings on this planet and is the spearhead of a new and greater civilization." Does this not suggest the concept of a Chosen People? Why is Scientology so popular in South Africa?

In recent years, the church has followed a policy of getting members to "disconnect" from those who failed to live up to the standard of the Ethics Department. Such persons were declared "Suppressive Persons" and for months and for years they received letters from former associates and others in the church who informed them coldly: "I hereby disconnect from you." This cold-blooded practice has now been dropped, says Bob Thomas. "We found this was not a very popular solution to the problem."

Worse than leaving the church is "plotting to misuse" the Hubbard manuals employed in upper-level processing. "Any Sea Org member" who becomes aware of such alleged plotters, he proclaimed, "is to use Auditing Process R2-45." In a Scientology handbook he has described this as "an enormously effective process for exteriorization but its use is frowned upon by this society at this time." Exterioration is defined as the separating of the spirit from the body. So what's this all about? Jane Kember explained: "Process R2-45 was coined as a joke—is not authorized, and I am afraid occasionally 'misfires' as a joke when taken literally."

Hubbard used to tag a Ph.D. to his name. When reporters pressed him on his acquisition of the degree, he said he got it from the Sequoia University of California. This institution, now defunct, was headed by Dr. Joseph Hough, a chiropractor who refused to testify before a California assembly subcommittee looking into reports that some colleges in the state sold graduate degrees for profit. Hubbard had some schooling as an engineer. He certainly does not have respect for psychiatrists and

clinical psychologists. He conducts a holy war on them, but nevertheless wants to win them over. This summer California's psychiatrists and psychologists got letters from the church notifying them it has "a near but unwanted monopoly on results in mental healing." It offered the M.D.s and Ph.D.s a 50 per cent discount on Scientology services, but appended a condition that they must "not mix Scientology with older practices. We have no wish," the letter concluded, "that you should suffer." "I had the feeling," said one psychotherapist, "that I was being threatened."

In a leaflet distributed last spring, Hubbard wrote: "The psychiatrist and his front groups operate straight out of the terrorist text books. The Mafia looks like a convention of Sunday School teachers compared to these terrorist groups." His roving ambassador, John McMaster, wrote that "the idea of mental institutions such as they are now is generated by Communism, but Russia will not allow any of these so-called therapies to be practiced on its own people, only on its supposed enemies." The leaflet attacking psychiatry contained a cartoon depicting that medical specialty as death holding its scythe and walking toward us out of a map of Russia.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration sticks to its accusation against Scientology that it is "peddling auditing services" on the basis of "pseudo-scientific representations." The United States Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia reversed a lower court decision against the church. But in response to an FDA brief for a rehearing, two of the three appeals judges, on April 18, said the government had "improperly framed" its case. The court virtually invited the FDA to seek a new trial and to challenge Scientology's claim to tax-exempt status as a religion.

If the organization should lose its religious status, it would lose the protection of the First Amendment and might be found guilty of "false labeling" under the Food, Drug and Cosmetics Act.

MEAT AND POTATOES

WHY THE POOR PAY MORE

JENNIFER CROSS
Miss Cross has written a consumer book on the food industry, The Jolly Green Giant, *which will be published shortly by Indiana University Press. It developed from earlier articles published in* The Nation.

At a time when shoppers are barely controlling their fury over food prices, up nearly 5 per cent since January, it is disquieting to come upon new evidence that the poor are, directly or indirectly, forced to pay even more for their groceries than the rest of us. The Federal Trade Commission economic report on food chain selling practices in the District of Columbia and San Francisco Bay Area, released in July, is the latest document in an impressive body of evidence. Its findings are ruffling an industry which constantly brags of its efficiency and faith in free competition. They are also an eye opener for shoppers who often do not study prices as carefully as they should, or let their gaze wander as the check-out clerk rings up the purchases.

The report finds that the 25.4 million people with annual incomes of under $3,553 for a family of four spend 40 per cent of their take-home pay on food; the national average is 17 per cent. The poorer you are, of course, the more you must pay proportionately to eat, but adding to the burden is the fact that supermarkets are scarce in low-income districts. Unable to commute to the cheaper, better stocked suburban emporia, the poor are forced to rely on "mom and pop" stores, where prices are 2 to 3 per cent higher, and convenience stores, which may be 8 per cent or more above chain supermarket prices.

Supermarkets that do operate in the ghetto compete less vigorously than elsewhere. Services tend to be more meager, facilities smaller and shabbier, meat and other produce inferior to general chain standards. There are fewer price wars and promotions. (When the $1,000 jackpot prizes for supermarket games are handed out, they are planted among prosperous suburban matrons rather than with their counterparts in the ghetto.)

The degree of sloppiness in pricing and stocking exhibited by *all* food chain outlets is unpardonable, but it is particularly glaring in the low-income outlets. The FTC found that 23 per cent of advertised specials were unavailable in Washington, D.C., and 7 per cent in San Francisco, compared to 11 and 5 per cent in their respective suburbs. On the shelves, 8 to 9 per cent of all advertised items were mispriced (the errors ran as high as 35 per cent), and three times out of four the customer paid *more* than was necessary. Two large chains in the Bay Area (Safeway and Purity) did not change the stamped prices on their specials, leaving the door open for checker error. Also, 5 to 10 per cent of all regular shelf prices failed to tally with the official "book" prices.

This rate of error—far higher than the 0.5 to 3 per cent the industry admits—adds small but annoyingly cumulative sums to *anyone's* food expenditures. It prevents shoppers from taking full advantage of advertised specials, which can save 10 to 20 per cent on the grocery bill. And the poor, who can afford it least, are victimized the most.

It is unlikely that the chains are deliberately gouging their customers. The FTC report denies the accusation made two years ago to the House Government Operations Committee that Safeway and other firms raised prices on the days when welfare checks were cashed, and charged more than elsewhere for certain items in their low-

income outlets. A large proportion of pricing errors can be attributed simply to poor management. This could explain both why the chains' accuracy ranges from mediocre (Safeway) to downright awful (Lucky), and why regional offices fail to keep track of how well individual store managers perform. A minority of these have a built-in incentive to inflate their sales record, either because they are paid on a commission basis, or because they wish to compensate for pilferage and spoilage, which can be higher in low-income areas.

More commonly, stores become mired in the administration of their own marketing strategies—that constant juggling with prices designed to make them appear competitive without actually being cheap. When hundreds of prices must be changed each week, and staff is limited, mistakes occur, on the shelves and at the check-out.

One immediate solution is for chains already operating in the ghetto (in the suburbs, too) to raise their standards of operation. The FTC suggests tighter management control of prices, and better attention to stocking, including the marking of new prices on all advertised items and, if these items run out, offering customers a comparable alternative.

Ghetto shoppers ought to learn the buying skills which the middle classes practice (in theory). The FTC makes the usual pitch, favored in consumer circles, for "a meaningful consumer education program, both within the school system and through adult education groups." The grocery trade, too, needs educating. A few small or medium-sized operations claim that they can make a reasonable living in the ghetto; their experiences could form the basis for industry training programs, and not be confined merely to features in the food trade press.

However, all the education in the world will not compensate for the lack of low-cost markets. The free enterprise system, which is so eager to serve the prosperous suburbs, whimpers to a halt at the edge of the ghetto. Many chains are reluctant to set up shop there, claiming that their expenses are 2 to 3 per cent higher than elsewhere, that land is expensive and hard to get and storage space inadequate. Insurance can be expensive, the pilferage rate discouragingly high, and ghetto violence—holdups, muggings, tire slashings—makes it hard to keep staff or maintain the morale of workers who stay. With its static or declining population, the inner city market is so tight that new entrants can succeed only at the expense of "mom and pop" or of one another, and the fact that so many chains have pulled out is proof of difficult business conditions. The poor are an unattractive market that food retailers, working on a 1 per cent net profit, do not particularly want.

The long-term remedy, says the FTC, is to improve the balance of competition by inducing more supermarket chains to move into the ghetto, and tangle with one another as well as with "mom and pop." Thus urban renewal agencies should make enough land available to accommodate "two or more competing supermarkets within a convenient shopping radius of most inner city residents." The federal government may also have to dangle a carrot, by guaranteeing loans and possibly underwriting physical losses from riot and insurrection.

Suggestions for giving the poor at least as good a break as the middle class have a fine utopian ring, but they do not make one particularly hopeful for the future. To be effective, consumer education would have to combat the $2.172 billion spent by food manufacturers, mainly to promote brand names—a practice which results in the paying of millions of dollars a year more by the poor for the brands they recognize than it would cost them to buy the cheaper items carrying non-ballyhoo labels.

Pinning much hope on urban renewal is unrealistic at present. Many renewal agencies—at least in the San Francisco area—complain that they have a hard job persuading one supermarket chain to settle, let alone several, and that they have enough problems of their own without tinkering with the balance of business competition. That Congress would provide much help is also doubtful. It allows the U.S. Department of Agriculture to pay farmers more than $3 billion a year to boost their income or to compensate them for *not* growing food, but would it vote even a fraction of that sum to provide the poor with better shopping facilities, given its reluctance to increase federal spending, especially for programs which smack of socialism?

And even if Congress provided the incentives, there is no guarantee that the chains would bite. Wedded quite understandably to the profit motive, they are not yet convinced of the need to operate as a charity, and only the largest of them could afford to maintain marginal stores for reasons of social benevolence. Indeed, should they be asked to subsidize society's failure to provide the poor with an adequate income?

Far out as the FTC's proposals are, however, they should be read by every legislator during the current political season. Congress will soon vote on a number of important measures designed to combat hunger and malnutrition and boost the spending power of the poor. These are principally the Administration's welfare proposals and a number of bills to extend the food stamp program. The FTC's findings support critics' complaints that the proposals most likely to win are laughably inadequate. The Nixon welfare plan would guarantee only $1,600 a year for a family of four; a family of that size needs $1,200 for the USDA's extremely spartan low-cost food plan—though they could get stamps, thanks to liberal pressure on the Administration, which was going to deny stamps to welfare recipients.

Two of the four food stamp bills—the Senate committee bill (S.2547) and the Nixon-May bill (HR 12222)—are not strikingly more liberal than those now in effect. Their fund ceilings are $610-$750 million for fiscal 1970, only double the present pitiable amount, and poor families would still shell out 30 per cent of their income to obtain $1,200 in food. Far better alternatives are the Farbstein (McGovern) bill (HR 10728) or the Foley-Green bill (HR 13423), which would virtually write an open check for funds to provide families with stamps worth up to $1,440, and costing no more than 25 per cent of their income.

It is to be hoped that Congress will err on the side of generosity, knowing that any handout to the poor will not only be devalued by rising prices but will leak away to the friendly neighborhood grocer, struggling to make ends meet at the dark end of the market place.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Nader's Raiders and the Traders

THE NADER REPORT ON THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION. *By Edward F. Cox, Robert C. Fellmeth and John E. Schulz. Richard W. Baron Publishing Co. Distributed by E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $5.95.*

SANFORD WATZMAN
Mr. Watzman is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ralph Nader is becoming a plague on all the houses of power in Washington, so much so that it is now difficult to keep track of him to know where to cheer him on. Latest reports have him not only at the Agriculture Department charging deception in the marketing of hot dogs but also mobilizing some of his "Raiders" for an assault on the invisible tentacles of giant law firms in the capital. With public attention focused for the moment on his current operations, his updated and expanded report on the Federal Trade Commission (drafted by three of his Raiders, law school students who worked with him) comes at an opportune time. Its publication is a reminder that there is much unfinished business at the FTC from the public's point of view. This agency, a slacker and a coward, at times even a traitor—in recent wars waged on behalf of the consumer—has withstood the plague first visited on it with the release of the original Nader report last January. The Lord has turned back to smite again. One hopes that the FTC and those in authority over it, not to mention the people, will take note.

Does this quiet, inoffensive commission deserve such treatment? For years, it has minded its own business, largely content to take care of the needs of the Tennessee courthouse crowd that dominates it—such as Judge Casto C. Geer, for whom an unneeded field office was established at Oak Ridge. In all this time the FTC, unlike some other government agencies, has hardly ever been guilty of power-hunger. It has needed more funds and a larger staff, as Nader shows, to protect the consumer; but it has not especially lobbied for a larger appropriation. It has needed more laws to strengthen its enforcement powers; but it has been too shy and retiring to make a big fuss about it.

If this weak posture has led to an exasperating number of *Jarndyce* vs. *Jarndyce* cases (the fictional lawsuit that Charles Dickens wrote about sustained whole generations of barristers), why, then, it might at least be said that the agency patriotically believes in due process of law—overdue, perhaps, for the consumer but at the same time protecting the inalienable property rights of big business, which should never be vulnerable in a democracy. Is this not an adequate defense of the FTC in the infamous Geritol case? With so many legal technicalities yet to be explored, should the agency finally have insisted that its orders against false advertising claims by Geritol really be obeyed after all these years? Would it really have been fair to the manufacturers, like those of Geritol, if the FTC were to aggressively seek legislation authorizing it to issue restraining orders against evidently misleading advertising while legal issues are adjudicated?

And, since Nader raises the point, who can criticize the FTC for its time-honored policy of demanding "voluntary" compliance? Should an agency begin throwing its weight around just because some "volunteers" are setting a bad example? Does that change the principle involved, or give cause for a diminution of good will at the agency? And since when (just because of the urban riots?) does the FTC have any special obligation to concentrate on exploitation of consumers in the ghetto when, as everyone knows, the most loyal and steady patrons of the agency all these years have been those trade interests that are offended because the Kirschner Brush Co. of New York has been advertising a " 'Pure Chinese Bristle' not made entirely of hog bristle imported from China"? Stop Kirschner! That's the kind of proceeding that ought to be the preoccupation of the agency's limited staff! What did the ghetto ever do for the FTC?

The question whether the agency deserves such a plague by Nader and his Raiders is easily answered by this observer. It deserves worse. It should be legislated out of existence, and the fact that Nader does not consider this idea, seeking rather to reform and retain the agency, is perhaps the only serious shortcoming of this book. The indictment on which a case can be made for abolishing the FTC altogether is convincingly spelled out, count by count, in this study. Only the sentencing is lacking. But when one contemplates the fact that the FTC has had such a bad record for so many years, is it entitled to probation? Is rehabilitation possible?

No. By its very nature the FTC, as Nader proves, is unreachable and cannot be expected to respond to those most in need of its services, namely, the people. Since the commission members are not elected, they have no popular constituency. The public has no awareness of who these commissioners are, or even of the commission itself, so there is no particular reason for the agency to have any fear of the people. It has two other constituencies it must satisfy first. One is the President, who has appointive powers and budget-making authority, plus ordinary political clout coupled with his own associations in the business community.

The second constituency which the FTC must honor is Congress. Members of the House and Senate control the agency's appropriation, not to mention its basic operating authority, which is another way of saying that the lawmakers ultimately have quite a bit to say about whose job is safe at FTC and about what the persons in those jobs ought to be doing. Too often, as Nader and everyone else in Washington knows, FTC personnel are kept busy running errands for Congressmen—checking on and adjusting the complaints of businessmen with Congressional connections.

This is the order of priorities at the FTC. When let alone, it is possible for the agency to accomplish something meaningful—for example, its publication of tar and nicotine ratings of cigarettes. Yet, to the extent that the agency truly does act independently of the White House and Capitol Hill, as the law intends it to do, it is apt, because of its special relationship with industries it is supposed to regulate, to draw up an agenda which is blind to the needs of the times. Hence the campaign against Kirschner rather than a serious investigation of ghetto problems. What it all adds up to is confusion. Who is really responsible for the FTC's sorry record on automobile warranties? The FTC? The President? The Congress? The newspapers? Perhaps Ralph Nader, because he has been neglecting the FTC lately while worrying about the chicken content of hot dogs?

Abolition of the FTC would be a step toward pinpointing responsibility. After all, the consumer problem as a

whole is bigger than just the FTC itself. It could be that the creation of a Department of Consumer Affairs in the Executive branch, as advocated by Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal and others, might center the responsibility on the President, who is reachable at least once every four years. This would seem to be in keeping with the trend of recent years. Both Presidents Nixon and Johnson acknowledged responsibility for consumers' interests by appointing a "coordinator" for such affairs at the White House level. These coordinators have enjoyed great prestige and a great press. All they have lacked is authority.

Get Well Soon

SICK FRIENDS. *By Ivan Gold. E. P. Dutton & Co. 372 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
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A very deceptive, subtle novel. It seems to be a verbal eruption of one man's innards and privates, unchecked dross and *drek* up to here. There's this writer, see, Jason Sams, who has this big advance for his second work of fiction but who doesn't do much writing; and this girl, Christa Sarkissian, who comes and goes, with him and without him, for him and against him, fore and aft. Of course, there've been stacks of chicks before her—resulting in at least one case of venereal disease and much anguish for him—and many men before him—resulting in at least two abortions and many diaries for her. We hear about all of them. In detail. Then there are the more literal "friends" of the title about whom we get great gobs of unassimilated poop. Dave Denby from Arizona who sent Christa to Jason in New York and, you can just bet, has his own problems, detailed again. Paul Pisacano—"an architect, man-of-property, part-time painter, lover of ladies, noisy sage"—who might or might not also be making it with Christa. Much speculation. Dino Gardella, the central character of the novel, *Gino Travels*, which Jason is not writing. A pair of twins who trigger much gas on duality and duplicity. The therapist, the next-door snoop, hostile black cabbies, aunt somebody Jason liked for once putting his Dr. Dentons on upside down.

It all seems just as true to life as any unhinged, over-the-edge confession could be. It's all here, not a jot left unjotted. We know where he gets his raincoats (Korvette's) and his plastic delft dishes ("Triple S Blue Stamps; housewarming gift from my mother"), how he seduces girls (from chair to floor to couch), and what he does when he gets them there (Vaseline, bowling-ball grips). All the blues that are fit to print. Reading this novel is a cleansing experience, like an enema or a three-day grippe. Still, despite this achievement, we might miss elements present in other confessional novels: the obvious significance beneath and beyond cited experiences in *Herzog*, the high comedy of *Portnoy's Complaint*.

But if this is all we got from *Sick Friends* we would be understanding Ivan Gold too quickly. For, while Bellow and Roth do things Gold cannot, Gold does something in his novel that neither of them attempts—he refuses to fictionalize experience into a literary construct, or sacrifice life to wit, as they did: but, rather, stays in the midst of life as it is really lived and presses there for its significance—and he succeeds in his way as they did in theirs. The art of *Sick Friends* is in seeming to lack art.

In letting Jason Sams tell all about himself, Ivan Gold has told us more than Jason can really know, how he *moved through* events he had set up to turn in on himself, how he seized his day, how he *made* his life come to a head and pop, like a man lifting his mud-stuck Volkswagen bodily back onto the road. For Jason Sams is a marvelously flawed, fuming, funny character, one of the unstraightest guys around. "I sit on a manhole cover, a fumey personality which may yet put me into orbit." His furious energy, his glibness, his independence, pomposity and honesty are caught by Gold in an edgy, angular style, as, for example, where Jason notes —apropos of what?—his indifference to the "Jewish question":

> Doubtless the loss is mine: clues to my physiognomy and soul lie in there somewhere, back in some *shtetl* or some oven, and some day I will look into it further, for just such private reasons, but my opinion at the moment was, Jew me no Jews, six million me no six million.

When he applies these mutually repelling forces to his own life Jason goes far in tearing it apart. He isn't really making it with chicks, he suspects, because he isn't getting anywhere with his novel; but, on the other hand, he isn't writing because he isn't living. Turning and turning in the widening gyre. With Christa he wants to get untracked, make it or break it, love it or leave it.

When Christa comes into his life, he doesn't know all this. She's just another girl to put the arm on in his spider-web garden apartment. He rates her B- but gives her a Mailesque ride caught in rhetoric so right that one suspects (hopes for, really) parody: "When she finally went shuddering past her ending I turned off the talent and came galloping after." But she soon begins to intrigue him, get under his skin in ways he can't quite pin down in words: "she gave off heat, she took up space in a totally splendid way."

Gold makes it clear to us, however, that what really catches Jason's eye is Christa's own art-life hang-up. For they are twins of a sort; Christa is a projection of Jason's problems. He secretly reads in her letters, which she unmistakenly leaves behind during one of her trips, about the way she has banged around. Then, another time when she is off again, he gets the real thing: her European diary. Momentarily Jason is happy, "as moved as I have been by any book or soul in several years." Literature and life converge:

> This much her diary taught, or reaffirmed: she was the author and the heroine of her days, her life was work-in-progress, she could hardly wait to architect a new affair or new disaster, to get that part over with so she could write it down, and if she was not, in this, so different from the rest of us, in or out of these pages, she was unique for me in that she'd finally drawn me in, however I might bitch and sulk and beg a larger role; somewhere I had *consented* to be a bit player in her life.

She represents, then, to Jason, a refracted image of himself—he who tried to put his faintly disguised life into his novel—and a world of gratifying complexity which could absorb him so completely he would be protected from having to deal with his own writing. He reads her diary entries about him, takes notes in *his* journal which *she* finds and reads. Turning and turning. Finally Jason can't stand it. Everything that ever happened to him seems to happen again, like a drowning man. Girls who had shut him off and put him down on the Cape in the fifties and London in the sixties squeeze their way briefly back into his life, just long enough to shut him off and put him down again. Jason tells his analyst: "Isn't it a gas, Frank, how one's tiny life pursues and catches up, whatever evasive action one takes, however one struggles to get well?"

Of course, this is just what Christa digs, even cuts out at times, we suspect, so she can get mail from the guy she left and make of her trip bigger and better diary entries. But Jason's been there before, and back; he's sick of se-

cret journal reading, life as a Durrell novel. He wants in or out, tells Christa, "I love you and want to marry you, I'll say it again. Look, I'll buy us combination locks. Our lives are not lived on the page." He cannot get her out of her literature into his life, though he follows her West, pleads, belts her, cries. But that's all right, painful but true. Losing, he really wins. Jason has pushed his life off dead center, lifted himself out of his rut, grown to the point of preparing himself to recapture life in art, to serve as the writer-narrator of *Sick Friends*.

And that art is no small thing. *Herzog* is so cosmic in "significance" that you find it hard to believe that anyone like Moses Herzog could exist outside books. And *Portnoy* is populated with such caricatures that it seems as artificial and contrived as a brilliant burlesque routine. The novelist performing his tricky craft is front and center in both books. But Gold takes life as it is, creates a central character who is in the middle of things, and looks for significance and humor in *that*.

There is no doubt, either, that Gold knows just what he is doing, for he includes a kind of internal aesthetic justification for his seeming artlessness. Christa is given to reading fabulists like Genet and Grass. Not Jason: "Perhaps one day in a less hectic moment I'll manage to generate some interest in jailed homicidal faggots, or hunchback musical midgets, but not then, not now." Reality is interesting enough, forget fantasy. Of course, reality is not so easily ordered as fantasy: "To dangle these real-life involvements is artless, to try and knit them up may be absurd." Thus the irrelevant data, the unassimilated poop. That's just the way things are. Fiction me no fictions. As Jason says, the novel, based upon life, "is the highest form, since it *demands* solo response and intensity. No filters, no scrims."

The novel, if it is truly written and true to life, can get beneath the anarchy of our lives, can contain pattern and purpose. Within the pages of *Sick Friends* Jason Sams cures himself, gets caught in life's sensual music and comes out the other side to sing of that life in a novel. In *Sick Friends*—even more than in his brilliant collection of stories, *Nickel Miseries*—Ivan Gold has beautifully and artfully suited his method to his ends, his passion to his purpose.

Global Gamesmanship

THE BOMB AND THE COMPUTER. *By Andrew Wilson. Delacorte Press. 218 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

Mr. Claiborne is a writer and editor specializing in the sciences and their interaction with society. His most recent book, Climate, Man and History, *will be published next year by W. W. Norton.*

There exists a source of bias to which even the most scrupulous journalists are subject: the symbiosis between reporter and reported. Precinct captain and police reporter, scientist and science writer, brass hat and Pentagon correspondent—each is dependent on the other, the one for favorable (or at least not grossly unfavorable) publicity, the other for the authoritative, inside information that is the reporter's stock in trade. And along with the professional game of backscratching goes the human game of sociability. Covering a particular beat for months or years, chatting, lunching or drinking daily with his subjects, the journalist unconsciously absorbs their assumptions about their world. Thus even while he continues to report their statements accurately, he ceases to ask embarrassing questions. Or even think them.

It is this enmeshment in journalistic gamesmanship, I think, that accounts for most of the inadequacies of Andrew Wilson's troubled and troubling book about war games—the elaborate and today often computerized techniques with which soldiers and statesmen simulate political and military conflicts in the hope of improving their strategies for winning them. Wilson is an honest man and (I wish this didn't sound so patronizing) a man of good will. He gives us many interesting and some significant facts about war games; he reports the bad opinions with the good.

But he is also defense and aviation correspondent of *The Observer*, with "special access to Pentagon and other sources of information"—and there's the rub. In that position, one may question one's special sources—but not too aggressively. One may criticize them—but with apologies. And one may not even consider the possibility that these friendly, intelligent, cooperative fellows are in fact engaged in a monstrous game of deception, of themselves and of the public that pays their salaries—a game at times possessing overtones of criminal lunacy.

War gaming, like many other aspects of military pseudo-science, dates from the 18th century. Today, like so many other defense-related activities, it has become big business. Wilson estimates that some 15,000 to 30,000 American "officers and scientists" are engaged in it, which would seem to imply an annual tab approaching half a billion dollars. And what are we getting for our money?

Significantly, Wilson never asks this question directly, but a careful reading of his book makes clear that the answer is approximately sweet damn all. Precision is difficult because of his habit of muddling together war gaming and operational research, two related but by no means identical phenomena. But so far as his information goes, war games as such do not appear to have made a single significant contribution to American decision making—and have been at least a factor in several historic bum guesses.

Wilson himself, in fact, is unwilling to say much more than that "a well-run game could encourage policy makers to think more flexibly if it examined the whole basis of an existing policy and not just a variety of tactical alternatives for seeking the same end." What he does not say, but what his book makes clear to the critical reader, is that there is no such thing as a well-run game.

Sometimes the mishandling is gross and obvious, as when Admiral Ugaki, supervising the trial gaming of the Midway invasion in 1942, arbitrarily cut the simulated American hits on the Japanese carriers from nine to three, thereby turning a paper defeat into a paper victory. (In the event, the Americans got their nine hits, almost wiped out the Japanese carrier force, and ended any Japanese chance of winning the war.)

American officers and officials, of course, never engage in this sort of blatant self-deception. Or hardly ever. But they are still up against two fundamental fallacies of any war game.

The first of these was summed up unwittingly by Spencer Wilkinson, the 19th-century promoter of war gaming in Great Britain. "The only difference from actual war," he wrote, "is the absence of danger, of fatigue, of responsibility, and of the friction involved in maintaining discipline." War games, that is, take account of every factor but people.

The rules of any game must encompass a host of quantitative assumptions; this was true even in Wilkinson's day and is *a fortiori* true of today's computerized exercises. Some of these concern the effects of weapons: a bombardment by x guns for y hours over an area of z square miles will produce w casualties. Even this sort of equation has its pitfalls; as Wilson points out, its relevance depends chiefly on the amount of

actual experience with the weapon in question under the given conditions. But the big leap into the unknown comes when similar equations are drawn up encompassing human behavior: a unit suffering *w* casualties will disintegrate or retreat. Maybe it will—but sometimes the enemy has not read the rules and keeps on fighting.

In this area, to be fair, Wilson is almost as critical as one could wish, possibly because he already has plenty of experts on his side (including both Curtis LeMay and Hyman Rickover). He repeatedly emphasizes that war games attempt to "quantify the unquantifiable"—and that this basic weakness too easily leads war gamers to downgrade or ignore factors that cannot easily be reduced to numerical terms. Yet even here one finds a curious reluctance to get down to cases, to ask the really tough questions. Thus in several places the author cites air war as "involving a high proportion of quantifiable factors"—and therefore particularly suited to computer simulation.

What, then, of the 1965 Air Force prediction that bombing North Vietnam would end the war in six weeks? (This was *not* just propaganda: as Stewart Alsop has recently noted, the air generals believed it utterly.) Was this prediction based on Pentagon computer games—and if so, what was wrong with the equations? Or did the Air Force brass, to whom Victory Through Airpower has been an article of faith since Billy Mitchell, simply pull a Ugaki and junk the computer print-outs? Either way, the answers (or the silence) of Wilson's special Pentagon sources would have been instructive—but alas, he never queried them on this subject.

Vietnam is, indeed, the acid test of war gaming; it has, as Wilson notes, been "the fullest gamed, fullest analyzed, and most extensively 'planned' war in history. It may not have been *literally* planned by computer. . . . But all the neat concepts of the computer gamers are directly interchangeable with those taught at U.S. Army and Special Forces schools." Well, what were those concepts which have landed us in a quagmire? Wilson gives us only one: in all the Air Force tactical games, apparently no one ever suggested the possibility that aircraft could be lost by accident, or by enemy ground action. Yet these two causes are admitted to have accounted for 40 per cent of our plane losses in Vietnam!

After this appetizer, however, the table is cleared and Wilson embarks on an after-dinner speech of unexceptionable but unsatisfying generalities. To get a taste of the omitted courses, one must turn back several chapters and fork through the computer flow sheets of a game called AGILE-COIN, the COIN standing for COunter-INsurgency. (I refrain from pointing out its significance for the private research group hired to create the game.)

Work on COIN began in 1964, "when planners began to suspect that the Vietnam war was not responding to their predictions." (One wonders what games they had been playing up to that point, but as usual Wilson doesn't tell.) The object of the game for the belligerents was to win the "loyalty" of a certain proportion of "villagers." (For the villagers, the aim was defined, not without some irony, as surviving the game.)

Since it is quite impossible to define "loyalty" in any terms that a computer can absorb, the COIN gamesters simply ducked the question. Each village was initially given an arbitrary, numerical "loyalty rating" which particular actions of the belligerents could alter according to various equally arbitrary equations. More important, however, the flow sheets embodied many assumptions about both the villagers and the belligerents.

Hence at one point the question is asked, "What does this village perceive as its major problem?" Only three answers are possible: "Wants [conscripted] men returned," "Wants ambush removed," and "Wants protection." No circuits are available for "Wants land," "Wants honest officials" or "Wants independence." The options are equally sparse when the computer reaches the question, "What actions can this belligerent take to change village loyalty?" "Terrorize," "Bribe" and "Communicate," which I take to mean "Propagandize." No belligerent can "Distribute land" or "Shoot crooked police chief" or "Build school." If the situation seems to call for installing a government administrator in the village, the flow sheet asks only whether one is available—not how much he can pay for the job, or how much graft he will extract from the village. Like Wilson, the COIN minters didn't ask the right questions—and got the wrong answers.

All war games beyond the simplest tactical exercises are based on "scenarios"—which at times have even less reality than the Hollywood variety. One game, indeed, *began* by assuming that America has "surgically removed" China's nuclear capacity *and set up a pro-American Government in Peking.* Just like that.

Thus the war gamers, even could they quantify the unquantifiable, would remain prisoners of their own politico-military assumptions. Blue (our side) is the Good Guys; Red (their side) is the Baddies. Revolutionaries who by definition can only Bribe, Terrorize or Propagandize are not revolutionaries but International Communist Conspirators—people with whom no villager would involve himself except under duress. And anyone who questions these basic rules of the game will not be allowed to play; Wilson tells us that "all participants, inside or outside government, must have a high security grading."

Pentagons, State Departments and Kremlins do not *want* games that examine "the whole basis of an existing policy"; what they are willing to pay for is precisely "tactical alternatives" for pursuing their own elitist games. By the same token, a writer who sticks to the conventional rules of the journalistic game will produce a critique which, despite its evident and sincere concern over the dangers of war gamesmanship, remains blurred and superficial.

War gaming survives, despite its clear fatuity, in part because (like other branches of war industry) it is profitable. But an even more potent survival factor is its place in—indeed, almost at the summit of—technocratic decision making. As such, it serves, along with such bureaucratic devices as psychological testing and motivational research, as insurance for the bureaucrat. Surrounded with enough tendentious mathematics, the stupidest decision becomes merely a regrettable but unavoidable error. Even more important, war games and comparable simulations can give a gloss of objective rationality to the technocrats'

CRAYOLA

It was just a child's
crayon drawing,
but perfect somehow:
broad blue prairies
soaking in mist,
a lightning tree
still supporting
a rope swing,
and in the foreground
a bushy dog
asleep on a hill
of sycamore leaves.
And where am I
in your picture?
I asked her,
kneeling down
to kiss a fat cheek.
Oh, gone to Cincinnati,
she sighed,
dreaming of me
lost in a brick town
with too many weeds
and fences.

DAVE ETTER

crackpot realism; "I was only following orders" gives way to "I was only following the printout."

The ultimate weakness of war games and similar bureaucratic techniques was summed up a century ago by George Eliot in a passage on chess, itself a prototypal war game. In George Eliot's imaginary game, "all the chessmen had passions and intellects, more or less small and cunning. . . . Your Knight could shuffle himself on to a new square on the sly . . . your Pawns, hating you because they are Pawns, could make away from the appointed posts. . . . You might be the longest headed of deductive reasoners and yet you might be beaten by your own Pawns. You would be especially likely to be beaten, if you depended arrogantly on your mathematical imagination, and regarded your passionate pieces with contempt."

Testament of a Myth-Shrinker

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS 1947-1969. *By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press. 320 pp. $6.50.*

RUTH M. VANDE KIEFT

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Edmund Wilson once confessed that "there are few things I enjoy so much as talking to people about books which I have read but they haven't, and making them wish they had—preferably a book that is hard to get or in a language that they do not know." The Dead Sea Scrolls would seem to fit this prescription admirably, though here Wilson assumes the dual position of both the uninitiated, curious listener and the savant who expounds. He explains his position in this field as being "rather like that of Hemingway in relation to bullfighting—also an occupation which requires thorough training, strict self-discipline, and a willingness to take certain risks." Wilson is the "attentive and enthusiastic onlooker who has learned in the course of time to know something of the matadors and their managers"—the individual scholars and the schools they represent. These he has mediated to the general reader. The present volume includes the text of his 1955 book on the Scrolls, and the results of a return visit to these places, persons and materials, conducted for *The New Yorker* (and there first serialized, as was the original volume)—a visit which took place literally on the eve of the spring 1967 Israeli-Arab conflict, and figuratively during the intervening years (1955-69) of further developments on the Dead Sea Scrolls front.

Apparently, hostilities have not ceased. The new material begins with a chapter on "Polemics" and ends with an appendix Wilson finds exemplary of Biblical controversy; polemics sound like distant gunfire throughout the entire volume. But this is not, fortunately, the whole of it. Wilson surveys a wide variety of human interests, since any broadly inclusive account of the Scrolls involves the fields of archaeology, paleography, philology, Biblical criticism, theology, and politics—territorial, racial, religious. He recounts fascinatingly how, where, by whom and in what political and religious contexts the Scrolls were found and unrolled, and how they have been interpreted—a continuing history. He renders vividly the scenes of the barren Judean desert, the glories, heats and colors of Jerusalem, and he introduces some of the chief personages in the battle of the Scrolls.

The Scroll texts are both Biblical and sectarian (i.e., products of the Qumran community); in Cave Four alone were found fragments of some 382 manuscripts. All of the canonical books of the Hebrew Scriptures, with the exception of Esther, are represented, though only one, Isaiah, is complete, and the textual problems involved in comparisons with the Masoretic and other texts are complicated in the extreme. Among documents which have been made public since 1955 are the "Genesis Apocryphon" (an Aramaic version of Genesis found in Cave One); a group of Psalms; a "pesher" (prophecy interpreted in the light of present events) on the book of Nahum; a pair of copper Scrolls which contain mysterious directions for the discovery of a hidden treasure; a "Temple Scroll" with plans for building the temple. Illustrative of Wilson's report on scholarly developments is his summary of Dupont-Sommer's "masterly reconstructions" of historical persons, dates and events, "on the basis of scrappy and scattered evidence" to be found in the Nahum Pesher; his chapter on the Testimonia (an anthology of prophetic quotations); and on the Epistle to the Hebrews, thought by some scholars to have been written either to members of the Qumran community, or at least by one who knew their literature. If the arguments seem intricate and formidable to the layman, even as summarized and simplified by Wilson, they are relieved by his eye for oddities in the texts; his appreciative accounts of the heroism of the Masada Zealots, and the new Israel National Museum; and his impressions of old and new friends, mostly scholars of the Hebrew University and the Ecole Biblique, all forceful personalities.

A characteristic fairness and candor is seen in Wilson's frequent allusions to his status as "layman," "observer" or "journalist"; his careful evaluation of conflicting opinions and his considerable attempts to present both sides of most controversial points; his free use of such qualifying phrases as "I gather," "one feels," "one cannot but ask oneself whether"—a tendency visible in one of his own most controversial summations about the Essene monastery, that it "is, perhaps, more than Bethlehem or Nazareth, the cradle of Christianity." Wilson would seem here to have entered the ring as bullfighter, the remark itself resembling the red flag waved to further incite the stupid and prejudiced among clerics, Biblical scholars, and other believers who are made to seem like bulls in mindless, snorting fury, though unlike bulls in animal (or human) nobility. With that qualifying "perhaps" Wilson technically keeps his seat as "attentive and enthusiastic onlooker"; but again and again the reader is struck, almost as much in

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this volume as in the earlier, by a sense that Wilson has leaped into the arena, being as combative by nature as any contestant present, his own nostrils set aquiver by any controversy ranging from the broadest issues of culture (history, politics, religion, language and letters) right down to the minutiae, even the trivia, of scholarship.

How does Wilson fight? Honestly and openly, under no falsely assumed credentials; respectfully, in the presence of genuine intelligence and commitment; formidably, because of the accumulated authority of his life's work and stance; and all but indefatigably. But not without blinders, a stubborn defensiveness of his own or other favored positions, occasional pettiness. His response to the reviews of his 1955 volume on the Scrolls is a case in point. He found that serious nonclerical reviewers, "with the exception of . . . superior professional scholars such as Arnold Toynbee and W. F. Albright," had misrepresented what he said. "My clerical opponents knew well how easy it was in this field to lead the layman astray. The devices to which they resorted sometimes took the line of declaring that it was much too early to come to conclusions, by which was meant, to form any hypotheses, or that the really sound Biblical scholars were dismissing the flights of the superficial or, as they are often called, 'sensational,' ones—the assumption being, of course, that the reviewer was quite competent to pronounce as to which scholars were sound and which were superficial. . . ."

Reading such a defense, one is baffled and dismayed at its lack of justice, lucidity and self-awareness. The charge against the nonclerical reviewers fails to recognize how difficult it is to summarize Wilson's several representations, each with its own qualifications, of the complex scholarly hypotheses he chose to include in his volume, presumably, because of their authors' lively imagination, unfettered by religious dogma. Such leaps to conclusions inevitably produce returns in kind. Which leads to Wilson's charge against his clerical opponents, who "know well how easy it is in this field to lead the layman astray." Wilson calls himself a layman, as are, in the main, his readers; how or why has he not himself been "led astray" by the imaginative nonclerical scholars; or how was he, as exponent of their hypotheses, to guarantee that he would not, in turn, have led astray his layman readers, religious or nonreligious? As for the "device" of declaring that it was too early (before 1955) to come to conclusions —here, if anywhere, one feels the affront of unjust accusation against scholarly integrity, both in Wilson's failure to recognize how much was already being done, and in the right, sometimes the duty, of the scholar to proceed slowly in a field so ancient and so ravaged by conflict. Biblical scholarship, often cautious and patient, has been nurtured quietly, during these two decades of the Scrolls' unrolling, by the movement Wilson nowhere acknowledges—that of ecumenism: the growth of understanding among men of differing and historically opposed faiths. And when it comes to the device of summoning names, Wilson here uses it with his references to Albright and Toynbee: why should his reviewers be denied the same privilege?

Wilson further accuses the critical clerics of asserting that "the falsity of certain conjectures had already long ago been proved." The instance, described at length, is that of an Anglican churchman's appeal to a treatise on the Essenes by a 19th-century scholar, J.B. Lightfoot, who purportedly demonstrated, long before the Scrolls' discovery, that Jesus "was not and had never been an Essene." To ignore the fresh evidence provided by the Scrolls is indeed foolish. If that was the main thrust of the argument, why does Wilson trouble himself, and his readers, with it, when far more worthy scrutiny of his book has been made since 1955?

Or why does he add the appendix to this latest volume—an exchange of testy letters, published in 1956 in the London *Listener*, between Wilson and an anonymous reviewer of Millar Burrows' book on the Scrolls? The reason Wilson provides is that the exchange is "an example of the kind of controversy that goes on in this Biblical field." Indeed, such controversy is not limited to that field; it occurs, for example, in exchanges between Wilson and Nabokov on translation from Russian, or Wilson and the Modern Language Association on scholarly editions of American Literature. "Note the lofty tone of the reviewer, who never really gets so far as to substantiate all his points—as well as my eagerness to harass one of these pretentious scholars." We do note these things—and also that Wilson has the last word (in a letter here printed for the first time, since the *Listener* never published it). And we draw our own conclusions as to the kind of controversy it exemplifies.

More enlightening than Wilson's account of polemics is his final chapter of "General Reflections." "What is the fascination that is exercised by this much-damaged Dead Sea library," which ought to seem as unpromising and irrelevant to a modern man as the Dead Sea is hostile to any form of life? His answer to the question comes obliquely, in the form of Wilson's shared scrutiny of his own point of view in writing on the Scrolls. "I have discovered that I am by temperament, by congenital cast of mind, a born shrinker of myths." He finds the same tendency in his books on Marxist socialism and the Civil War: "I had to some extent undermined the idealistic pretensions of both. In my writings on the Dead Sea Scrolls, I have performed a somewhat similar function for the myth of the origins of Christianity—though I was not, of course, the first in this field." What follows is, in effect, Wilson's testament of nonfaith. He is aware of the meaning of religious experience to some few exceptional people, and moved by passages of authentic Christian vision—in Dante's final illumination and the last poem of Doctor Zhivago; but he is contemptuous of human credulity in accepting such "charismatic leaders" as the fraudulent Joseph Smith (the rise of Mormonism is discussed at length, and scathingly), and exalting as political saviors such tyrants as Stalin and Hitler. The "obtuseness and brutality" of a Herod, or a Stalin, seem to produce a "counter-tendency toward harmony, forbearance, and peace" in the form of a Jesus Christ, a Pasternak or a Svetlana Alliluyeva; but once again the polarity asserts itself. Communism is now identified with despotic government, and Christianity with "fanatic persecutions and internecine wars."

The effect of this sweeping survey is indeed reductive. But one wonders, uneasily, of what—of the myths, or the scope of a certain kind of human mind? It is no wonder that Wilson sounds, in the end, rather weary and discouraged; the myths, and the inciting idealism of the men and movements which lie behind some of them being so much larger than even the most capacious mind of a born myth-shrinker.

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Enlightened Imperialism

THE UNREVOLUTIONARY SOCIETY: The Power of Latin American Conservatism in a Changing World. *By John Mander. Alfred A. Knopf. 352 pp. $6.95.*

M. MALDONADO-DENIS

Mr. Maldonado-Denis is associate professor of political science at the University of Puerto Rico (Rio Piedras). His book Puerto Rico: una interpretación histórico-social *has just been published by Editorial Siglo XXI (Mexico).*

Mr. Mander tells us in his Introduction that he is out to grasp the "individuality" of Latin America. His book purports to be a "Latin Primer, a groundling's grammar. But also an aperitif, an opener for the mind." After reading his Primer, one is tempted to send Mr. Mander back to grammar school. His book can hardly be considered an "introduction" to the countries he has chosen to write about (Mexico, Venezuela, Guatemala, Brazil, Argentina, Peru, Panama, Colombia, Chile), and his approach to the subject of Latin America as a whole reveals the deeply felt prejudices and misconceptions which seem to be the lot of the Anglo-Saxon liberal in his encounter with the continent south of the Rio Grande. *The Unrevolutionary Society* illustrates what Noam Chomsky has called "the perils of liberal scholarship."

Beneath the thin veneer of the Anglo-Saxon liberal it is easy to detect the imperialist mentality:

> Puerto Rico has become something of a showcase for what elightened [*sic*] Imperialism can do.

> By 1850, Mexico had lost half her territory to a forward-thrusting United States, *thanks to her own misgovernment, corruption and incompetence.*

> Nevertheless, a great deal has been done [with respect to Panama]; *we have only to imagine what health, hygiene and standard of living would be like without the gringo presence.*

> The Americans are not more insolent than the British were in similar circumstances. . . . *Part of the truth, ironically, may be that the Americans have not been imperialist enough.*

> The United States is an elephant. The elephant is by nature a peaceable, vegetarian beast. But even an elephant imbued with the ideals of Albert Schweitzer cannot lie down in the jungle without crushing a number of lesser beasts. *The trouble with America is not that she is very strong; but she does not yet know her strength, and what to do with it.*

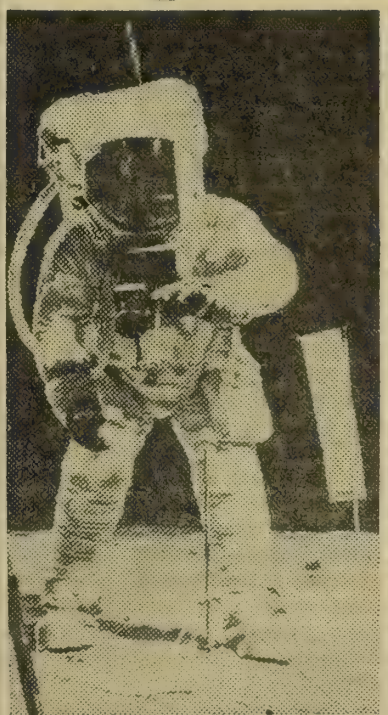
> *What is extraordinary about America's post-war policy, I believe, is her restraint in the use of power* (Vietnam excepted).

> The superiority of the immigrant [in Latin America] is still apparent, and very significant. For it points to a real weakness in Latin America, a weakness none the less real for being taboo to some of her self-appointed champions; *I mean the inferior quality of her spiritual and intellectual life.* [*All italics mine.*]

The passages I have just quoted are not taken out of context. They are the gist of Mander's interpretation of Latin America. To assert that the United States has used its power "with restraint" in Latin America after the Bay of Pigs, Santo Domingo and Bolivia; to argue that the United States is "not imperialist enough" and that it should act through the power of its "example" (what example, Mr. Mander?); and to blame all the ills of Latin America upon some cultural traits that doom it to continue under the present state of underdevelopment —this is an affront to all those who have struggled throughout the history of Latin America for a juster and more humane society.

The author contends that Latin America is an "unrevolutionary society." I was originally impressed by the title as well as by the subtitle: *The Power of Latin American Conservatism in a Changing World.* But upon reading the book I found much to my amazement that Latin American society is a conservative society not because of the alliance among the landed interests, the urban oligarchy and American interests but because of the existence of a large *mestizo* class which is really intent upon "keeping up with the Joneses." This category is defined by the author in purely racial terms, not in terms of class. In what must be considered a sociological *non sequitur* he states: "Nobody would claim that Latin America has inherited a just social order: few societies are more flagrantly self seeking. But there is no contradiction between the continuing power of the oligarchs and a generous degree of social mobility. It is this degree of social mobility that helps to make Latin America so conservative a continent." To assert that Latin America enjoys "a generous degree of social mobility" flies in the face of all sociological

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evidence. Equally surprising from a sociological viewpoint is Mander's thesis that all Populist parties in Latin America are *mestizo* parties, and since the "*mestizo* attitudes towards *criollo* culture are imitative and deferential—in a word, conservative"—it follows that "it is at bottom the *mestizo* basis of these parties—with all that it implies of a desire to assimilate to the *criollo* norm—that causes them to gravitate to the political centre. If we choose to listen, what we hear in those movements is the voice of the *mestizo* caste demanding its place in the sun." Regardless of the author's failure to define clearly what he means by "Populist" parties, this assertion can hardly be considered valid if it is applied to the Peronist movement in Argentina or even to the P.R.I. in Mexico (parties that can be considered of a "Populist" nature).

It is a reflection upon Mander's book that the Cuban Revolution is omitted in his analysis of Latin American society. The book has not much more to say about the essential determinants of the Latin American power structure: all one gets is some rambling commentaries about the *mestizos* and their desire to belong to a higher class. The final gist is that Latin Americans have no one to blame but themselves for their underdevelopment and poverty; their underdevelopment is the expression of a fatal flaw, an "inferior quality" in the Latin American character.

It is the same old argument for the "white man's burden," if only a little more sophisticated. The fact that the Latin American ruling class, supported by American imperial power, has thus far stemmed the tide of the Latin American revolution is but a reflection of the ruthless power-seeking, not of the *mestizos* (who never have had the power) but of those who do, who cling tenaciously to their privileges in that "changing world" which Mander attempts to describe.

The ferment of revolution is present in Latin America. Cuba first kindled its flame. This in turn served notice upon the American empire and the Latin American elite that something had to be done quickly. We have all been witnesses to what has followed in the wake of the Cuban Revolution: the recrudescence of power of the Right through Army coups in Brazil, Argentina and Bolivia. The "unrevolutionary society" the author attempts to describe is but the expression of the essential continuity of a society so archaic that it is no longer able to command the allegiance of its members except through widespread repression and the perpetuation of obscurantism and ignorance. It may sound illusory to prophesy its impending doom. But it is also perhaps equally illusory to prophesy —as Mander does by implication—that the static nature of Latin American society is so deeply rooted in its character that it will never throw off the yoke of foreign and domestic domination.

It is precisely because there exists an "unrevolutionary society" that the need for revolution is becoming more and more apparent to Latin America. The opposite, namely the need for counter-revolution, also holds true, particularly when the specter of revolution shows its head to those who rule the "unrevolutionary society." The truth is that Latin America is both a conservative and a radical society if looked at from different perspectives. Mander has looked at it from the perspective of an outsider, as a white Anglo-Saxon liberal who has a scarcely concealed contempt for the Latin character. I look at it from the inside, from the very depths of a continent where I feel at home, and with whose struggle I feel identified. There lies, perhaps, the true difference between our approaches to the problem of revolution in Latin America.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The Grand Kabuki company of Tokyo, on a short tour through New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, provides a particular pleasure. No one truly interested in the theatre should miss it.

The sounds emitted by Kabuki actors, musicians, narrators, are frequently weird, startling or laughable to the Occidental ear. The movements, deliberate, pigeon-toed—the men playing women's parts walk with a slight break at the knees—are also peculiar. Colors are extreme, variegated, often clashing. The masculine costumes are elaborate, heavy with "trousers" which encase the feet so that one wonders how the actors manage to walk without tripping.

Yet all these elements evoke a passionate decorum, a special grace. Nothing is realistic; everything is right. There is a certain gaiety even in the tragedy; the differentiation between the serious and the comic can barely be discerned. Violence is made beautiful, bloodshed noble. Aesthetics are equated with morality. We who behold the wonderful figures before us gaze upon them as if we were gods bemused by the apparitions we have created.

Voices are not projected—one hardly sees lips move; sounds seem to proceed from the speaker's bowels. Forthright speech would be almost vulgar to these creatures. Anger is denoted by a sort of animal growl or an undirected hiss. Eyebrows twitch or rise sharply. The "ladies" coo like birds or sigh ineffably, while their hands flutter on wrists as delicate as stems. Benign persons are marked by chalk-white countenances; the faces of the less favored are earth brown with black stripes to lend ferocity to their expressions. Heavy breathing is meant to signify strong feeling.

When the hero of *Chushingura* (The Treasury of Loyal Retainers) strikes his antagonist, the flashing sword does not touch him (the stroke is indicated by the blade describing a swift arc), and his fury is shown by his companions gathering around him while he sways in their midst as if he were blown by the wind. The agony of harakiri is conveyed by the spasms of the actor's body and the distortion of his features. There is no "blood."

Apart from the perfection of the spare gestures, eyes are the most significant feature of this histrionic communication. They are clearly visible even at some distance because of the actors' masklike make-up. In *Chushingura*, the hero who has been humiliated by the governor reveals his resentment by glances as penetrating as a thrust dagger. The victim's attempts to show deference to his superior and his sorrow at what he knows to be his fate are the contraction of his brow and the lowering of his eyelids.

Much of this would be set down as mugging on the Western stage, but it is not so here. There is feeling behind the signs, which are economical, concentrated and, above all, hieratically formalized. All is style. Nothing is casual or accidental. The hauteur in these manifestations might be called grandeur if they were even a bit more ostentatious, but there is a modesty here which eschews the stress of personal emphasis. The acting seems to be an obeisance to a supreme law.

It is difficult to distinguish the precise degree of excellence among the individual players. Baiko, however, appears to possess the stuff and the finesse of craftsmanship of which great actors are made. There is enormous power in his bearing, in the keenness of his regard, and with it all, profound reserve.

In the second piece of the first program, Baiko first impersonates a lady-in-waiting called upon to dance with a lion's mask to ward off evil spirits. Frightened at first, she shies away from the task. Urged back she performs the rite in which butterflies (made of tin, held on long wires manipulated by visible "prop" men) come to tease the king of beasts, who at the beginning is only a wooden mask the lady holds in her hand

while making its jaws snap. Soon the excitement of the frolic causes her to be transformed into the lion itself.

Baiko now returns as the lion, dazzling white of visage, blood-red around the eyes and lips. The previously soft, lilting lady has become cruelly menacing, except that the lion's mane is a flaxen blond longer than its body. It tosses in a way that suggests both awesome strength and a massive playfulness. Terror has become charm.

But what does it all mean? Is there any "content" to this colorful spectacle? Sustaining the entire event is a sense of honor: not alone the honor of man but that of the universe, the glory in the life of all things. Good and evil are equally celebrated. In his confrontation with all these the individual may be proud because he is part of the whole. He must be obedient to it with solemn splendor (and even with lightness of heart), so that in some way he may match it. This is pagan and feudal. Kabuki was the fruit of the rising merchant class of the 17th century, but it had not lost the desire to reproduce the magnificence of its forebears.

Why does Kabuki today still fascinate the Japanese? To begin with, because it is a gorgeous show and then because, despite its hectic plunge into modern industrialism, Japan is still a country where pride of manner, posture, self-discipline, tension directed toward balance, gracious ease born of strong will and practiced refinement are in themselves the deportment of wisdom. A savant asymmetry becomes loveliness in which the anarchy of existence is reconciled through cultivated care.

We talk a great deal about "total theatre." It is an ancient thing: Kabuki is one of its most brilliant forms.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Since its opening seven years ago, Philharmonic Hall has been the site of numerous recitals and chamber concerts ill suited to its vast spaces and further hampered by its celebrated acoustical deficiencies; presumably the managers of such events felt that these disadvantages were outweighed by the additional business accruing from association with the magic phrase "Lincoln Center." With the opening of Alice Tully Hall, the new chamber music room in the Juilliard School building, the same apparently effective cachet is now available in more suitable dimensions (about 1,100 seats), and we may hope that New York's musical life will benefit, at least to the extent that events of less than orchestral dimensions will be drawn away from Philharmonic Hall, whether or not the latter's maladies turn out to have been successfully remedied by the most recent remodeling.

The further extent of the benefits conferred by Tully Hall will take longer to assess. The initial acoustic impression, at the opening concerts, was one of solidity and warmth—perhaps even a little too much of the latter, at least from the center seats about halfway back. Thus at the Guarneri String Quartet concert (September 13), a shadow of excessive resonance seemed to hover about the sound of Beethoven's Opus 130, bringing with it a slight blurring of detail. (The piece was played with its first finale, the *Grosse Fuge*—a strenuous assignment, but creditably accomplished.) However, the Tchaikovsky sextet, *Souvenir de Florence* (with the Guarneris joined by Walter Trampler and Leslie Parnas), fared rather better in the surroundings. Already scored to sound rich and full, it gave an eyes-closed impression of still greater sonority. Naturally, more experience, with a greater variety of concerts, will be needed to establish general characteristics and local peculiarities; meanwhile, surely something can be done about the pitched hum—lighting or ventilation?—that was audible during rests and pauses.

The opening concerts, although sponsored by the equally new Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, involved very few members of that organization. It would be premature, therefore, to pass broad judgment on the society's prospects for delivering a consistent level of performance. It must be said, though, that the first concert (September 11) produced one marked deficiency of competence, as well as what sounded like a lack of sufficient rehearsal among the guests. Why, one wonders, was a collection of *ad hoc* combinations offered at the inaugural of an organization presumably devoted to the maintenance of a stable and coordinated ensemble?

The announced programs of the Chamber Music Society certainly do little to wipe out the impression, intentional or not, that Lincoln Center's prevailing stance is conservative, effectively freezing musical activity into patterns and settings fundamentally more suitable for the 1920s (or, almost equally, the 1890s) than for the 1970s. In an era (say, since World War I) when a high proportion of composition has been channeled into the medium of the chamber ensemble, the society presents a series of sixteen concerts that virtually ignores this literature, except for a series of special commissions —the familiar "world première" complex in action again. Similarly, at a time when interest in and knowledge of music before 1750—a repertory just as heavily weighted with works of chamber scale—is broader than ever, only token examples will be offered to audiences at this series. It will be interesting, naturally, to hear a variety of unusual 19th-century pieces for odd ensembles, but this approach to programming hardly seems an appropriate response to the present musical situation, let alone a substitute for the long-range aims of enlarging audience experience in breadth as well as depth, and of bringing concert life into a valid relationship with contemporary musical creation.

By this time, the reactions of the powers that control Lincoln Center's musical components have become so predictably directed in favor of preserving the *status quo* that the appointment of Pierre Boulez as next musical director of the New York Philharmonic comes as a considerable surprise and deserves at least a qualified welcome. The implied judgment that no American conductor is equipped to hold the position is both absurd and offensive, a reflection more on the competence of those making the selection than on that of the musicians passed over. However, under the circumstances (which almost certainly involved the strong interest of C.B.S. in placing one of its contracted conductors in the position, perhaps more for prestige than for purposes of actual recording), we may at least express relief that the orchestra's directors have voted in favor of the 20th century, and swallow our national pride, with whatever reservations we may have as to Boulez's scope as a conductor.

One of the reasons for regarding this appointment optimistically is that Boulez has expressed some imaginative ideas about getting concert life out of the 19th-century rut, and an apparent determination to put these ideas into practice. (Most recently, on a C.B.S.-TV *Camera Three* interview with Michael Steinberg, shown on September 14 but actually filmed last season, before the Philharmonic announcement.) One tactic implied by his remarks is a division of concerts into separate categories for adventurous and conservative listeners—an arrangement that will only be feasible if it is possible to juggle rehearsal time, borrowing from the standard repertory concerts to permit adequate preparation of the new works. This would surely be preferable to the present unsatisfactory technique of "balancing" the most interesting novelties with the most outrageous chestnuts (a notable, if hardly unique, example is a forthcoming Philharmonic program in which Wallingford Riegger's highly regarded but rarely heard *Study*

in Sonority is bracketed with Ibert's *Divertissement* and Orff's *Carmina Burana).* There is no doubt that our orchestras could do something about relating programming and subscription series: as things now stand, a season ticket guarantees only a specified procession of conductors, thereby inevitably attracting an audience of podium watchers rather than music listeners.

(An operation already in a position to experiment along these lines is Carnegie Hall's Festival of Visiting Orchestras. One of the several series offered there could be devoted to all-contemporary programs, each orchestra drawing upon works prepared for several different concerts at home to present one program for New York—but they would have to be genuinely adventurous programs, not pseudo-modernities such as Ibert and Orff.)

Another Boulez suggestion involves using the orchestra as a pool from which to draw smaller ensembles. With the help of skilled assistant conductors, this tactic would effectively stretch the programming returns from a limited rehearsal period. He experimented along these lines during his Philharmonic stint last winter, but the ultimate success of the idea depends in part on the improvement of the hall's acoustics. A further possibility would be the programming of electronic or soloist-plus-electronic works, thus increasing the relative rehearsal time available for orchestral music (but Philharmonic Hall has yet to be adequately equipped for the reproduction of electronic sounds).

There is, obviously, room for new ideas at Lincoln Center, and Boulez may be the man to provide them—but he will need the wholehearted support of the Philharmonic management. The mood for now is cautious optimism—tempered by patience. The appointment does not take effect for two years, and even then involves only eight weeks of concerts in the first season. Meanwhile, the mixture (if not quite as much Mahler) as before.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Medium Cool—as the punning reversal of McLuhan's celebrated definition of television suggests—is a study of the competing realities of life and the tube. Haskell Wexler, the writer and director, has made a Godard sort of picture, using a virtuoso camera (Wexler is himself a cameraman), readily identifiable locales, very strong characters (many playing themselves) in passing situations, expensive-looking color, a considerable amount of overt argumentation—and of course the preoccupation with actuality fractured by technique—to drive home a point in a consciously mod style. It is more romantic—one might justifiably say more sentimental—than one would expect from the Frenchman, and that is perhaps its central fault. Not that the love story is implausible or excessively sweet according to the conventions of popular theatre but because it pins the viewer's hopes on the fortunes of one couple when the real nature of the picture is to juggle lives with a somewhat dispassionate dexterity toward a deeply felt goal.

There is also the question of audience. I don't see *Medium Cool* getting far on the popcorn circuit; it is too elliptical and often too wry to be munched through. But in the art houses, where it is now playing, the thesis that rigorous actuality processed through a machine becomes a kind of bearable ersatz fiction with catharsis supplied is long since assimilated. When the ace cameraman, John Cassellis (Robert Forster) works his way to understanding that his job may involve more than the joy of shooting vivid footage, it is hard to stay at his pace; he seems a nice fellow, but slow.

For all that, I would not sell the picture short. Wexler demonstrates his points with some exceedingly powerful episodes. I recall particularly a situation in which Cassellis has gone to a ghetto apartment to interview a black taxi driver who—the after-supper customers will be astonished to learn (as the police were reluctant to admit)—had turned in a large packet of money found in his cab. In the flat, Cassellis runs foul of a group of soul-dressed brothers and sisters who have no patience with whitey's hero bit, and want to get *their* lives on the air. One of the girls puts on a display of verbal bullying that is a brilliant example of an increasingly familiar kind of aggression. (But here again there is something a little simple-minded about having Forster use repeatedly terms of superficial endearment toward the girl in a set-up where conventions of speech are obviously going to be taken literally and thus used against him: Cassellis is supposed to be a quick thinker.)

Wexler designed his picture in anticipation of Chicago 1968, and the footage from the actual convention and the carnage in the streets is the blood-rousing climax of his work. But not as rousing as one might perhaps think. Movies are also a medium, and the blows are somehow diminished; you find yourself admiring the enterprise of the cameras and the tempo of the editing, as though watching some enactment of the Battle of Solferino. The camera—any kind of camera—tends to turn remembered experiences into recorded history. The effect is the stronger here, perhaps, because by the time the Democrats have come to Daley's town, the melodrama of Casselli's romance with his Appalachian war widow come green to the city is in full swing. She wanders through the ravages of law and order, looking for her lost little boy and seeking help from her new love, and the battle becomes a background for personal suspense. It seems enacted, though I understand she was really there.

What I don't understand as well is the conclusion. The man and woman have been reunited and are driving through the streets looking for the boy. Comes word on the car radio that they have been killed in an accident, and a moment later they crash. If that is meant to say that broadcasting creates reality, it says it in a much too literal way, raising teasing paradoxes when the social ambiguities are teasing enough. It is a switch from McLuhan to Robert Nathan—providing a "thought-filled" fictional clincher for a film whose main thrust has been to cut through the fiction.

FOR A STILL-BORN NIECE

A thousand miles from you, my sister,
I plunge my wrists in the ocean
until they are braceleted with salt.
Then I raise them to the sun
as beacons for the child's soul.

WILLIAM WITHERUP

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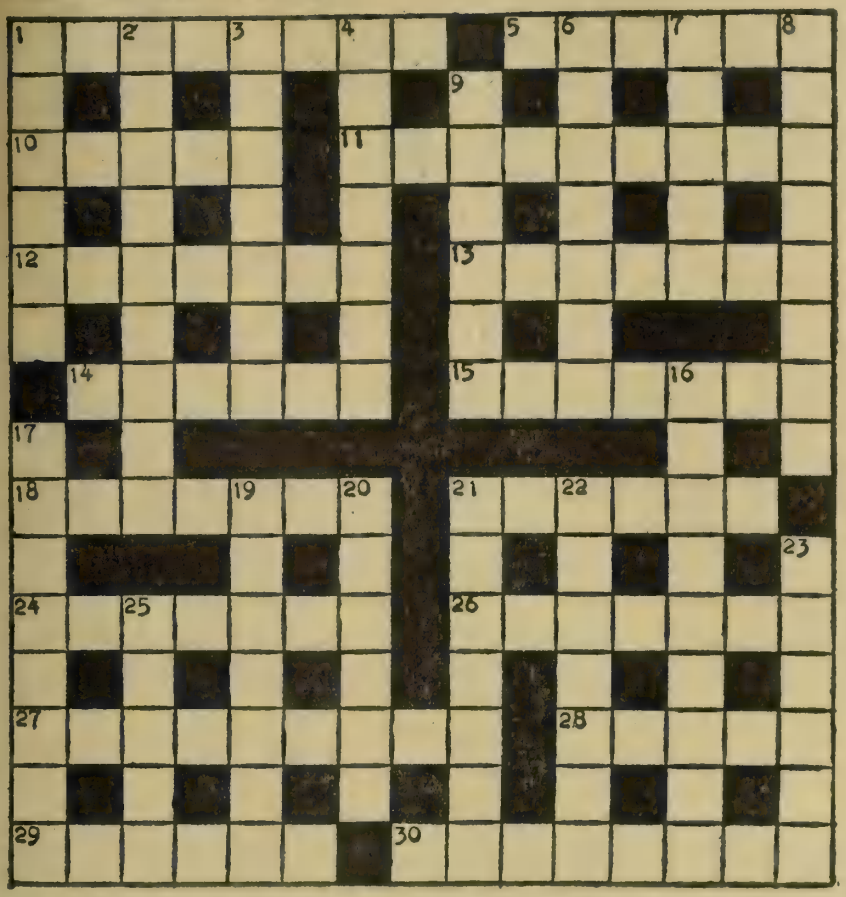
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1314

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What one is told to do with 24 on one's 30, as one might boast. (4-4)
5 Builds up the story a little? It's a sort of a fishy sign! (6)
10 Encourage one with a rather raw sound, possibly? (5)
11 Village quarters closed tight—possibly shut down by the police? (9)
12 It doesn't pay him to participate! (7)
13 There's nothing in uncle's make-up to suggest the possible answer! (7)
14 Notices the absence of girls? (6)
15 Australian clipper, perhaps. (7)
18 One from Anjou given an unusual appearance? (7)
21 He acts improperly, and swindles one.
24 The light part of 30-7? (7)
26 Each chapter might have this as increased capital. (7)
27 Sailor-saint in protective covering. (9)
28 See 29
29 and 28 Tidies up the shelter, but not with Vandyke. (5-6)
30 and 7 down A number of years might be indicated by their 24. (8,5)

DOWN

1 Sound clasp, but it really indicates cheek.
2 An Air Force commander might be inspiring a certain amount of reverential fear. (9)
3 Listens to birds in the boat? Quite the opposite! (7)
4 Brings back an impression such as the sound of the fire? (7)
6 Get something other than a 12 remedy, certainly! (7)
7 See 30 across.
8 Do they impose burdens, or make the position of the rider more comfortable? (8)
9 Reduce some? Without capital, develops the answer. (6)
16 Acted fetchingly? (9)
17 It might be a drug on the market. (8)
19 The country house in many a play has one. (7)
20 Ensconce in the finest leaf. (6)
21 The city, in brief, ends up not in favor of drink. (7)
22 It's great for Alexander! (7)
23 A full supply to work with about 10, in a way. (6)
25 Tender, when you don't feel well. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1313

ACROSS: 1 Thumbs up; 10 Antlers; 11 Relapse; 12 Slack; 13 Endowment; 14 and 29 Extra innings; 16 Thespian; 19 Partisan; 22 Steep; 24 Makeshift; 26 and 28 Trade journal; 30 Rather; 31 Treeless. DOWN: 1 Transfer; 2 and 5 Ultramarine; 3 Breakfast; 4 Upswept; 6 Allow; 7 Imprecate; 8 Exerts; 9 Cradle; 15 Track suit; 17 Past tense; 18 Appeases; 20 Spills; 21 Nuttier; 23 A major; 25 Sense; 27 Annie.

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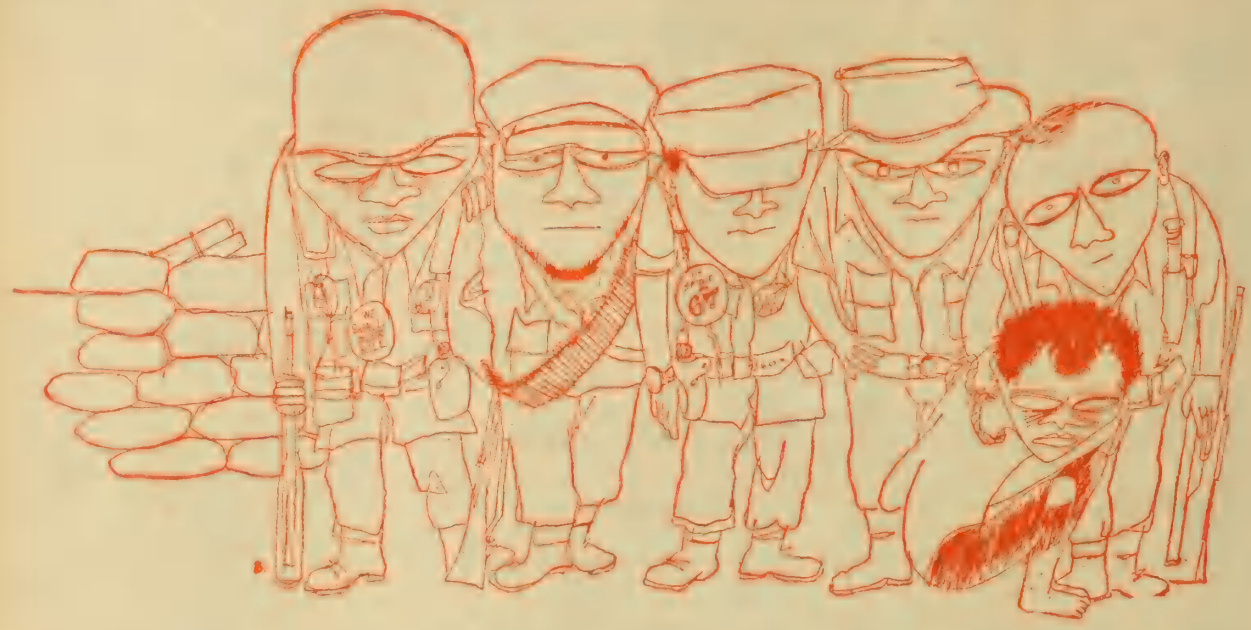
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LETTERS

radio theatre

Bristol, U.K.

DEAR SIRS: Having just read the theatre book review by Albert Bermel [*The Nation*, Aug. 25], it occurs to me that he might like to know . . . one way that we in Britain have maintained a "writer's theatre."

Mr. Bermel writes, apropos of staged readings of new texts:

> . . . they do most for the play, it seems to me, when they are modestly conceived and the actors take on multiple roles, and when the script itself is of a kind that has to be listened to, not bathed in.

This could almost serve as a definition for radio drama as we have known it on the B.B.C. for many years. Long before the creation of a National Theatre in London, the B.B.C. served as a "national theatre of the air," putting on a range of serious drama from Marlowe to the most contemporary international *avant-garde*; it continues to do so through a flourishing Radio Drama Department whose head is Martin Esslin.

Not only is radio drama the most inexpensive to produce within the professional sphere but by its very nature it forces the listener's attention away from incidental distractions and onto the central qualities of the script itself. Certainly it is not a communal experience but it is the most private and intimate form of drama available. . . . I would draw Mr. Bermel's attention to its potentialities.

Brian Miller, Drama Producer,
B.B.C. South & West Region.

product testing

Mendocino, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Articles setting forth the plight of the consumer, such as A. Q. Mowbray's "Show Biz or Hard Facts" [*The Nation*, Sept. 15] cannot appear too often. However, Mowbray's recommendation that private testing laboratories be set up to appraise products vitiates his whole argument. The fact that such facilities serve in dealings between U. S. Steel and General Motors proves nothing; GM can protect itself.

No elaboration of testing facilities is needed. Everything we buy is classified as to quality by the federal government in its capacity of world's greatest buyer. We pay for all the testing it does, but are denied access to the results. The government, setting business interests above all else, is the chief culprit in our sorry situation.

R. J. Kennedy

Asian Hessians

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: There is one aspect of the Vietnamese situation which should, I think, receive a great deal of attention: that the Vietnamese "on our side" are there only because they are drafted. Thus when U.S. troops are withdrawn, the United States expects Vietnamese to carry on because they have been drafted to carry on what is in essence a war to protect the United States from the two huge Communist powers. I am not saying the Vietnamese draftees won't do it; I am saying it is wrong of this country to compel them to do it.

To draft a mercenary army of aliens is a way of saving our nation's own manpower. Yet it amounts to military service without representation, since the decision to wage war and deny real elections is made here, while the men asked to fight are drafted there.

Tertius Chandler

EDITORIALS

The Other Wars

Sen. John Sherman Cooper's amendment to the current military authorization bill went through with flying colors—86 to 0. Its intent was to insure that none of the funds provided under this bill, *or any other*, would be used for American combat support of "local forces" in Thailand and Laos. Senator Stennis tried to water down the amendment; as he understood it, the prohibition would apply only to the $2.5 billion appropriated in one section of the bill. Senator Cooper would not abide any such restriction. The amendment was intended, he explained, to be "sweeping in application." Senator Javits, a co-sponsor of the amendment, intervened in the exchange between Cooper and Stennis. He asked: "Will the Senator [Cooper] confirm to me that what he is seeking really to do is to pass a Gulf of Tonkin resolution in reverse: that, instead of permitting the President to use the armed forces of the United States for the given purpose which got us into Vietnam, we would prohibit the President [from so doing]?" Mr. Cooper replied: "Yes. I do not assume the President wants to involve us in any war in Laos and Thailand. . . . But the Senate has its responsibility. I believe this is the way to insure, as far as we can, that we do not become so involved."

This Senate action demonstrates just how unpopular the Vietnamese War has become, and how determined the Senate is to prevent a recurrence. But the fact is that we are already involved in Laos in much the same way that we were involved in Vietnam in the early sixties. Senator Symington called this fact to public attention, dragging it out from under the camouflage draped over it by both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations. It was not the first time that Senator Symington had made this effort. In August he stated on the floor of the Senate: "We have been at war in Laos for years and it is time the American people knew more of the facts."

There is also fighting by local forces in Thailand, but American participation there has reached no such heights as in Laos. That, however, is only temporary comfort: it could escalate, as Vietnam and Laos escalated, unless balked by Senate and public opposition. The pride of the Thai satraps was sorely wounded in August when resistance developed in the Senate to a top-secret U.S.-Thai "contingency plan" that contemplated the use of U.S. forces to protect the Thais against domestic rebellion. The Thais did everything but demand the immediate withdrawal of the 49,000 U.S. troops, mostly airmen, currently stationed in their country. But within a few days it became obvious that all this indignation was fencing and word mongering. The Thais have no intention of giving up the flow of American dollars.

The particularly disquieting aspect of both the Thai and Laotian situations is that as soon as American combat participation slackens in one part of Southeast Asia, even as little as it has slackened in Vietnam, it is stepped up in another. When, for instance, we stopped bombing

North Vietnam, the action seemed to shift to Thailand, and aircraft flying from Thai bases were freed for use in support of Laotian Government troops.

The President speaks soothingly of reducing American involvement but, as Senator Mansfield reported after his recent tour of the area, ". . . there is no indication, as yet, of when or how the size of the U. S. presence in Asia is to be reduced in any significant degree." About 1,000 Americans are serving in Laos, and our expenditures there total more than $300 million a year. In all these operations, candor is conspicuously lacking. The Johnson and Nixon Administrations seem exactly alike in their assumption that the way to deal with the Senate and the American people is to keep both in the dark as far as possible.

Korea Heats Up

The fatuity of Mr. Nixon's vague discussion of reducing American commitments abroad is nowhere more conspicuous than in Korea. A time bomb is ticking there, and if it goes off, say in 1971, it will be a miracle if the United States, with 56,000 troops in South Korea, is not involved. Both the Soviet Union and China have defense treaties with North Korea. When President Chung Hee Park, the military dictator of South Korea, visited the United States recently, President Nixon raised the possibility that South Korea might provide its own defense, but added weakly that the United States "will be proud to stand with you and your people in the future." If this noble ally of ours should find his regime tottering, he will not forget that declaration.

Korea was unified for a thousand years and has neither ethnic nor religious minorities. All that divides it is the great powers. North Korea is determined to achieve unification by 1971. The North Koreans think they discern a trend toward isolationism in the United States—at least that is how they read Mr. Nixon's speeches on American policy in Asia. They know that the United States is over a barrel in Vietnam and may be reluctant to get involved elsewhere. But they know also that if the war is ever settled in Vietnam the United States will be in a position to transfer troops to Korea, so the projected reunification should be effected while Washington has all it can handle and the American people are showing themselves to be weary of external adventures.

Our economic aid to South Korea is supposed to end in 1971. The North Korean military pact with the Soviet Union, unless renewed, will also terminate in that year. And a South Korean Presidential election is coming in the same year. It looks like a year of decision.

U.S. Army Chief of Staff Gen. William Westmoreland did not cover himself with glory in Vietnam, but he cannot have departed from Southeast Asia without picking up some ideas about the Asian situation generally. Questioned by a reporter in Idaho Falls, Ida., he agreed that a recurrence of the Korean War of the fifties is certainly a possibility. If he is right in this appraisal, it is one more argument for getting our troops out of the Korean line of fire. That may prove to be as important as getting them out of Vietnam.

IN THIS ISSUE

October 6, 1969

EDITORIALS

330

ARTICLES

334 Prisoners from Hanoi: Were They Tortured? — *Jon M. Van Dyke*

336 The Center at Santa Barbara: Anguish on a Hilltop — *Robert H. Sollen*

339 TV Comes to Israel — *Herbert Krosney*

344 Civil Rights, the Nixon Fiddle — *Barney Sellers*

346 Not in Service: The Indiscretions of Ma Bell — *Joseph C. Goulden*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

350 Making the World Safe for America — *Ronald Radosh*

351 Avant-Garde Forever? — *Alfred Turco*

353 Creator of Surfaces — *John Dwyer*

354 Poetry:
Two Variations on a Theme — *Carl Rakosi*
Faith of Our Fathers — *William Matthews*
Going on Thirty — *Rosellen Brown*
For a Shetland Pony. . . — *Maxine Kumin*

355 *Nation* Book Marks

357 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

357 Theatre — *Julius Novick*

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THE NATION *Volume 209 No. 11*

Appeal to Conscience

The *Congressional Record* for September 17 carries 68 pages of House of Representatives oratory on the subject of American prisoners in the hands of North Vietnam and the NLF. The spate of speeches was touched off by Rep. William L. Dickinson (R., Ala.), who had chosen the occasion when two returned prisoners and a group of prisoners' wives were in the visitors' gallery to offer a resolution on the subject. The resolution is utterly impotent, merely an "appeal" to Hanoi to observe the terms of the Geneva Agreement, and the waves of rhetoric which swept the House must have been scant comfort to the wives present. Legislator after legislator rose to add epithets to the denunciation of the Communist enemy: he was savage, uncivilized, untrustworthy, cruel, a master of psychology and unconcerned with any human life, his own as well as ours. Thus, appealing to him would seem an exercise in bathos, and one wonders that 200 or more Congressmen were eager to add their names to Representative Dickinson's resolution.

Legislators, of course, are ever prompt to jump up and pay tribute to "our brave boys" in their hours of tribulation. Like saluting the flag, it is an exercise in primitive patriotism that requires no thought and costs no money. But something more seemed to be moving the House to grandiloquent cliché. In this war it has been hard to find grounds for vilifying the enemy; he has sat on his own territory and received our onslaught—stubborn is about the worst thing you could call him. But from time to time, American soldiers—bomber pilots for the most part—have fallen into his hands, and it is perfectly true that he has not behaved toward them according to the precepts of the Geneva Convention. The names of those held captive have not been released by Hanoi and the Vietcong, and only a few have been permitted to write home. Letters and packages sent to prisoners have been returned unopened.

Rumors of inhumane conditions, torture and "brainwashing" proliferate in the absence of information, and from their own viewpoint the North Vietnamese policy is probably wrong. But proof of brutality is lacking (see article on page 334). Meanwhile, we dispose of such prisoners as we take by handing them to the South Vietnamese. This was mentioned as a virtuous act early in the House exercise in righteous indignation, and it was not until considerably later that Rep. George E. Brown, Jr. (D., Calif.) got the floor to point out that the South Vietnamese consider their captives traitors, and that the savagery with which they treat them is an open secret in Saigon. Representative Brown suggested, reasonably enough, that if we are truly concerned for the welfare of American prisoners in the North, we should give some active heed to the fate of Vietnamese prisoners in the South.

But except for Brown, and a very few other voices, the tone of the day was glory to our splendid troops and anathema to the Communist fiend. It is true enough that the average American soldier (or any other soldier) is brave, true enough that the families are blameless, true enough that the suspense created by Hanoi is agonizing. And these truths, like the American flag stickers on the windows of the nation, cover up the tougher truths: that we are fighting an unjustifiable war with a disreputable ally; that we cannot win it honorably and do not know how to lose it gracefully. No wonder the Representatives talked for 68 pages—they were appealing to their own consciences to remain quiet.

A Case To Watch

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, through its Chicago Joint Board, has filed an action in the federal court which seeks to compel four Chicago newspapers to accept a full-page advertisement which they have all refused to publish. The ad is addressed to the issue of imported clothing—men's and boys' apparel—which the union contends is having a detrimental effect on the economic interests of its membership. The newspapers admit that they turned down the ad. A spokesman for one of them is quoted as saying: "It is our policy never to give a reason for refusing an ad." The Field publications (*Sun-Times* and *Daily News*) explain that they do not accept ads that attack an organization or an individual by name (the ad in question mentions Marshall Field & Company, the largest single importer of men's and boys' apparel in the Chicago area). But the papers have carried an ad of the American Tobacco Company which attacked *The New York Times* by name. We doubt that the Amalgamated ad was rejected because it attacked a company by name. Of much greater weight would have been the fact that it attacked a department store, than which no institution is more sacred to the accounting office of a big-city daily newspaper.

The papers carried stories of the controversy when it first arose, but the union contends that the accounts were unfair, in that they gave the company's statement in full without affording the union's side equal space. Television and radio have also reported the decision of the newspapers. In theory, the union could buy time to present its views, but spokesmen contend that time adequate for the purpose would be prohibitively expensive. A ruling in the court action is expected on October 24.

We are not concerned with the merits of the controversy over the economic effects of clothing imports, but the court action involves an issue of major importance. When a large community has only a limited number of channels of communication, electronic or printed, an obligation exists to make these channels available for the presentation of views on social, economic and political issues on a nondiscriminatory basis. That other means of communication exist—such as the union's right to purchase radio and television time or to print and distribute handbills or to employ a skywriting plane—does not dispose of the issue. The Chicago *Tribune* (800,000) and *Chicago Today* (435,000) are jointly owned. Field Enterprises publishes the *Sun-Times* (525,000) and *Daily News* (460,000). These are daily circulation figures. The Sunday circulation of the *Tribune* exceeds 1.1 million, the *Sun-Times* exceeds 720,000. *Today* exceeds 465,000. No other Chicago newspaper has a circulation as high as 40,000. The union contends that for the dissemination of information and opinions there is no substitute for access to some if not all of these papers.

For some years now various attempts have been made —notably in monopoly or near-monopoly newspaper situations—to advance the argument that newspapers should be regarded, for certain purposes, as a quasi-public utility. A number of law review articles have advanced similar arguments. Commissioner Kenneth Cox of the FCC has urged Congress to enact a law that would compel newspapers and magazines, in effect, to observe the "equal time" doctrine that now applies to radio and television. An obvious objection is that radio and television stations are licensed media, using publicly owned airways; the printed media are not. Even so, newspapers and magazines, which exercise an unregulated discretion about their news and editorial columns, should be most careful about rejecting ads on important social, economic and political issues—not merely because ads would seem to be the last recourse of those who feel aggrieved but because, as in Chicago, the possibility of entanglement with the antitrust laws looms large and clear. The best safeguard against proposals such as that advanced by Mr. Cox—and with provocation they will multiply—is, as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* pointed out recently, "a scrupulous regard for voluntary standards of fairness."

The Myth of Invulnerability

It is a disconcerting postscript to the long success story of AT&T when *The New York Times* (September 22) and *The Wall Street Journal* (September 18) feature on their front pages stories of service deterioration not only in New York but in Miami, Boston, Denver, Atlanta, Los Angeles and other cities. And history is being made when proud American Telephone and Telegraph, which provides about 87 per cent of the nation's interstate telephone service, is summoned to Washington by the Federal Communications Commission to give an accounting not only of what it is doing, or plans to do, about consumer complaints but of its management practices and its failures to anticipate demand—all this while AT&T is asking for higher income so that it can earn the 9 per cent on investment to which it feels entitled. Under such circumstances, the *Wall Street Journal* reporter who predicts an end to the "friendly informality" that has characterized FCC-AT&T rate conferences may well be proved right.

Some of these events are discussed elsewhere in this issue by Joseph C. Goulden, whose book on AT&T, *Monopoly*, published last year by Putnam's, should have received far more attention than it did. A few points may be stressed by way of supplementation. The first is that *The Nation*'s conclusion (editorial, September 8) that in the long run Con Edison, New York's troubled power supplier, did *not* benefit from lax regulation is equally applicable to AT&T and its mammoth subsidiary, New York Telephone. The FCC employs about forty people to keep an eye on AT&T. Even if all forty were paragons of insight and vigilance, they would be hopelessly outgunned by AT&T's army of lawyers, accountants, financial experts, lobbyists, et al. So the monopoly, virtually unregulated, tends to take its efficiency for granted. Sooner or later, efficiency so assumed begins to decline—even, perhaps, at the highest levels of management.

Further damage is done, both to the company and its customers, when the latter are regarded by management as a feckless horde that knows nothing about telephony beyond lifting the receiver and twirling the dial. What can these unorganized primitives do to a great technical corporation? It turns out that they can do a great deal when they feel put upon. They can run full-page ads, storm into hearings, write their Congressmen, harass the FCC; sooner or later they get action. Thus Ma Bell's lapses may in the end benefit the public; the myth of her invulnerability is no longer believed, and regulation may become more than a pretense.

Dubious Appointments

President Nixon's appointments of Dean Burch, former Republican National Committee Chairman and Goldwater's protégé, to be chairman of the FCC for a seven-year term, and of Robert Wells of Kansas to fill another vacancy, are extremely dubious. Most commission appointments are in some sense political, but the Burch choice is partisan as well. Aside from services to the Republican Party, and the backing of Senator Goldwater, it would be difficult to suggest any claims he might have for consideration. Mr. Wells is the first broadcast station owner to be named to the commission since 1947. He is president and general manager of a Midwest chain that is licensed to a company which also publishes eight daily newspapers. As might be expected, Mr. Wells is on record in support of S. 2004, the Pastore Bill, which would have the effect of giving broadcasters their licenses in perpetuity (see "The Pastore Bill," *The Nation*, August 25).

The new appointments will retain three Republicans and four Democrats on the FCC, but the appointment of a new chairman usually produces a significant turnover in top staff posts. At the moment, the broadcasting industry is greatly agitated about licenses; for the first time since the FCC was created, there is a slight hope that the country may get more licensees with a satisfactory sense of public responsibility. The presence of Messrs. Burch and Wells on the committee would surely discourage it.

These appointments forecast the imposition of brakes on the efforts of Commissioners Johnson and Cox to breathe some life, vigor and courage into one of the most important regulatory agencies. The National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting has suggested to Mr. Nixon that a panel of citizens unaffiliated with the industry be empowered to review any list of persons under consideration for FCC vacancies. Where the public interest is so vital and so diffuse, and the industry position so powerful and vocal, some such procedure would have been desirable. More recently, the NCCB suggested that Messrs. Burch and Wells should attend a public forum under its auspices to answer questions from the listening and viewing public, the occasion to be carried live by the three major networks. The suggestion—utopian, we concede—was of course ignored. The public, or rather that section of it which senses the importance of the issues, will now have to make itself heard by other means. Committee hearings on the appointments will, we are told, be scheduled some time after October 5. Unhappily, the committee is chaired by Senator Pastore.

WERE THEY TORTURED?

JON M. VAN DYKE

Mr. Van Dyke, assistant professor of law at Catholic University, Washington, D.C., is now on leave of absence doing legal research in San Francisco. He is the author of North Vietnam's Strategy for Survival, *to be published this year by Pacific Books.*

Two of the American fighting men most recently released from North Vietnam held a press conference in early September to "blow the whistle" on North Vietnam's treatment of its prisoners, but their statements raised more questions than they answered—questions not only about North Vietnam's handling of its captives but also about how the Pentagon is using the released men.

At the elaborately staged press conference in the auditorium of the Bethesda Naval Medical Center, Navy Lieut. Robert F. Frishman and Apprentice Seaman Douglas B. Hegdahl said they had been tortured, by being put in small, ovenlike rooms and exposed to mosquitoes and rats. They also asserted that they had heard that other prisoners had received even worse treatment.

Until this press conference the authorities had not permitted any of the nine freed prisoners to give the press more than the most general information about their experiences. Wives of the pilots still in North Vietnam have similarly been discouraged from talking about the letters they receive from prison. The Defense Department's explanation of this muzzling has been that public discussions might dissuade Hanoi from releasing pilots in the future or cause them to retaliate against those remaining in prison.

After the torture-chamber tales of Frishman and Hegdahl, it seems hard to imagine how additional discussion could jeopardize the pilots remaining in North Vietnam, but the day after the press conference, officers of the Pentagon's Public Information Division phoned the seven other released pilots and told them to stay quiet.

Most of the seven followed these instructions and have continued to elude reporters. However, one pilot who was released in August 1968, Maj. Joe V. Carpenter, expressed surprise at the statements made by Frishman and Hegdahl. Although he would not go into any details because of the orders, Carpenter said he had not been tortured in North Vietnam nor had he heard of anyone being tortured. "In general," he stated, "my treatment was good." When asked why the Defense Department would not allow him to speak freely even after the press conference, Carpenter responded, "It's all part of a plan." The question inevitably arises: what plan?

Aside from the issue of the Pentagon's motives, the details given by Frishman and Hegdahl raise some doubts about their broad charge of "torture." The only first-hand examples they mentioned in their prepared statements were (*1*) being placed in solitary confinement in small rat-infested rooms with tin roofs which became inordinately hot; and (*2*) being exposed to mosquitoes which bit their legs until they swelled. These episodes, while certainly unpleasant, are different only in degree from the treatment the United States Army gave the Green Beret officers who are charged in the recent slaying of a Vietnamese counterspy. They were placed in solitary confinement in 5 by 7 foot cells with no toilet facilities and only a bare light bulb inadequate for reading. The Green Beret officers complained that their cells became inordinately hot.

Frishman and Hegdahl supported their charge of torture by giving examples of more serious physical harassment suffered by two other pilots. They said that Navy Lieut. Comdr. Richard A. Stratton, who made a well-publicized confession in March 1967, gave his statement only after having been strung up by his wrists and having his fingernails pulled out.

The confession was delivered through a loud-speaker to a Hanoi press conference at which one American photographer and a Japanese television crew were present. An American voice from behind a curtain gave a long statement about the war. When this was completed Stratton appeared from behind the curtain. He bowed deeply several times and then left without speaking. When the American photographer reported this scene, the United States protested that its pilots were being brainwashed, a charge which Frishman and Hegdahl now endorse.

It is hard to believe that Stratton actually had his fingernails pulled out, however, when none of the many persons who have seen him have reported physical harm. Because of the storm of protests which followed Stratton's "confession," North Vietnam invited many visitors, including Americans, to meet Stratton. Nobody reported seeing any scars or missing fingernails. Pictures taken of Stratton when he appeared from behind the curtain show that his hands were visible to the reporters, none of whom reported any injury. Pictures taken of Stratton in prison later show him to be a bit downcast, but in good health.

The second example offered by Frishman and Hegdahl was Navy Lieut. Comdr. John S. McCain III, son of the American Commander in the Pacific. McCain was injured quite severely when he landed in a lake in the heart of Hanoi after trying to bomb the city's main power plant on October 26, 1967. According to the two returned pilots, McCain has been kept in solitary confinement during most of his captivity. "It's hard enough just being in solitary confinement," Frishman said, "but when you're wounded like John it's harder." Frishman made no complaint that McCain had actually been physically hurt by the North Vietnamese, so it is difficult to understand why this is an example of torture. Furthermore, McCain was not kept in solitary confinemnt during the first six months of his captivity when his injuries were most severe. Air Force Lieut. Col. Norris M. Overly said after his release in February 1968 that he had shared a room with McCain.

There are other reasons for wondering about the charges made by Frishman and Hegdahl:

(*1*) None of the prisoners who had been released earlier complained of unprovoked physical mistreatment. Navy

Lieut. David P. Matheny, who was freed in February 1968, said that he was beaten on one occasion but only after he had struck a guard. The other pilots, both in the limited public statements they have made and in private discussions with government officials, have uniformly described their treatment as decent. Air Force Maj. Fred N. Thompson, released in August 1968, said that he was obliged to participate in formal interrogation several times, but that the North Vietnamese did not use any threats or pressure during their questioning. When Thompson told his interrogator that a question involved classified matter, the interrogator dropped the subject.

(*2*) Frishman and Hegdahl gave no hint to the Americans who accompanied them from Hanoi that they had suffered physical mistreatment. Rennie Davis, the leader of the group, said he had long and frank discussions with the men and that they had said nothing about being tortured. Only after the pilots had gone through extensive debriefings did they tell their torture stories.

(*3*) Hegdahl is a man of limited experience and training who suffered greatly while in North Vietnam, not because of the conditions of prison life but because of his inability to adjust to a situation of confinement. One of the few prisoners who was not shot down while bombing North Vietnam, Hegdahl was captured in the South China Sea after falling off the *U.S.S. Canberra* while it was maneuvering to evade shelling from the North Vietnamese shore. He had grown up in a small town in South Dakota, had enlisted in the Navy at an early age, was only 20 when captured in 1967, and had received none of the conditioning that pilots are given. According to Maj. James F. Low, who had shared a room with Hegdahl for a while before his own release in August 1968, Hegdahl was in a distressed mental state and it was very difficult to live with him. Hegdahl may, therefore, not be the most reliable of commentators on North Vietnam's prisons.

(*4*) The Pentagon's previous conduct regarding released prisoners has failed to produce a record that inspires trust. After the first group of three pilots was released in February 1968, the Pentagon, with the active assistance of William H. Sullivan, then ambassador to Laos, persuaded the pilots to return to the United States on a military plane, despite the express desire of North Vietnam that the representatives of the U.S. peace movement who had received the prisoners in Hanoi be allowed to accompany them on commercial flights all the way home. (See *The Nation*, April 1, 1968.) No additional prisoners were released until the United States promised to allow them to return on commercial flights. An even more serious breach of the spirit of North Vietnam's releases occurred in the fall of 1968 when the Air Force assigned two of the three pilots freed in August 1968 to teach other pilots to fly and bomb. It costs about $300,000 to train a jet fighter pilot, and the North Vietnamese did not like the thought that they were saving the Pentagon money by releasing future teachers. A member of the North Vietnamese delegation in Paris complained to Averell Harriman in December 1968, and he arranged for the pilots to be assigned to other duties. Because of this incident North Vietnam apparently canceled a release it had scheduled for early 1969. Rennie Davis thinks that, by encouraging Frishman and Hegdahl to make their statements, the Pentagon has discouraged similar gestures by Hanoi in the future.

There are, of course, grounds for criticizing the treatment of American prisoners. North Vietnam refuses to release the names of even the total number of Americans it holds, insisting that this is a state secret which it wishes to retain for bargaining purposes in future negotiations. Partly to keep the number of captive pilots secret, North Vietnam refuses to allow many to write to their relatives. At least 388 and perhaps as many as 800 prisoners are held in North Vietnam. Fewer than 100 have been allowed to write home, and those 100 have written a total of only 600 letters. Also, perhaps, to keep the number secret, many prisoners are held in solitary confinement. This treatment is a clear violation of the requirements of the 1949 Geneva Convention on Prisoners of War (which North Vietnam signed in 1957) and it has had a demoralizing effect on many of the pilots. But until Frishman and Hegdahl spoke, that was all.

However, because the first six pilots who were released had all been in prison for less than eight months, because the prisoners whom Hanoi displayed to reporters tended to be the same ones again and again, and because many of the prisoners have yet to be identified, some U.S. officials devised the "Two Groups" theory. They surmised that North Vietnam treated some prisoners well, so that they would tell the world that the prisons were humane, and so that they could be sent home in good shape when the occasion suited, but that another group was kept in the background and treated badly. The release of Hegdahl after twenty-eight months, and of Frishman after twenty-one months, disrupted this theory, particularly when the two prisoners claimed mistreatment.

Shortly after the Frishman-Hegdahl press conference, some officials at the CIA expanded upon the "Two Groups" idea to suggest that the prisoners may be kept in three separate places. According to this theory, one camp holds those prisoners who cooperate, another those who are unusually difficult, and the third those who are neither cooperative nor difficult. This might explain the difference in treatment reported by the various pilots who have returned, but it poses another question: why would North Vietnam release prisoners who had been tortured?

Another explanation of the difference in treatment was offered by Frishman himself. He said that what he called "torture" may be the doings of jailers who act without the knowledge of North Vietnam's leaders. Frishman stated, as an example, that his conditions improved whenever a North Vietnamese general visited the camp.

North Vietnam's treatment of its prisoners and its method of choosing those it releases may be puzzling, but the behavior of the United States toward those who have been freed is at least as mysterious. After ordering all the released pilots to say nothing, the Pentagon has allowed two of them to tell melodramatic stories, while demanding continuing silence of the others. Before the accounts by Frishman and Hegdahl can be accepted, the other freed prisoners must be allowed to tell their stories.

ANGUISH ON A HILLTOP

ROBERT H. SOLLEN
Mr. Sollen is a reporter for the Santa Barbara News-Press.

Santa Barbara

The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara is undergoing a change of life. It has some symptoms of menopause—demoralization and depression—but whether this is the end of its productive period is yet to be seen.

Demoralization has been obvious to the Center's friends for some time, but it became clear to the public only recently when it was announced that it had dropped several of its most prominent and active senior fellows. The result has been to reduce the influence of the innovative radical humanist activists in favor of the less radical intellectuals, whose activism expresses itself through existing institutions.

Dr. Robert Hutchins, president of the Center, wants to convert the institution into a world university. He said that its board of directors has agreed that "all limitation resulting from the American background of the Center and from the inclusion in its name of democratic institutions should be removed." Some observers feel that the broader, global approach will make its probe less incisive, but others feel that most contemporary problems cannot be investigated successfully within the limits of American democratic institutions.

"The most pressing problem," as Dr. Hutchins sees it, "is how can we live with science and technology. . . . It seems probable that we are entering a post-industrial age in which the issue is not how to produce or even distribute goods but how to live human lives; not how to strengthen and enrich the nation state but how to make the world a decent habitation for mankind."

Can the new "world university" adequately deal with this problem? "Everything," he said, "seems to turn on whether qualified persons are willing to make the organization their major interest."

In the attempt, the Center invited eleven leading scholars, several of them from abroad, to a one-week conference in July to discuss the reorganization. Some of the outsiders were invited to join the Center as senior fellows. It turned out that few if any were interested in joining as full-fledged fellows, but some have become associates, a new category. Associates are part-time members, despite Hutchins' expressed desire to do away as much as possible with in-and-out participation in the Center program. The new associates are Richard Ernest Bellman, 48, professor of mathematics, engineering and medicine at the University of Southern California; Alex Comfort, 49, British medical biologist and author; Bertrand de Jouvenel, 65, French political economist and author; Paul R. Ehrlich, 37, Stanford University biologist, specializing on an expanding population's pressure on resources; Mircea Eliade, 62, University of Chicago professor of history; Alexander King, 60, director of scientific affairs for the Paris-based Organization for European Cooperation and Development, and Sir Arthur Lewis, 54, Princeton professor of economics.

The Center is often presented in elaborate terms, but essentially it is a lush physical layout in the hills overlooking Santa Barbara, where scholars meet to discuss important social issues. These discussions, in edited form, emerge in booklets and on tapes that enjoy rather wide distribution. It also sponsors national and international conferences on peace, resources and other vital issues.

It often describes itself as unique, and rejects the idea that it is just another think tank or social research center. In some ways it *is* unique, but not in terribly significant ways. It is a think tank, or social research institute, and a number of other institutions do similar work. It is a university without a student body, if you will, a research institute without commercial contracts. As an institution, it is not required to reach conclusions on the problems it studies; it makes little or no binding obligations on its fellows. But if all these characteristics are not found in any other single institution, they are all found in part in other research and educational centers.

The Center, which will celebrate—or at least observe—its tenth anniversary in September, was set up by The Fund for the Republic. It has been for some time the Fund's only activity. The Fund, in turn, was established in 1952 by the Ford Foundation, which granted it a $15 million send-off in the battle for civil liberties during the peak of the great American postwar witch hunt.

The Center is out of financial difficulties for the time being, having just received a $5 million bequest from the estate of the late Chester Carlson who invented Xerox.

But to get to the manifestations of the present crisis: in mid-June, responding to the demands of the press for clarification of rumors that it was reorganizing without the services of some of its leading radicals, the Center issued a statement. It announced "plans for reorganization . . . that will require some changes in program and personnel," but did not say who—if anyone—was dropped. Pressed for this information, the Center said that among the senior fellows leaving were W. H. Ferry, Dr. James A. Pike, former bishop of the California Episcopal diocese; John Seeley and Hallock Hoffman. William Gorman, it was learned later, was also dropped.

Several other senior fellows were kept on in an administrative capacity, not as fellows. They will not take part in the discussions of social concern. Most of the consultants were dropped. The continuation of the program of junior fellows, mostly 20 to 30 year olds, is under discussion.

Reorganization of the Center was debated for more than a year in weekly sessions among senior fellows. More definite guidelines for future conduct of the Center were sought by some members; others agreed in principle with reorganization, but suspected that the plan was a move by Harry Ashmore, executive vice president, to assure his succession when Hutchins, now 70, steps down. Almost

everyone agreed that a revamping was in order, but the technique was in dispute. Finally, Hutchins agreed on a plan whereby Hutchins would appoint himself first senior fellow, then would appoint one more. These two would appoint another, and from then on a two-thirds vote of those named would be required for further selection.

This meant that the Hutchins-oriented fellows would be most likely to be retained, as they would have the early votes while those not yet selected could not vote. Instead of appointing Ashmore, however, Hutchins appointed Harvey Wheeler, co-author of *Fail Safe* and author of other novels and political commentaries. Wheeler has been described by some insiders as the intellectual successor to Hutchins, and Ashmore as the executive successor. Wheeler and Hutchins then selected Rexford Guy Tugwell, an FDR brain truster, and these three named John Cogley, former religion editor of *The New York Times* and now editor of the *Center Magazine*.

Not until then was Ashmore appointed, and then came John Wilkinson, philosopher and physicist, and Elisabeth Mann Borgese, daughter of novelist Thomas Mann and a scholar of international affairs. She is the only woman among the present senior fellows.

In addition to the five whose resignations were requested, those deprived of their fellow status and offered administrative jobs include Stanley Sheinbaum, twice candidate for Congress and early critic of and expert on the war in Vietnam; Frank K. Kelly, a Center vice president, former newsman and one-time Truman campaign speech writer; Edward Reed, director of publications; and Donald McDonald, managing editor of the *Center Magazine* and former journalism teacher.

Sheinbaum has since been made an associate, in effect a part-time fellow with privileges to participate in the Center dialogue. A visiting fellow and a consultant also were granted associate status.

Many of the senior fellows feel that what happened is far from the answer to the need for rejuvenation. Boredom was settling over an institution that had a reputation for innovation, intellectual excitement and free-wheeling discussion. Hutchins observed that a number of fellows were more interested in activities outside the Center than within it, and he felt that "those who dip in and out of it for a day, or week, or even a month may get little from it and make little contribution to it." It was not clear whether he was referring to senior fellows or consultants, but it was obvious that he wanted senior fellows who would give their major attention to the Center. He would just as soon drop the consultant program, because consultants are not in constant touch with the Center program.

In the recent past, many senior fellows had become bored with the dialogue. Some attended the 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. daily sessions infrequently; others are reported to have written letters during the discussions. One said he could think of a dozen other things he would rather be doing. One frequent observer said that the dialogue often broke down at the critical moment. Just as it appeared that a major point or significant finding was to emerge, the discussion ended in favor of a new topic.

What the reorganization will do to the dialogue will depend on at least two things (probably more). One is the



caliber of the scholars selected to replace the fellows who were dropped, and the other is the willingness of the staff and fellows to listen—to outside criticism of the Center and of society—and not just expound.

Hutchins, Kelly and some others of what has been referred to at the Center as the junta, have protested my attempts as a *Santa Barbara News-Press* reporter to characterize the split in ideological or philosophical terms. They say there are no such divisions at the Center as humanists vs. intellectuals, radicals vs. liberals, activist vs. scholars, etc. Dr. Hutchins told *The Christian Science Monitor* simply: "Some of these people were not recruited with the purpose we now have in view."

But a generalization—which has notable exceptions—can be made about those who have been dropped. They are the activists, the humanists, the involved. W. H. (Ping) Ferry has long spoken out publicly in caustic terms against the war in Vietnam, J. Edgar Hoover, the corporate establishment and other institutions often regarded as sacrosanct. The late Dr. Pike had attacked the conduct of the established church and many of its sacred doctrines, and had been associated to a degree with the new morality. John Seeley, until now dean of the Center fellows, and former chairman of the Department of Sociology at Brandeis University, has been outspoken in defense of student radicals, and has participated in their defense in his community. Hallock Hoffman, a pacifist, participates in draft counseling and speaks out pointedly against cherished in-

stitutions. Sheinbaum has twice taken leave to run for Congress to reach a broader audience for his plans for basic changes in foreign policy and domestic programs.

On the whole—again with exceptions—those who have not been retained as fellows are the men who have felt that their role was more than intellectualizing about man's fate. They believe there are emotional, psychological, personal factors to consider in addition to the intellectual aspect, in attempting to cope with society's major problems.

Some of the differences came through in the July *Center Magazine* in which writers on both sides of the schism are represented. Ashmore, in an article entitled "Where Have All the Liberals Gone?," defends the liberal who rejects the radicalism of Left and Right, but more important to the Center's present split are his comments indicating disagreement with the more humanistically inclined.

"A new sensibility has been proclaimed," he writes, "in which the rational, insofar as it is admitted at all, is subordinate to the sensory. . . . The senses are important but not ultimate; feeling is a part of learning but only an auxiliary to wisdom. . . ."

In the same issue, Hoffman reviewed Jacques Ellul's book, *Violence: Reflections from a Christian Perspective.* Hoffman says that "Ellul speaks from an intellectual and moral plane that is inhospitable to human beings. . . . As I think back over the structure of his argument, it seems to me M. Ellul is most of all missing in compassion—he seems not to be aware of love as a dynamic force."

Ashmore, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his *Arkansas Gazette* editorials during the 1957 Little Rock integration crisis, is an articulate liberal activist, though probably not generally viewed as an intellectual and surely not as a radical. He worked in the 1964 Johnson campaign against Goldwater, and in the 1968 McCarthy campaign during the California Presidential primary. He has made trips for the Center to Hanoi in which he did extracurricular diplomatic work for the State Department. His book (with the late William C. Baggs), *Mission to Hanoi*, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the nature of American Vietnamese diplomacy and conduct of the war.

His opposition to the war, however, was not especially noticeable until long after such Center personalities as Hoffman, Sheinbaum and Ferry had been publicly denouncing the American involvement. In his gentle but candid manner, Hoffman makes it clear how he feels about the present orientation of the Center:

"It would be easy to speculate about the reasons for these choices (of senior fellows)," Hoffman said, "but I have no basis for doing so. The new senior fellows are a capable and productive group. . . . But I am not distressed not to be among them. I have been struggling for some time to import more emotional and psychological qualities into our Center community. I believe I have lost this struggle. I am pleased that the new fellows are a compatible group. If I had been the only additional one chosen, I would have hesitated to accept the invitation."

Hoffman, along with Ferry, has been an executive at the Center since it was established. Both were instrumental in its founding.

If the Center is having troubles that might have been avoided, its friends must share the blame. Scores of articles on the Center have been written by friendly writers for major magazines and newspapers. Almost invariably, these writers have been profusely laudatory while using phraseology that tends to lend an aura of objectivity or critical examination. During very short visits to the Center, these writers have been charmed by the magnificent physical setting, the amiability of its personnel, the intellectual atmosphere, the scope of its interests and its future plans.

They are disarmed by the facetious self-criticism of Hutchins, which they then quote to project a sense of their own objectivity. Hutchins is fond of phrases like, "the truth about the Center . . . is that it is not a very good Center, but it is the only one there is," or that the Ford Foundation's $15 million contribution to The Fund for the Republic was given in "a fit of absent-mindedness."

No writers to my knowledge reported the gradual deterioration of the validity of the program. Now, however, such periodicals as the underground *Los Angeles Free Press* observes that the new program announced for the Center lacks pertinence: "Where are the studies on how to make the colleges and universities relevant? . . . Where are the studies on how to stop American imperialism? . . . Where are the studies to prevent huge corporations from polluting our environment? Where are the men like John Seeley who was with the people in the streets of Chicago during the Democratic convention? Where are the men like James Pike who had the courage to tell the world that the church is dead? . . . The studies don't exist and the men have been fired."

The programs in progress now—after the revamping—are studies in electoral reform, world order, the constitutionalism of education, revision of the U.S. Constitution, the constitutionalism of science, and the civilization of the dialogue.

Studies dropped were those dealing with the corporation, labor unions, church and state, mass media and voluntary associations. If some of the *Free Press* assertions were overstated, the article did raise relevant issues from the Left where little valid evaluation of the Center had been heard.

The Center, of course, has made a contribution to American thinking on modern problems that were not getting much thought elsewhere. But it was escaping valid criticism and outside evaluation which are necessary to keep any social institution pertinent and current.

Its most severe critics also were of little help. Their assertions were often beside the point. The cry that the Center was a tool of Moscow or whoever the international villain was from time to time, was not worth answering. The allegation that most of its publications have a liberal orientation *is* true, but the Center would not concede this point. It replied that the views expressed in its publications were the author's; the Center was simply offering an opportunity to make a number of viewpoints known.

The Center provided a great service by giving liberal-Left and radical-Left views wide circulation; during the postwar years this was a much needed antidote to the total acceptance enjoyed by outmoded reactionary concepts in the mass media. It appears that the Center, having provided this service, would not or could not take credit for it.

Although the center boasts of its role as a penetrating critic of the way things are, and says it seeks to promote the freedom of criticism, at times it has lost its cool over public criticism. When nineteen student leaders and former students met at the Center in August 1967, many of them severely criticized the Center and the educational system. The *Santa Barbara News-Press* reported the comments of the radicals, as well as those of the liberals and moderates. The radicals wanted the educational system replaced, not reformed, and told the Center fellows that they were hopelessly out of touch with the student movement.

A *News-Press* editorial criticized the Center for sponsoring a meeting where such comments would be made. Instead of boasting that it was free and brave enough to sponsor such a meeting—whether or not the *News-Press* liked it—the Center took a defensive position and complained of biased *News-Press* reporting. The radicals got a disproportionate amount of attention, said Harry Ashmore in a letter to the editor. But when the Center published its own report of the conference, based on a complete transcript, it indicated that the *News-Press* reporting was accurate and balanced.

The Center also has complained in anguish that the *News-Press* report of the current revamping emphasized the fact that prominent fellows were dropped, and speculated on the reasons why. The Center complained that its press release explaining the new program was subordinated. As the author of the *News-Press* reports on the Center reorganization, I do not resent the Center's taking issue with my news evaluation. It is certainly a legitimate challenge. But the almost traumatic way in which Center officials responded to our doing our own story rather than reprinting the Center's indicated an anxiety that should not be characteristic of a major study center that prides itself on its defense of free give-and-take.

Its sensitivity is also shown by the fact that its discussions are not open to the press and public. Its major conferences also are usually closed. The most frequently cited excuse is that there is not enough room for the public to attend. But there is space for at least some press representatives in the conference room. And big meetings could be held in larger quarters. The Center's friends, which include the *News-Press*, have not goaded them sufficiently on this issue. A January conference of top Japanese and American officials and former officials was closed to the press. Because Harry Ashmore provided extensive briefings, and because conferees were available for interviews between sessions, the Center implied that it was not *really* a closed conference. This is stretching a point rather perilously, especially for a Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

The Center has made a significant intellectual contribution to the nation and to the community of Santa Barbara. It was much needed, and the need will continue. Whether the "new" Center will be up to the challenge is yet to be seen. It will have to be young in its thinking, audacious in its approach, humanistic in its feeling, honestly receptive to criticism, as well as scholarly in its research. It must, I think, reverse what appears to be a trend.

TV COMES TO ISRAEL

HERBERT KROSNEY

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Jerusalem

The second most popular topic of conversation in Israel these days is the state of its television. Within a year, the skyline of Jerusalem has been transformed: giant antennas top the myriad apartment buildings. Down in the Plains of Sharon, and especially in the coastal city of Tel Aviv, similar antennas poke up squalidly from almost every building—giving the city the incongruous air of a Long Island suburb. Antennas also stick up out of the brownstone apartment buildings of Ramallah, the rich Arab suburb ten minutes to the north of Jerusalem. Television has come to the Holy Land.

It is not yet full-time television. At the moment, and in the foreseeable future, television will be broadcasting four nights a week, about four hours a night. At least three of those hours are in Hebrew or with Hebrew language subtitles. The first hour, from 6 to 7 is in Arabic. Despite strong religious opposition, the Cabinet has authorized TV on the Sabbath, thus following the precedent set by Kol Israel, the state radio. It can be expected that the introduction of television on Friday nights will be a significant step away from whatever theocratic nature the Israeli society still retains.

Television began in Israel as one of the most hopeful broadcasting experiments in recent history. The Israelis, it was argued, were tired of being used as the target for Arab lies and Arab hate. They wanted a television that would tell Arabs the truth and spur the processes of dialogue that would bring accord to this embattled region. When one recalls the broadcast pictures of Nasser exhorting the Cairo crowds as they chanted "Death to the Jews" —pictures picked up in Tel Aviv as well as Damascus— it is not hard to understand that a counterbalance could be well worth an Israeli investment.

The Knesset passed a bill after the war authorizing the establishment of a "temporary" television authority under the Prime Minister's office, and directed that it get on the air as quickly as possible. Previously, old-timers— Ben Gurion and a number of others—had argued that television would hinder the building of the country. It would tend to introduce a mass culture which would diminish the uniqueness of the Israeli experiment. They reasoned further that television was harmful to children,

and, fearing the American example, thought it would induce a preoccupation with violence. They were able to prevent its introduction.

The Six Day War gave TV its life. It was assumed that all Arabs in the West Bank and Jordan had access to sets. In Israel the relatively rich Arab kept in touch with his cousins across the border through television. In a population of more than 300,000, there were close to 10,000 sets, with high-power antennas receiving from Beirut, Cyprus, Damascus, Amman and sometimes Cairo. Israelis had another 25,000 sets, tuning in to watch *I Love Lucy*, children's cartoons or other English-language shows which emanated from the Arab countries.

Research later revealed—after the initial investment in television had been made—that the West Bank had only 5,000 sets, but this figure needs some interpretation. The study showed that the sets were concentrated among the elite and in the coffeehouses. The audience was important, and far greater than 5,000—if those who watched could be persuaded to turn to Channel 8, Israel Television. But it was still not great, and the potential Arab viewing audience had to include Amman, Damascus, Beirut and Cairo, as well as Nazareth and Nablus.

The purpose of broadcasting in Arabic was, I think, twofold. (I say "I think" because, to my knowledge, the policy of the Israeli Arabic service was never thoroughly defined beyond the broad statement that "it won't be propaganda.") In the first place, a truthful and dependable Arabic news service had to be founded. In the years before the war, the Israeli radio service had built up a large audience in the West Bank and the contiguous Arab countries, as well as in the Arab community inside Israel. My friend Elias, a hotel manager in east Jerusalem, told me he turned to Kol Israel in pre-June 1967 days simply to get the facts. "We Arabs have a tendency to talk a little too much and not to tell the truth all the time—and sometimes not even to realize we're not telling the truth. I always listened to Kol Israel to balance the facts out."

It has been said that Arabs are not a conspicuously literate people; that they tend to believe the evidence of their eyes far more than what they read or hear. Television was to be a weapon against the possible self-infatuation of Arab rhetoric, and at the least an additional tool for truthful news.

The second purpose of the Arabic television service was never defined. However, in my view, it was to lay the bases for dialogue on a human as well as political level. No one here in the Middle East really wants a society in which "integration" and thus homogeneity predominates. No one expects Arabs to become Jews, or vice versa. But one can hope that Arabs will participate openly in dialogue with Jews: to feel, through the media of television and other communications, that they and the Jews are not aliens but cousins in the same land and the same region of the world. The appearance of the two peoples jointly on television might be taken as a sign that they can live together peacefully in the Middle East.

My own hopes were totally idealistic, but based on a good deal of thought about the potential of television as a political instrumentality. I subscribed entirely to Israel Television's bridge-building purposes. I knew that, having been exposed to a distorted view for twenty years, Arabs would have to be "shown" Israel as it is. I granted that at times television must talk "to" and not "with," but I thought the "with" more important. I thought television could reach out to engage people and even nations in dialogue.

Most radically, I felt there would have to be a stress not on confrontation but on participation. I would open the doors wide to the infinite breadth of Arab opinion, and let it be spoken by Arabs. I would do a series of programs on Muslim-Jewish relations, searching for the common points from which talk could begin. I would even give a young Fatah member or sympathizer a camera and a crew and let him express his view of the world. And I would broadcast it. The reasons—and I am thinking from the standpoint of Israel—are obvious. When the key issue for the Arabs remains Israel's right to its very existence, every time Jews and Arabs sit down to talk with each other, or use the medium of the Israeli state to express their opinion—even if that opinion is counter to the existence of the state—a step has been taken forward to dialogue. Thus I wanted the television to become an aggressive *participant* in Arab affairs. I didn't want it to fall into the rut of most of Israel's traditional information approach to the Arabs. Israel has the position of strength; it should use it. Television needn't repeat yesterday's warning by any of a dozen Israeli generals or politicians. Instead, television has another, more important function: to help prepare the bases for dialogue.

But the Arabic television service was in trouble before it started. Its first problem was manpower. Despite all the ballyhoo, good personnel still remains in limited supply. The Six Day War had created tremendous demand for Arabic-speaking staff in the army, in a new newspaper enterprise, in a half dozen areas where previously the Arabic language had not been needed. The Arabic service on Kol Israel was the most likely source of skilled journalists, but it refused to release its best men to television. This unwillingness to cooperate was part of a wider battle over the future structure of television. For a limited time, it had been understood, there was to be a "Temporary Television Authority" operating under the Prime Minister's office; then—it was originally conceived—the facility would graduate into some form of autonomy. This structure worked to the disadvantage of Kol Israel, which had, perhaps justifiably, expected television to be part of its operation. It had, in fact, sent a number of its people overseas for TV training. It had promised some of them prominent places in the new venture, and now could not fulfill these pledges. Therefore, it was not going to drain its own staff to help a television service of which—as radio stations almost always do in the beginning—it stood in mortal fear.

The Arabic television news service started with three professional journalists under a warmhearted Iraqi Jew named Shlomo Imbari. The Arabic feature programming was also headed by an Iraqi Jew, Salim Fattal. Neither could find professional personnel. Considerable searching of Arab communities in Israel produced innumerable applications but few results: the candidates most often lacked a solid high school education, much less a university

degree. Any Arab Israeli with the barest pretensions to a suitable education was eagerly grabbed up. There were even negotiations and experimentation with an experienced former broadcaster for Radio Amman who wanted to remain in Jerusalem. However, the security service disqualified him after he had been given an initial clearance and had been working a month.

The shortage, incidentally, was not reflected in the on-screen personalities chosen by Arabic news and the Arabic programs generally. Arabic news picked a Huntley-Brinkley combination. A chic blonde named Gloria Stewart, born and raised in Jericho, daughter of a British officer, was the star; a handsome and articulate Druze from the north of Israel, Said Kassem, fluent in Hebrew and English as well as Arabic, provided a sober punch. These two combined to give Arabic news a professional glamour, but the shortage of actual journalistic and producing talent kept eroding the qualities and possibilities of the service.

Almost as important as the manpower shortage was the internal politics. It amazed me, a newcomer to Israel, to see how tenaciously people fought for place and power—but not for money. To most Israelis money is only a means to live; power and prestige—and to a certain extent, a belief in one's purpose—are truly important.



A most important conflict lay in the fight for an integrated newsroom operation. Rivalry developed immediately between the Arabic and Hebrew TV operations. There could be no agreement on a joint assignment editor or on his powers. The director of television, Prof. Elihu Katz, a sociologist from Hebrew University with good ideas and good will but no previous broadcasting or Israeli political experience, did not see fit to give his chief news adviser, Tony Hatch (formerly producer of the WCBS-TV six o'clock news in New York) the power to get a joint operation functioning. Yet the television's C.B.S. consultants Hatch, Stuart Hood, formerly programming head of B.B.C., and to a lesser extent myself, had spent days working out a plan whereby a joint newsroom would work. And it seemed to us that in a small country with theoretically limited resources it was financial folly to set up two autonomous newsrooms.

Eventually, the rivalry developed to the point that two camera teams and reporters were often sent out to cover the same story. There were disputes over the footage coming in from the overseas news agencies—who would have the right to use it first, who would edit it first. Hatch came to believe that everything "Arab," or associated with Arabs (even if they were Jews speaking Arabic), was stamped second-class by the *sabra* Israelis. I saw it as less a stamp than a rivalry between two news outfits fighting with limited resources for different purposes and audiences.

Shlomo Aronson, the erudite and highly capable Hebrew news director, was blunt. He told me: "This is Israel Television. I don't care if the Arabic service goes on seven minutes a night. Our public cares about Hebrew news, not about Arabs. You'll see.

"You know what that Arab show will be? It's propaganda, nothing more or less. It can't be anything else. I'm interested in journalism. In my own, our language, the Hebrew language."

Although he was replaced because of the obstreperousness with which he expressed his views, his successor, Yorem Ronnen, pursued the same policies in a quieter way.

The conflict between Aronson and myself became more bitter because of a second aspect of essentially the same problem. The Documentary unit, of which I was head, was designed at this initial stage of television to feed features to both the Arabic and Hebrew programs—we were to tape features which could be used for both sections. I thought that a program, for example, on the problems of the kibbutzniks under fire in the Bet Shean Valley on the banks of the Jordan could be used for Arabic and Hebrew audiences. In fact, I was certain that such common usage, even on the same night, helped establish our credibility with the Arab audience. Aronson disagreed violently. He denounced the unit because it denied him autonomy over his operations; and he criticized Katz for giving a foreigner such extensive programming power. "It's not you. It's what the unit represents," he said once. "This is an Israel Television—for Israelis."

It was a question of priorities. And the priority of

Arabic programming, or even a fifty-fifty relationship between Arabic and Hebrew—could simply not be established even internally in television.

Another understandable kind of pressure urged the TV producers and directors to work in Hebrew rather than Arabic. This was created by the public and the press. The chief gauge of quality in a nonprofit broadcasting situation is most often newspaper reviews. The newspaper stories and reviews concentrated almost exclusively on Hebrew-language programs, so it seemed to producers that in order to get public attention and notice —and eventually to assure oneself of a job—it was necessary to work in Hebrew. Any producer or director prefers to work in a language he understands; he also wants to address himself to the audience he considers most important. No influence operated inside television to reassure staff workers that the Arab audience was at least as important as the Jewish. A proposal to send directors and producers to Arabic-language classes was ignored. Staff members had no incentive to work in Arabic.

Yet the first year of television proved that these same producers and directors could work in Arabic and do good programs, given the proper encouragement. A series of religious films on Muslim holidays produced by members of the Documentary Department were actually *better* than similar fare produced in Amman, Damascus and Cairo. Other films showing the society of Israel—one on social security and how it operated, another on children growing up in a kibbutz—demonstrated that film was a third, a visual language, with a potential effectiveness to be judged not alone by its commentary but by its overall quality and emotional impact at nonverbal levels.

But perhaps the most important and interesting reason for the downgrading of Arabic-language television in Israel was the mentality of the people in control—and the lack of encouragement given them to broaden that mentality. Most Israeli broadcasting in Arabic is in the hands of Jews born in Arab countries. They tend to be more conservative in their views of the Arab population than most native *sabras*. They see Arabs as feudal, backward, totally responsive to concepts of "honor," and generally implacable in their attitudes toward Israel. Thus they think that the only way to persuade the Arabs to accept Israel is to force on them a recognition of Israel's power.

I do not agree with this view. At best, the Arab broadcasters are inclined to talk "to" rather than "with" their audience. In Israel Television all the experienced Arabic journalists were originally from Iraq. The news director was a capable and likable man who, because of the rivalries in the television and the manpower weakness of his department, was caught in an untenable situation. He had little chance to consider the potential of television and fell into the rut of traditional propagandistic broadcasting. Iraqi Jews are by and large sensitive and well-educated persons, but I don't think they are going to solve the problems of the Middle East. There are too many scores to settle, too much bitter history has flowed in a region where memories can be as long as 2,000 years. (I am not sure that starry-eyed American Jews will solve the problems of the Middle East, either. As Iraqi Jews tend to emphasize the personal tragedies and suffering of the last twenty years, so American Jews may not be properly aware of the blood that has already been spilled.)

One of the Arabic reporters was a converted (to Judaism) Palestinian Arab, who had previously been a top criminal investigator for the income tax bureau and before that, was reportedly with Shin Bet, the Israel Secret Service. His view of Arabs was even more extreme than that of the Iraqis. He tended to get into ideological arguments with the West Bank Arabs he interviewed, always trying to outsmart them on camera. He was usually successful but I doubt that he was effective; a softer approach would have been more persuasive on the screen. Yet his understanding of Arab psychology, even that of a raging street crowd, was intimate. One day a mob of refugee youngsters marched down the streets of Ramallah screaming "Palestine is Arab," "Nasser," and "El Fatah." As they approached the car where a defenseless Israeli camera crew was attempting to work (claiming they were American journalists, not Israelis) he announced determinedly, "we'll see about this." Jumping out of the car, he denounced the youngsters in perfect Palestinian Arabic: "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? What would your mothers and fathers say of you? Get back to your homes and get your books and do your school work. Don't you want to make something of your lives?" The refugee youngsters looked at one another rather shamefacedly and immediately dispersed.

It was hard for me, new to the region, to tell such a man that he didn't understand how to talk to Arabs, whether on the screen or face to face. He was convinced that only strength and shows of strength would prevail in his part of the world.

There were some initial successes. One day Answar Nosseiba, formerly Defense Minister for the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and once its ambassador to Great Britain, came to the studio to debate Moshe Shapiro, Israel's Minister of Justice, on the absentee property law in Jerusalem. Under this law Israel now holds "abandoned" Arab property (Israel never confiscated this land, but holds it in escrow, renting it to individuals, in the hope that it will be used as part of the final peace negotiations). Nosseiba argued well, as did Shapiro. The program got an amazingly good press in Beirut, and evoked generally favorable Arab reaction.

Even earlier, before we were ready to put programs on the air, I took a group of news trainees to nearby Bethlehem to visit a man named Sellim, who had also been a Jordanian minister. Sellim had been speaking extensively to Israeli students at the various universities. He held that if Jordan did not negotiate with Israel then the Palestinian Arabs remaining on the West Bank might have to negotiate for themselves—but "Tel Aviv must show the initiative."

We searched the narrow alleyways of Bethlehem for him (Arab towns do not have street numbers), finally finding his office on a main thoroughfare several hundred yards from Rachel's Tomb. He had no hesitancy in consenting to the interview. He told us off camera after the interview that the previous night he had been stopped on the way home from Hebrew University. He did not have his identity papers with him, and had been detained in a

police station for two hours pending identification. He was shocked by this because he was no more than five minutes' drive from his home ("my home," he emphasized) when he was stopped. "When will the Arab misery cease?" he asked. Meanwhile his son was serving us—six Israelis and their American adviser—good Turkish coffee and tea. An atmosphere of civility prevailed. He evidently wanted to get his case across to the Israeli public.

Shlomo Imbary, the head of the Arabic news section, commented: "It's good just that they see Israel Television seeking them out for their opinions. It's a psychological point. A new psychology begins to develop."

But the first initiative was not properly exploited. I cannot say it was entirely our fault at Israel Television; the terrorist organizations, who threatened anyone cooperating with Israel Television, had something to do with it. As the incidents began to build up in the late fall of 1968, and there was evidence of growing unrest on the West Bank, Arab willingness to cooperate with Israel Television markedly declined. But I think better planning —and more trained professional journalists—could have helped Israel seize the psychological initiative from the Arabs. Too many of the news shows directed toward the Arabs displayed the most recently captured Fatah prisoner acknowledging his guilt in joining El Fatah and the folly of attempting to penetrate the lines of the Israeli defense forces.

A conservative, directive-oriented mentality often dominated the approach to information. We did one story on a marvelous Israeli-financed project for Arab refugees in a vast and now nearly empty refugee camp on the outskirts of Jericho. A group of ten Arabs remaining in the camp banded together into a farm cooperative for the raising of chickens. The Israeli Ministry of Agriculture immediately gave them technical advice; provided a grain expert to help them with the most modern and efficient methods of feeding; arranged a low-cost loan for the development of the farm and the installation of running water directly into the chicken sheds. The story described the empty refugee camp rather poetically, dwelt briefly on the poverty, showed the farm and what was being done, and then showed the Arab owners and the Jewish officials negotiating as equals on the terms of their arrangement.

The story was not used by Israel Television. In the judgment of the particular editor for that day (a judgment shared, incidentally, by the military government of the West Bank), it was against policy to acknowledge the poverty of the Arab refugees still living in Israel-controlled territory or to show the emptiness of the camp.

On another occasion, we showed Palestinian refugees parading in the streets of Beirut with a coffin raised above their heads, shouting revenge on Israel for the death of one of their martyred heroes. Our comment over the footage was that the Palestinian leadership was forced to a glorification of death; that death, not life, was the symbol of Fatah's misguided leadership. We then related the scene to Premier Karameh of Lebanon making a speech to the Palestinians encouraging them, while we in our commentary deplored the lack of courage in the leadership of the Arab states. The "politically astute" judgment was that we should not broadcast any sequence on the Lebanese in fear of embarrassing them. A week or so later the Israeli Government embarrassed them considerably by blowing up thirteen planes at the Beirut airport.

Perhaps the most interesting television program in the area of Arab-Jewish relations is one called *Two Sides of the Barricades,* which has not been shown at this writing.

It concerns two families—one Jewish, one Arab—both of whom lost two children in the 1948 war. The families are roughly typical of their nations, although each has suffered more than the ordinary family. Life in each family is rather sterile. The Arabs live in a refugee camp near Ramallah; they came originally from a village near the once Arab city of Ramle. They lost their children while fleeing from the front lines in 1948. The Jewish family came originally from Russia and live in Haifa. They have never recovered from the loss of their two sons within the space of one month in the spring of 1948. Yet both families are "moderate." The Jewish family has no basic hatred of Arabs, shows a continued devotion to the cause of the state, and longs for a secure peace. The Arab family recalls some good associations with Jews in pre-1948 days, believes the Jewish state has no right to exist on the "bones of the Arabs," resents and rejects Jewish rights to immigration, but hopes that Jews and Arabs can live together on some basis.

By its honest exposition of both viewpoints, the film leaves one with the feeling that there is something to talk about, and that dialogue on a human, if not a national, level can and must begin. The new director of television has made a bold but tentative decision to broadcast it after the fall election. It will be interesting to see if he runs into difficulties with his overseers.

It is difficult to gauge such intangibles as "trust" or "respect." How can one know what a $6-million investment in communications means? It is much easier to assess the results of a similar investment in planes or tanks.

And the attitude of the public also carries weight. The Israeli viewer, very simply, wants a television for himself. He has had to pay a high luxury tax on his set. (The cost to him is usually about $400—more than one month's salary for many people. There is, in addition, a yearly licensing fee of about $30. For the moment the budget of Israel Television comes out of general taxpayer funds.) The owner wants his money's worth. He wants the news and sometimes a good documentary; also entertainment programs for himself or his children. He feels it's his television; why should he surrender time to the Arabs?

A change of television administration came in March, following the resignation of Professor Katz. The new leadership of both radio and television, under the overall direction of Shmuel Almog, former head of radio, confirmed TV in its already apparent direction as "an Israeli Television for Israelis." (The new director of television, Haggai Pinsker, also a radio man, seems an especially promising choice, but the extent of political experimentation he can undertake will probably be limited. In sum, Israel Television became a "normal" television, with all the political, administrative and programming implications of normalcy. The era of political experimentation by television had finished before it ever really started.

CIVIL RIGHTS, THE NIXON FIDDLE

BARNEY SELLERS

Mr. Sellers has just completed a yearlong study of federal civil rights enforcement for the A. Philip Randolph Institute; he was formerly special assistant to the director of the Office for Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Because school desegregation has traditionally been the main area of government civil rights activity, the Johnson administration is generally credited with at least effecting more change than had come about before. The ex-President's deliberate decision to absorb the political consequences of pushing Southern school desegregation was certainly unprecedented and stands in his favor. Though the Johnson White House gave no active leadership to the score of federal agencies whose civil rights responsibilities occur in a variety of contexts, it did not as a rule block action initiated by the separate departments, and its intent to advance social justice in this area was not doubted. But now the Nixon Administration, through a series of confusing steps, has raised again the question of intent. It is dangerous even to ask such a fundamental question; it only supports the argument of those who claim the system is unable to accommodate peaceful change.

One of the first indications of confused enforcement started not in education but in employment, where the government demands fair hiring on the part of its 225,000 contractors. Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard decided shortly after coming into office that a yearlong Johnson administration discrimination case against a group of textile mills, which he found on his desk, could best be resolved through personal agreement between himself and mill executives. This produced an immediate $14 million in contracts for the mills. Transportation Secretary John Volpe changed, and in some respects seriously weakened, the equal hiring rules covering the highway construction industry. In March 1969, Sen. Edward Kennedy's subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure held hearings to investigate the nature of these two civil rights enforcement decisions, and demonstrated that both had been made without consulting civil rights groups. Secretary Volpe soon approached such groups to smooth over differences and improve the department's program. In Defense, Mr. Packard eventually agreed to ask the mills for written plans to end discrimination.

The Department of Labor, which oversees the entire government contract compliance program, has shown some disposition to take a strong stand for enforcement, but as yet little has been accomplished in fact. The President attended the West Coast swearing-in of the program's director and promised firm enforcement. The department announced that it would reinstitute abandoned plans to set target goals in construction hiring, and moved to improve management of the program by cutting, from twenty-six to thirteen, the number of federal agencies involved in overseeing contractors. And though no final enforcement actions have yet been taken against any contractor (this record stands unbroken for more than twenty-five years), an award to one defense contractor, the Hayes International Corporation, was at least delayed until the firm agreed to government hiring demands. Finally, some attempt is being made to define "affirmative action"—an amorphous term for serious moves made by the suppliers to overcome hiring inadequacies, which in the past has produced repeated hassles within and outside federal agencies.

In the Department of Housing and Urban Development, rhetoric has raced far ahead of meaningful action. Secretary George Romney, perhaps sticking to his promise of not holding out what he cannot deliver, has not delivered much. Though federal fair-housing officials have promised a more vigorous prosecution of individual complaints under the 1968 open housing law, the department has not taken advantage of the much more important, yet less widely appreciated, powers in the law which require HUD and other departments to act "in a manner affirmatively to further" the purposes of the act. With more than $11 billion in federal aid now flowing to urban areas, this broad mandate, the first Congressional approval of governmental initiative in civil rights matters, could significantly affect the administration of such programs as model cities, community planning and community facilities. The language also affects the independent banking regulatory agencies which control the financing of housing. To date, however, HUD's initiative has been frustrated by bureaucratic infighting.

Contradictions are also apparent within the Agriculture Department. In 1965, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights issued a devastating public report exposing widespread discrimination in farm programs. In October 1968, the commission's staff conducted a less intensive, but still critical survey of the department's fair treatment activities; its findings prompted the outgoing Secretary, Orville Freeman, to add $250,000 for civil rights to his 1970 budget. When the new Administration took office, it deleted these funds, but in an unusual gesture the Bureau of the Budget suggested that Agriculture reconsider the decision. While the issue was pending, certain Department of Agriculture bureaus—most notably, the Federal Extension Service—tried to weaken the department's civil rights program even further. In the midst of this dispute, the new Attorney General wrote the department, referring to the commission's findings, and declaring that no "meaningful action . . . has been taken to correct the situation." The Justice Department letter became public and was of great help to a liberal group in the House which managed to return the $250,000 to the Agriculture appropriations bill. As of now, Agriculture's principal activities in the area have been a civil rights training program and a review of its enforcement program. It has yet to take action against any of its major program recipients who discriminate.

In the matter of employment by federal agencies themselves, the President has again professed a personal desire for improvement (this solicitude has become something of a tradition among recent Chief Executives). He has

issued a new order covering the government's 2.6 million employees (about 20 per cent nonwhite) which, though it recites agency requirements more specifically than did previous directives, still leaves the government's own standards far lower than those for private employers and unions. Improvement within government agencies will not be easy for the new Administration, however good its intentions. Though nonwhite employment in federal agencies has traditionally been relatively high, it has been restricted almost entirely to the lower grades. In HUD, for example, of 530 top policy jobs, fewer than forty are filled by blacks and Mexican-Americans. In the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which by statute gives preference to American Indians, 99 per cent of upper-level jobs are held by whites. For the Nixon Administration, which has had little success in attracting blacks and browns to its service, this problem will be particularly difficult.

The worst confusion, however, has come in the school desegregation program. Federal pressure for school integration, based upon prohibitions against the discriminatory use of federal aid (Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act) and positive litigation (Title IV), has caused increased public resistance, especially in the South and primarily because the Johnson administration had set this school year as the target date for total desegregation. In addition, the Democrats, eventually backed by the Supreme Court in *Green* v. *New Kent County*, insisted that "desegregation" meant positive local efforts to end all vestiges of racially separate school systems, and not simply the opening of previously closed white school doors, or so-called freedom of choice. During the 1968 campaign, when the mounting school battle was an issue, Mr. Nixon promised the South relief from federal coercion. The present confusion occurs because he is in the midst of deciding how to keep that promise.

Nine days after the new Administration took office, HEW Secretary Finch announced that for five local school districts impending federal aid terminations would be delayed, to give the districts time to develop desegregation plans (the Johnson people had already given them between one and three years). Finch's action, though subsequently excused as an interim, exceptional move, started a debate about whether the Administration intended to change existing school policies. In early March, Finch hinted that some change would come, but also indicated his desire that desegregation should continue. Later in the month, he met with both civil rights leaders and liberal Republican Senators and promised that no modifications were in store. Nevertheless, a series of internal battles began in the department over the nature and extent of changes in school policies, with the strongest argument for continued enforcement coming from Leon Panetta, the new young director of HEW's integration program. On July 3, change finally came in the form of a joint statement from Secretary Finch and Attorney General Mitchell. The statement itself was a masterpiece of double talk, rhetorically supporting desegregation, but clearly threatening its future. The September 1969 target date for complete desegregation was dropped in favor of a more flexible approach which would recognize that "in some districts there may be sound reasons for some limited delay." No other date was substituted; no mention was made of action that would be taken against districts that reneged on their promises to desegregate; no explanation was made about what would happen to districts whose plans were already accepted, or who were already subject to enforcement action. (In questioning which followed, HEW officials gave assurance that such loopholes were not real.) The statement promised more vigorous action against segregation outside the South, renewed emphasis on technical assistance to desegregating school districts and, most important, heavy reliance upon judicial enforcement, which has proved invariably to be slower than administrative action.



"Maybe He's Carryin' on Secret Talks With Us Too"

In reaction to the outpouring of liberal criticism which followed, the White House emphasized that it was "unequivocably committed" to ending educational discrimination, and within a week the Justice Department filed six school desegregation suits, including one against the state of Georgia. While this court action was getting under way, the House was considering an anti-civil rights amendment to the HEW appropriations bill—almost identical to one that had been defeated a year earlier—which would have legalized freedom of choice desegregation plans and thus guaranteed the re-segregation of hundreds of local districts. During the legislative fight, Secretary Finch failed to say a word about this amendment, though it would cripple his desegregation program; Republican House leader Gerald Ford worked actively to secure its passage. It passed the House and is scheduled for consideration by the Senate in late October.

Late in August, the Justice Department announced suits against districts that refused to live up to desegregation promises, but Secretary Finch then asked the federal courts to delay HEW-encouraged desegregation in thirty-three Mississippi school districts because "I am gravely concerned that the time allowed for the development of these plans has been much too short . . . to develop terminal plans which can be implemented this year." The NAACP Legal Defense Fund, a party to the school cases, asked the court to name the United States as a defendant,

and in September the fund issued a blast at the Administration for fostering "a deliberate policy of confusion." In addition, Justice Department civil rights attorneys have protested en masse to their superiors against the Administration's moves—an extraordinary occurrence in that conservative agency. Finally, Father Theodore Hesburgh, personally selected by President Nixon to be chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, publicly criticized the government for its "retreat" on school desegregation. The Administration replied that greater progress had been made this year than ever before.

It is evident that from the outset the Nixon Administration has created confusion where, after years of legal battles, the basic victories had been won. The law clearly requires local districts to end the racial separatism they created. Emphasizing this early in September, Justice Hugo Black said:

> There is no longer the slightest excuse, reason, or justification for further postponement of the time when every public school system in the United States will be a unitary one, receiving and teaching students without discrimination on the basis of their race or color. . . . In my opinion there is no reason why such a wholesale deprivation of constitutional rights should be tolerated another minute.

But the Administration demonstrated its capacity for just such tolerance by implying in its July statement ("there may be sound reasons for some limited delay") that exceptions will now be a part of public policy. This tolerance, defended at the time as applying to "only a handful of districts," has been widely used.

The Mississippi request for delay came as a result of personal intervention by Secretary Finch at the instance of Sen. John Stennis (D., Miss.). The thirty-three districts in question still send, on the average, 95 per cent of their black students to segregated schools. One of them is Neshoba County, site of the Cheney-Schwerner-Goodman murder, which to this day has maintained total segregation through the efforts of its school attorney (he defended one of the accused murderers) and federal Judge Harold Cox, who granted the Finch request for delay.

More alarming than this single HEW instance, however, is the Justice Department's policy of softening the court approach to laggard school districts. In Louisiana, for example, where thirty-seven districts are in court, HEW officials appear as witnesses to support immediate desegregation, while Justice attorneys retire to court chambers and settle for delay. Furthermore, in Florida and Georgia the Justice Department is refusing to appeal cases unless the proposed desegregation dates are delayed beyond September 1970. Finally, any routine reliance on desegregation by court action will slow the tempo of change: in the past Justice Department court cases have proceeded half as fast as HEW administrative desegregation.

It would be unfair, and it may prove inaccurate, to dismiss the good intentions of the Nixon Administration in the matter of civil rights. There is, if only for party reasons, a likelihood that the new Administration will attack union discrimination more vigorously than did the Democrats, and there is some hope that a recent White House review of government-wide civil rights problems indicates a stiffening of purpose. But determination is only too likely to falter when confronted by the increased public resistance to change—which in turn has been encouraged by the Administration's vacillation.

NOT IN SERVICE

THE INDISCRETIONS OF MA BELL

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

Mr. Goulden, a Washington journalist, is the author of Monopoly, *a critical study of AT&T (Putnam's) and of* Truth Is the First Casualty, *on the Tonkin Gulf incidents, to be published by Rand McNally in October.*

The Bell Telephone System is attempting to brighten its image this fall through lavish spreading of paint. No longer will phone company trucks wear the drab green that makes them look like strays from an army convoy or prison farm. Blue and yellow stripes are accentuating the new two-tone vehicle motif (white on top, gray-green on bottom). Also a new, crisper "logotype" will replace the bell symbol that has adorned company property since the Bell Telephone monopoly was assembled in the 1890s. AT&T internal publications suggest that workers stop calling their employer "Ma Bell"—that the term "Miss Bell" sounds friendlier, and encourages the public to think of the phone company as a young swinger rather than a frumpy old dame peeling potatoes in the kitchen.

The Fundamentalist preachers who bedeviled my Southern youth often shouted (in trying to terrorize girls who had succumbed to the evils of lipstick and rouge) that "a little paint covers a lot of dirt, both in a house and in a woman." So be it with Ma Bell—but much more than two-tone trucks and a jazzy emblem are needed to conceal that the American Telephone & Telegraph is suffering a massive collapse of service and customer relations.

This is truly the year when three-quarters of a century of monopoly has caught up with AT&T. Telephone horror stories are sweeping the land and are being told even in such dignified places as *The Wall Street Journal*, which isn't exactly anti-capitalist. The *Journal* does, however, have a keenly personal interest in phone service: its offices are in Wall Street, the very eye of telephony's disaster area, where as many as 10 per cent of long distance calls don't go through on the first dialing, according to New York Public Service Commission data; and where staid law firms are suing New York Telephone

Company on the ground that its service is "inadequate, uncertain, irresponsible and untimely."

Unable to gain relief from the utility commissions, discontented customers are turning to that ultimate weapon of citizen protest, the full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*. When hit by such heavy artillery, the phone company occasionally listens. On August 20, Avery, Hand & Company, a communications firm in Westport, Conn., offered a prize "of no particular value, but of great interest and memorability," to whoever came closest to guessing when New York Telephone would restore a service that ceased on July 15, and remained so despite daily appeals to AT&T and Avery, Hand's phone came alive at 10:55 o'clock the morning the *Times* ad appeared.

But for the rest of us, only frustration. A teacher in a Washington school runs to the corner drugstore phone to notify a parent that a child is ill; she can't get a line through the school switchboard. Dial for the operator, and wait . . . and wait . . . and wait. (My personal records: fifty-five rings to place a long distance call from Arlington, Va.; 109 rings to reach an information operator from a New York booth.)

Nor does contact with the operator mean an end to the citizen's troubles. Miss Bell or Ma Bell, by either name AT&T can be a snappish wench quick to spew billingsgate at a customer, or abruptly disconnect his call rather than check whether Stewart's name could possibly be spelled Stuart. Their behavior is the more infuriating because it is so sharply divergent from what we were taught to expect from Ma Bell's girls, who had that famed "voice with a smile." (To Bell's credit, the slogan is no longer used.) As a Texas newspaper man I once sought to locate, by phone, a man who had been bitten by a rabid dog, who lived in a rural area, and whose comments were deemed of sociological importance by a city editor. The Bell operator in the town knew the man, but said he didn't have a phone. "But if he's being treated," she said, "Doc Smith is the one, and I know he's out on Forney Road tending to Miss Sally. Let me ring him there and I'll tell him to give you what you need." She did, and he did. Call information in the same town today, and you are connected with a Southwestern Bell operator who sits in Dallas, with responsibility for all of north central Texas, and with no interest whatsoever in the whereabouts of anyone so insignificant that he isn't listed in a Bell directory.

What happened to Bell? Why the public disintegration of Bell's long-time image of total efficiency? Why cannot the world's largest company in terms of assets ($40.1 billion at the end of 1968) perform its basic mission? After all, Ben S. Gilmer, now the AT&T president, earnestly told the Federal Communications Commission during the 1966-67 rate inquiry: ". . . the ultimate criterion of all we do is service to the public. This is our responsibility and our license to exist . . . . In our business, service means being ready, willing and able to respond to the existing and emerging communications needs of the nation."

Willing or not, Bell has not been ready and able. Its failure is twofold: physical and personal. The demand for phones is outstripping Bell's willingness to supply them. And, once in place, Bell cannot operate them satisfactorily. In both instances, the blame falls on AT&T management. The company's excuse is that inadequate earnings prevent it from expanding fast enough to meet customer needs, and that "local conditions" such as strikes and the stock market boom are responsible for many of the more spectacular collapses (Chicago, northern Florida, Detroit and Wall Street). Its statistics are impressive, as statistics tend to be. "In 1968 we handled 16 million more messages per business day than in 1967," board chairman H. I. Romnes wrote in the 1968 AT&T annual report. "Long distance messages increased by 620 million. The gain of 4,245,000 telephones was the largest ever. . . ." The U.S. population increased 13 per cent during 1959-68; phones in use by more than 50 per cent (57,944,000 to 88,007,000). And so forth.

As of June 1, 1969, state utility commissions had before them requests for phone rate increases totaling more



than $468 million, chiefly from Bell System companies. But there is no credible evidence that higher rates would revive services. Simon Lazarus, former special assistant to FCC member Nicholas Johnson, and now with New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs, notes that New York Telephone has exceeded its authorized 6.5 per cent rate of return every year since that rate was established by the public service commission in 1957. In 1968, when it dipped to 6.9 per cent, New York Telephone asked the PSC for $175 million in new revenues and a return of 8.5 to 9 per cent. Meanwhile, New Yorkers wait three weeks for phone installations—and almost as long to complete long distance calls.

Phone service has collapsed because the Bell System is engaged in a technological power grab designed to insure its continuing domination of the communications market. Bell "defends" its monopoly by an active offense; thus it is devoting a substantial portion of its engineering skills and financial resources to esoteric electronic gear: interface devices which permit "computers to talk to computers"; data transmission systems to service everything from brokerage houses to libraries, banks and department stores; and new broad-band circuits which permit literally thousands of voice and other transmissions to travel the same route simultaneously. As William O. Baker, vice president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, told the FCC in 1966, AT&T is preparing for "the transmission of new magnitudes of communications, including intermixed batches of data, words and graphics beyond anything conceived hitherto. These forthcoming requirements will result from a growth in the accumulation and utilization of catalogued information, an increasingly important development in our society."

Such is the stuff of which the big communications profits of the future are to be made. And such is the area in which Bell hopes to beat down potential competitors, the independent communications companies which are attempting to market their own data transmission devices. So preoccupied is Bell with this conquest of new markets that it gives less and less attention to its humdrum (and captive) home and business customers. During 1968, by way of illustration, the Western Electric plants at Indianapolis and Shreveport, La., together produced 8.1 million telephone sets. Only 2.5 million of them were "general purpose dial phones." The remainder were what Western calls "specialty instruments or new models introduced in the past decade."

Which brings up a second reason for the phone collapse. Vital to Bell's data transmission market is the system-wide installation of something called "electronic switching systems," or ESS, described as the greatest thing to happen to the industry since Alexander Graham Bell. ESS is swift: when mated with Touch-Tone phones, it handles calls some five times faster than existing rotary systems. ESS has a memory: eventually, Bell tells us, it will enable a subscriber to have calls transferred from his base number to wherever he may be—at the ball park, in his car, at a restaurant.

Bell began deploying ESS in 1965, beginning in smaller exchanges on the Eastern seaboard. The apparent (but unadmitted) company policy is to make as few expansions of non-ESS exchanges as possible, pending availability of the more modern equipment. If customers suffer in the interim, that's regrettable, but Bell definitely does not intend to install older type equipment only to junk it within a decade. Here the company follows a hallowed, if hollow, Bell tradition. The one-piece handset which houses both receiver and transmitter was standard equipment in Europe by 1885; AT&T continued with the two-piece set —the mouthpiece in a permanent wall mount or on a desk stand, the earpiece separate and attached by a cord —until 1934. The reason: giving subscribers better equipment would have meant junking existing apparatus. So Bell permitted the two-piece sets to continue in service until they literally fell apart. If it undertook a crash program to install standard electro-mechanical switching systems, Bell could relieve much of the present crush.

And here arises another problem. Manufacture of ESS is complicated, and the FCC's common carrier bureau, which began an investigation of service snafus in late August, discovered that Western Electric was "persistently" late on deliveries of ESS and other switching gear. Civil servants in the bureau are now asking (and attempting to interest the commission in) the question of whether delays would have been tolerated had AT&T been dealing with an outside contractor, rather than its wholly owned manufacturing and supply subsidiary.

Sassy and stupid operators, while less complicated technologically, are of more personal concern to the phone customer than ESS and other unseen apparatus. Here Bell's excuse is "turnover"—that operators and other personnel zip in and out of the system so fast that they are ineffective. According to AT&T figures, the turnover of women operators was 31 per cent in 1967; 35 per cent in 1968 and even higher in the first four months of 1969. In Manhattan, the figure was 41 per cent in 1968, up from 34 per cent in 1967.

AT&T operators are at a tactical disadvantage in dealing with the public. A citizen who waits ten minutes in a sweaty booth for a long distance operator to pick up his call thinks not of AT&T board chairman Romnes nor AT&T director C. Douglas Dillon, the former Cabinet member, nor AT&T director Monroe J. Rathbone, former board chairman of Jersey Standard. To him the operator is Ma Bell incarnate, and it is this hapless creature who endures the public's raw animal hatred for the Bell System and its wretched service.

She is absolutely defenseless. She is programmed to be impersonal, even when the customer is in a happy mood and willing to josh a bit as he places his call. Says an officer of the Communications Workers of America, the chief Bell union: "Whoever the hell does time studies for AT&T figured out that an operator who smiles or jokes with a customer is wasting a second or two, and that won't do. So she has her little pat phrases she is required to chant at him, mechanically, even when human nature demands that she act human. So the caller thinks, 'My God, what a cold fish this woman is.' . . . When he calls the operator again he is brusque, even rude. The girls listen to this all day, and what happens? They, too, become brusque and rude, it's a self-perpetuating process."

Company rules consistently flout common sense—and

it's the operator who takes the blame. A Philadelphia drama critic recently moved into a new home and requested an unlisted number for his phone, which was connected in his absence. He called the Pennsylvania Bell business office to ask what his number was to be. "I'm sorry, we can't give you the number of your unlisted phone over the telephone; you must come to the office," the girl told him. "But it's my *own phone,*" the critic protested. "I'm talking from it right now; call me back and tell me the number." She replied: "I'm sorry, that's against company rules."

According to the management textbooks, efficiency in a large organization depends upon standardization—of machines and of humans. For a Bell operator, however, "standardization" makes life a daily hell. "The pressures are many, varied, subtle and extreme," says Lee White, CWA's national public relations director. "We are finding an unusual number of cases of—well, I guess you would call them cases of nervous troubles—developing in traffic departments.

"The girls are required to sit on a stool of a certain height, always keeping a prescribed distance from the switchboard, looking neither to left nor right, not talking to the girls beside them." According to White, it isn't uncommon for a supervisor to come up quietly behind an operator and hold a pencil alongside her head. "If the girl turns her head far enough to see the pencil, that means she's looking around too much, and she can be reprimanded. . . . Think of that—to sit at a board all day long, and endure something like that. . . . And to know that a supervisor is sitting in the back at a console, monitoring every call you handle, making sure you repeat the standard phrases exactly as written in the book, and that you answer all your calls within two seconds."

The Bell System maintains elaborate indexes of "performance norms" for its employees—how many calls operators handle per hour; how many repairs a serviceman makes during a day; how many new phones an installer handles. Fulfilling (or surpassing) these norms determines how fast AT&T managers are promoted through the system, for they are constantly being compared with men doing the same job elsewhere. To AT&T workers, these norms constitute an ever faster treadmill which has led, in the words of a resolution passed at CWA's 1967 convention, "to nervous sickness or nervous breakdown, widespread use of tranquilizers, and a large turnover in the traffic force." CWA decries constant prodding of workers "to meet . . . computerized indexes which will only be raised once you meet the objective."

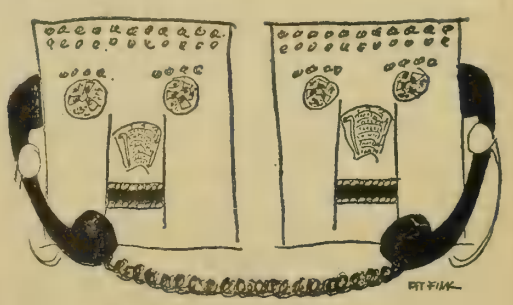
A special CWA committee which surveyed 12,500 union officers and members reported findings last June that put a statistical foundation beneath such sweeping charges, to wit:

> An alarming four-fifths of the local presidents felt that unfair competition was promoted by the existing index system, and an overwhelming majority felt that the results of such a system were reported inaccurately to top management. . . . One out of every four females was disciplined last year . . . from the index system.
>
> [Job observation and monitoring have] caused gross irritation among our members. Three out of every five females surveyed responded that such job observation creates an uncomfortable or harassing atmosphere. [Existing methods] are not only harassing in the extreme, but are degrading to the employee and must be changed if employee morale is to be improved from its present low state.
>
> The adequacy of company training programs was severely criticized by both the local presidents and the individual members. Over three-fourths of the locals gave poor ratings to such training programs. Also, more than a majority reported that management expects too much too soon from newly-trained employees.
>
> There is significant evidence that the number of employees is insufficient in most cases to provide adequate service to the customer. This naturally throws a greater work load on the employees and a heavier burden on first-line management.

On and on runs the CWA indictment, but the last count constitutes the most devastating bit of evidence on life within Ma Bell's family: "When asked how they would recommend a company job similar to theirs to a friend outside the company, two-thirds of the employees that responded failed to rate their job as a good one."

What then is the solution to the phone mess? First, AT&T should be made to realize that the bounds of its monopoly are not limitless. Phone service is a natural monopoly, and even the most vehement of Bell baiters do not desire that each town have two or more operating phone companies. But what right—natural, moral or legal—does AT&T have to the data transmission field? Why should the regulatory agencies permit Bell to slight its responsibilities to its captive consumers while devoting its energies and a good portion of its investment capital to the capture of nonphone markets? At a time when millions of Americans are grousing about their phone service, why does AT&T's manufacturing subsidiary, Western Electric, take upon itself the mammoth task of prime contractor for the anti-ballistic missile system, which is to be the biggest defense undertaking since the Manhattan Project? AT&T's basic business is telephones, and it should be forced to return to it, resisting the green appeal of the dollars it habitually sees on the other side of the fence.

William D. Hickman, who writes on communications matters from Washington for the McGraw-Hill publications, frequently argues the value of competition as a regulatory tool. The revocation of a Bell franchise in one of the states now suffering abysmal phone service would put AT&T on notice that its monopoly, while long established, is no longer to be taken for granted. Does any state regulatory agency have the fortitude to take such a drastic step to bring the telephone monopoly into line? I doubt it—and so does Ma Bell; otherwise, she wouldn't be behaving so irresponsibly.



BOOKS & THE ARTS

Making the World Safe for America

THE POLITICS OF WAR: The World and United States Foreign Policy, 1943-1945. *By Gabriel Kolko. Random House. 685 pp. $12.95.*

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY: An Analysis of Power and Purpose. *By Gabriel Kolko. Beacon Press. 166 pp. $5.95.*

RONALD RADOSH

Mr. Radosh is the author of a forthcoming book, The American Labor Movement and United States Foreign Policy *(Random House). He teaches history at Queensborough Community College, City University of New York.*

Gabriel Kolko is the latest historian to develop a study of World War II from a revisionist standpoint. It is somewhat irritating to find that he fails to acknowledge any debt to other revisionists, particularly to William Appleman Williams whose *Tragedy of American Diplomacy* (1959), a sophisticated and compelling critique of the cold war, provided the theoretical framework from which Kolko's study seems to have been developed. Nevertheless, *The Politics of War,* Kolko's account of two crucial years, 1943-45, is undoubtedly the most searching, thorough and detailed study yet to appear of what has led to our present impasse. Basing his conclusions upon memoirs, hearings and more than fifteen manuscript collections of the key policy makers, Kolko reveals that U.S. policy during World War II was not the result of drift, or a desire to score a military victory against the Axis powers. Political issues were inseparable from military problems, and the war itself was an extension of an older political-economic struggle.

American policy, Kolko argues, can be understood as an attempt to create a postwar world structure that would maintain United States hegemony throughout the world, on the basis of an informal empire of free trade imperialism. U.S. authorities sought to use the occupation forces to contain revolutionary change, and worked to revive conservative groups in order to prevent any collapse of the old order that might open the door to either social revolution or Soviet predominance in Europe. The United States did not, therefore, favor a stern peace for Germany or Japan, but desired their reintegration into a new liberal world capitalism to balance any Soviet gains from the war. The United States fought not to destroy the Axis but to advance "American global interests." World War II was actually a tragic error "to the American government in that . . . it understood that perhaps a less imperialist Germany and Japan would be preferable to the U.S.S.R. as allies in the future."

Holding a Wilsonian goal of building an integrated order of world-wide liberal capitalism, U.S. leaders viewed all areas of the world they did not control as danger spots. Perhaps Kolko's major contribution is the way in which he reveals the related nature of the broad economic objectives of American capitalism and the political policy pursued by the corporate policy makers. In a fundamental sense, U.S. leaders did not separate economics and politics; the two were different sides of the same coin.

U.S. policy toward Eastern Europe reflects the interaction between economics and politics. The United States did not object to Sovietization on moral and political grounds: a lack of "democracy" or a refusal to hold "free elections." Citing the positions of Cordell Hull and later Edward Stettinius, Kolko shows that U.S. policy was based on the assumption that "Americans could make future investments only within the context of a capitalist economy at least some of which the Eastern European nations might not wish to continue," and on "tangible demands for an open door to the Eastern European economies."

Hence U.S. policy at Yalta was "primarily economic in content," and called for multilateral trade patterns, equality of opportunity and freedom to invest for U.S. corporations. While the State Department gave lip service to acceptance of Russian security needs, it was defined "in such a manner as not to alter economic opportunities or involve a radical change in prewar internal or external economic relations." The United States came to depend on those very prewar political parties that were morally bankrupt, as it "ignored the structural facts" and opted for a conservative restoration of the prewar *status quo.* Rejecting either a move toward the left *or* neutrality, the United States worked with the Right since its economic objectives dovetailed with those of U.S. corporations. American leaders objected to any changes that would "have impinged on American freedom to invest and trade along traditional lines."

The United States desired restoration of the old trade patterns, so that Eastern Europe would maintain its old semicolonial status as breadbasket to the industrial West. American political goals were vague in nature, stressing containment of the Left and of Russian influence. But its economic goals were precise. The United States wished to prevent dismantling of property in reparations, keep oil from U.S.-owned wells from being shipped to Russia, and end all restrictions on the active return of U.S. business to Eastern Europe. First priority was opposition to nationalization. Tapping of Eastern European oil was considered crucial if economic life in Western Europe was to be restored. Victory for the Left or the Soviet Union "threatened this reintegration [of Eastern Europe] in the most fundamental manner." Thus the State Department worked for incorporation of the Danube River states into a European-wide inland waterway system under U.S. control. Fearing a Russian monopoly in the former Axis satellites, the United States worked to preserve Eastern Europe as an area that would sell its raw materials primarily to Germany. Soviet security needs could not be permitted to result in "interference with American property or trade."

The Soviets tried to create arrangements acceptable to the United States. In Western Europe they proved to be the most faithful allies of the State Department. Kolko perceptively uncovers the eminent conservatism of Soviet policy. Stalin based his actions on gaining security for the Soviet state, even if it meant opposing both nationalist and revolutionary Communist movements throughout the world. The Western Communist Parties proved faithful to Soviet needs, and became the old order's best allies. In Greece the EAM possessed most of the country, but they surrendered their arms and depended on British promises that never would be kept. In Italy the Communist Party stressed unity, even with Fascist collaborators. It became "the party of transcendent nationalism . . . that submerged class goals and vetoed the triumph of the Left in a period of considerable . . . revolutionary possibilities." In France the Communists actually played the "critical role in disciplining the working class and ultimately

making it possible for capitalism as an institution to survive and profit."

The Americans never grasped the basic social democratic nature of Communist policy. Instead, they feared the potential implications of a popular Left victory. Yet the Communists worked steadily for stability, emphasizing productivity, speed-up, and an end to strikes. Capitalism survived only where both Communists and Social Democrats worked to reform it. The Left thus ironically "became the savior of Western European capitalism." Kolko, unlike orthodox Trotskyists, perceives the ineffectuality of Left action in the streets when the Nazis were still in power and the masses weak; and the further ineffectuality of Left action at the war's end when the Anglo-American troops made their presence felt. He finds that the Communists made a virtue out of necessity by, early in the game, declaring against revolutionary action. They served the Russian need for a breathing spell, and helped create a sound conservative order in Western Europe.

Soviet policy fit in neatly with the overall U.S. war aims, "to save capitalism at home and abroad." This goal could only be met in a rationally ordered world economy, in which a new Germany would be integrated into a liberal world capitalist structure. U.S. policy was a continuation of the old open-door imperialism, brought up to date by Cordell Hull. What the United States wanted was "ample and profitable outlets in the postwar period for its exports and investments, and in principle wished to see the markets and resources of the world available to all on equal terms, but most assuredly to the United States." With Britain and Germany as junior partners, reconstruction and relief would be solved as a "by-product of the creation of a rational world economy" through the open door. German power was to be retained but redefined according to U.S. needs, and a new Germany would be the bulwark of liberal capitalism in Europe.

Throughout Europe, American economic policy was used as a political weapon, and any postwar economic collaboration was delayed until political favors could be assured. Kolko clears up a long-standing issue taken up by the revisionists: the response to Stalin's request for a $6-billion loan from the United States.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has often asserted that this request was "lost." Kolko provides a much more credible account. Averell Harriman and key policy makers did not want a strong Russia to emerge from the war. And since Stalin planned to triple Russia's prewar steel output with these borrowed funds, Harriman opposed the loan and argued that the United States should increase trade elsewhere. The cutoff of Lend-Lease aid and denial of the loan was clearly an implication of "economic tools for political ends"—political ends which were of course economically derived. Kolko firmly lays to rest any further dispute over the meaning of economic policy toward Russia. Aid to the USSR was simply "incompatible with the now basic goal of strengthening world capitalism and the American position." No one, Kolko writes, had any "illusions about this objective," save, one might add, the liberal apologists like Schlesinger.

One cannot put too much stress on the immense achievement of Kolko. The present crisis is viewed as a result of the inability to carry out a policy of international counterrevolution. That an American historian can produce such a book in a conservative era, critical of both U.S. and Soviet measures, is evidence of the intellectual maturity achieved by some elements of the American Left. In his monograph, *The Roots of American Foreign Policy*, Kolko spells out the premises behind his approach. The United States is treated as a corporate capitalist state whose leaders fear for the "long-term future of American economic power as it overextends itself in the hopeless, open ended task of policing the world."

Kolko produces a needed corrective to the now popular Millsian view of military dominance, stressing that not the military-industrial complex but civilian goals are the source of U.S. foreign policy, that military power is only the instrument of a business-based ruling class that uses the military establishment for its own purposes. The policies of the cold war stem from a leadership emerging from "those with powerful class interests." American ideology is thus a synthesis "that embodies . . . economic and strategic objectives and priorities," demanding world economic stability and opposition to changes that "present a danger to United States hegemony." In a brilliant closing chapter, Kolko explores the roots of U.S. intervention in Vietnam. The war is the logical conclusion of a policy initiated by the Roosevelt administration, and is explained as "the inevitable cost of maintaining United States imperial power," not as an incorrect policy that might have been by-passed with wiser leadership. Kolko exposes the "specious liberalism which believes one simply replaces individuals in office with other men . . . rather than solving problems with an altogether new system based on a radically different distribution of power."

In some closing remarks, Kolko calls for a new "clarity" on the part of those who today reject the "leadership and goals of America's men of power." His own books produce such clarity. They are among the few truly essential works for those Americans who are seeking to lay the foundations for a humanist socialism in the United States.

Avant-Garde Forever?

SHAW: An Autobiography 1856-1898. *Selected by Stanley Weintraub. Weybright & Talley. 336 pp. $10.*

ALFRED TURCO

Mr. Turco teaches English at Wesleyan University and is at work on a book dealing with the organic coherence of Shaw's thought.

During his long life, George Bernard Shaw gave every sign of being a biographer's best friend. Not only did he supply several potential Boswells with reams of data: he sometimes wrote whole segments of their books himself. The appearance in 1956 of the "centennial" chronicles of Archibald Henderson and St. John Ervine seemed to exhaust the subject. Surely nothing new could be discovered after these massive tomes; perhaps too much had been written already about the author of *Man and Superman, Major Barbara, St. Joan* and other works that could be safely consigned to the realm of the passé. Shaw had advertised his modernity so long and ostentatiously that we forgot (as he never quite did himself) that nobody can remain *avant-garde* forever.

Nearly fifteen years later, the view is different. The publication of a number of serious critical works suggests that Shaw's reputation as an artist has begun to undergo favorable reassessment. While the "absurdist" contingent still finds it hard to forgive Shaw for believing that life has a purpose, many readers are more willing now than a few years ago to look beneath the level of surface shibboleth to find in his plays the exploration of a major theme—the possibility of synthesis between fact and ideal, flesh and spirit, wisdom and power—which is of permanent importance. In addition, a major biographical breakthrough occurred with the appearance in 1964 of *Shaw of Dublin* by B. C. Rosset. His on-the-scene sleuthing concerning Shaw's youthful period in Ireland convinced Rosset that G.B.S. had intentionally supplied misleading information about

certain aspects of his life; that all the major biographers had uncritically cribbed material from one another's accounts; and that the destruction of original sources made a new beginning hazardous, if not impossible.

To be sure, Rosset's novel hypothesis —that Shaw wished to hide from the world a secret fear that he was the illegitimate son of a musician named Lee —was an overly flamboyant construction of the evidence. But the suggestion that Shaw's effusiveness was really designed to conceal a secretive nature fitted quite easily into the traditional view of a schizoid Shaw, divided neatly into a man and a mask. No attention was given to the possibility that Shaw may have adopted a public image (G.B.S.) not merely as a defensive tactic but because that persona actually expressed the part of his character with which he felt comfortable because he understood it fully. The man himself may not have known what lay beneath the mask.

In the wake of the wreckage left by *Shaw of Dublin*, it is no surprise that recent books of a quasi-biographical nature (such as R. J. Minney's *Recollections of George Bernard Shaw*) have been notable for their modest intentions. The most ingenious entry into the field, Stanley Weintraub's *Shaw: An Autobiography 1856-1898*, is not a "book of selections" in the usual sense. Mr. Weintraub's purpose has not been to collect a group of self-contained pieces but rather to sift an enormous amount of material (Shaw's prefaces, introductions to books about others, essays and reviews, speeches and unpublished typescripts) for segments which could then be spliced together in a manner suggesting the texture that a Shavian autobiography might actually have taken. The chapter on Shaw's youth, for instance, consists of more than thirty excerpts from more than a dozen sources written during the better part of a century—yet the effect aimed at is of one continuous essay. And despite the disadvantage of being limited to writings explicitly autobiographical in tone (passages of private confession are excluded), a reasonably full account emerges. Shaw's "shabby-genteel" origins; his humiliating apprenticeship as a clerk in Dublin and unpublished novelist in London; his adventures as Fabian Socialist and philandering virgin; his intellectual growth from rationalist to vitalist; his gradual success as music critic ("Corno di Bassetto"); his emergence as theatre critic and playwright in the 1890s (where the current account ends)—everything is here. If one cannot say that nothing is wanting, it is not because anything has been overlooked.

On Love

"My affections have two excellent qualities: extreme levity and extreme tenacity. I do not like the proverb 'Love me little: love me long'; but whoever invented it had a very narrow escape from finding its true form, which is, 'Love me lightly; love me long.' And that is how I loved, and still love, Annie Besant."

On Oscar Wilde

"Comedy: the criticism of morals and manners *viva voce*, was his real forte. When he settled down to that he was great. But . . . his initial mistake [i.e., as an apostle of Art] had produced that 'rather low opinion of Wilde's capacities,' that 'deep-rooted contempt for the showman in him,' which . . . will persist until the last man who remembers his aesthetic period has perished. The world has been in some ways so unjust to him that one must be careful not to be unjust to the world."

The idea of allowing a picture to emerge by letting Shaw speak for himself is in many ways appealing. There are, as we should expect, some hilarious moments—Shaw in Hyde Park, sheltered from the rain by an umbrella, giving an impassioned defense of socialism to an audience consisting entirely of six policemen who had been sent to keep an eye on him; or the account of one of his uncles, a religious fanatic, who attempted to expedite his arrival into heaven by strangling himself in a carpetbag. If there are predictable flashes of vanity, there is also self-criticism—readers feeling an antipathy to Shaw's bourgeois bias will discover that he was fully cognizant of his own middle-class prejudices. Vignettes of friends, among them Oscar Wilde and Theosophist Annie Besant, as well as a splendid tribute to artist-Socialist William Morris ("You can lose a man like that by your own death, but not by his") belie the contention that Shaw was incapable of sympathetic identification with other persons. And we catch a glimpse, too, of the mood of the late Victorian period—that remote time when vestryman G.B.S.'s advocacy of public lavatories for women greatly amused those who considered it ungentlemanly to suggest that a member of the fair sex might have occasion to use such a facility.

In spite of all these good features, Weintraub's method of compiling *Shaw: An Autobiography* involves a number of drawbacks, ranging from minor to serious. In the first group are the confusions of tone, transition and sequence, caused by the juxtaposition of passages written over long periods of time. The word "now" can refer to any time between the 1880s and 1940s; at one moment Shaw tells us he is in his "nineties" while material included nearby obviously dates from much earlier. Passages from speeches and reviews (e.g., his shock upon first seeing an uncorseted female or his obituary-diatribe against impresario Sir Augustus Harris) are misleading because the reader assumes that they are personal revelations when in fact they are segments of crusading argument cut adrift from the contexts that would make them fully intelligible. Bringing together several accounts of the same incident (for instance, Bradlaugh's famous challenge to the Almighty) results in a repetitiveness for which Shaw cannot be blamed. When at one point Shaw hails "Bassetto the Incorruptible," while a few pages later he laments that "poor old Bassetto" is no longer worth reading, or when he announces that *Cashel Byron's Profession* was not his first book after already having described in some detail the three that preceded it, the unfortunate effect in each case is not to be ascribed to senile garrulity but to a conflated text whose components were never meant to appear together.

Larger problems are presented by availability and arrangement of material. I do not think that Shaw would have written an autobiography of these years without mentioning his marriage, nor that he would have devoted twice as much space to his first play as to the next five put together (which included *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Arms and the Man* and *Candida*). And even where relevant material is plentiful and the flow of language is uninterrupted, the resulting tissue is not the equivalent of an extended piece of writing by Shaw. The Preface to his first novel, *Immaturity*, ranks with Milton's *Areopagitica* and Ruskin's *Traffic* as one of the summits of English prose; but when the essay is split into more than twenty fragments, and the magnificent peroration is placed at the beginning of a chapter consisting principally of segments more

On Religion

"Unfortunately this Christian Church, founded gaily with a pun . . . has become the Church where you must not laugh; and so it is giving away to the older and greater Church to which I belong: the Church where the oftener you laugh the better, because by laughter only can you destroy evil without malice, and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness."

subdued in tone, the rhythm goes limp. To be sure, none of the epigrammatic brilliance is lost; but Shaw's unit of expression is not the epigram, the sentence, or even the paragraph but a sense of mass which is precisely the quality which the editor has been forced to sacrifice. Did not Shaw warn that "all biographies must be artistic if they are to be readable"? Weintraub's aesthetic problem is that there is really no such thing as Shaw's autobiography—the bits and pieces are available, but there is no force to generate a form.

Finally, one must question the entire strategy of creating a portrait of Shaw by assembling, no matter how skillfully, statements he made about himself in the first person. Shaw on Shaw is occasionally fine, sometimes strident, and often a brash bore. While an unsympathetic reader may seize the occasion to observe that this book allows the man to stand condemned out of his own mouth, such a conclusion would be as misleading as a judgment of Wagner's abilities as an orchestrator based upon a study of only the horn parts in his operas.

On His Youth

"I had the intellectual habit; and my natural combination of critical faculty with literary resource needed only a clear comprehension of life in the light of an intelligible theory: in short, a religion, to set it in triumphant operation."

But the problem goes still deeper. Shaw once wrote of Wagner: "Seldom has there taken place in the soul of one and the same man as profound a division and estrangement between the intuitive and impulsive part of his nature and his consciously or reasonably formed ideas." Few have realized how true that statement is of the man who uttered it —even Shaw's detractors have tended to see him as a "rationalist" who at least knew what he wanted to say and said it brilliantly. While it would be rash to deny the brilliance, it does not follow that Shaw knew what he was saying. Indeed, I would even argue that he is never more brilliant than when he literally does not know what he is talking about. This is surely true of his art. It used to be considered quite a damaging criticism to point out that Shaw's plays do not mean what his prefaces said they meant; it is only recently that we have come to see the discrepancy between the two as a sign of the fecundity of an artistic imagination that ran away with its possessor's rationally formulated propositions.

As with the art, so with the man—Shaw's self is more interesting than his statements *about* himself would lead one to believe. Such assertions need to be placed in perspective, viewed in relation to one another, and finally integrated with our knowledge of the whole man. While one cannot criticize Weintraub's thoroughness and objectivity, one comes away from this book with the feeling that what is needed is not an "autobiography" at all, but the definitive interpretive biography which B. C. Rosset has shown we shall probably never have.

Creator of Surfaces

THE O'HARA GENERATION. *By John O'Hara. Random House. 491 pp. $6.95.*

JOHN DWYER

Mr. Dwyer is a former fiction editor of the Chicago Review.

Stanley Kauffmann, in comparing a late collection of John O'Hara's stories with his early fiction, said that the experience was like watching an old Jimmy Stewart film on *The Late Show*. "You realize that, essentially, nothing at all has changed. The years have done nothing but age him; what was good remains good, what was bad remains bad. There has not even been deterioration, let alone development." The comparison works in all but one particular: Stewart on film may appear older from year to year, but O'Hara in prose doesn't age at all from story to story, decade to decade.

At least that is an impression one gets from reading these twenty-two stories selected from O'Hara's work during the years 1935-66. "The Doctor's Son" (1935) and "Fatimas and Kisses" (1966), the stories which begin and end the volume, give every appearance of having been written within a few weeks of each other. Both are "Jimmy Malloy" stories (the only ones in the collection), the first presenting Jimmy as a teen-ager, the second showing him at various stages of adolescence and early manhood. Both have as their surface interest Jimmy's observation of the progress and violent termination of certain sexual intrigues in Gibbsville; both also involve the problem of Malloy establishing his own identity in relation to the formidable personality of his father.

In "Fatimas and Kisses," by helping to fix the grounds for a plea of insanity, Malloy as a newspaper reporter saves a murderer from the electric chair. The act mirrors his father's career as a physician; it is also performed in the older man's inconspicuous manner. The autobiographical element of both stories is thinly veiled: put side by side, the events, even the minor touches, occur at about the same place in both texts. Although Malloy appears at the end of "Fatimas and Kisses" to have achieved —what he failed at in the earlier story— a satisfactory relation to the memory of his dead father, one marvels, extraneously perhaps, at the degree to which this particular theme engages the author in stories written some thirty years apart. Both stories properly could be titled "The Doctor's Son."

O'Hara's prose in the most recent stories is the same instrument with which he began his career thirty-five years ago. It is the prose of a writer who sees himself exclusively as a *teller* of tales. His style is seldom interpretive (Malloy is never Marlow). He rarely uses language to provide a dimension beyond the narrated events themselves. O'Hara's narrative stance has always been, in his best work at least, reportorial. His business is with "facts," with appearances, with people's speech, with nuances in manners, with life-styles. O'Hara, more often than not, has succeeded in placing his characters in a sharply defined milieu precisely because he is an expert in the creation of surfaces.

Such expertise of course accounts for O'Hara's reputation as a master of "social verisimilitude." All the stories in this collection, especially the longer ones



TWO VARIATIONS ON A THEME

1.

What's his offense?

He's young
and lies with women
in his imagination.
The apprehension of death
grips him by the neck.
He'll go as close to an old man
as to a blubber washed up
on the beach.

2.

What's his offense?

He will not look.
The face is too old.
He will not look.

CARL RAKOSI

GOING ON THIRTY

They still let us in the swamped
doors of the Fillmore
if we have our straight's five.
I'm hunched toward the stage,
a strange tidal bending, and it is
the blackest sea this side
of the moon.
Red lights, buoys stranded,
burn across dead space.
Those are the eyes of undersea gear
that hauls up sound
naked off the ocean floor.

When the waves, blue to purple to good-blood red,
have battered all our ears back into
these sober undefended heads,
the dark comes on again. The lonesome
little eyes stare back. No recognition.
I stiffen for a hard shove,
myself against myself.
Oh I pity me! me! and trust no one,
I who love the stage dead,
nothing begun,
and the dark stalled up there, empty-handed.

ROSELLEN BROWN

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Now it is time to see what's left:
not much.
Gulls above the scrub pine, the tufted dunes—
though nothing visible emits that low, slurred moan—,
the graves in rows like a tray full of type.
What we have lost
you may guess by what we have kept.
We rise to sing
like beach grass swaying in the wind.
O hymn of salt, the pages of the hymnal
riffling, turning
at last by themselves.

WILLIAM MATTHEWS

FOR A SHETLAND PONY BROOD MARE WHO DIED IN HER BARREN YEAR

After bringing forth eighteen
foals in as many Mays
you might, old Trinket girl,
have let yourself be lulled
this spring into the green days
of pasture and first curl
of timothy. Instead,
your milk bag swelled again,
an obstinate machine.
Your long pale tongue
waggled in every feed box.
You slicked your ears back
to scatter other mares
from the salt lick.
You were full of winter burdocks
and false pregnancy.

By midsummer all the foals
had breached, except the ghost
you carried. In the bog
where you came down each noon
to ease your deer-thin hoofs in mud,
a jack-in-the-pulpit cocked
his overhang like a question mark.
We saw some autumn soon
that botflies would take your skin
and bloodworms settle
inside the cords and bands
that laced your belly,
your church of folded hands.

But all in good time, Trinket!
Was it something you understood?
Full of false pride
you lay down and died
in the sun,
all silken on one side,
all mud on the other one.

MAXINE KUMIN

("Mrs. Stratton of Oak Knoll," "Pat Collins" and "Andrea"), sustain that reputation, but one other impression emerges. His characters are so adroitly and firmly established in their various environments that one soon becomes aware of how very little maneuverability (i.e., freedom) they really possess. One always suspected that Julian English did not *have* to throw that highball in Harry Reilly's face in *Appointment in Samarra*, even if Julian's suicide seemed to be the culmination of an inexorable process. The import of these stories is to suggest that the highball episode, trivial as it appears, was inevitable in O'Hara's view of things, that it too was simply a step in an unintelligible, and therefore wholly implacable, process.

The working out of that process involves O'Hara's notions about society and the subtle laws which govern it. In "Over the River and Through the Wood," O'Hara sees a young woman's revulsion at an old man's casual gesture at amiability to be the end for which the man's whole life has prepared him. In "Mary and Norma," sisters-in-law discuss the dull, trapped lives into which their marriages and extramarital affairs have led them, and one declares about men: "*I* hate *them*. It isn't only them hating us. But what are you gonna do?" In Gibbsville, where propriety, class postures or religious scruples order relations among people, gentility and violence are often indistinguishable. In "The Manager" a man begins to hemorrhage in a hotel dining room, but when he rushes to the men's room and collapses, his wife cannot bring herself to follow him there. People in O'Hara's stories are the victims of their milieu, even when they embrace and cultivate that milieu; their manners are merely the symbols of their bondage.

While he was writing his first novel, O'Hara read Somerset Maugham's version of the Samarra legend and knew that he had found the title for his book. The legend, O'Hara said later, is "thousands of years old; Maugham happened to put it gracefully, and his way of putting it fitted nicely into the inevitability of Julian English's death." The retrospective view afforded by this collection suggests that that early note of fatalism is a current which runs through his best stories. Fatality for the O'Hara generation works itself out in terms of country-club membership committees, the *Evening Bulletin*, 1929, Players Club ties, the AEF, stingers, Victrolas, the Catholic conscience, Penn Station, influenza, *Bambalina*, and Pierce-Arrow families. The choices his characters make are seldom choices at all; they are only steps. O'Hara's characters often project the illusion of action freely taken, but their respective societies are so close-grained that options either do not exist or are beyond their imagination.

Often enough, O'Hara has delighted in the ridiculousness of existence. He is fond of recounting, without the least embellishment, the struggles toward status of the Gibbsville WASPs and their less successful but equally motivated Irish auxiliary. Hollywood and New York likewise offer him inexhaustible opportunities for social commentary, but that side of O'Hara is subordinate for the most part in these stories. There is a "recurrent imagination" in O'Hara, Lionel Trilling once noted, that brings him very close to the author of *The Trial*, for it amounts to an almost metaphysical fear in his view of society. In this collection of stories it is that curious, apprehensive imagination which prevails.

Nation Book Marks

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necessity, of achieving human immortality.

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A first-hand report on Cuba and the effects of revolution on its people by a former literary editor of *The Nation.* Extensive photographs by Leroy Lucas.

THE CHOICES. *By Norman Thomas.* Ives Washburn. *85 pp. $3.50.*

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The author has interviewed sixteen clergymen and laymen to give a well-rounded view of "how American Catholicism is confronting change in its contemporary setting and where it is heading."

ART/Lawrence Alloway

Surrealism as an alternative to the formal tradition of Cubism, erotics as the latest iconographical news, and realism as "illusion without convention" are the themes of three exhibitions in New York. The shows are minor, but the symptoms are real and can be anticipated in other shows this season. All have to do with a general curiosity about the alternatives to abstract art. They do not represent an attack on abstract art but a resistance to the extent to which it has monopolized critical attention.

"Young and Fantastic" is an exhibition of English painters in a rather seedy cul-de-sac on the ninth floor of Macy's (you should note the floor if you intend to go; the information counters, called "service" in the store, don't know about the show). The artists are new in the United States and new in themselves, born for the most part between 1937 and 1943. England doesn't lack for young artists—it is the older ones that are hard to find—and here is another generation of talent. Mario Amayo, who chose the show for the Institute of Contemporary Arts, London, suggests as common denominator "the spirit of Surrealism . . . screened through a Pop sensibility."

This seems about right, inasmuch as the artists who use mass media or popular culture sources do so with symbolic overtones and undertows. Christopher Finch in *Image as Language* (a new Penguin book) says of one of the artists, Colin Self, that "no overt moral is drawn, but the fact is stated" in his work. That seems precisely wrong: it is not the detachment of Pop art that characterizes Self's work but a tendency, seen here in other British artists, to dissolve fact into topical symbols or personal fantasy. The influence of Jim Dine's juicy plasticity on Self's drawings of settees, or of Rosenquist on Brendan Neiland (even to the point that one of his paintings of reflections is called "Green Fender") are pretty much what is meant by Post Pop art. (The phrase was coined a couple of years ago, and refers to the development of the realistic potential of Pop art rather than of its schematic sign properties.)

The styles of the artists in Amayo's group range from a soft version of Viennese Fantastic Realism (Charles Beauchamp, Richard Humphry), through René Magritte turned into Science Fiction (clouds by Bob Evans painted in a room to look like rampant spores), and abstract illusionism turned figurative (Glynn Williams' witty double take in which Art Déco motifs are loaded onto shaped canvases derived from Richard Smith). The best of the group at present is certainly Clive Barker whose chrome-plated objects—grenades, a newspaper (legible), a bucket of raindrops—have a severe presence which gets dissipated in the symbols and nuanced fantasy of the other artists.

You can go to "Orgy 1969," arranged by the United States of Erotica, Inc., by appointment (call 212 369-4701), but it's only a mixed art show in an apartment. I went expecting graphics of the kind that *Screw* and such journals use as filler, but that wasn't it. Much erotic art of the 16th to 18th centuries closely resembles the public fine art of the period, but with the fig leaf removed from the males and the adhesive drapery unstuck from the women. Thus a muted but persistent memory of sexual specifics adds resonance to the conventional poses of nymphs and satyrs, the Venuses and the Marses. It is a version of this back-up art that you get at "Orgy 1969."

However, this show is the mimicking underside of the Washington Square Open Air Art Show, not of royal mythologies. It is largely amateur art with new anatomical coordinates. Instead of Swan Lake ballerinas, it's Leda and the aroused bird; instead of knees-together poses for White Rock maidens, it's legs akimbo every time. Washington Square-type art has its visionary and cosmic flashes, of course, and so does "Orgy": the result is like *Zap Comix*'s ithyphallicism grafted onto Maxfield Parrish.

A number of recent exhibitions have treated realism, not as a revival but as a present problem: "Realism Now" (Vassar College Art Gallery, 1968), "Aspects of a New Realism" (Milwaukee Art Center, 1969), and "The Impure Image" (arranged by David Antin at the Art Gallery of the University of California at San Diego, 1969). A mixed show called "Direct Representation" opened the season at the Fischbach Gallery with a catalogue text by Scott Burton that is brief and contradictory. He argues that the five painters in the show are committed not merely to "figuration, but . . . to unmitigated illusion." This unreal separation, as if illusion were not generated by images of identifiable things, enables him to discuss realist pictures as if they were abstract. He uses a traditional formalist language to talk about space, neglecting iconography as thoroughly as any Clement Greenberg follower.

Burton allows that "all art is of course conventional," but states that what he calls "directly representational painting aspires to a conventionlessness, and a styleless transparency." He states in one place that DR painting "does not at all eliminate or make obsolete other varieties of painting," and in another place that it is "the only major mode now available to painting adequate for the expression of the fullest individuality." Apart from the fact that we now have a conventionless *mode*, this is the wrong way to write about realism. The present fragmentary state of opinion about realism badly needs a synoptic view, but Burton would reduce realist criticism to the primitive either-or, right-wrong stance of much criticism of abstract art. Realism, like abstract art, is an option, not an imperative. Maybe David Antin's awaited text on "The Impure Image" will put realist aesthetics on a more secure basis without recourse to absolutism.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Waterford, Conn.

When I first heard, several years ago, that something called the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theatre Foundation was sponsoring something called a National Playwrights' Conference, my reaction was somewhat guarded. Yet another program for the care and feeding of young playwrights? And just what purpose was to be served by carting a bunch of playwrights off to some kind of summer camp in Connecticut? On the other hand, the theatre needs all the halfway decent playwrights it can get; and maybe what the playwrights need is a chance to go off into the country somewhere with a group of actors and directors and work the kinks out of their scripts in a context where success pressures are kept at a minimum.

And in fact the idea seems to be working out pretty well. There has been a Playwrights' Conference every summer since 1965 at the foundation's big white mansion overlooking Long Island Sound; no geniuses have been unearthed so far, but the conference has been a factor in the careers of a number of young playwrights who have lately won reputations for themselves: Leonard Melfi, Paul Foster, John Guare, Israel Horovitz, Ron Cowen, Frank Gagliano, Lanford Wilson and others. This is a heterogeneous group; the foundation authorities have been at pains not to confine their beneficence to any particular kind of playwright. And nowadays the foundation also sponsors a number of activities besides the Playwrights' Conference, including the National Theatre of the Deaf,

which has won golden opinions in this country and abroad, and programs for the training of drama critics, high school drama teachers and deaf theatre personnel.

This year the foundation has branched out in a new direction by sponsoring the American debut of the Theatre Workshop of Trinidad. The Trinidadians took part in the regular activities of this summer's Playwrights' Conference; in addition, they presented several public performances of *Dream on Monkey Mountain*, a play by their founder, director and playwright in chief, Derek Walcott.

Mr. Walcott is black, and so are the members of his company; his play deals, in highly metaphorical terms, with the situation of the West Indian Negro, caught between British "civilization" and a deep sense of identification with Africa. The dreamer on Monkey Mountain is a drunken old charcoal burner who imagines himself King of Africa. After a series of phantasmagorial scenes, he is enthroned amidst his black wives and warriors, and ritually executes a symbolic white girl. This scene appears to owe a great deal to Genet's *The Blacks*, which is also in the company's repertory; it is interesting that a black writer should borrow from a white writer the terms in which to talk about blackness.

Although he has spent ten years creating and leading his company, Mr. Walcott is not, I think, primarily a man of the theatre. His poetry, which he began publishing at the age of 19, is much admired by such judges as Robert Graves and Elizabeth Hardwick, and *Dream on Monkey Mountain* has the worst fault to which plays by poets (even plays by good poets) are prone: it is not successfully designed to be apprehended in the theatre. Symbols are thick on the ground: among the characters listed in the program are "Basil, a cabinetmaker, figure of Death," and "The Apparition, the moon, the muse, the white Goddess." The dialogue is full of elaborate imagery: "Make a white mist in the mind and make the mist to hang like the dress of a woman, on prickles, on branches, and make it rise like the breath of the dead on Resurrection morning." That passage seems to me rather splendid as I read it over, and I have no rooted objections to cabinetmakers who are figures of death. But all this paraphernalia does not function well dramatically; the play is murky and slow, encumbered by the very distinction of its style, choked in its own luxuriance. Nor does the production make up for the deficiencies of the script.

I don't mean to suggest that the Theatre Workshop of Trinidad is without promise (even in an American context; what it means to Trinidadians is another question). Mr. Walcott is far from being a nonentity; and, given time and training, it is not impossible that his company, now still nonprofessional, will satisfy the hopes that have been invested in it. But that brings us to the great general difficulty in writing about the O'Neill Foundation: its final justification is not the work that the participants in its activities do while they are in residence at Waterford but the work they do afterward. This is true to a considerable extent in regard to the Trinidadians, and even more true of the conference playwrights in general.

The conference functions both as a laboratory and as a market place. Not only does the playwright get a chance to work on his play in concert with a director, some actors and even an advisory critic (several are attached to the conference, and the playwright is assigned one of them); a number of producers have been known to come up to Waterford to see what's going on, and participation at the conference has led directly to several productions in New York. At last year's conference, I was given to understand, the temptations of the market place had gotten out of hand; productions had become very elaborate, and the conference had become tense with just those pressures from which it was supposed to be a refuge.

This year efforts were made to relax the atmosphere, and to allow the laboratory aspect to predominate. Except for *Monkey Mountain*, a special case, all the plays at this year's conference were given in staged readings rather than as full productions; all the actors carried their scripts, as a constant reminder that the aim was not to turn out a finished production for the audience but to help the playwright work on his play. As usual, the public was allowed to buy tickets if it liked, but, except in the case of *Monkey Mountain*, it was explicitly told that it was to watch a work-in-progress.

Even so, it makes sense to ask a couple of questions about the conference in general: are the actors and directors good enough to be of real assistance to the playwrights, and do those playwrights appear to be worth assisting? As far as I could see in a short stay, the standard of performance was high; even with script in hand a good actor is a good actor. There were plenty of those around: established professionals like Caroline Coates, Peggy Pope, James Ray, Stephen Strimpell and others. As to the quality, actual or potential, of the playwrights, I heard expressions of discontent from several people at the conference, and during my weekend at Waterford I did see some stuff that seemed to me scarcely worth bothering about. But I also saw a quite remarkably funny play entitled *The Disintegration of James Cherry*, about a nice young man to whom the most ingeniously awful things keep happening. The dialogue is strange and quietly wonderful: "If the stickleback catches you, the stickleback will kill you. There's a stickleback loose somewhere in the afternoon." Jeff Wanshel, the author of *The Disintegration of James Cherry*, is 21 years old, and I think, to put it mildly, that he and his stuff are well worth bothering about.

Perhaps, however, the conference is valuable most of all as a conference—"a meeting," as my dictionary puts it, "for consultation and discussion." The place swarms with playwrights, actors, directors, critics and miscellaneous others, consulting and discussing with great spontaneity and vivacity, and a high degree of cogency as well. Two playwrights, two critics and a director are standing around on the beach. "I don't know which is the id and which is the ego," says one of the playwrights, with reference to some play, or playwright or theatrical phenomenon. "Modern times has confused those polarities, hasn't it?" replies a critic cheerfully. On the beach!

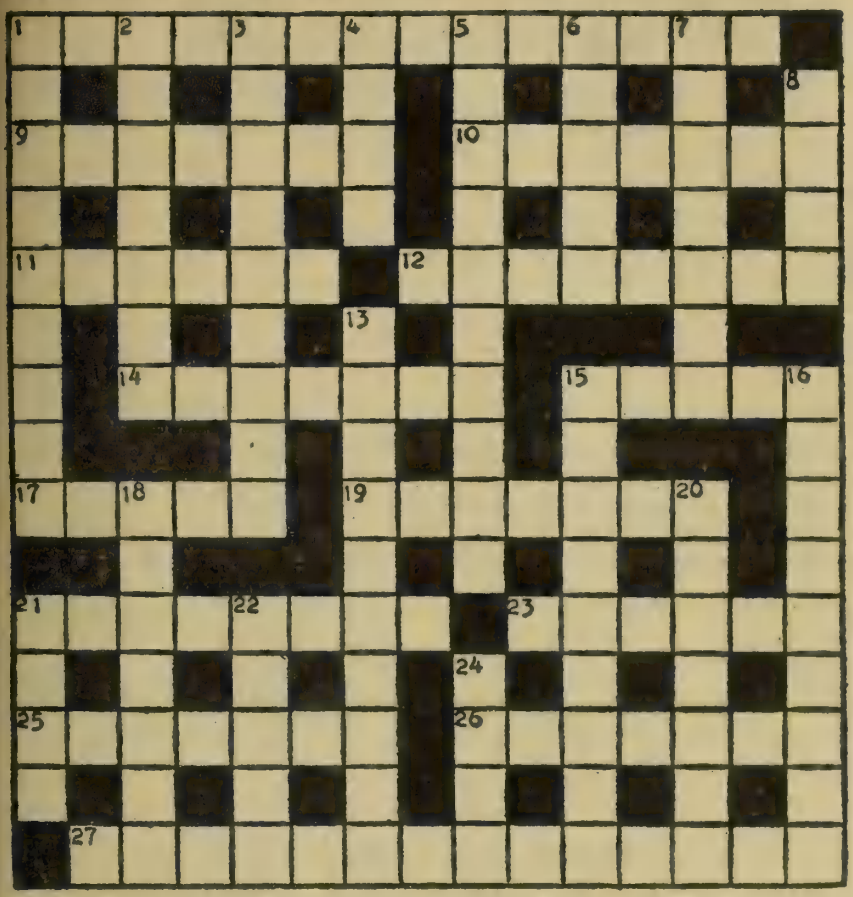
And, for a change, the critics and those they criticize can meet one another as colleagues, not adversaries. Furthermore, just as the playwrights are a heterogeneous lot, so are the others. One of the highlights of my visit to the conference was the chance to have lunch on the grass with Elizabeth Hardwick, the most articulate American spokesman for the idea that the drama is a form of literature that has fallen into bad company by frequenting the theatre. Had I arrived a few weeks earlier, I might have had lunch instead with Richard Schechner, who maintains that the primacy of literature in our theatre is an oppressive and by no means irremediable peculiarity of Western culture. No one can say conclusively what has resulted, and what will result, from the success this conference has had in putting widely various kinds of theatre people in touch with one another; but I suspect that this may turn out to be its most valuable contribution.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1315

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The natural thing in the way of curriculum content. (6,2,6)
9 Modern music not paid for ahead of time? There's something fishy! (4,3)
10 Go back over and soak a group of people. (7)
11 They might suggest Southern Comfort, but they're really different drinks. (6)
12 Boring ratio? Cringe in confusion! (8)
14 Put down quotation marks under something. (7)
15 Set to catch one? (5)
17 White like a Wyandotte, for instance? (7)
19 They could put themselves right on the line in this country. (7)
21 One can get on the average a very loud indication in wax. (8)
23 Fancy an ice cream cone containing blue! (6)
25 Plain cakes are usually so seen. (7)
26 Forestall before the opening? (7)
27 Thick and thin does as a cliché for what the golfer does. (7,7)

DOWN

1 Hip joint possibly? (9)
2 and 21 down Titillated? Stick with it! (One is so happy!) (7,4)
3 The peak of March? (2,7)
4 You might find quarrelsome types at this. (4)
5 Well done, perhaps, but not eaten on the premises. (7,3)
6 Make the speech complete? (5)
7 His wail is heard in Africa. (7)
8 Inquire if it's about right for the ice? (7)
13 It's not exactly so weird now, but it might be associated with mullions. (4,6)
15 It takes someone like Roosevelt to carry a favorite for the younger generation. (5,4)
16 Only indifferent net results, but might be called for on the field. (4,5)
18 The sorry state of Cleveland is about to tell on the playwright's character. (7)
20 The lines of a poet and roué, possibly. (7)
21 See 2 down.
22 What's the point of convergence? (5)
24 What might be given up in land projection? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1314

ACROSS: 1 Blow-hard; 5 Spices; 10 Cheer; 11 Padlocked; 12 Amateur; 13 Counsel; 14 Misses; 15 Shearer; 18 Angevin; 21 Cheats; 24 Candles; 26 Initial; 27 Tarpaulin; 29 and 28 Clean-shaven; 30 and 7 Birthday cakes. DOWN: 1 Buccal; 2 Overawing; 3 Harkens; 4 Reports; 6 Procure; 8 Saddlers; 9 Educes; 16 Retrieved; 17 Narcotic; 19 Villain; 20 Nestle; 21 Chianti; 22 Epithet; 23 Plenty; 25 Nurse.

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LETTERS

democracy in Greece

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In the last two years you have published a number of fine articles and editorials about Greece, and this is something that few American publications have done. An example is the article "Greece: A Chance for Democracy" by W. G. Forrest, as well as your editorial "NATO's Missing Link" [both Sept. 22].

Allow me, however, to observe that the editorial considers Greece a "missing link," because of the purges that took place in the armed forces. It seems to me that the morale of the people is also of importance. I don't think that the average soldier would fight only to preserve the junta, even if the officers had not been purged.

Mr. Forrest's article, despite its many valid points, makes some astonishing statements. He says . . . that Greece had been all this time poor and underdeveloped. This is not so. In the 1860s industrialization had advanced quite a bit, but then retrogressed with the policies of the Danish King George I and the spreading of colonialist policies of the big Western powers throughout the Balkans, the Near East and Africa.

A most serious error is that there was no democracy in Greece before the Metaxas dictatorship (1936) or that of Papadopoulos (1967). True, there was an imperfect democracy, which needed profound reforms. But . . . the truth of the matter is that in the 140 years of Greece's independence the country has enjoyed *more* parliamentary democracy than most countries of Europe, including such countries as France, Germany, Italy, to say nothing of Eastern Europe and the Middle East.

Also, I found galling the completely unfounded allegation that Greek politicians were corrupt. After two and a half years of monotonous repetition of charges of corruption by the junta, no scandals have been uncovered, even against the most ardent opponents of the military. Where is the corruption?

Spyridon Granitsas

bon voyage

Pacific Grove, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Agonizing over Vietnam, Nixon, the military-industrial complex, racism, and all such matters, is irrelevant and academic. The fact is that the basic ecosystems and biological cycles of this planet have already been irremediably distorted and poisoned, and that within some twenty to forty years only a few tough human mutants will be around.

The atmosphere is dying, losing its oxygen; the waters are already so full of pesticides that the organisms at the top of the food chain are vanishing; the earth is pervaded with radioactive wastes and CBW discards. In short, we've had it, so let's enjoy the time that's left. When you book passage on the *Titanic*, why go steerage?

Arthur Porges

Reagan's razor

Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: While I disagree with several points made by Ross Y. Koen in "Higher Learning in California: The Education of Ronald Reagan" [*The Nation*, Sept. 29], on the whole I found it to be a well-documented study of the Governor's manipulation of California higher education for his political benefit.

I think it is important to remember that the Governor's

(Continued on page 381)

EDITORIALS

The Wrong Place To Cut

"What a Bedlamite is man," Thomas Jefferson sighed. Intensely research-minded though he was, long before the term acquired its modern meaning, what would he say if he could see funds for biological and medical research being slashed while billions are poured into weapons of mass destruction? Happily, total insanity in politics is almost as rare as total sanity, and Rep. Richard D. McCarthy has injected his customary note of reason by publishing in the *Congressional Record* (September 16) some of the protests against the 20 per cent cuts in biological and medical research grants proposed by the National Institutes of Health (NIH).

The protests have not been muted. On September 9, the American Chemical Society and the New York Academy of Sciences held meetings to bring this threat to research in the life sciences and medical technology to public attention. Dr. Philip Handler, the new president of the National Academy of Sciences and himself a biologist, said at the ACS meeting that the proposed cuts would bring "panic" to many research institutes. He warned that denying funds to young scientists and doctors is "selling our future short." Dr. Handler is not one to cry without reason. He was supported by Dr. George Wald, who received the Nobel Prize for his work in the chemistry of vision. Dr. Wald reiterated his appeals to scientists to cease working on "the technology of death and destruction" and the Pentagon's "chemical chamber of horrors"—napalm, chemical and biological weapons, defoliants and herbicides. According to *The Washington Post* (September 11), most of the predominantly middle-aged audience rose and applauded him wildly.

At the New York Academy of Sciences meeting, Dr. Albert Szent-Györgyi, who received the Nobel Prize in medicine for his discovery of Vitamin C, likewise blamed huge military spending and military control over the economy for the plight of basic research, not only in the life sciences and medicine but in the physical sciences generally. A physician and the director of the Institute for Muscle Research at Woods Hole, Mass., Szent-Györgyi would like to do cancer research. Since the research cuts have been put into effect the NIH no longer supports his project, but National Science Foundation grants enable him, as he puts it, to work with his two hands. Unfortunately, that is not how cancer research is done, and Szent-Györgyi must regretfully refuse the applications of young scientists who want to work with him and who might turn up something significant. Obviously, barring the way to young men and women who wish to start careers in the physical, biological or medical fields is ruinous. There are signs, in fact, that the United States is slipping from its leading position in the life sciences and will continue to lose ground as long as it gives priority to killing rather than healing.

A parallel piece of folly is the reported intention of the National Cancer Institute to kill 380 monkeys be-

cause of a shortage of funds. These are not ordinary laboratory animals. Five years ago, in infancy, they were inoculated with tissue from human cancers suspected of being caused by viruses. They are now to be killed before the results of the experiment can be known. Since it costs $3 a day to support one of these animals, more than $2 million has already been invested. But then, who gets what in budget allocation depends more on interest-group pressures than on good sense, and the most powerful pressure group is the military-industrial complex.

In the case of the grants for young scientists, the protests appear to be having some effect. *Science* (September 19) reports that NIH has reduced its projected cuts from the 20 to the 5 to 10 per cent range. This is contingent, however, and the entire situation is in flux. The partial restoration (which is by no means assured) has been made possible by the Nixon Administration's decision to treat the Medicare and Medicaid programs separately, thus relieving some of the pressure on research appropriations. Inflation, caused in large part by military spending, is also a factor; it is blamed specifically for the proposed closing of nineteen of the ninety-three clinical research centers—miniature hospitals affiliated with medical schools and research-oriented hospitals, and financed by NIH. Whatever its form, the budgetary pressure on both current and future medical study comes from the continued drain by military hardware, research and manpower. Unless the misnamed "defense" budget can be drastically reduced, funding of medical and biological research will remain precarious.

Willy Brandt Looks Ahead

Bonn

In the sixth national election since the West German Federal Republic was founded twenty years ago, Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger's Christian Democratic Union (CDU) won a narrow victory of 46.1 per cent over the 42.7 of Foreign Minister Willy Brandt's Social Democrats (SPD). But as of this writing, Mr. Brandt appears to be negotiating a successful alliance with the small Free Democratic Party (FDP), the battered remnant of the old Liberal Party, whose 5.8 per cent of the votes would give the coalition control of the Bundestag, permit the Foreign Minister to form a government and throw the Christian Democrats into the opposition for the first time since 1949, when Konrad Adenauer led them to victory and what has come to look like permanent rule.

Close to 87 per cent of the 38.6 million registered voters turned out at the polls on September 28—a figure that must break the record for Western Europe—and the election was satisfactory in other ways. Most conspicuously, Adolf von Thadden's ultra-rightist National Democratic Party drew only 4.3 per cent of the votes and will be banished from Parliament under a rule that excludes any party falling below 5 per cent. The National Democrats remain a provincial aberration. Further, if Brandt manages to form a government, it will attempt to thaw out the Central European political glacier. This implies no radical change in West German policy, and believers in coexistence should not become overexcited by the prospect.

IN THIS ISSUE

October 13, 1969

EDITORIALS

362

ARTICLES

368 San Francisco Police: Black vs. White in the Station House — *Robert A. Jones*

370 Commission on Violence: The Rhetoric of Evasion — *Richard Drinnon*

374 Japan 1970: Year of Upheaval — *Jeffrey P. Freed*

379 By Road and Rail: Explosions en Route — *Sandy Morrison*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

382 Forget About the First Amendment — *Frank J. Donner*

383 Campus ROTC (poem) — *Philip Legler*

384 East Asian Backgrounds — *C. P. FitzGerald*

384 Elegy for Ike Eisenhower (poem) — *John Ridland*

386 Thrashing With Doom — *L. Alan Goldstein*

387 Book Marks — *Sara Blackburn*

388 Music — *David Hamilton*

388 October (poem) — *John Unterecker*

389 Film Festival — *Harold Clurman*

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THE NATION *Volume 209 No. 12*

Brandt and his presumptive Foreign Minister, Free Democratic Party leader Walter Scheel, differ from the CDU only in the warmth with which they approach the subject. All three parties remain throttled by the Adenauer principle that only a general European peace treaty can solve the border, refugee and restitution problems. It takes two to make a bargain, and at present the Communist approach is to skirt the issue of a peace treaty and press for some umbrella formula of accord based on its proposed European Security Conference.

Leaving aside such foreign-policy imponderables, the poll tabulations make interesting reading for the future of West Germany. For the first time, the SPD broke through the magic 40 per cent barrier, the party registering gains almost everywhere except in a few strongly Catholic-Conservative areas of lower Bavaria. Significantly, its gains came less from its traditional working-class base than from segments where the party has not previously been particularly successful. They include both Catholic and middle-class voter groups, and early analyses indicate that the swing in these key blocs was at the expense of the CDU. Kiesinger's party did well in Protestant areas, picking up from the FDP (whose percentage dropped from 9.5 to the perilously narrow 5.8, which is nevertheless now so important to Willy Brandt) enough votes to compensate for the inroads made by the SPD. Overall, the elections showed a continuing trend toward a two-party system.

German voters receive two ballots: on one they vote directly for candidates to the Bundestag; on the other they pick a party slate, by states, and Bundestag seats are then allotted to the contending parties by proportional representation. For the first time, the SPD won more direct mandates than did the CDU and its Bavarian sister party, the Christian Democrats. This should encourage advocates of electoral reform in the SPD who, like members of the CDU, would prefer direct Parliamentary election.

The gains of the SPD are the fruit of the party's struggle for respectability. Ten years ago, it formally abandoned Marxism and set out to win the support of the bourgeoisie. In 1966, it entered a governing coalition with the CDU, and has since shown its ability on the ministerial level. The CDU, on the other hand, conducted an unenterprising campaign, confirming popular feeling that after twenty years in office it had gone stale and had nothing new or progressive to offer. Kiesinger, clinging hard to Adenauer's mantle, harped on cold-war problems. It was probably a mistake: like the menace of Red China, the cold war has become a bore to the public, which in any case knows itself helpless to deal with confrontations at the atomic level of the superpowers.

JOE ALEX MORRIS, JR.

Ramming Through the SST

No one with the slightest knowledge of the aerospace branch of the military-industrial complex, and of President Nixon's basic economic stance, could have doubted that he would approve further development of the supersonic transport. His attitude toward opponents of the SST is essentially the same as his attitude toward critics of the Vietnamese War. To the latter he said bluntly that under no circumstances whatever would he be affected by their opposition. Toward the SST critics he is less arrogant, but their arguments might as well be voiced in a vacuum. As one headline puts it, the "controversial project moves inexorably ahead."

Whence comes this foreordination? The Russian TU-144 and the British-French Concorde have already made test flights, the latter, briefly, at supersonic speeds. Thus, if only for reasons of prestige, we must have a bigger and faster SST—the only meaningful question, according to the President, being whether "the people of the world will be flying in American supersonic transports or in the transports of other nations." But if the SST is a commercially sound venture, then why does the aerospace industry refuse to contribute more than 10 per cent of the development cost, forcing the taxpayers to risk billions on a dubious venture?

The truth is that in the Presidency Mr. Nixon is what he has always been—the guardian of the profits of big business. Boeing's prosperity takes precedence over mass transport on the ground, medical research, and all the other unfilled needs with which the country is plagued. The National Institutes of Health closes down clinical research centers that would cost $6.5 million a year, while $1.2 billion in government funds has already been disbursed or committed for the SST, with no one able to forecast the ultimate cost.

Finally, if the priorities are to be limited to aviation, would it not make more sense to put larger amounts into airport radar, anti-collision devices, rapid transit facilities between cities and airports (which will also serve local public transportation needs) and similar necessities, rather than into aircraft that have only special-interest appeal, and much of that specious?

The Conspiracy in Chicago

The real conspiracy in Chicago is not the one with which the government has charged the eight defendants, but its own action in securing their indictment. The decision of Attorney General John Mitchell to seek the indictments (his predecessor, Ramsey Clark, had no enthusiasm for the project) might be regarded as the "overt" act. The intent of the government's "conspiracy" was to discourage opposition to the war in Vietnam. A glance at the backgrounds of the defendants makes evident the intention to indict persons who represent principal elements of the anti-war movement: David Dellinger (old Left, pacifist); Rennie Davis (New Left); Tom Hayden (radical-revolutionary); Bobby Seale (Black Panthers); Abbie Hoffman (hippies); Jerry Rubin (Yippies); John R. Froines, assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon, and Lee Weiner, doctoral candidate in sociology at Northwestern University (campus intellectuals).

Despite the clear motive of the prosecution, the public at first showed little interest in the trial. In fact, only a day or so before Judge Julius Hoffman ordered the summary arrest of four young defense lawyers, Rennie Davis had complained that demonstrations in aid of the defense

had been disappointing. "We somehow have to tell the country what this trial is about so that people will know." He need worry no longer; Judge Hoffman's bizarre conduct on the bench has made obvious what the prosecution is about.

Three of the four young lawyers had been retained for the limited purpose of preparing pretrial motions—a practice not uncommon in political trials. The fourth was originally supposed to be a member of the trial team, but withdrew to work on the defense of twenty-one Black Panthers in New York. Judge Hoffman tried to justify the arrests on the ground that the four had no right to withdraw by telegram. But they were not in Chicago—they live elsewhere—and they had the permission of their clients to withdraw. More to the point, Judge Hoffman tried to use their arrests as a way to force the defendants to proceed without their chief trial counsel, Charles Garry, who was about to undergo a gall bladder operation in San Francisco. Judge Hoffman denies that he made the dropping of charges against the four lawyers conditional on the defendants' assertion that they were content to go to trial with the counsel immediately available, but his intention is evident from the record. When he realized that his action had aroused a storm of protest —from thirteen members of the faculty of the Harvard Law School, from civil liberties organizations, and from a group of 150 lawyers resident in all parts of the country, who hurried to Chicago to express their sense of outrage—he vacated the contempt proceedings.

By then the damage had been done and he should have declared a mistrial. Now this unhappy prosecution, which should never have been initiated, will drag on for months; but it will probably have the effect of breathing new life into the anti-war movement which it was supposed to arrest. Judge Hoffman will see to that.

Operation Showboat

During the 1968 campaign, Richard M. Nixon referred scathingly to President Johnson's habit of making a big splurge with one innovation after another—"showboating" Mr. Nixon called it. He had a case, but now his Administration is engaging in the same practice, only splashier. Mr. Johnson's ingenuity never hit on anything as foolish, or as violative of good order and the rights of law-abiding citizens, as the current federal drive to prevent the import of marijuana from Mexico. Nothing like it has been seen since Prohibition; actually, in some respects, this saturnalia in the guise of law enforcement is more invasive of common decency than anything Prohibition ever spawned.

Billed as "the biggest smuggling crackdown in history," "Operation Intercept" is the result of seven months of planning by Attorney General Mitchell and his deputy, Richard Kleindienst. It involves a veritable mobilization of federal agencies and the use of aircraft (both fixed-wing and helicopter), patrol boats, radar, esoteric instruments such as people-sniffers and marijuana-sniffers and, above all, the full weight of the government's publicity apparatus. It began on September 21 with a media-shaking bang, and is proceeding crash by crash; it takes no prescience to forecast that it will end with a whimper.

The locations where the drive is most arrogant in the application of federal power are at the border crossings between Mexico and the United States. Normally, at the sixteen customs gates between Tijuana, Mexico, and San Ysidro, Calif., below San Diego, the border guards pass the cars through with a glance at the occupants and a wave of the hand. On September 21, a Sunday, the crackdown began at 2:30 in the afternoon, just before the peak of Sunday shoppers, weekend tourists and bullfight and Caliente race track crowds began re-entering the United States. All cars were halted for a search of the interior, the engine compartment, trunk and, with the aid of long-handled mirrors, the underside of the chassis. On a hit-or-miss basis, or for reasons known only to the men who manned the gates, many cars were shunted aside for more intensive searches of up to half an hour. Very soon, cars were backed up into the Tijuana streets and then for 3.5 miles to the race track. Delays of four hours and more were reported. Women's handbags and children's lunch boxes, teddy bears and the like were searched. Some women were required to unbutton blouses; men were forced to take off jackets and vests and loosen clothing.

The temperature was very high and cars began to overheat. Many had to be pushed through the gates for tow-car service on the American side. Tempers grew short and there were fist fights among drivers. At intervals, hundreds of drivers blew their horns in concerted indignation. These scenes, duplicated at other major border crossings, disrupted normal intercourse between adjacent towns in the United States and Mexico. There were outcries from chambers of commerce, shopkeepers and hotel men, and one diplomatic incident when the Mexican consul general in El Paso was pulled from his car and "violently" searched. The Mexican Embassy sent a note of protest.

The fruits of this operation, in the form of drugs seized, were unimpressive, but the discovery of such contraband was not the main purpose. The objective, according to Mr. Kleindienst, is to deter smugglers, so that the price of marijuana will rise and an estimated 30 million young Americans will be obliged to forsake the weed for lack of funds. At least the more impecunious of them will undergo a money cure. Some, of course, may turn to heroin or other addictive, dangerous drugs. If the price of heroin is also jacked up, the addicts will have to steal more to get their daily fix. (The notion that drug addicts mug and rob people appears to be fallacious; mostly they steal, because they are too uncoordinated for crimes of violence.) It is more likely, according to Southern California authorities, that African hashish, cheaper and more potent than Mexican marijuana, will take over most of the market.

The Nixon Administration's primary motive in these theatricals appears to be to put on a big splurge for the edification of lovers of law and order, those who detest college students, and that far from inconsiderable number whose political attitudes are largely determined by fears and hostilities. The Administration, up to its ears in problems which are insoluble by its quack techniques, is ever on the lookout for diversionary melodrama. From

this viewpoint, Operation Intercept is a beauty. Actually, it is aimed less at the smugglers than at the Mexican authorities, who are to be blackmailed into getting tough with marijuana growers and dealers on their side of the border. The probable degree of success may be gauged from the history of Prohibition.

The most absurd part of the whole performance is that there is no authoritative information on the harmfulness of marijuana, or on what measures may be justified to curb its use. Rep. Edward I. Koch has introduced a bill, H.R. 10019, closely paralleling Sen. Frank E. Moss's S.2590, to establish a Presidential Commission on Marijuana. The purpose would be to conduct a multi-disciplinary, authoritative study of the legal, social and medical ramifications of marijuana use and to provide a basis for intelligent discussion and legislative action. Often the appointment of a commission adds little to public enlightenment, but in this case confusion is so widespread, and the opportunities for political charlatanry so great, that such a step seems eminently desirable.

The Green Beret Scandal

When Mendel Rivers announced in the House of Representatives that the Army's murder case against eight men of the Special Forces (Green Berets) had been dropped, some members rose and cheered. They might better have wept. No doubt the damage to the Army, the Green Berets and the Central Intelligence Agency was less than if military justice had been allowed to take its course, but all three came out with grievous injury to their reputations, already considerably debased by the inherent vice of the Vietnamese War.

The Green Berets' image has been tarnished, although the returning officers will no doubt be greeted as heroes in John Wayne quarters. However irrelevant considerations of morality in war may be in the eyes of the Green Beret officer corps and many civilians, some Americans retain the quaint notion that there is a difference between killing in combat and in gangster fashion. Indeed, Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor, in announcing the conclusion of the proceedings, reiterated that "the acts which were charged, but not proved, represent a fundamental violation of Army regulations, orders and principles." His wording could be construed as implying that such violations had in fact occurred but that the manner and circumstances precluded a successful prosecution.

In the issue of September 8 *The Nation* said editorially that it was most unlikely that any of the Green Berets would be court-martialed or, if tried, that they could be convicted. The crucial question was why, assuming they were guilty as charged, they should be punished for the murder of an obscure South Vietnamese alleged to be a double agent. Why this sudden squeamishness? To be sure, a case could be made out against the accused on the basis of the Nuremberg principle of individual responsibility, but in organizations like the Green Berets this is hardly more applicable than it was in the Nazi SS.

The background for the scandal seems to be that the CIA, the Green Berets and the Army headquarters in Vietnam have been at one another's throats. Once the charge of murder was in the open, the CIA even took the unprecedented step of trying to exculpate itself by holding a press conference at which it presented its side of the story, naturally on a no-ascription basis. Accusations and counter-accusations flew all over the place, presenting a picture of the participants which belied the traditional patriotic portrait of the military as honest, disciplined guardians of the national security.

As just one sidelight, William Beecher wrote in *The New York Times* (September 28) that on June 21 Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, commander of all American forces in Vietnam, was in touch with Col. Robert B. Rheault, commander of the Green Berets in the area where the alleged double agent disappeared. The General asked for a status report on the case and reportedly was told that the man was on a dangerous mission, when supposedly he had been killed the day previously. Beecher continues, "Why he [Colonel Rheault] said that remains a mystery to this day." Still without the protective "it is alleged," "it is said," etc., Beecher writes that Sgt. Alvin L. Smith, Jr., told his story of the killing to the CIA a few days later (in other accounts Smith is said to have been in fear of his life at the hands of his comrades in the Green Berets) "causing, among other things, General Abrams to become furious at being lied to and to order a no-holds-barred investigation."

The lawyers for the accused then proceeded to try the case in the newspapers and in Congress, and the scandal mounted. After first denying, for two days, that the President had approved the decision of the director of the CIA not to permit its personnel to testify—because of "national security" of course—the White House finally admitted that Mr. Nixon had endorsed, if indeed he had not ordered, the CIA refusal. The affair thus takes its place as an inglorious episode in an inglorious war.

Prop for the Warfare State

It is evident from the President's proposals to Congress that he has no intention of correcting the two basic evils of the draft system. The lottery and the induction of 19-year-olds first would isolate those affected by the draft, and Mr. Nixon hopes this would reduce dissent. But men will continue to kill and die against their wills in a war they despise, and Congress will still be unable to control manpower levels. Until Congress regains the purse and until the draft is ended, there will be no progress toward restoring the powers of war and peace to the people.

Unfortunately many liberals have been taken in by the attempt to make a thoroughly unjust system more efficient. Senators Kennedy and Javits have offered the Congress similar bills, which assume that it is somehow fairer to take first those who cannot even vote. Why not follow Dr. Ralph Abernathy's suggestion that the 65-year-old decision makers lead the parade? Those who urge the reforms often infer that some kind of draft should be maintained in order to keep anti-war pressure high and avoid a professional army. They overlook the fact that the draft may have angered thousands of middle-class parents, but it has effectively militarized millions of young conscipts and their families, both by propaganda in

training and by the old reaction of vested interest. It is expressed as, "We cannot have served (died) in vain," or "If *I* had to go, then everyone must go."

Outright repeal of the draft is now necessary because of the seriousness of our present crisis. Few liberals are able to face the fact that the problems causing dissent are so deep that only two solutions seem likely. Either we will retain compulsion in institutions like the draft, go on feeding an economy which, despite patchwork poverty programs, enriches the rich and penalizes the poor—and then arm to the teeth for a final blood bath—or we will recognise the decay of the nation-state, end compulsion, lower military commitment, put heavy controls on the military and the bureaucracy, increase citizen participation, redistribute wealth, and prepare for a shift to new political institutions of supranational and subnational forms. The draft is a basic prop for the illegitimate warfare state. To reform it or temporarily suspend it will only prolong its negative effect on our whole society.

The war and the draft are rightly at the center of an unparalleled protest movement that shakes our nation.

Political Amnesia

A neglected aspect of the American electorate's penchant for "instant remedies"—and its disdain of remedies that do not work miracles on the second—is its chronic forgetfulness. What it once knew, it soon forgets. Consider, for example, the current spate of criticism about the extraordinary confusion over intelligence operations in Vietnam, which no doubt reflects a similar confusion in other areas. A survey made by *The New York Times* (October 1) yielded "a general picture of an elaborate, often inefficient intelligence community." What has been forgotten is that the Central Intelligence Agency was set up in the first instance as the sovereign remedy for precisely the condition that by all accounts continues to exist and may actually have become worse since the CIA was established. And what happened to those numerous pronouncements that, at long last, the super-spy agency would be closely and thoroughly supervised by Congress? Actually the "forgetfulness factor" should not be charged directly or solely to the electorate; it reflects a failure of political leadership. No one in Congress has raised the issue that the CIA has failed to end confusion, duplication and conflict in the nation's intelligence community. Cloaked in mystery, a law unto itself, America's super-dagger agency has failed in its basic job.

That Memorial

The dead have no need of memorials; like funerals, memorials are for the living. A memorial reminds us that greatness implicit in human nature has become explicit in an individual, and so affects the lives of millions. Martin Luther King was an individual of this rare and indispensable type; a memorial to him is fitting and indeed necessary, unless it has become true that man lives by bread alone.

But apparently the Nixon Administration does not see it that way. At first, Mr. Nixon was enthusiastic about Coretta King's idea of creating a Freedom Memorial Park in the downtown Atlanta area that contains Dr. King's birthplace, his grave, and the Ebenezer Baptist Church where he preached. It would have been odd if Mr. Nixon had not responded warmly, for the proposed memorial offered him an opportunity to make a start, at least, toward overcoming the distrust in which, as he has admitted, the majority of Negroes hold him. He was so taken with the idea that he sent Robert H. Finch, his Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, to see Mrs. King. It is safe to assume that Mr. Finch was genuinely in favor of the project, then and later.

But it all came to naught. Leonard Garment, designated by Mr. Nixon to negotiate with the memorial foundation, turned out to be, if not the "killer of the dream," at least the conveyor of the bad news. The foundation wanted White House sponsorship of a bill to provide for acquisition of a site and construction of a building. On August 1 Mr. Garment wrote that the President was not prepared to support such legislation. Coupled with this turn-down there was a vague offer of help if the foundation sought private money.

By now Mr. Nixon's "Southern strategy" for 1970 and 1972 has become well defined. John N. Mitchell, his 1968 campaign manager, now Attorney General and the strong man of the Administration, is reportedly prepared to write off Negroes, Jews and Establishment liberals—in fact, the entire Northeast, if necessary—and concentrate on the South, West and Midwest for votes. And it is easy to see that white Southern votes are not going to be garnered with a King memorial in Atlanta.

Interviewed by Henry Raymont of *The New York Times*, Mr. Garment said that the memorial proposal posed a number of technical, legal and financial problems. Asked if political problems were not also involved, he replied, "Well, they're all sort of tied together."

It is a waste of time to discuss any Nixon action or inaction except in political terms; all else is irrelevant. Evidently Mr. Nixon weighed the alternatives and decided he had more to lose than to gain. The King memorial proposal will proceed, but it is revealing that even in a matter of this sort Mr. Nixon put politics first.

A Lack of Fitness

Judge Haynsworth has now "run the gantlet" (editorial of September 1) and, thanks largely to Senators Bayh and Hart, his nomination has received the close scrutiny it deserved. Disclosures at the hearings make it clear that, judging from his actions on and off the bench, Judge Haynsworth does not measure up to the standards of excellence and distinction which the Senate and the people have a right to expect of nominees to the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court is not just another court; it is the nation's highest tribunal. That a nominee may have served for a decade or more on an intermediate federal court without provoking much in the way of audible protest does not mean he is qualified to serve on the Supreme Court. Whatever may be said about—and for—Judge Haynsworth, it is now evident that he is not of Supreme Court caliber.

Black vs. White in the Station House

ROBERT A. JONES
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San Francisco

This summer at a meeting of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, the head of the city's Police Officers Association (POA) silently handed a booklet to each supervisor. It was titled *The Black Book*. In its introduction Jake W. Ehrlich, chief counsel for the POA, charged that a rival black association, the Officers for Justice (OFJ), was racist and contributing to the "destruction of law and order." The 18 pages of "documentation" in the booklet would prove his charge, Ehrlich said.

The occasion for *The Black Book* was a referendum which the OFJ had submitted to the Board of Supervisors, and which the board had placed on the fall ballot. If approved it will grant time and a half for overtime and a night differential to all policemen and firemen, elevate the Police Community Relations Unit (PCR) to a bureau (on an organizational par with, say, Missing Persons or Homicide), promote the head of the new bureau to a director of the department, and reform promotion procedures.

The referendum thus would increase the wages of every policeman and fireman in the city (who are already the highest paid in the nation), while at the same time it strengthened the department's efforts to reach the disenfranchised. The final two sections of the referendum—the elevation of the PCR and the restructuring of police promotions—have been tried and found successful in other large cities.

Yet, several days after the referendum was put on the ballot, Ehrlich announced the POA's "unalterable opposition." The proposal, he said, was a "political hoax" and would cost the city too much money. Neither charge makes sense. The intent of the referendum is direct and simple; there is little room for hoax. And though the proposal would certainly cost the city money, the supervisors unanimously agreed that it would be well spent, as a boost to both a new recruiting drive and to the morale of the existing force. On the surface, the POA's opposition makes as much sense as if Walter Reuther were to fight a pay hike at General Motors.

However, fitted into the racism of the San Francisco Police Department, and especially of the POA leadership, it makes too much sense. Of all the nascent black police officer associations across the country, San Francisco's Officers for Justice is probably the most militant and certainly the most political. By sponsoring the referendum, the OFJ has made a play for a wide base of support and, simultaneously, caught the POA with its apathy showing. Even though similar proposals had been suggested by civic leaders, the POA never bothered to submit a referendum addressed to the critical needs of the next few years. So the Officers for Justice stole the initiative. The leaders of the older, white association reacted as expected, even though by doing so they worked against the welfare of every policeman on the force. When asked what the OFJ planned to do with the POA's refusal to support the referendum, one of the black leaders said simply, "We're going to make fools of them."

The Officers for Justice was organized in early 1969 after a group of black officers, charged with an off-duty offense, was refused legal aid by the POA. The POA claimed it did not have the authority to defend off-duty charges. Yet several months later it threw its influence, and the services of Ehrlich himself, behind Michael O'Brien, a white policeman who was accused of having shot and killed a black man while off duty. O'Brien was acquitted.

By the end of O'Brien's trial, the OFJ was functioning. The nucleus of the association was a group in the Community Relations Unit that had worked for years—sometimes openly and sometimes covertly—against the POA. In January 1969, after Mayor Joseph Alioto's Tactical Squad had clubbed and arrested hundreds at San Francisco State College over a three-month period, three members of the OFJ held a press conference on the campus. Advising students and faculty to carry cameras and note pads to document any questionable police behavior, they promised to bring such information before the complaint department of the police and the Community Relations Unit. One officer announced: "We deplore the carnival glee of police departments within a hundred miles of San Francisco who now beg to have their policemen permitted to get 'riot training' experience on the heads of SF State students."

The reaction was prompt. Word drifted down from the Mayor's office that two of the most outspoken officers at the press conference—Palmer Jackson and Richard Hongisto—were to be transferred out of the PCR on the charge of "un-officerlike conduct." "So I picked up the phone," Hongisto remembers, "and called the Mayor's office and let them know that they were fools if they thought the Mayor and the POA could rip us out just like they would have fifteen years ago."

Instead of retreating into a defense of their first press conference, the group attacked. Jackson explained: "We knew that our strength was in the community, not in the police department. So we didn't play politics with Alioto and the POA. We went to the people." The next OFJ statement read: "It was inevitable that the Police Officers Association would pressure Alioto to move against Jackson and Hongisto. Most of the recent prosecution of white San Francisco cops for maiming and killing citizens has come out of the efforts of the Community Relations Unit. Both Jackson and Hongisto, along with others, have spent off-duty hours helping to gather evidence against cops who have 'abused the badge and the gun.'"

For several weeks the OFJ kept it up. They released

figures showing that only 4.5 per cent of the Police Department was black (the figure still holds), and that of those, three were assistant inspectors (detectives), one a sergeant, and none was higher.

"In silence, gentlemen, in silence, we have carried the double burden of Black officers and Black men," another statement read. "What redress do we have when confronted with the spectacle of Black brothers and sisters being mistreated? The days of fronting the grinning darky to appease the Black community are dead."

A few days later, Jackson and Hongisto learned that the charges had been dropped.

But as Rodney Williams, head of the Community Relations Unit and a member of the OFJ, pointed out, racism is not the only issue the OFJ faces. "Remember, the name of the organization is the Officers for Justice, not the Afro-American Police Officers Association or something like that. More than anything, we want a police department that is honest, professional and compassionate."

Because of the OFJ's emphasis on professionalism, the POA has become an increasingly vulnerable target. The stagnation—if not the incompetence—of Harry Bell and John Lahane, leaders of the POA, is plain to all young officers, whether black or white. Elective positions within the police association are almost always filled as the result of friendship cliques that take many years to develop, and the leaders have seen to it that police promotions lean heavily toward senior members of the force.

The present weight given seniority on promotion examinations is three times that recommended by most police authorities, notably by O. W. Wilson, dean of the University of California's School of Criminology, in his *Municipal Police Administration*. Young whites, as well as blacks, are excluded from advancement commensurate with their ability, and the police administration is filled with veterans whose police mentality was formed in the 1940s.

But perhaps nothing makes cynics of young officers more quickly than the equanimity with which police crime is regarded by the POA. A young white officer, discussing with me the seniority system, casually added: "And, of course, it was a long time before the old officers accepted me enough to steal in front of me." Shocked by his nonchalance, I asked him to describe how officers steal.

"Well, I don't know about other cities, but in San Francisco it's mostly done in patrol cars. Two officers will break into a store that's in their patrol area. They take the loot out, put it in the trunk, drive to a private car and transfer the stuff. Then they return to the scene and make out a burglary report."

Almost nothing is done about such theft, for several reasons. First, Thomas Cahill, the police chief, will retire soon and wants, above everything, to avoid a riot in his city or a scandal in his department. Then, everyone who knows of the crime usually gets a cut. Finally, the POA at least tacitly accepts police theft as a police fringe benefit.

In the same offhand way, the young officer added: "Right now there's an organized burglary ring operating out of the Hall of Justice. About nine guys are involved, I think, and I've heard they're selling color TV sets for $50 apiece in the basement. Cahill is trying to cover it up before the press gets hold of it."

The story was so fantastic that I dismissed it as rumor, but the next day the *San Francisco Chronicle* ran a front-page article headlined, "SF Probe of Alleged Cop Theft Ring." The *Chronicle* said that Cahill had assigned three captains to investigate the "rumor" that a burglary ring was operating out of the Hall of Justice. When I phoned the young officer, he commented: "Did you notice that Cahill assigned the three dumbest captains on the whole force to investigate?"

It is noted with irony in the department that Community Relations, the unit that has received least support from Cahill and the POA, has become nationally famous for its professionalism and work with the city's minority groups. Dante Andreotti, whose leadership helped create the reputation of the unit, left the department when Cahill persistently refused to support the work of the PCR. [See "The Friendly Fuzz" by Alvin A. Rosenfeld, *The Nation*, April 21.] After Andreotti's departure, a series of white administrators failed to win the support of the men in the unit or the communities they served.

Though deprived of effective leadership, these men have maintained their alliances with the city's minorities. In June, working with the OFJ (many officers were members of both groups) they helped secure the appointment of Rodney Williams, the first black officer to head the PCR. Williams has been a member of the OFJ since its beginning. This appointment was a signal to the POA that the black movement had come of age in the San Francisco Police Department.

Racism in the department has moved a long way from the rubber hose in a back room, but its present sophistication does not mean its disappearance. It does mean that those who would fight racism have a much harder time finding their targets. Hongisto, the only white member of the OFJ, explained: "It's the way the white guys look at the black guys, like they know why the black guys are there. It's where you get assigned and who'll help you if you get in trouble. It's just a reflection of the way the outside works, only worse."

The size of membership is a problem for the OFJ. There are only eighty black officers in the whole department, and if every one of them is a member of the OFJ (it will not disclose membership figures) the group is still numerically very weak. The POA has more than 1,700 members. Judging the relative strength by membership is deceptive in this instance. The apathy of the POA reduces its strength. Fewer than 100 officers came to the September 16 meeting, when the POA decided to oppose the referendum. Conversely, an OFJ member must be active almost by definition. Nevertheless, the Officers for Justice must attract a membership that is not based on race alone if it hopes to erode the POA's hold on police politics.

The proposed referendum may help. Palmer Jackson, vice president of the OFJ, has pointed out that the real strength of the OFJ comes from community support, not from department politics, and the referendum perfectly fits that situation. The POA must now present its case to

the public, and there the black association has already proved itself more adept.

The POA must also try to neutralize the support which the referendum is receiving from a unanimous Board of Supervisors, the Mayor, the department's administration, the city's newspapers and, perhaps most important, the rank and file of policemen and firemen who are naturally inclined to back a measure that will increase their pay checks.

If the referendum does pass, it will not signal that the battle has been won but only that it has begun. The POA's revenues and traditional influence guarantee that it will continue for many years to represent most police officers in the city. The Officers for Justice do not expect that they will severely eclipse that influence. Although they will accept any police officer as a member, no white policeman—except Hongisto, who was one of the founders—has applied.

The OFJ does hope that by winning the referendum it will gain a position strong enough to alter the policy and performance of the police. Rodney Williams was explicit: "For instance, a black kid was shot a month ago after he jumped out of a stolen car. There was no reasonable excuse for the shooting, but it often happens: some kid goes joy-riding, gets scared when the cops chase him, and runs. He winds up dead, and usually he's black. Now, why couldn't Cahill order that car theft suspects not be fired on? If there was a black deputy chief, or even one who cared about blacks, then a no-shoot order could be suggested at the highest level. As it is, all we can do is sit and hope."

If the POA has its way, that is all that men like Williams will ever do. Chief counsel Ehrlich will not say how he plans to defeat the referendum ("As general, I can't commit my troops until all the facts are in. George Washington and Napoleon learned that"), but the POA can afford to spend many thousands of dollars on the campaign.

Sitting in his office, festooned with intertwining American and Confederate flags, Ehrlich denied that racism was behind the POA's intent. But when questioned about some of the charges of the Officers for Justice, Ehrlich motioned to Harry Bell, head of the POA: "Get him *The Black Book*." Bell hustled off. Ehrlich handed me the book when Bell returned. "Here, this'll show you who the real racists are."

San Francisco, for all its renown as a progressive city, has yet to support real reform in its Police and Fire Departments; and Mayor Alioto, who is reading the conservative winds in politics very carefully, may not push the referendum. Within the Police Department the bitterness is growing. "It's as if the department woke up one day this year and found out the world was coming apart along a black and white seam," remarked a member of the OFJ, "and the department was going with it. Only it was happening faster here because it had to catch up. And no one can say that things have improved, but neither can they say things will ever be the same."

More than anything, the POA fears change. Harry Bell and Jake Ehrlich know that their association will last out this test, but they are old men clinging to ideas and attitudes whose time has passed. Whether or not the POA wins this one, everyone will know there has been a fight, and that another is coming soon.

COMMISSION ON VIOLENCE

THE RHETORIC OF EVASION

RICHARD DRINNON
Mr. Drinnon is a professor of history at Bucknell University. He is the author of a biography of Emma Goldman.

[The U.S. Government is] the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today. *Martin Luther King, Jr.*

So let us, for God's sake, resolve to live under the law. *Lyndon Baines Johnson*

Violence in America is now out in the open—in the streets, so to speak, and in the libraries, offices, conference and hearing rooms. Violence finally exists for the simple reason that it can no longer be denied. But once recognized, it must be immediately reconcealed, rendered politically irrelevant, like an earthquake or a hurricane. After all, one of the traditional claims of the national state is that it provides security to its subjects. More important, the recognition of significant internal violence would call into question all the current myths that legitimize official violence. Seen in this light, Chief Justice Warren headed up our first national commission on violence; his task was to restore the feeling of security shattered by President Kennedy's assassination. This was accomplished by establishing the pretty truth that the ugly event had no meaning: Oswald was a nut. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy, Mr. Johnson followed what had become standard operating procedure: he quickly announced the appointment of "a commission of most distinguished Americans to immediately examine this tragic phenomenon." Milton Eisenhower took up where Warren left off, Eric Hoffer replaced Gerald Ford as the solitary man of letters on the commission, and a new team took over.

Though the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence has pretensions, as its name suggests, which go beyond those of any of the recent spate of investigations, it is in origin and operation a political body moving into politically contested areas.* The study

*Thus far the commission has issued a *Progress Report to the President*, as well as statements on Campus Disorders, Firearms, and Violence in TV Entertainment; five *Investiga-*

team on San Francisco State, for example, having found "instances of police overreaction," then discovered that these details had been omitted from the final version of their report. James Brann, one of the researchers, told newsmen the deletion "appalls and saddens me." The special report on "Shoot Out in Cleveland" carefully lists the names of black nationalists and omits those of the police who were obviously involved in acts of violence. Why? Both reports contain conclusions at variance with data introduced in preceding pages. Why? Any meaningful answer to these questions awaits a careful, independent study of the inner workings of the commission and its relationships with its advisory panel, executive staff, directors of research, task forces, study teams, consultants. Evidence already available, however, suggests the kind of political infighting associated with, say, the McClellan subcommittee's inquiry into "college violence."

But an understanding of the commission's politics must be sought, in the main, at a much more subtle, sophisticated level. "For purposes of commencing our study," the commission noted, "we have defined 'violence' simply as the threat or use of force that results, or is intended to result, in the injury or forcible restraint or intimidation of persons, or the destruction or forcible seizure of property." It is not true that this is "simple," nor does it follow that "there is no implicit value judgment in this definition." The definition blurs over distinctions that must be made between intimidation, force, coercion, vandalism and violence. By bringing in destruction of property it confuses the sensible distinction between property crime and violent crime. More important, once a definition deals with property as well as people, the exploitation, neglect and abuse of the wretched of the earth must be taken into account. The commission assigned no task force to that area. Further, though it granted that wars fell within the above definition, it predictably failed to assign a task force to study the violence of the United States Government. In laying out seven areas of inquiry, the commission demonstrated a keen interest in black and white protest politics and individual acts of violence. The answers were largely built into the questions: the commission's "conclusions" will almost certainly find their way back to its definition.

The "Preface" accompanying each report shows how violence can be stripped of its social meaning and made into a "problem" of manipulation and control. Violence is quickly whisked under the carpet of behavioral science rhetoric. James F. Short, Jr., and Marvin E. Wolfgang, directors of research, were impressed by the encouragement and response of the "scientific community." They enlisted "scientists"—even historians are generously honored with the title—for the staff and helped them "in structuring the strategy of design for each Task Force." They kept a close eye on the "delicate details of some of the statistical problems and computer runs." They made every effort to blend the work of lawyers "with the methodology of science and statistical reasoning." They show in their prose the bureaucrat's contempt for the "irrationality" of good craftsmanship: "Partly because of the freedom which the Commission gave to the Directors of Research and the Directors of each Task Force, and partly to retain the full integrity of the research work in publication, these reports of the Task Forces are in the posture of being submitted to and received by the Commission."

Short is co-author of *Suicide and Homicide* (The Free Press, 1954). He and Andrew F. Henry tried to demonstrate "that the acts of both suicide and homicide are undifferentiated responses to extreme frustration arising from extreme loss of position in the status hierarchy relative to the status position of others in the same status reference system." For a discussion of why this hypothesis will not work, once deciphered, see Martin Gold's critique in *Society and Self*, edited by B. H. Stoodley (The Free Press, 1962).

Wolfgang collaborated with Franco Ferracuti on *The Subculture of Violence* (Barnes & Noble, 1967). Showing remarkable detachment from the tragic history of blacks in American society, the authors confessed to an unreadiness "to assert how a subculture of violence arises," and concluded with a cheerful discussion of Orwellian techniques for better controlling members of the unexplained phenomenon. These included "television block-scanners relaying street scenes to the police, and stationed strategically throughout the city."

Short and Wolfgang proudly remark on the "uncommon degree of prominence accorded research" by the willingness of the commissioners to let them participate in meetings and engage in discussions "at the highest level of decision making." Their awe and elation are understandable: This latest recognition of the enhanced status of the technical elite puts them in a strategic position to hook scientifically processed and evaluated data directly onto the top link of the chain of command. Their sense of freedom is less impressive. Like other objective scholars who have undergone the painful process of internalizing their mission of mystification, they could be trusted to act "reasonably" and "responsibly." So far as I can tell, the freedom granted them differs in no material respect from that granted the members of an Institute of Defense Analysis or a panel of government trouble-shooters assigned to work out ways to win the hearts and minds of exotic but recalcitrant foreigners.

Ithiel de Sola Pool, champion of CIA support of the social sciences, moved with grace from studies of how to immobilize Vietcong cadres to an assignment with the task force on "Individual Acts of Violence." Other scholars include John J. Guidici, Captain of Police of Oakland, Calif., and Raymond Tanter, the 1967 Deputy Director for Behavioral Sciences of the Advanced Research Projects Agency, Department of Defense. The quality of Tanter's impartiality comes through in the introductory comments to his paper: "The media carries [*sic*] the mes-

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tive Reports: Chicago, Cleveland, Miami, Counter-Inaugural, San Francisco State, and three *Task Force Reports*: (*1*) "Violence in America: Historical and Comparative Perspectives"; (*2*) "The Politics of Protest: Violent Aspects of Protest and Confrontation"; and (*3*) "Firearms and Violence in American Life." Four other *Task Force Reports* have yet to appear. Technically, statements are made *by* the commission; investigative and task force reports are presented *to* the commission.



sage of the violent ones. 'Draft Beer, Not Boys,' 'Hell no, we won't go'. . . ."

Given this parentage, the two volumes on "Historical and Comparative Perspectives" provide few surprises. No critic, novelist, poet, or playwright explores the rich area of American imaginative expression. There is only an inadequate paper by Kenneth Lynn, who goes out of his way to pummel Leslie Fiedler and other "messianic" critics—meaning apparently those, like Fiedler, Baldwin, Sontag, Mailer and others, whose absence seems such a distracting presence. In any event, Fiedler and his like are guilty of an "indictment of American books [which] has opened the way to the conviction of American society."

The contributions of historians are, on the whole, only slightly less disappointing. Charles Tilly's "Collective Violence in European Perspective" establishes some of the connections between political life and forms of collective violence. Unfortunately these connections, the politicalization of modern patterns of violence, the rise of the centralized state and the concomitant nationalization of repressive forces—all important issues—are not pursued in depth by other contributors. Sheldon Hackney does demonstrate that violence in the American South cannot be explained by any of the behavorial models of interpretation and thereby leaves the door open a crack for suspect historical accounts of manners and beliefs.

Louis Hartz goes some way in "A Comparative Study of Fragment Cultures" to isolate what is unique about American patterns of violence. The colonies were founded and the United States has been run by WASP immigrants, Hartz points out, who fled from the social revolution in Europe, established a fragment culture based on the absolute taking for granted of bourgeois values, buttressed this with a peculiar sense of mission, and articulated the whole through a particularly virulent strain of nationalism. The result was a "shrunken consensus" which other fragments within, or other societies without, could reject only at great peril. If this valuable lead, which in Hartz's formulation necessarily remains abstract, had been fleshed out by inquiries into the *means* by which the consensus was enforced, the discussion of vigilantism would have had some context and there would have been discussions of that prime enforcer of them all, the national state. Some historians, however, simply make collections of violent episodes, frontier or urban, and hang them from a time line with a few observations. Others seem undone by the challenge of their new status as scientists. Prof. Richard M. Brown, for instance, devises a typology of violence: there is "negative" violence and there is "positive" violence. Vigilante groups can be otherwise divided:

> For purposes of analysis, the 116 Eastern vigilante movements and the 210 Western vigilante movements have been divided into the categories of large (L)—a large movement or one of particular significance; medium (M)—a movement of medium size or significance; and small (S)—a small movement or one for which there is insufficient information to otherwise categorize.

For a still more advanced use of refined techniques, one must turn to the behaviorists themselves. James C. Davies, a political scientist, brings scientific method to bear on historical events in his paper on "The J-Curve of Rising and Declining Satisfactions as a Cause of Some Great Revolutions and a Contained Rebellion." In several case studies, including one on the American Civil War, Professor Davies found that revolt was each time preceded by a long-term improvement in conditions that had very recently been reversed. Rebellion arose from the resultant gap between expectations and satisfactions. You might visualize the J-curve as a shepherd's crook, grasped by the straight end and held out at an angle of 45 degrees; the curve is turned downward to indicate the sharp decline in satisfactions. Applied to the Civil War, the J-curve indicates a rising level of satisfactions in the South from the invention of the cotton gin to the panic of 1857, at which point satisfactions drop off sharply during four years of economic depression. The curve ends with the firing of "the first shot, on the federal Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, on April 21, 1861."

Obviously Professor Davies had no premeditated intention of firing the first shot at a fort which had already surrendered—the bombardment of Sumter commenced on April 12 and the garrison surrendered the following day. But there are more serious problems. He makes "the immediate and very threatening economic crisis of 1857" an event of decisive importance: "This was the final critical downturn in the gratifications of Southerners." If it was, the South's leading economist did not know it. In 1857, J. B. D. De Bow gleefully reported in his review that the South had suffered less than any other region from the effects of the temporary breakdown: "The wealth of the South is permanent and real," he announced, "that of the North fugitive and fictitious."

Of the tens of thousands of volumes on the Civil War, Davies lists four references: A summary of census statis-

tics, W. J. Cash's study of the Southern mind, an 1897 study of the cotton industry, and Robert R. Russel's *Economic Aspects of Southern Sectionalism,* published in 1924. While Russel's work remains a valuable summary, it obviously could not alert Davies to the recent controversy over the state of the slave economy in the 1850s. Flush times apparently continued throughout the decade, with only a slight pause in 1857. Lack of acquaintance with the issues and sources leads Davies astray in less important areas, as in his great howler: "In America the South denied the desirability of education and anything other than agricultural technology." And he apparently thinks planters were called "plantationers." Even J-curves owe a measure of respect to the materials they so abstractly pretend to explain. Besides, how do you measure satisfactions?

Ivo and Rosalind Feierabend and Betty Nesvold use the J-curve and its variants in their still more ambitious study of social change and political violence. Investigating eighty-four countries over a thirty-year period, they find that political violence is least in traditional and modern societies and greatest in transitional or modernizing societies. Think of an elliptical curve on a chart, with traditional and modernity stages at the ends and a transitional stage in the center, where the gap between aspirations and achievements is greatest. At this center point is the highest level of violence. Unhappily, the model does not fit the data on violence in the United States. It is admittedly the most modern nation in the world, yet in measurement of political violence it falls at the median position, with half the nations having more violence and half less. Moreover, all of the turmoil indicators show that rates of American violence have increased in the 1960s.

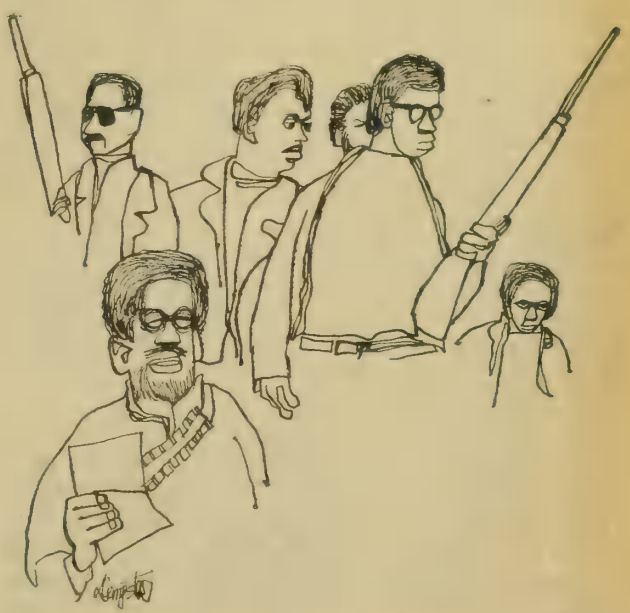
Are the elaborate model and laboriously collected evidence to smash on the rocks of precisely what was to be explained in the first place? Feierabend, Feierabend and Nesvold gallantly try to salvage what they can: perhaps the United States, as the most modern nation, is moving into yet another transitional stage not yet experienced elsewhere; perhaps its relatively high level of violence can be explained by the presence of traditional subcultures only now experiencing the frustrations of modernization; perhaps "the transitional process within our own society was intensified by the demonstration effect of the global process at mid-20th century." Perhaps.

"The demonstration effect of the global process": What a peculiar way to express the sense of identity and kinship felt by Malcolm X and others with the rise of the Third World. Ideas and feelings must slip into behavioral studies by the back door. Counted millions disappear to become bits of data for the frustration-aggression hypothesis or, as Ted Robert Gurr more dogmatically puts it, "the frustration-aggression mechanism, apparently a fundamental part of our psychobiological makeup."*

*For Feierabend, Feierabend and Nesvold it is a *hypothesis* and for Gurr a *mechanism.* Is there no difference? The assembly-line characteristics of the collection leave other rough edges over such issues as the improved status of American blacks, the relationship of rising levels of education to rates of violence, and so on.

I do not recall that any of these writers refers to racism or colonialism or imperialism. Gurr rules out of his tabulations official violence, "the violence used by regimes to maintain social control"; and in his ranking of 114 nations by "total magnitude of strife," he has the effrontery to put South Vietnam in third place, behind the Congo and Indonesia and thirty-eight places ahead of the United States. The role of the United States in the "strife" in Vietnam—the war against the people and the countryside, the accelerated "urbanization" of peasants—hardly bears mentioning at this point. And the tabulated results are not what they seem for other parts of the world. In Guatemala, for example, which Gurr lists in twentieth place, the level of strife has something to do with the American intervention of 1954, which stopped the pitifully small steps toward reform then under way, and with the subsequent use of Panama-based planes to drop napalm on suspected rebels. But enough. With a few exceptions, like the fine contribution by Louis Hartz, the papers in "Historical and Comparative Perspectives" posit a world without meaningful history, without real people, without felt experiences. Violence—notwithstanding the admission that Americans are "bloody-minded"—is pulled into all the tables, charts and figures and J-curved over the horizon.

It would be nice to think that "The Politics of Protest: Violent Aspects of Protest & Confrontation" stands in such sharp contrast to the other commission reports because of student and black efforts to establish the connections between private and official violence. It was undertaken at Berkeley, in any event, while that campus was declared to be under a "state of extreme emergency." The early lessons of the counterinsurgency campaigns of cops and National Guardsmen on that campus—leading on down to the People's Park confrontation last spring and the symbolic appearance of a helicopter dropping C.S. gas on people in Sproul Hall Plaza—could hardly have been lost on Jerome Skolnick and his associates. For whatever reasons, it is an analysis rather



than an investigation, as Skolnick insists, and it properly starts out by clearing away much of the ideological underbrush. Violence is declared to be an ambiguous term defined by the political process. The war in Vietnam is present in its soul-deadening fullness as a genuine experience of our time. Even the illegality of the war is taken into account. The ideology of black nationalism is treated with respect, and not mishandled as in the other reports. The role of the police in causing violence is emphasized. White militants receive due credit for being, outside those in official positions, the single most violent force in American history. The Skolnick analysts see contemporary violence as a sign of the desperate need for fundamental change in American society. They warn against interpretations of riots in terms of the "carnival," "contagion" and "control" preoccupations of sociologists such as Morris Janowitz. They have, in short, produced a valuable, courageous document.

This much said, I must add that Skolnick and his associates have hardly escaped the official bag. They seem never to have come to grips with the implications of "the suspicion with which this Commission is viewed by many militant black leaders" (the blacks flatly refused to cooperate with the study team on San Francisco State and held back from full cooperation with this inquiry). And, after all, the assignment given the Skolnick task force was the violence of protesters, not the connections between official and protest violence. Thus in discussing the raging racism which is not receiving the massive attention it demands, they rather lamely conclude that "other priorities and other claims still seem to dominate the nation's budget." Good enough; but why not come right out and say that the trillion dollars we have spent on "defense" since 1945 are among the trillion reasons that we are in the present fix? Finally, even this important step toward understanding violence amongst us will be trivialized, lost like Hartz's essay in the mass of surrounding jargon. It will come out distorted in the commission's final report, which will be a judicious and irrelevant balancing of measures of concession and control.

Suspicion by militant blacks helps put the commission in its proper context. Or imagine Thich Nhat Hanh, the Vietnamese monk and poet, working his way through the reports. He might be bemused by the sleight of hand whereby President Johnson directed attention away from the task forces waging a war of desolation against Vietnam, and toward the task forces considering the "violence" of those protesting it or suffering from it.

JAPAN 1970: YEAR OF UPHEAVAL

JEFFREY P. FREED

Mr. Freed, formerly at the International Relations Center, San Francisco State College, is this year at the University of Oregon. His third trip to Japan was made this summer.

The civil turmoil, violence and repression which will sweep Japan in the next year has been predictable since 1960, when the government of Prime Minister Nobuske Kishi rammed ratification of the U.S.-Japan Mutual Treaty of Cooperation and Security through the Diet. Under the treaty's provisions 1970 is a critical year, for either party can then give notice of intent to revise or abrogate the pact. Since Prime Minister Eisaku Sato's government intends to allow the agreement to extend its term automatically, the stage is set for a yearlong series of confrontations that may easily surpass the massive protests of ten years ago.

In 1959-60 the Kishi government negotiated the security treaty with the United States as a revision of the 1951 Peace Treaty, which was the basis for post-occupation U.S. policy in Japan. While the United States proposed changes that were from Japan's viewpoint a substantial improvement over the terms of 1951, the more onerous details of post-occupation relations remained untouched—Japan was still tied to U.S. policy in the Far East, and numerous American military bases remained on the three home islands.

Once negotiations were in progress, an opposition movement quickly developed. Led by the Japanese Socialist Party (JSP) and its labor affiliate Sohyo (General Council of Labor), and bolstered by the radical students in Zengakuren (Federation of Student Self-Governing Associations), the movement grew. People joined for various reasons. The majority of the Left opposed the treaty itself, but many moderate citizens joined in protest against Kishi's undemocratic methods, and in hostility to Kishi himself, who was a "depurged" war criminal. (He was Minister of Finance in the Tojo cabinet.) At their peak, the dissidents numbered in the millions, and their outcry forced the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) to dissolve the Kishi government.

The 1970 anti-treaty movement, although engendered by the same issues that arose in 1960, has become a more general protest, having as its broadest target the whole Japanese "system." Vague fears of ten years ago have today become a stark reality for most of the opposition. The major issues are:

American Bases. These produce both political and social irritants. For the Left, the more than 120 military installations are an infringement of national sovereignty. They also represent "American aggression" in Vietnam, most of the large posts having been used as staging areas for the Southeast Asian battlefields.

The social irritants are as potent. Over the last ten years protests have been staged against the "low morals" of American military personnel, against restrictions on civilian activities around bases, and against military-related flights over and transportation through densely populated areas. Agitation against this last category of

provocation became widespread and militant in 1967-68, following the crashes of fighter aircraft, and the explosions of trains carrying jet fuel and munitions.

Okinawa Reversion. In the last several years the matter of ownership of the Ryukyu Islands, of which Okinawa is the largest, has taken a dramatic turn. The fact that Okinawa is run by the U.S. Department of Defense under conditions bordering on dictatorship does little to create good will, and Japanese opinion has always been uneasy about the vast U.S. bases there. But feelings began to grow much hotter when it was discovered that the Okinawan airfields were used to mount raids on North Vietnam. More recently, people have been outraged to learn that nuclear, chemical and biological weapons are stored in the Okinawan depots. The protest against bases has extended to include Okinawa, and at the same time the Okinawan nationalist movement has gained force. The cry is for self-determination, which most Japanese construe as a return of the island to Japan.

The Sato Government. For many, the present government recalls the Kishi days (Sato is Kishi's younger brother). In the midst of its third term in power, the Sato group has moved significantly to the right. In foreign relations it has committed the nation to two unpopular causes: renewing the security treaty, and approving a general rearmament and increase in the size of the Self-Defense Forces (SDF), a euphemism for the army and navy. Domestically, the government has gained passage of a feudal health and old-age bill that places the burden of care on the family, and a university control bill. It has not put through needed social welfare and relief legislation. These programs and their roughshod passage through the Diet have drawn criticism even from anti-Sato factions within the normally conservative and acquiescent LDP.

American Imperialism and Japanese Militarism. Linking the other issues is the underlying assumption that the United States has been able to make Japan an accomplice in its "aggressive and interventionist" Asian policy. More recently, it has been argued that Japan has been integrated into the American military-industrial complex, its industries producing war material for U.S. forces in Asia, and its government following the dictates of the Nixon Administration that it rearm and take over the policing of the Pacific region.

According to opinion prevailing on the Left, the very fabric of Japanese society has been recast by the United States, acting in consort with Japan's ruling class. Given this premise, almost any anti-U.S. and anti-government issue becomes part of the treaty fight. Most newspapers refer to any protest as an "*ampo kogai*," translated as a "public disturbance caused by the security treaty."

There is by no means unanimity of opinion within the anti-treaty opposition. A fundamental difference divides the movement into reformist parties and new Left groups. The reformists call for a political reorientation to reverse the gradual deterioration of parliamentary democracy and the revival of militarism; the new Left believes that effective democracy has already disappeared and that the country is held by a reactionary ruling class bolstered by U.S. imperialism. Applying these analyses in actions, the reformist parties favor ballot-box politics and peaceful demonstrations, while the new Left calls for sustained mobilization, involving rebellion if necessary. The reformist parties reproach the new Left for engaging in unreasonable actions likely to provoke fearful retaliation from the authorities; the new Left denounces the parties as "revisionist" and "sell-out." Parallels could be drawn with the liberal-radical disputes in the United States, except that the Japanese Left has long been a Marxist movement and that no group there even approximately corresponds to our conception of "liberal."

The Agencies of Protest

Anti-War Youth Committee (AWYC): The dominant organization of young workers (formed by Sohyo).

Beheiren: Japan Committee for Peace in Vietnam.

Kankoro: Council of National and Local Government Workers' Unions.

Komeito: The political party of the Buddhist Value Creating Society (Soka Gakki).

Minsei: Democratic Youth League (formed by Japanese Communist Party).

Soka Gakki: Buddhist Value Creating Society; a religious sect.

Sohyo: General Council of Labor (affiliate of the Japanese Socialist Party).

Zengakudo: All-Japan Student Alliance (formed by Soka Gakki).

Zengakuren: Federation of Student Self-Governing Associations.

The overall composition of the opposition movement is as follows: The reformist category is occupied by the Japanese Socialist Party (JSP), with its large labor affiliate Sohyo, and by the Japanese Communist Party (JCP). A third party, Komeito, the political arm of Soka Gakki (Buddhist Value Creating Society) is a borderline group that often sides with the new Left. The two main sections of the new Left are the student and youth organizations, and the citizens' groups. Zengakuren, controlling the student movement, is comprised of a number of major factions, and is usually referred to as the Anti-Communist Party Zengakuren. (The name is misleading, since the group is not opposed to communism as such, but to what it sees as the revisionism of the JCP.) Closely associated with the Anti-CP Zengakuren, but not affiliated with any Zengakuren faction, are the Joint Struggle committees formed last year to support the strikes that closed most of Japan's major universities. The dominant nonstudent youth organization is the Anti-War Youth Committee (AWYC), consisting of young workers and also associated with the Anti-CP Zengakuren. Organizational identification in the citizens' movement is more difficult because it is composed of hundreds of local groups; but one that is of national importance—it may be the single most

influential organization in the new Left—is Beheiren (Japan Committee for Peace in Vietnam).

The government has already named the new Left as its major opponent in the coming year. A report to Prime Minister Sato, issued on August 14, 1969, by the LDP's "Special Conference on Student Problems," identified the Anti-CP Zengakuren, the Anti-War Youth Committee and Beheiren as "dangerous groups warranting attention in the upcoming struggle."

Both the Socialist and the Communist parties have recently disengaged somewhat from the anti-treaty struggle. The reasons are a little different in each case, but factionalism, lackluster programs, scandal, unwillingness to cooperate with other Left organizations and a fear of decisive militant action can all be blamed. In the years since 1960, when it organized and led the anti-security treaty movement, the JSP has fallen on bad times. The problems arise, essentially, because the party is built around professional politicians and has no mass support except for a tacit alliance with Sohyo. Recent national elections have reduced the party's Diet strength, and similar losses in local elections have diminished its effectiveness in prefectural councils and metropolitan assemblies. Adding to these afflictions is some decline in the Socialist hold over Sohyo's 4 million affiliated members. The labor federation has itself split into left and right wings, with the powerful Left drawing strength from Kankoro (Council of National and Local Government Workers' Unions), and the Right relying on the craft and industrial unions. The Right wants Sohyo to curtail its program of political strikes and demonstrations and pay more attention to economic demands. It also resists any connections with militant student and youth groups, especially the Anti-War Youth Committee. And, of course, the Left takes the opposite position of more political action, and closer alliance with the students and young workers. With the JSP's primary source of votes at loggerheads, the party has floundered through the last two important elections.

The Communist Party has fared somewhat better, particularly in its ability to attract votes; most of its new support comes from disenchanted Socialists. The JCP has 300,000 open, and 100,000 secret members, and polls about 2 million votes. However, it would be hazardous to predict that the JCP will sustain this voting strength. In the last three years it has become an outcast on the Left, because of dishonesty in its ideological position and "sectarianism" in its relations with other Left groups. The party's ideological shiftiness became evident in 1966 when it swung dramatically from a pro- to an anti-Chinese position. This reversal was touched off by an accurate charge from Peking that the JCP's revolutionary rhetoric was not borne out in its "revisionist" actions. The JCP made virtually no attempt to deny the charge; it replied by accusing China of meddling in JCP affairs and went on to purge pro-Chinese members from the party. In recent years the party has tried to remold itself along French and Italian Communist lines, seeking power through parliamentary victories. Its position on the Left is rather peculiar, since most other groups stand to *its* left, and its exclusionist policy is directed against radicals. The fact is that a great many people who vote for JCP candidates are casting "protest ballots"; the party itself has less appeal than its election figures would suggest.

JSP and JCP weaknesses have played havoc with their attempts to lead the anti-treaty movement. Each party has its own anti-treaty organization, the JSP's being the Anti-Japan-U.S. Security Treaty Council, and the Communists having the Council for Abrogation of the Japan-U.S. Security Treaty and for the Realization of Various Demands. At present neither party is willing to ally its group with that of the other, and the prospects for JSP or JCP anti-treaty action with the new Left is almost nonexistent.



Kyoto Demonstrators Set Afire by Their Own Molotov Cocktails during Brawl with Police.
—From an AP Photo, September 21

With Socialists and Communists standing on the perimeter of the anti-treaty movement, the only political party that might play an influential role is Komeito. Formed in 1964, as the political arm of the Buddhist Soka Gakki sect, its strength lies in some 10 million to 15 million members (organized around 4 million family units) who are typically blue-collar workers employed in private enterprises. The sect is thus the largest proletarian unit in Japan. Soka Gakki offers a Populist program that stresses elimination of poverty, health programs, and pub-

lic well-being (often called "socialism"). In the last two years it has sought relations with the new Left, and has committed itself to join the anti-treaty protests. But Soka Gakki's influence with the radical groups will remain nebulous until it decides its political course. Since its professed goal is to be the major challenger to the LDP by 1975, it can be expected to restrict its activities in the immediate future to running candidates, and mobilizing anti-treaty forces through its newly formed student organization, Zengakudo (All-Japan Student Alliance).

That leaves the new Left to take to the streets. Its prominence in the anti-treaty movement has not been long established, and it too has suffered from internal squabbles, particularly in the volatile student sector. For more than two decades the student movement has been synonymous with Zengakuren. Its organizational form is a federation of hundreds of university student governments. From 1948 to 1958 the JCP was the predominant force behind the movement, but distaste for the rigid party discipline and the failure of the party to involve itself in militant action produced heretics. The JCP reacted harshly with widespread purges. There the party miscalculated: the anti-party radicals were the majority in Zengakuren, and they retaliated by taking the student movement away from the JCP. Throughout the 1960 anti-treaty mobilization, Zengakuren was a unified vanguard. Its snake-dancing students led assaults on the Diet and clashed with riot police, gaining national recognition. But ratification of the treaty was followed by tactical revaluations and these led to dispute. By 1961, Zengakuren had entered a period of extreme factionalism, characterized until 1967 by repeated splits followed by new mergers. This proclivity for realignment gave the Communists a chance to recapture the student movement. They used as their vehicle Minsei (Democratic Youth League), pitting it against the weak amalgamation of anti-CP factions. By 1968, the Communists had regained control over more than two-thirds of Japan's student governments. Then, in the latest swing of this power game, anti-CP Zengakuren initiated most of last year's student strikes, and as the strike movement grew, support for Minsei began to dissolve. Minsei attempted repeatedly to abort the strikes and to mobilize students against Zengakuren. Most students, while preferring not to clash with police, sided with the more radical students. Zengakuren emerged from last year's actions with control of the movement regained from Minsei. By May, anti-CP factions dominated nearly 40 per cent of all student governments, representing more than two-thirds of Japan's university students. The groups have followed up this tactical alliance with attempts at joint action. In May, eleven factions agreed to combine in a demonstration to prevent Foreign Minister Aichi's visit to the United States. This was the first real joint move since 1960.

Serious differences still remain within Zengakuren, and competing groups often engage in what the Japanese call *Gewalt* (German for "violent struggle"), expending as much energy in combat with one another as they direct toward the riot police. These clashes have become full battles when the opposite sides were anti-CP sects against the hated Minsei chapters. However, as preparations for the anti-treaty struggle have increased, the propensity for *Gewalt* has subsided. Diminishing friction has enabled groups to spend more time cultivating outside alliances, with special attention going to the Anti-War Youth Committee.

The Anti-War Youth Committee was formed by Sohyo in 1965 as an organization of militant young workers responsible for labor action against ratification of the Japanese-South Korean Treaty of Friendship. In four years it has become almost as controversial as Zengakuren; it is currently embroiled in a triangular dispute among JSP, Sohyo and JCP. Millions of Japanese youth, denied the advanced education that leads to better jobs, are forced to seek employment in industry. Having found work, their dissatisfaction is likely to increase in the paternal atmosphere of Japanese business. These rebellious young workers are the ready recruits for AWYC, which has had a spectacular growth.

Working through Sohyo, AWYC has made contact with militant workers in the Kankoro (government workers) unions, many of whom were former Zengakuren activists. Such connections are particularly strong with the Japan Teachers' Union and the various communication industry and local government unions. With older labor militants providing the introductions and radical students doing the organizing, AWYC has gradually moved to the point of following anti-CP Zengakuren in most struggles. For this reason AWYC finds itself in trouble with Sohyo and the large reformist parties. The JSP sought to have AWYC dissolved, Sohyo banned the committee from its anti-treaty activities, and the JCP refused to enter into any unified action with JSP or Sohyo if the radical young workers were included.

Nor are the "reformist" parties the only group alarmed by AWYC's potential. At its regular general meeting on April 23, the powerful Japan Federation of Employers' Associations warned of "moves to create disorder through illegal means such as political strikes among some groups in connection with the so-called 1970 struggle." Everyone on the Left knew that "some groups" meant AWYC and its student allies. Despite opposition from both labor leadership and employers, AWYC continues to grow.

While activists from anti-CP Zengakuren, joint struggle committees and the Anti-War Youth Committee will furnish shock troops for the anti-treaty movement, tacit leadership is being exercised by Beheiren (Japan Committee for Peace in Vietnam). Established in 1965, the group has grown to more than 300 local chapters with an estimated membership of nearly 1 million. Beheiren bans no one and its ranks contain a wide political assortment from the Left, along with many apolitical citizens who are alarmed by the security treaty and its related issues.

This nonrestrictive approach carries over into relations with other groups, and it is primarily by the efforts of Beheiren that joint action has again taken hold on the Left. Beheiren's leaders are continually meeting with other Left organizations in quest of some basis for cooperation, but its leaders believe that their influence with others comes as much from their response to specific situations. The two most often mentioned are the April 28 "Oki-

nawa Day" demonstrations and the June 15 anti-treaty demonstration.

The critical events on Okinawa Day occurred as a Beheiren-led march was moving through the Ginza (Tokyo's shopping and night-life boulevard). A little earlier, radical students armed with staves had marched to the nearby government offices district, and there met thousands of riot police. After an eruption of hit-and-run street fighting, the students were driven back toward the Ginza. Beheiren's leaders had two options: to terminate the march or to allow the fleeing students to escape the police by entering their ranks. They chose the latter, and then decided to emphasize their defiance of the government and police by having the entire march (nearly 50,000 persons) sit down in the street. Beheiren's actions brought an immediate pay-off in Zengakuren good will, bringing the student and citizen movements closer together. A test of this solidarity came on June 15, chosen as the anniversary for the 1960 resistance. Beheiren called for a massive demonstration against the treaty and for the reversion of Okinawa, and invited all groups to participate. But instead of forcing participating groups to attend its rally, Beheiren sanctioned other rallying areas for use by the more independent students. However, when the time came to march, all the groups joined, the radical students participating for the first time since 1967 without their staves. The spirit of unity carried over into a two-day meeting that ended with the formation of the Anti-Treaty Unified Executive Committee consisting of representatives from more than 300 organizations.

Though events have taken the new Left a long way toward joint action, the cooperation is still of limited scope. Almost the only areas of agreement are that there will be a 1970 anti-treaty campaign and that its opening round will take place from October through December. Three sets of actions are to mark this period. There will be a "Haneda struggle" on October 8, second anniversary of the student-police clashes at Tokyo's Haneda International Airport at the time when Sato departed for an unpopular tour of Southeast Asia. Sometime late in November will come protests aimed at preventing Sato from flying to the United States for talks with Nixon on Okinawa and the Security Treaty. And, assuming that Sato is able to leave, his homecoming will touch off another round of confrontation. Aside from these plans, nothing has been agreed upon for the "autumn struggle."

As the least tactically militant of the new Left groups, Beheiren will probably confine its actions to a combination of education and demonstration. However, the organization models itself to some extent on the American civil rights movement, and its demonstrations could involve mass sit-ins. The next level of action would be strikes, a tactic that logically belongs to the young workers in AWYC and their strong supporters in Sohyo. Given the internal disputes, it is not likely that all Sohyo unions will join in anti-treaty strikes but those affiliated with Kankoro could alone play havoc with education, local government, transportation and communication. The Railway Workers' union has already committed its members to anti-treaty actions, and the huge Teachers' Union is expected to follow. Finally, some of the units in anti-CP Zengakuren can be expected to seek street confrontation. The students say that the events of Okinawa Day taught two important lessons: that large confrontations with police are ineffective and should be avoided, and that since confrontations are most successful when police are outnumbered, the best maneuver is to stage many simultaneous demonstrations. The students have also learned that Tokyo's subway and train stations are important targets. Most commuter trains in Japan's large cities run on loops encircling the urban center. If several stations are disabled or occupied along the loop, the entire system becomes paralyzed, leaving tens of millions of commuters stranded. Whatever the final mix of tactics, the government will find itself having to cope with three distinct movements that will use combinations of demonstrations, sit-ins, marches, strikes, street battles and urban guerrilla warfare.

None of the groups has planned beyond the "autumn struggle." They want to see what the government's reaction will be to this initial round of opposition. Most groups anticipate an unprecedented wave of counter-violence and repression, and are preparing themselves accordingly. Beheiren leaders expect to be jailed and militant workers expect to lose their jobs. The students fear even worse retaliation, including assassination at the hands of right-wing fanatics and gangs of criminals hired by the Security Police. Some of these fears may seem exaggerated, but Japan does have a history of political violence that has carried over into the postwar era. Also, many of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party's local political bosses and staunchest supporters are former "China *ronin*"—those men employed by the Imperial Army to organize the plunder of Asia. There is no solid evidence of recent illegal activities by these men, but their names are connected with enough sordid incidents to keep people wary. Most Zengakuren groups have sent their leaders underground, and many of the more notable joint struggle committee leaders have followed. Some units have taken the added precaution of stockpiling guns, an extremely difficult project in a country where firearms are outlawed.

The government has made no secret of its preparations. An initial precaution has been to fortify likely demonstration targets. In Tokyo these include the American Embassy, the Prime Minister's residence and the Diet building. The police have plans for mobilizing 85,000 men, most of whom are being rearmed and trained in riot control. The most controversial government preparations involve the Ground Self-Defense Forces (army). At Prime Minister Sato's request, the police agency, the metropolitan police director and the defense agency drew up plans for troop mobilization. The proposal, ready in June, called for stationing troops in the vicinity of large cities, and providing them with riot-control equipment and training. The plan also stipulated a schedule of troop deployment, starting with the use of troops in rear support of police, and moving up to "offensive action for suppression of rebels." As soon as this plan was set, the defense agency began to train several divisions in riot control at a base near Mount Fuji. There is also evidence that, if the anti-treaty movement is extremely large, the government will

deputize civilian anti-riot patrols. These squads would probably be drawn from Japan's large corporations, many of whose employees have been sent for limited periods of martial training with the Self-Defense Forces. Incomplete figures show that more than 100,000 received this training in 1968. In addition to mobilizing police, troops and civilian squads, the government considers organizing pro-Sato-U.S. demonstrations for late November. The most subtle and expensive anti-Left operation will be the EXPO '70 world's fair to be held in Osaka. Woven into the government's fair publicity are such nationalistic themes as pride in Japan, overseas expansion, and Japan as the guiding light of Asia. Also quite explicit is the notion that 1970 should be a year of boundless support for the government.

The Japan police agency has estimated that the number of anti-treaty activists should reach half a million by May-June 1970. Based on past experience, the activists might well be supported by ten times that number. That is a substantial movement, but as many were involved in the 1960 opposition, to little avail. Therefore, the real test for the anti-treaty forces will be their ability to gain wide popular backing.

Extension of the treaty will not be debated or voted on in the Diet, and it will be up to the opposition to acquaint the public with the issues. However, even if the country at large does not fully grasp the main argument, certain tangent developments might bring it into the movement. If, for instance, there were to be a flare-up between local residents and a nearby U.S. base, or an explosion on a munitions train, or the crash of a military aircraft in a residential district, any of these could excite a popular anti-bases movement that would add weight to the anti-treaty protests. Stronger outcries could come if the United States refuses to set an Okinawa reversion date in the coming year. For that matter, any incident involving local citizens, a U.S. base, the visit of a U.S. nuclear-powered military vessel could set in motion the forces for another "Sasebo incident." Sasebo is a small Japanese port, where in January 1968, the visit of the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier *Enterprise* led to violent demonstrations in which the local populace joined with radical students against the police. Since that incident, there have been others. A question for 1970 is whether the anti-treaty movement will be able to create the Sasebo phenomenon on a nation-wide scale.

With all the indications pointing to a year of extreme upheaval, it is sobering to realize that most Left leaders do not believe they can force the abrogation of the security treaty. There is a consensus that, at best, a successful movement can accomplish the resignation of Sato and stem the government's drift to the right. As for Sato, his departure would not be seen as a permanent victory, since his government would undoubtedly be replaced by another conservative, pro-American LDP cabinet. And though the anti-treaty movement may be able temporarily to reverse the government's rightward trend, unless some dramatic alteration occurs in U.S.-Japan relations over the coming decade, the Left expects to be back for another try at "Ampo" in 1980.

BY ROAD AND RAIL

EXPLOSIONS EN ROUTE

SANDY MORRISON
Mr. Morrison has recently completed a book on explosions.

Each year, more and more explosions are occurring on the nation's railroads and highways.

Last January 15, a freight train crossed a broken switch near Springville, Ala., and derailed thirty of its cars, seven of them carrying liquified petroleum gas, or butane. One car exploded. In the twelve hours of spreading fire, two more cars exploded. More than a hundred people fled a mile to safety.

Only one week later a freight train derailed near Laurel, Miss., when one of its gondolas broke an axle and lost a wheel. A tank car containing 42,000 pounds of butane blew up, igniting flammable chemicals in other cars. In the holocaust of overturned cars and fire, two people died and thirty-eight were burned; eighty-five homes and eighteen business buildings were destroyed.

These were but two of forty explosions and accidents involving hazardous materials that have rocked the nation's railroads since 1964, and roused the public's fear and indignation. In Ohio, angry demonstrators compelled the Army to cancel a shipment of phosgene gas (used in World War I); in Detroit, officials of the Canadian Government prevented a trainload of phosgene from crossing Canada into New York; mayors of several Indiana towns complained of the numerous explosions and derailments that occurred in their state. And from all parts of the United States, letters have been beseeching Congressmen to do something about the accidents on the railroads.

Derailments cause more than half of these accidents, and they have been increasing steadily—from an average of 264 a month in 1964 to 457 a month in 1968. Thus far, fortunately, there have been no explosions or spilling of dangerous chemicals near large concentrations of population. But this luck is not apt to continue indefinitely, and any day could bring a major tragedy.

During the long decline of earnings after World War II, with much of their freight business lost to the long-distance trucks on the publicly subsidized highways, the railroads have gone slack on maintenance. Work crews were cut by more than one-half from 1960 to the present. Thus railroad ties are wearing out faster than they are

being replaced. (One official, in a newspaper interview on this condition, said: "Well, there's an awful lot of track out there.") Two railway bridges collapsed recently. Wheels and axles are breaking on freight cars; tracks are fracturing.

This deterioration of equipment seems to have spread to the work force. The incidence of accidents caused by negligence has risen steadily over the decade. The official accident reports of the Federal Railroad Administration, from which these data are taken, describes a derailment near Columbia, Pa., that occurred because the rail tie plates were loose; nearby was a bucket of tie spikes that seemed intended for these plates. A head-on collision took



place in New York when a frantic control-tower operator was unable to warn the engineers of the impending crash because neither man had his two-way radio turned on. The cases proliferate.

The rising frequency of such incidents has been aggravated in the past decade by an increase of freight-car capacity from 60 to 80 tons, and of their running speed from 60 to 70 miles an hour. Even modernization of rolling stock has contributed to the problem. Automobile carrier cars are so long that they have a weakness for uncoupling themselves; the new, longer box cars have, while traveling at high speed, set up harmonic undulations strong enough to rock their wheels from the tracks. The higher speeds and heavier loads have produced enough brake-generated heat to crack wheels.

The disaster potential in these accidents is raised by the marked increase of hazardous cargoes. When the first regulations for explosives were issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1908, there were only a few such commodities. Today, the Department of Transportation, which has taken over railroad regulations from the ICC, lists more than 900 dangerous materials. Our economy is permeated with the manufacturing and conversion of highly sophisticated, unstable chemicals. Since 1946, the chemical output of the United States has increased 350 per cent, much of it in hazardous substances. Excluding munitions, 1.8 billion pounds of commercial explosives were produced and shipped in 1968. In the same year, more than 1.3 billion pounds of butane were hauled over the nation's railways, which also carried 84,000 tons of anhydrous ammonia, as well as thousands of tons of chlorine, phosgene, hydrocyanic acid, etc. All these substances are perfectly safe while being transported; they are dangerous only when wrecked.

War materiel bound for Vietnam has added to the railroads' gamble with tragedy. At least five accidents in three years have involved freight trains carrying munitions. A derailment in North Carolina last year tossed 105 mm. smoke shells all over a school yard; no one was injured. On June 30 of this year, a freight hauling twenty-two cars of munitions in its string of seventy-one gondolas derailed near a freight station at Tobar, Nev. One munitions car blew up, strewing shells across the desert. Four people were injured.

Phosgene gas is always on the move somewhere. It is a weapon of war, but is also used commercially in the manufacture of plastics. A form of nerve gas, over which there was much outcry last spring, is also shipped in large quantities throughout the United States. Nerve gas was developed in pesticide research in Germany, before World War II. In the concentration that is shipped, one drop on human skin will cause death; diluted one pint to 500 gallons of water, it is used every growing season from one end of the country to the other.

Another highly dangerous compound is anhydrous ammonia, a common fertilizer. It is a drying agent, and will draw moisture from human tissue. On the morning of February 18, a derailing freight struck eight cars of a train on a siding in Crete, Neb. One of the struck cars ruptured, and anhydrous ammonia leaked onto a nearby farm. Nine people were killed and forty were injured by the fumes.

Of course, the overwhelming bulk of hazardous chemicals shipped by train does arrive safely, but the danger does not end at the terminal. Almost all rail freight is reshipped in smaller quantities by truck over crowded highways. In 1968 at least 100 explosions involving hazardous chemicals occurred on the nation's roads. Butane trucks have exploded in collisions, and so have gasoline trucks. Gasoline is the most common and therefore one of the most dangerous commodities. A passenger train struck a stalled gasoline tank truck at a grade crossing in Massachusetts and twelve passengers and two trainmen were burned to death. In Michigan a tank truck hauling gasoline was struck at a street corner and turned the intersection into a crematorium.

The situation is made more critical by land developers who put more and more population centers—commercial and residential—close to highways. Federal road planners abet this tendency by suggesting the advantage of using air space over highways for office buildings. If large buildings are to be erected over or near thruways, legislation should be written to divert hazardous materials to other, clearly defined roads. Large cities, among them New York, do compel explosive-laden trucks to give advance notice of their arrival and to travel under police escort on designated roads. But in most places these tremendous vehicles shoulder their way through heavy traffic.

This situation has also raised public alarm. Newspapers

have lately called attention to H.R. 11870, a federal bill that would permit trucking firms to put still larger carriers on the highways. They would not only lower the safety margin for the passenger cars traveling with them but would increase the quantity of hazardous material subject to a single accident. Editors have been asking their readers to write to their Congressmen, urging the defeat of this measure.

The rising traffic in hazardous materials has been a challenge to the new Department of Transportation. Aware that accidents and explosions are increasing, it sought to have a bill introduced in Congress last year that would give it broad regulatory power over the railroads. House committee hearings on this legislation disclosed not only widespread dereliction on the part of the railroads and its employees but opposition by both management and union to any regulation. The Association of American Railroads always suspects government control, and now probably foresees that the proposed bill would add employees to the payrolls, just after they had been drastically reduced. The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen fears it would lose its strike prerogative, and that licensing, similar to that of airplane pilots or truck drivers, would be forced upon it. Between them, these and other interests had some sixty amendments planned for the bill; as a result, it died in committee.

This session, nine bills for the regulation of safety on the railroads are before Congress. Chances are that none will come to a vote. A D.O.T.-sponsored bill will probably be presented and acted on, but only after it is drafted by a task force set up for that purpose. The department has called together representatives of the railroads, the employees and the state public utilities commissions and asked them to compromise their differences and make concrete proposals for safety legislation. Each concerned has much to gain. The railroads lost $250 million in 1968, just from destruction of equipment. The damage claims must add up to another startling figure. In the same year, 146 railroad employees were killed and 17,993 were injured in rail accidents of all kinds.

A hazard that worries the Office of Hazardous Materials, a bureau of the D.O.T., is the spontaneous explosion that can occur when two chemicals are brought together by chance. For example, nitrogen tetroxide has been hauled safely across the country in huge tank cars to fuel the Apollo and other rockets at Cape Kennedy. But a tank load of it will explode spontaneously if a handful of carbon dust is tossed into it. Again, a solid chemical widely used as fertilizer becomes a powerful explosive if mixed with a widely shipped liquid; it requires only a detonator to set it off. Dozens of other chemicals act similarly.

One mixture that went off with a bang on September 17 was the bringing together of transportation management with military experts in explosives. At the Army Ammunition Center in Savanna, Ill., the Office of Hazardous Materials sponsored a two-week seminar in the safe handling and transportation of dangerous products. The civilians were enthusiastic about what they learned from the military. Possibly some of this feeling will be channeled into support for much needed federal railroad safety legislation.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 362)*

lack of success for the first two years of his term in financially emasculating the state's colleges and universities was due, in large part, to the Democratic state legislature which refused to pass his tuition bills or agree with most of his proposed budget cuts. The fact that the legislature went Republican in 1968 is, in my view, one of the principal reasons that Ronald Reagan has now proposed—and will probably achieve—budget cuts of 20 per cent at both the University of California and the state colleges, accompanied by widespread turning away of qualified students. . . .

Public higher education will indeed be an issue in California in the 1970 campaign. Whether Mr. Reagan's political efforts will pay off, to his benefit, however, is far less certain. . . .

Jess Unruh, Assembly Democratic Leader

Pendleton

Glen Rock, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: If the situation at Pendleton brig ["The Pendleton Brig: Andersonville-by-the-Sea" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, Sept. 15] is as bad as outlined, I feel that the Congress of the United States owes us an explanation. Why have no funds been appropriated for adequate facilities? Why is the Marine Corps so overextended by our Vietnam excursion that it is unable to adequately staff its brigs?

Unfortunately, I think I know Congress' answer before it has even been written: "National priorities do not permit us to operate effectively in those areas at present."

Prison conditions in much of the United States are substandard. Only when an aroused public demands prison reform will it be undertaken. I hope Sherrill's article will aid in that direction. . . .

John J. McCullough, Jr.

the Wobblies

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: May I point to three direct errors in Melvyn Dubofsky's piece on the IWW ["The Radical Goad"] in your labor issue of Sept. 8?

(*1*) Father Hagerty was not defrocked. (*2*) IWW advocacy of "one big union" has not prevented its use of appropriate bargaining units, usually all wage earners on the same job. (*3*) Since 1937 the IWW has permitted time contracts, with only this restriction: "No agreement made by any component part of the IWW shall provide for a check off of union dues by the employer or obligate the members of the union to do work that would aid in breaking any strike."

It is an additional distortion to picture IWW as consisting only of hungry migratory workers. We have been much concerned with these, and from them have developed some of our best organizers . . . but our membership has always included a sizable number of craftsmen and better paid and regularly employed workers. Reporters were less likely to find these in an IWW hall than men between jobs, but without them we could not have exerted the influence in the trade unions that we did. . . .

Fred Thompson

canny Nixon

Concord, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: President Nixon seems to be making considerable effort to stop marijuana usage. . . . This is shrewd politics. . . . Absurd as it may seem, probably more people in this country are concerned about marijuana than about the war in Vietnam. . . .

Meldon C. Belknap

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Forget About the First Amendment

THE TRIAL OF DR. SPOCK. *By Jessica Mitford. Alfred A. Knopf. 272 pp. $5.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner, a frequent Nation *contributor, is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of* The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

Jessica Mitford has written a superb account of the trial of the renowned baby doctor, Benjamin Spock, and his four co-defendants—Michael Ferber, Mitchell Goodman, Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr., and Marcus Raskin—on a charge of conspiracy to "counsel, aid and abet" violations of the draft law. It is the best treatment I have seen of an American political trial.

Jessica Mitford not only sat through the trial and mastered its Byzantine intricacies; she came to know the defendants and their lawyers well and brilliantly portrays their varying styles, their crotchets and personalities. She also interviewed the prosecutors and Justice Department officials responsible for the prosecution, the court clerk, General Hershey and, most notably, three trial jurors.

Her chronicle is spare and selective but full of the essential facts. She has managed to eliminate the tedious and irrelevant, but never at the expense of the basic legal process through which the issues unfold. With the off-stage aid of her lawyer-husband, Robert Treuhaft, she lucidly explains complex legal doctrines like conspiracy and the complementary functions of judge and jury. A gifted writer, she makes the whole trial come to life—as though it were specially staged to provide raw material for her creative skill. Miss Mitford makes no bones about the fact that she regards the trial as an outrage, is fond of the defendants and wants you to like them too, and is appalled at the judge's systematic show of bias against the defendants and his attempts to influence the jury in the government's favor.

Modern political trials tend to border on the ludicrous. It is not merely that the ceremonial trappings have grown rather dingy and fail to evoke intended sentiments of respectful decorum or that our adversary system is so clumsy. A trial like Dr. Spock's, where the basic issue is speech and assembly, unfolds without the drama which redeems the conventional criminal trial. There are no dead bodies, violent acts, alibis, clever disguises. Here the government relied on half a dozen "overt acts" in furtherance of the alleged conspiracy which included a "Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority," holding a press conference, speeches and a confrontation with government officials. All of the claimed criminal activity was undisputed and highly publicized—most of it was televised.

The government had to mobilize all its resources to demonstrate the danger of such seemingly innocuous conduct. The central focus in a trial such as this is not the facts but the meaning of the facts, the inferences which could be drawn from them. The need to justify the overriding of constitutional restraints on the punishment of dissent forces the government to exaggerate the menace of the defendants' behavior—one of the less savory aspects of political justice in a democracy. The government's struggle in this case to clothe protected utterance with sinister meaning produced absurdities which were tailor-made for the author's comic gifts.

The contest over inferences is inevitably weighted in favor of the government—primarily because our society is incapable of sustaining a sturdy and skeptical opposition. Claims of a threat to important governmental interests are invariably viewed as more authentic than the assertion of the right of freedom. And the contest becomes almost hopeless when the charge is vague. Here the jury rejected the relatively precise charge that the defendants had conspired to "counsel" draft-law violations but found four of them guilty of the vague and elastic charge of conspiring to "aid and abet" such violations—a reliable clue to the way in which the government's hocus-pocus triumphed over the jurors' common sense.

The Spock trial was a political trial. The one circumstance which unifies and explains political justice is the nature of the decision to invoke legal process in the first instance. Who decided to initiate the Spock prosecution and why?

A decision to use the criminal law to attack opposition to a basic government policy is never made by a line prosecutor. Such a decision raises vital questions of formal constitutional law and, more important, political questions which require answers by higher-ups. What use will be made of such a decision by the political opposition? How will it strengthen the Administration's electoral prospects? Are the timing, form and scope of the prosecution politically wise? Beyond this, there is the root question of the risks involved, the most obvious of which is that a verdict unfavorable to the government, even a hung jury, might serve to legitimize the activity which is being prosecuted. In this instance a court defeat could have spelled the end of conscription. Finally, even if the technology of synthetic *Schreck* in the political trial process minimizes the risk of failure, the decision maker must consider whether he has the power to limit a conviction to its intended consequences—a rough problem in a fear-ridden, scapegoating society.

With stakes so high, it is hard to agree with the explanation advanced by the Department of Justice and apparently adopted by Miss Mitford about the genesis of the indictment in the *Spock* case. On October 26, 1967, following the demonstrations at the Pentagon, Selective Service Director Hershey notified the nation's draft boards that registrants who interfered with military recruiting or draft administration would be reclassified for immediate call-up. This recommendation, which had the force of law, was widely denounced as illegal, unsound and unconstitutional. Department of Justice lawyers early in November informed General Hershey that his ruling was invalid and that a proposed Executive order to enforce it would be unconstitutional.

Hershey stood by his guns and stated that his "recommendation" had been authorized by the White House and that he would withdraw it only on White House request. Thereafter, early in December—about a month before the indictment in the *Spock* case—pressure on the White House from a great variety of sources produced a "summit" statement by Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark and Hershey announcing the setting up of a special unit in the Department of Justice, speeding up investigations of draft-law violations. The statement was intended as a sort of peace treaty to supplant punitive reclassification with legal process and to assure concerned Americans that registrants' protests against the draft would be protected.

Jessica Mitford was informed by the chief of this newly created unit, John

Van de Camp, that "The prosecution came about as a result of our flap with Hershey and his October 26 letter to the draft boards. The prosecution of these five was thought to be a good way out —it was done to provide a graceful way out for General Hershey."

Was it? To begin with, the suggestion that the decision to prosecute the Boston five was purely an internal departmental matter can hardly be squared with the political implications of such a proceeding. And if it resulted from a deal with Hershey, why did the General persist in his view, after the launching of the speed-up program and the filing of the indictment, that he had been authorized by the White House to make his ruling, that prosecutions were not a substitute for punitive reclassification, and that he would stand by his ruling until officially requested by the White House to withdraw it? And why did the White House remain silent?

An explanation far more consonant with the background facts and the changing political climate in the fall of 1967 is that the White House ordered the prosecution—not, as claimed, in a futile attempt to appease General Hershey—but as part of an all-out reversion to the politics of repression. And, as in the case of many of our most flagrant political prosecutions, Congressional pressure played a part.

On May 4, 1967, in the course of a hearing on amendments to the draft law, Chairman L. Mendel Rivers pointedly asked Assistant Attorney General Vinson how many prosecutions had been brought under the counseling, aiding and abetting provisions of the draft act. Vinson's reply that the First Amendment was a barrier to prosecution led to an outburst by the committee's hawks in the course of which Representative Herbert of Louisiana loudly urged, "Let's forget about the First Amendment." A few days later, Chairman Rivers returned to the attack and in the hearings charged that the Department of Justice was in collusion with federal judges to prevent the prosecution of those who preached defiance of the draft.

After the October Pentagon demonstrations, the demands for punishment of such conduct grew to a roar in Congress as scores of resolutions were prepared pressuring the department and charges of malfeasance were leveled against the Attorney General. In the fall of 1967, the President was making his own sympathies with the reactionaries increasingly clear.

Early in November, in a private briefing for Republican House leaders, President Johnson intimated that the Pentagon demonstrations were Red-inspired. In his report on the President's disclosure in the House, Republican Leader Gerald Ford added that he had been urged by Attorney General Clark not to release the information. Johnson subsequently overrode his Attorney General in a deal with the late Senator Dirksen to breathe new life into the Subversive Activities Control Board. At about the same time the administration, by-passing Clark, submitted to the Congress a measure severely limiting the right to travel. And on the very day that the Spock indictment was returned, J. Edgar Hoover's annual report was released, calling attention to the mounting resistance to the draft.

About a month after the indictment, in February of 1968, the President—again reversing Attorney General Clark —surrendered to the law and order forces on the wire tap and *Miranda* issues. He also endorsed the repressive anti-riot bill, passed in the House the previous year over the opposition of his Attorney General.

Although we have not yet heard from Ramsey Clark on the subject, the available evidence strongly supports the view that the initiative behind the Spock indictment was taken by the White House, not by the Department of Justice, and that it was part of the administration's repressive crackdown and sharp break with the Left-peace forces (chronicled in Eric Goldman's *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*).

It is not only the context of the decision to prosecute Spock and his co-defendants which illuminates its source. The fact that a *conspiracy* indictment was brought confirms that the prosecution was not the result of a routine law-enforcement decision within the Justice Department. The conventional law-enforcement reasons for a conspiracy charge were dubious here. But conspiracy was indispensable if political considerations were uppermost.

The conspiracy charge is the hallmark of American political justice. It yields the greatest return of repression for the smallest investment of power. Consider the politically significant identity of the five alleged conspirators. A peace activist (Dr. Spock), a student (Michael Ferber), a leading anti-war cleric (the Reverend Coffin), a writer (Mitchell Goodman) and a political intellectual (Marcus Raskin). In one package the indictment wraps up representatives of the leadership groups in the U.S. peace movement. To be sure, the defendants hardly knew one another and their guilt was predicated on constitutionally dubious theories of parallel action. All this meant was that the convictions might be reversed on appeal. (So they were: on July 12 Spock and Ferber were found not to be co-conspirators by the appellate court while Goodman and Coffin were granted new trials. A dissenting judge contended that all the defendants should have been acquitted. Raskin had been freed by the jury.) The decision to proceed on a shaky conspiracy charge in spite of the manifest risks of appellate reversal and the development at the trial of the theory that *anyone* who encouraged, aided or abetted the charged conspiracy (the "diverse other persons" referred to in the indictment) shared in the conspiratorial guilt can only be explained in terms of the felt political need for a means of intimidating anti-war protesters on a broad scale.

In her final chapter, Miss Mitford concludes that the cards are stacked in political trials: the costs both in personal and social terms are cruel and indefensible. Justice is simply not possible in a political case. In all the political trials of this century the accused were swept off the boards because they were dissenters; what eased the path to conviction were "the popular fears and prejudices of the moment." The Boston five, Miss Mitford concludes, were victims of our anxiety about "law and order."

CAMPUS ROTC

All love is under-
ground—at a drive-in movie,
motels, even in

city swimming pools:
on car seats, beds, in water
the pill or condom

or empty bleachers'
Saran Wrap cannot order
a total defense

against a love-in.
It can happen in books too,
hard words pulling us

down, stripped to the bone.
Hand manuals do not hold
or the snake, gliding:

such risky affairs,
in Asia under the moon,
in ditches and swamps

and dark rice paddies,
officers wade to signal
triggers, bayonets

thrusting: it's worse than
attack aborted, retreat
to the held belly

of a hill before
the loss and the dying, where
love is underground.

PHILIP LEGLER

East Asian Backgrounds

IDEOLOGY AND ORGANIZATION IN COMMUNIST CHINA. *By Franz Schurmann. University of California Press. 642 pp. $12.50. Paper $4.95.*

VIETNAM: THE ORIGINS OF REVOLUTION. *By John T. McAlister, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. 377 pp. $7.95.*

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author most recently of Concise History of East Asia *(Praeger).*

The first of these books deals with recent and contemporary China, the second with the origins of the revolutionary war in Vietnam. In detail they do not cover the same ground, but in their general illumination of the problems of East Asia they complement each other. They lead to the reflection that if the makers of policy in China and Vietnam had known as much about the history of East Asia as they, as educated men, knew of the history of Europe and America, they would have been saved from committing many grave errors. It is inestimable what the world would have been saved.

The new edition of Professor Schurmann's work contains a supplement which covers the period from 1961 to 1967, the period of the present Cultural Revolution. The original edition was, as the author points out, essentially a description of Chinese Communist society as it was in the 1950s. It has been an invaluable tool for the research and study of China. Now the new edition with its supplement carries the same penetrating analysis down to the middle year of the Cultural Revolution. The book is divided into sections on Ideology and on Organization in various aspects: Party, Government, Management, Control, Cities and Villages. Each of these explores in depth the operation of the Chinese Communist system, the variations that passing years have produced, and the ways in which Chinese Communist practice differs from that of the USSR.

Chinese ideology stresses the importance of thought—the thought of leaders, Mao Tse-tung being the most significant. Theory without such thought as an interpreter is meaningless. Theory is unchanging, but thought is adaptable. The Russians believe that theory can be creatively developed, i.e., changed; this the Chinese deny. "There is no equivalent of thought (*szuhsiang*) in the Soviet ideological arsenal . . . the Russians . . . appear never to have understood the need for a basic transformation of the spiritual identities of individuals in organization." Professor Schurmann traces the consequences of this ideological difference through the varying activities of party and state, including the field of relations with other revolutionary Communist parties abroad. "Though they support pro-Communist movements, they do not organize them, as the Comintern organized Communist parties in the 1920's." This may be news to some of the statesmen in Western countries who attribute all revolutionary activity in underdeveloped countries to Chinese machinations.

Schurmann clarifies many underlying conflicts and changes of policy in the years of the Communist regime. For example, the management of industrial enterprises: Soviet models and the One Man Management system were found to

ELEGY FOR IKE EISENHOWER

1.

Crazy Horse
they said
had a sacred
vision stone
he carried
it
grew very heavy
and wore out his horses
under him
one after another
and it protected
him

when he was killed
in a roomful
of soldiers
what happened to
that magic stone?

his body was
grass real grass
on the plains
swept away
by the farm wagons

2.

Ike turns to Crazy Horse
inside the dark coffin
crowding you Chief?
no sir we got room
for lots more of
your color down
here General
about this land, Horse,
I'd like to say right now
we're awful sorry,
but don't think
(pardon my
elbow while I
shift my hip)
we haven't paid for it—
no sir! we've paid with
problems a plenty
so I hear *says*
the chief wary
wondering what comes
next what
touch But—
(yes here it is
Crazy Horse nods
to himself) we're all
americans now
and that's why
(to go on) this
rather odd request:
one of my senior officers
in Paris collected
scalps well locks of
hair really. now I'd like
to be able to take him back
a really distinctive
little souvenir
of this beautiful country
Ike *says the young Indian*
who died from a bayonet
run into the side you see
this knife *(producing it*
magically out of his
deathrobe) I've always wanted me
five of those little
brass stars *and he cuts them*
one by one like berries
from Ike's epaulettes
and five for my old man
a holy man a poet
a leader among my people
all the same man
Here try one *he says*
biting into one of the stars
they're cool like chocolate
mint wafers *Ike demurs*
my teeth you know

smoke? *don't mind if I do.*
so they lie there
smoking the one
pipe comfortably
the rest of the journey

JOHN RIDLAND

be inconsistent with Chinese methods and were finally replaced by party committees. (This system in turn showed many weaknesses at the time of the Great Leap Forward. A more recent tendency is to give enterprise managers the duty of furnishing the precise information which the more politically minded party men cannot provide.) Much the same story, early imitation of Soviet models and later introduction of methods more in accordance with Chinese ways of action, is found in the history of "Control," the activities by which the party and the state supervise the population and maintain themselves in power.

In the introduction to the supplement Schurmann says that if he were to give the book a new title he would call it "Ideology, Organization and Society in China." The original title reflected the importance then assigned to Ideology and Organization and to the fact of China's being a Communist state. Now, "due weight must be given to the resurgence of the forces of Chinese society. The adjective Communist must also be dropped. This does not mean that China has ceased to be Communist but that its communism has undergone a major transformation as the result of the Cultural Revolution." The conflict between Soviet and Chinese conceptions of ideology and organization is so basic that the single word, "communism," will no longer do to describe the two systems. Schurmann sees China as "more its national self than ever before in the history of the People's Republic . . . in its internal constitution its Chinese character is more than ever evident." This is the clearest and most penetrating explanation of the nature of the Cultural Revolution and the fundamental causes of the Sino-Soviet dispute, the two factors which have convulsed the Communist world and which portend great changes in international power relations.

The supplement analyzes this transformation. Many acute observations which the ordinary reader could easily miss in his day-to-day study of the news are brought to light. There is for example, no personalization of Mao Tse-tung in the sense that he is not shown as a hero. No Chinese biographies have been published; he remains remote as a personality to his devoted followers. "No one instructs them to emulate the life of the Chairman." They are urged to study his writings. It is the "wisdom" of Mao which has immortality, not the living man who must before long pass away.

An important aspect of the Cultural Revolution is the question of how far it was a response to China's fear of a coming war. Mao himself had spread the idea of imminent danger of war in early 1966. (This was the period of intensive bombing of North Vietnam, including the suburbs of Hanoi and Haiphong.) The leaders first purged, including Lo Jui-ch'ing and P'eng Chen, were militant advocates of active resistance to "American Imperialism." Schurmann believes that Mao Tse-tung opposed them because the Cultural Revolution, which he regarded as the next leap forward for Chinese society, would have been forestalled by the possibility of war. Hence Lo, P'eng and then Liu Shao-ch'i, all of whom had been "hawks," were the principal targets of the Cultural Revolutionary purge. It is a new perspective on the role of Mao Tse-tung to see him as the man who may have saved the world from another major war. This interpretation will be disputed by many; but they will have to refute the strong case which Schurmann presents.

Mr. McAlister's book does not treat the recent history of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. He is concerned with the era of French colonial rule, the Japanese occupation and the first years of the postwar epoch. The history ends in 1946 with the French committed to their attempt to crush Vietnamese revolution. McAlister analyzes the development of the political and social situations which made revolution first possible, then inevitable. Under colonial rule the old power structure had been debased and rendered impotent; and the new elite of French-educated, modern-minded men who were trained to replace it was denied opportunity to exercise its talents or to influence the political life of Vietnam.

McAlister traces the failure of the pre-revolutionary protest movements. Some were futile attempts to restore the fallen independent monarchy; others, inspired by the new nationalism, were too local and too poorly organized to make any deep impression on the mass of the Vietnamese people. Only the Communists, led by Ho Chi Minh, learned from their own and others' errors, and gradually produced a widespread organization reaching down to the peasants.

As elsewhere, the mistakes of the rulers were as much responsible for the success of the revolution as the revolution's own efforts. The Japanese, seeing the end of their domination approaching, fumbled between differing policies, at times encouraging revolution, at other times backing reaction. The French were determined to restore their authority, though they had serious disagreements over method. Had the Vietnamese people been readier and better united, they might have won independence at one stroke in 1945; but they were frustrated by the effects of long-standing political divisions rooted far back in their history and deliberately enhanced by French colonial policy. Revolution was successful in the North, partial in the center and largely failed in the South.

The belief in two Vietnams, one assailing the other in a spirit of aggressive nationalism, the myth which has so long obscured the Vietnamese reality, was founded in great part on the French creation of "Cochin-China" (a term un-

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known to the Vietnamese language and tradition) in what is now the core of South Vietnam. This region, centered on Saigon, was annexed outright to France. The old educated class, "the Mandarins," were almost completely replaced by the new French-educated class, which was without close contacts with the peasantry. Among the people, where old Confucian "mandarin" values were weak, there arose the sects, Cao Dai, Hoa Hao and others, including a fairly large number of converts to Roman Catholic Christianity. Almost all of these sects (except perhaps the Catholics) were opposed to the French rule, but there their unanimity stopped. Localism, the desire to attain a strictly local power in the districts where their followers predominated, was more powerful than any urge to national unity. These factors inhibited the growth of the Communist Party, which in the South was led by men of more doctrinaire outlook than that of Ho Chi Minh.

The center, the old Protectorate of the Empire of Annam, the region where some vestiges of monarchical authority were allowed to exist, and which now forms the northern provinces of South Vietnam, was in spirit and tradition, as in its form of government, sharply divided from French Cochin-China. The North, the Tongking of French times, was the ancient center of the Vietnamese people, the most heavily populated region; adjoining China, it was the heart of the revolutionary movement. These differences in region have counted for much in the long course of the Vietnamese revolution, but, as McAlister shows, they do not add up to "two nations"—or three. At least equally profound local differences existed in Nationalist China, between North, center and South. Yet revolution in China was ultimately everywhere victorious. The stimulus to the growth of the Communist movement which was imparted in Vietnam by French intervention on behalf of weak opponents was paralleled in China by the effects of the Japanese occupation and the attempts to set up regional puppet governments. It may be that revolution in both countries would have ultimately triumphed for social and economic reasons; but it is probable that the single common factor of foreign intervention and domination did much to speed up the process. Nationalism was forced into alliance with communism and finally absorbed within the revolutionary movement.

McAlister emphasizes the role of mass organization, grass-root contact, and the participation of the peasantry in the actual work of government as the fundamental strength of the revolutionary movement. A people whose traditional political life at all levels had been virtually destroyed could only be led to respond to a movement which gave them a new political structure at the village level. This is what the purely Nationalist parties have failed to do. The reason for this failure appears to be the unwillingness of urban rulers to yield power in any measure to the peasants. The introduction of a representative democratic system would have put power into the hands of the party which could rely on peasant support, i.e., the Communist Party. This is why no democratic system was tolerable to Nationalist politicians. However, had the French recognized the situation and decided, at the Japanese surrender, to establish as fast as possible genuine representative institutions, and then withdraw, power might not have passed so wholly to the Communists. The French policy of playing off one sect against another in order to secure French authority over all ended by discrediting every alternative and leaving the Communists as the sole and obvious champions of true independence.

The Communists attribute French mistakes to the economic interests of capitalist groups and their unwillingness to give up a privileged position. The Viet Minh represents itself as a party dedicated to the interests of the people and therefore ultimately sure of victory. This may be too simple. In Vietnam the force of national feeling and resentment against foreign domination have long predated the existence of the Communist Party. The Vietnamese people were for a thousand years under Chinese rule. They took much from China, as they have taken much from France, but they never lost the will and intention to drive out the foreigner when the chance came—and they succeeded. The Chinese then recognized that the Vietnamese were best left to rule themselves and that, too, was a thousand years ago. One can only hope that the lesson will this time be learned rather more swiftly.

The new approach to the problems of revolution which these two books exemplify gives some stronger grounds for optimism. It is not now possible to plead ignorance of the nature, history and inspiration of the revolutionary movement in East Asia. Schurmann has shattered the image of the conspiratorial Communist monolith. And McAlister has demolished the idea that the Vietnamese War is but a simple case of one sovereign independent power making an aggressive onslaught on another. His historical analysis shows it to be, quite clearly, a revolutionary civil war.

Thrashing With Doom

VIOLENCE AND GLORY: Poems 1962-1968. *By James Schevill. The Swallow Press. 148 pp. $6.50.*

L. ALAN GOLDSTEIN
Mr. Goldstein is the editor of LOS. *His poetry and fiction have appeared in several literary magazines.*

James Schevill is best known for *The Stalingrad Elegies*, a sequence of dramatic monologues adapted from letters sent home by Nazi soldiers during the Stalingrad siege, and from Schevill's own conversations with German survivors. Those plain-spoken poems offer images as ghastly and memorable as any war poetry on record: the soldier who makes a snow-woman—

Her ice was my desire
Her white perfection
Glittered in my eyes,
white breasts
white thighs

the legless amputee "like a chessman with a flat bottom/Moved across a board to the edge"; and the motorcycle courier driving through bandaged skeletons and "snow that's set on fire with blood."

Authenticity held the *Elegies* under control, and a respectful sympathy for the real people who had to endure those wounds of body and mind. The poetry is in the pity, Wilfred Owen said; the *Elegies* were not a conqueror's pity, or a victim's, but that Homeric mode that makes reader and speaker appallingly at home together in the worst possible world.

Schevill's new collection, *Violence and Glory*, extends the grotesqueries of war to its aftermath. Found material replaces Nazi documents to authenticate a peculiarly American confusion between peace and its opposite. As Schevill reads it in his "Ad Sound History" (a poem meant to be performed by voice) any popular magazine expresses in its advertisements our disabling syndrome. Nostalgia:

EARLY TIMES
——you can say that again—
Ear-ly Times. . .
true old style
—(you can say THAT again)——
Ear-lee tiii-mmmesss. . .

and an aggressive love of power:

Georgia-Pacific
digs deeeeep
for profits
a quarter-mile
be-lowww its trees!
. . . this land works
twice as hard for US.
GEORGIA-PACIFIC
knows
where it's
gro-wing
in the energy business.

The dark side of America's infatuation with its own past is what interests Schevill. He rides the mass American psyche like a bronco, registering all its passionate jolts and kicks for total liberation. Verse form sways with backward and forward movements: the burning of Charlie Mingus' bass; destruction crews on the Pacific Coast Highway; homosexual fantasies: the fondness of garbage men for expensive trash; the fame and suicide of Marilyn Monroe:

The pictures always laugh,
As your bust bursts
out of its dress.
Fame strips you naked
And you cannot sleep;
life is a peep-
Show; the psychiatrist
Gives you a new prescription;
stronger sleeping pills
need stronger wills.
"Fame will go by
And,
so long,
I've had you,
fame."

In the long title monologue, "The Violence and Glory of the American Spirit," the speaker is Barney Stetson, a 90-year-old castoff watching the John Kennedy funeral on TV in a run-down hotel room. He returns in fantasy to the joys of his American childhood, and regrets how coming of age diverted him into an egotistic competition for glory and celebrity, a typical rivalry linking him with American Presidents and their assassins:

Murder for murder, a peaceful people
always
Breaking out in civil violence, seeking
glory
Until the violence and the glory tangle
Tight together . . . When Guiteau was
hanged,
People in the crowd paid three hundred
dollars
A head to hear him yell, "Glory!
Glory! Glory!"
As he fell through the trap . . .

Barney suspects dimly that the whole impulse of American history is murder and waste, but finally assents to the rightness of that social contract, envious of the deadly energy of the young.

Violence and Glory concludes with some verse biographies, a genre Schevill used with fitful success in his first collection, *Private Dooms and Public Destinations*. The final sequence in the book, "The Death of Anton Webern," reconstructs the accidental shooting of Webern by an American soldier in the last days of World War II. Artist, assassin, and everyone related to them both confess their mind in separate monologues as agents of an absurd misunderstanding. Like Webern's compositions, the single poems are short and make much use of significant pauses, brief intimations, strains of harmony and dissonance.

Symbolically, Webern's death in 1945 inaugurated our blind contemporary thrashing with doom. Old Barney Stetson had his frontier dream; Schevill suggests that nobody this side of 90 has the right to look backward beyond Stalingrad and the whimsical murder by American soldiers of a great composer. Webern's last words, we are reminded by this concluding poem, were, "It's over. . . ."

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

FAT CITY. *By Leonard Gardner. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 183 pp. $5.50.*

Stockton, Calif., and the world of small-time boxing provide the setting for this tough, swift, compassionate first novel about two young prize fighters. Gardner shows great skill at evoking a sense of small-town America and that peculiarly American joylessness of an empty present made bearable only by vague hopes for the future. All his characters, black and white, ring absolutely true; and at least one of them—a Mexican fight manager—is really memorable. This book, particularly the passages about the fight world, marks Gardner as one of the most interesting and talented new novelists around today.

AGAPITO. *By Alvaro Cardona-Hine. Charles Scribner's Sons. 117 pp. $4.50.*

The author is a Costa Rican poet who has lived in this country for some years; his novel is a 7-year-old Costa Rican boy's description of his world, addressed to and through the life of his father's peon, Agapito. It consists of a series of mushy metaphors which completely overwhelm the few which are unaffected and potentially moving. After pages of such observations as: "Our cows are islands of spice, full of a hidden vanilla that flows white in an avalanche of grace, under theories of maternity," one wishes that desperately poor, brave, sorrow-wracked Agapito would turn his young admirer over his knee and spank the maddening innocent sensitivity out of him. Such sentimental, gratuitous writing about the nobility of poverty is anachronistic, to say the least.

A BETTING MAN AND OTHER STORIES. *By Brian Glanville. Coward-McCann. 223 pp. $5.95.*

If Mr. Glanville's many novels are not always particularly substantial, they are almost always highly entertaining, and this collection of his short stories is thus disappointing. The backgrounds include middle-class Jewish life in London, sports, and expatriate life in Italy, but almost all of the stories move smoothly over tired plots hinged on predictable formula endings. The title story, about the sad pleasures of a rich and disappointed middle-aged London Jew, is the most engaging, but all have been written too often before by better hands.

A FAMILY ROMANCE. *By Richard Wollheim. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 255 pp. $5.95.*

This cleverly conceived and very well-written novel should be more absorbing than it turns out to be, and it's hard to say quite why. An English economist records in his diary the details of his re-

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lationships with X, his morose wife, and Y, his mistress. The proceedings are dominated by his unresolved relationship with his eccentric father, whose influence permeates his life in a manner which leaves him almost helpless. It gets very complicated; but the tension that sustains our early interest in its wordy, introspective narrator gradually fades away as his total humorlessness neutralizes even its calculated-to-shock ending. There is one fine, funny scene, which simply records an evening's conversation among a group of important, upper-class nitwits.

THE MOVEMENT. *By Norman Garbo. William Morrow & Co. 407 pp. $6.95.*

The Movement is a big, commercial novel, and not a good one: its plot follows the already tired scenario of rebellion at a large university: its characters are the usual assortment of passionately confused student radicals (here led by a mulatto), diabolically good revolutionaries, and absurdly stupid administrators; it ends in disaster when the rebel-held campus is bombed to the ground by U.S. Army jets. Mr. Garbo believes that the heroes of America are the people of the movement, and he believes this resolutely enough to make some of his writing impassioned. But until better writers who share his point of view—where are they?—address themselves to his theme, and until those who sympathize with the movement demand that the writers they read relate to it, the popular view of the New Left will have to be shaped by such well-meaning melodramas as this one.

MUSIC / David Hamilton

The performance of second-rate operas is attended by numerous hazards, as we shall probably have ample opportunity to learn if the resident opera companies continue to stage inferior 19th-century works. Prime exhibits in this area have long been the concert performances in which the American Opera Society revives obscure operas, usually with one or two stars (sometimes very capable singers and musicians) surrounded by a supporting cast ranging from capable to inept. On the rare occasions when all the leading roles are properly cast and a conductor of quality is engaged, a convincing case is made for the work revived, but the usual result is a musical shambles, from which only the soprano cultists come away satisfied: "Oh, the piece is a bore, but *she* was divine!"

One of the operas that came off well in such a concert performance was Boito's *Mefistofele,* performed by the Society in 1966, and it may have been this performance that inspired the New York City Opera's current revival, especially when coupled with the obvious suitability of the title role for Norman Treigle. Unfortunately, the factors that put the opera across in Carnegie Hall—the voices and stylistic feeling of Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi and Nicolai Ghiaurov, and the taut direction of Lamberto Gardelli—are in short supply at the City Opera. One great bass is not sufficient to carry a flawed work, and the moral of the experience should be that you must pick your second-rate operas with care, especially avoiding the ones that require what the other company has and you don't.

It remains a mystery why the Metropolitan, with its fondness for such resplendent specimens of the third-rate as *Gioconda* and *Andrea Chenier,* and its roster of suitable singers, has not staged Boito's opera since 1926. The work has the reputation of being "intellectual," but this is surely a relative term, the result of comparing the libretto with the cozy domestic tragedy that Gounod made from Goethe's *Faust*; it can hardly represent a serious claim to stature alongside the operas of, say, Wagner or Berg. Although he preserves a modicum of Goethe's broader philosophical content by including the Prologue in Heaven and something of Part Two (the Classical Sabbath, and Epilogue), Boito's libretto is awkwardly constructed, full of static tableaux—the Easter celebrations of the Frankfurt citizens, the two Sabbaths—that occupy far too much time in relation to the drastically abridged drama. Indeed, one would hardly have expected the author of this text to go on to write two of the greatest librettos in history, those for Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff.*

And Boito is a curious sort of composer, whose sophistication is almost entirely harmonic; his melodic construction is tortuously bound to scale and arpeggio patterns, worked out in monotonously regular sequences and further hampered by the incessant repetition of very short rhythmic patterns. At the evening's start, the Prologue in Heaven offers the kind of consistently smooth interlocking of elements that marks the naturally gifted composer; the orchestral introduction, built on a symmetrical rather than functional harmonic plan, is an ingenious solution to the representation of timeless infinity, and must have been especially striking in 1868. Later in the Prologue, another effective harmonic idea is built to a really compelling choral climax, but the expectations thus raised early in the opera are rarely satisfied thereafter—and then most notably by the reprise of this same climax at the end. Fortunately, the idea is good enough to repeat (or, perhaps, because nothing between is nearly as good we welcome the return of the evening's best inspiration), but other motifs, such as the little major-minor third idea that introduces Mefistofele, are so trivial that they are quickly worn out by countless undeveloped reiterations.

Characteristically, one of the high points, the "Lontano" duet in the prison scene, has hardly any melodic content whatsoever; it is simply a canny harmonic progression overlaid with a repetitive (but, this once, effectively so,) lullaby rhythm. And many other "melodic" spots sound as if they were arrived at simply by picking notes from a series of chords that had been determined first. In sum, the level of invention is perilously thin throughout great stretches of the score, and only sumptuous voices, brilliant orchestral playing (there is some very distinctive scoring) and tight, skillful pacing will maintain interest.

These ingredients were, unfortunately, rarely present in the City Opera production. Although the official première (September 24) had been preceded by a public "preview," the orchestral ensemble was still very shaky, and a persistent disagreement between the conductor and his star bass on the subject of tempo did not attest to an optimum amount of rehearsal. (My sympathies were with Treigle's faster options, for a large part of the performance was slack, but such

OCTOBER

Shadows gnaw the wind;
wind questions the sun.
Children run
from shadows to the shadow of wind.

What climbs the ravine?
The stream drops down,
dragging dead leaves down.
I have lost the sun in a leaf screen.

There are stars behind the sky.
A leaf explores a dead shrew
drowned in a shoal,
nudging sleek hide: play.

There had been meadow afternoons.
Now darkness climbs the drugged moon
while that which climbs comes.
Winds downstream whisper leaf names.

JOHN UNTERECKER

matters should be settled long before the curtain rises.) Among the singers, only Treigle measured up to the musical and dramatic demands of the work, although he was hampered by producer Tito Capobianco's curious conception of the devil as a cringing, sexually frustrated creature, an idea totally at odds with Boito's straightforwardly sardonic character. Robert Nagy, for some years a comprimario tenor at the Metropolitan, made a loud and unsubtle Faust, moving awkwardly and sometimes shaky in his intonation. The roles of Margherita and Elena (Helen of Troy, in the Classical Sabbath episode) were doubled by Carol Neblett, an attractive girl with a potent if undisciplined voice, who has not yet mastered the kind of vocal acting and textual projection needed to sustain the reminiscence episode in the prison scene. (If Miss Neblett can resist the pressure to sing heavy roles too soon, she may, with work and discipline, become an important singer; otherwise, a few premature years of leading roles, in which the sheer tonal quality will suffice to impress a relatively undiscriminating audience, will be the likely extent of her career.)

Visually, this was an affair of projections, with hardly any solid scenery. It started off well, each ascent of the Introduction's harmonies being articulated by a different lighting effect: flashing colored lights, shooting stars, nebulae, astrological symbols, and eventually a *quattrocento* Deity, Virgin and angels—but the later musical climax was not matched by any corresponding visual activity. The scenes on earth were spare and conventional, the whole lacking the style and consistency of other Capobianco productions. As with the musical performance, undernourishment seemed the trouble, whereas *Mefistofele*, both musically and visually, requires a degree of feasting.

The courage of the New York Philharmonic in pursuing the acoustic modifications required at Philharmonic Hall, even when the initial adjustments offered little improvement, has been rewarded at last with something close to real success. The first concert (September 23) was inconclusive with respect to the "19th-century" sound that has traditionally been the backbone of the orchestra's repertory; works by Debussy, Copland (the Clarinet Concerto, brilliantly played by Stanley Drucker) and Prokofiev reached the audience with great presence and clarity of detail, if a little hardness of sound at climaxes. Two nights later, a more conventional program confirmed the impression that the "wrong end of the telescope" effect has been eliminated, so that the full orchestra now makes a real physical impact on the listener. A slight glassy edge remains in the loudest passages, and the bass still sounds weak from the floor seats (it always used to be better in the top balcony, and I suspect that now the cheapest seats should give a very satisfactory aural perspective). I hope the management will make whatever small additional effort is needed.

FILM FESTIVAL

HAROLD CLURMAN

Apart from its audience and its pleasantly sedate new locale, the Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center, the Seventh New York Film Festival has not been particularly festive. There is a kind of gaiety about the crowds that gather to see the mostly offbeat novelties. They constitute the most sophisticated and receptive audience among the entertainment marts. It has a sense of occasion. It is eager to learn what is going on: it *expects* something.

But how is one to find gratification in so much dreariness? Conformity in exhaustion was the hallmark in many of the eleven films I managed to see during the first ten days. I do not complain that they were weighed down by pain: in one form or another, unhappiness is the matrix and subject matter of dramatic art. But it has been repeated to the point of nausea that we are living in total disarray in an anguished world.

Advanced circles betray an almost ritualistic complacency in this regard. If the now-I-lay-me-down-to-die dirge were proclaimed in fury, sung in eloquent tides of indignation, or were issued out of a true caring, one might be moved to compassion. But no: the message of debility is enunciated in opaque allegories, in lackluster conundrums.

Tragedy is based on confrontation, not on collapse. In the defeat which most frequently ensues upon such confrontation a surge of will and desire produces action and provides humanity with its most wonderful adventures and greatest satisfactions. But the films I refer to are notorious for their lack of surface interest. They ignore the stuff of experience, and their generalizations do not arise from what has been lived through: they are instead abstract declarations of impotence—which we are expected to take for granted as the truth about *la condition humaine*.

The pictures I followed with the least impatience were in some respects the simplest, or to put it bluntly the most realistic. The Japanese *Boy* will serve as an example. The story is based on a case—reported by the police—of a "family" which earns its living by having its woman (or "mother") and the 12-year-old "son" pretend to be knocked down by passing vehicles whose frightened drivers they then blackmail into paying them money to avoid being hauled into court.

The film displays the mushrooming, man-eating industrialism of the new Japan, and within it an injured, twisted, confused people abruptly divested of its traditions of honorable deportment. This sudden cultural deformation is reflected in the three main characters, and chiefly in the boy. He has been separated from his original family and adopted by a foster father who, having been wounded in the war, has no further capacity or willingness to work and has invented the aforementioned means of supporting himself, his mistress and the boy.

The boy tries to escape the brutality of his job by returning to his home in the south where one of his grandparents still lives. This childhood home has become an idealized memory, but when the boy is prevented from making the long journey, he returns to his surrogate father and mother once more to ply the family "business." We see him dream of becoming or being redeemed by a "space man"; we see him rebel futilely and yet cling loyally to the wretched man and woman and his infant "brother"—the child of the adopted parents. We know at the end—when the trio has been arrested—that though he now is legally a "criminal," the tormented boy (who says he has no "thoughts" about anything) is still moved by the memory of a little girl he had not previously seen, lying dead in the northern snow, killed in an accident caused by one of his tricky

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attempts to be knocked over by a truck.

Boy is certainly not a "great" or a "perfect" picture, but besides saying something about a specific environment it leads us to know something about family feeling even in the absence of family, and about the tenderness inherent even in degraded folk. It is not a pleasant picture but contact with it is somehow warming because it is made from the stuff of life, and is not an intellectual generalization about it.

I could also see *Adalen '31* without flinching as I did from the inhuman coldness of most of the more "experimental" exhibits. It deals with a strike which took place in a small Swedish town in 1931, an old-fashioned propaganda film sweetened by the director Bo Widerberg's use of suave color, his casting of pretty people with *good* faces, his gently sentimental humor and airy pastel sensuality. Someone described *Adalen* as a fairy tale of industrial strife. The strife is on the whole minimized and there is a certain note of self-congratulation for the Socialist government which took over from the conservatives after the strike. However, a wry reminder is added in a final "title" which tells us that "equality has not yet been achieved." Widerberg is a softy with a considerable gift for soothing pictorial effects.

There is much sterner stuff in *The Joke*, a Czech picture which must have been made under the now suppressed liberal regime. It tells of an embittered man, once a skeptical Communist, who under the Gottwald government was sent to a labor camp for "correction" (he had made a cynical remark in a letter to his girl friend about optimism being the opiate of the people, and he had betrayed a defiant inclination toward Trotskyism).

He has come to hate his country and, unlike several of his former friends, cannot reconcile himself to it. He is not made attractive or sympathetic—only understandable. We are given to understand that his vindictiveness against the individuals who have hurt him is wrong, but that his animus against the blind and blinding bigotry, the punitive self-righteousness of the earlier government, is justified. This story of Czechoslovakia's past, depicted in the light of the more promising interlude, has by the new turn of history become the portrait of a depressing present. The acting and direction of *The Joke* have a kind of down-to-earth honesty and a feeling for the natural behavior of ordinary people which are characteristic of Czech films.

The hurt felt by those who have endured the rigors of various police states is evident in another Czechoslovak film (more Slovak than Czech), *The Deserter and the Nomads*, which was completed—and no wonder—in Italy. Despair with the cruelty of political upheaval—whatever the cause—is the theme. It ends on a semi-religious lament over all hostilities which lead to bloodshed. The most befriending aspect of this picture—alternately garish and lovely in color—is its confusion! The director, Juro Jakubisco, realizes that violence is also human, and strives to accept this fact as part of the whole drama of existence, but he still yearns for the promise of surcease from it. At moments one suspects that this can come about only through total annihilation of the species, or through some miraculous advent of a second Eden. Jakubisco has trouble bringing his picture to a close, torn as he is by the various drives which have inspired it. The most potent of these is a love for the hearty carnality of his Slovak compatriots and the beauty of his country's landscape.

Wretchedly bleak and coarse is the world which another ex-patriot, Walerian Borowczyk (from Poland), has made in *Goto, Island of Love*. It was filmed in France with a largely French cast. The imaginary police state here is ragged, totally abject, with no alleviation even from the irrepressible sexual impulse. The old instruments of culture have been discarded: music has been replaced by buzz saws and other unsightly contraptions which produce horrible sounds that the prisoners (and all Goto's inhabitants, including its ruler, are prisoners) must profess to enjoy.

This is a vision of a new hell. But once I perceived its pattern—of cruelty, moral and physical emaciation with no more relief in it than what may be provided by the most dismal of brothels—I became inured and indifferent. Everyone knows that the states epitomized in the hateful island contain much more than what the film reveals. Such metaphors do not provoke a protest against their models; they induce a kind of anesthesia.

In an ironic vein, Jean-Luc Godard is the most consistent of directors. His latest film *Le Gai Savoir* (Joyful Wisdom) is literally a decomposition. A young man and woman meet and talk about this and that. What is photographed for the greater part are bits of televised news, posters, ads covered with graffiti irrelevant to the product advertised but pertinent as a sign of the surrounding chaos. Composed as a pictorial and verbal collage, *Le Gai Savoir* adds up to a "poetry" of nothingness. Revolutionaries as well as members of the establishment are reduced to a parity of silliness: Mao, Castro, Stalin, Cohn-Bendit are all flung into the hopper. There is gallows humor in all this, but one cannot speak of anger, malice or even frustration in the context of this renovated dadaism. Acidly gay it may be, joyful never. It must comfort the depleted souls of the indifferent, the lazy and the "aesthetes."

We are now in the realm of the coteries. Its hierophants are bright enough, often talented, sometimes ascetically serious, occasionally witty, and almost always totally juiceless. They are fanciful without being imaginative. Their ideas convey the shadows, not the substance of thought. What remains after the fizz evaporates is self-indulgence in inertia.

Destroy, She Said, directed and written by Marguerite Duras, is an attempt to adumbrate the present impasse in the quest for identity. It is all very cryptic and arcane, and almost wholly without movement. Yet this picture—relieved by one or two filmic quips—pretends to usher in a new dawn, a great change in the future, the harbinger of which, probably, was the Paris student rebellion in 1968. We pray that this may be so, but such films contribute nothing to that change and in fact make confidence in its coming very difficult.

Still, I must confess: several of these boring films held my attention more than did the festival opener, the sexy sure-fire box office smash *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. But I have not finished—there are other, and I trust much better, festival films to be discussed next week.

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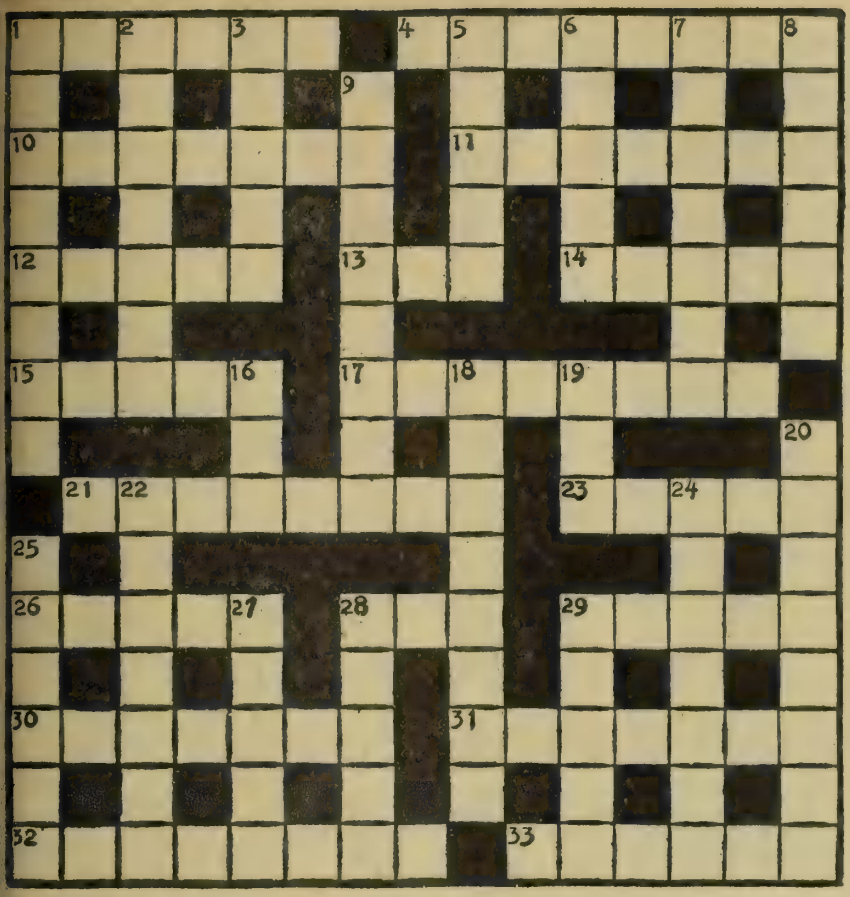
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1316

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 19 down
4 and 1 down Looking for the bloodshot type? A welcome returnee is said to be one. (5,3,4,4)
10 See 29 down
11 Not properly brought up if sort of riled about a little weight. (3-4)
12 Allen perhaps piles one article helter-skelter on another. (5)
13 and 14 See 16 down
15 In support of art, perhaps. (5)
17 A relatively modern cult to somehow gain following in the field? (8)
21 Play up? Quite the opposite in the final stage. (4-4)
23 She seems to have a daily changing appearance. (5)
26 The habit of judges with an unruly 27? (8)
28 See 19 down
29 How the loser sometimes cries! (5)
30 How the standout player performs is not altogether how the duffer does! (7)
31 Trailer, perhaps, in color. (7)
32 The sentiment "Erin go bragh!" shows it might be coming on. (8)
33 Gets tough, perhaps. (6)

DOWN

1 See 4 across
2 A low blow of the Tritons might be associated with them. (7)
3 Wrong end to, this man should be feted.
5 Evidently the first person contended with a climber on it. (5)
6 With 1 across, this was a famous Texas greeting. (5)
7 One might get embarrassed in traditional London weather to hold the wood in the burner. (7)
8 They might be added on as passengers.
9 and 25 A rather large holding of air for the Spanish American? (2,6,6)
16, 13 and 14 across Act with ham and eggs, perhaps, of present concern to some. (3,3,5)
18 Avid for what girls used to carry back to front. (5-3)
19, 28 across and 1 across Evidently the time of the gull is full, but sweet. (3-3,6)
20 Loves being in automobiles. (8)
22 One of those 26 in your home, perhaps.
24 City officer 150 years ago. (7)
27 Other than drunk and disorderly version of 26. (5)
28 Act long enough for a senior member.
29 and 10 across The last city of 24 to forbid the original in actual surroundings, as a planned development. (5,7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1315

ACROSS: 1 Matter of course; 9 Rock cod; 10 Retrace; 11 Juleps; 12 Piercing; 14 Dittoed; 15 Thief; 17 Ashen; 19 Ecuador; 21 Paraffin; 23 Cyanic; 25 Noticed; 26 Prevent; 27 Follows through. DOWN: 1 Marijuana; 2 and 21 down Tickled pink; 3 El Capitan; 4 Odds; 5 Carried out; 6 Utter; 7 Swahili; 8 Berg; 13 Rose window; 15 Teddy bear; 16 Fair catch; 18 Horatio; 20 Rondeau; 22 Focal; 24 Spit.

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LETTERS

money back religion

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I read the article "Scientology: Total Freedom and Beyond" by Donavan Bess in your Sept. 29 issue. I found it quite agreeable and in parts rather amusing. Despite Mr. Bess's left-handed portrayal of the church's founder and laborious conceptions of the road to Clear, the unique character of our young religion came through.

The story of Scientology is really simple. As Dr. S.W. Jarvis, an English G.P., put it, "It is quickly told. (*1*) L. Ron Hubbard develops a philosophy about life and death; (*2*) people find it interesting; (*3*) people find it works; (*4*) people pass it along to others; (*5*) it grows—and continues to grow."

We really don't want anyone to believe our claims—a lot of claims are made and I think we have all had our share of disappointments. Our position is: Try it—if you don't feel you have gained, you are free to leave with an unconditional and full rebate . . . . Yours in God.

Rev. Kenneth J. Whitman
Minister of Public Relations

GIs for peace

DEAR SIRS: Many GIs on military reservations are eager to participate in the massive peace marches to be held Nov. 15 in San Francisco and Washington, D.C., but they need transportation. Funds are being sought to charter buses. We ask your readers to show their support by sending their contributions to New Mobilization/Operation Transport: 555 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90004, or 1029 Vermont Ave., N.W., Suite 900, Washington, D. C. 20005.

Donald Duncan,
Van Nuys, Calif.

Roger Lee Priest, U.S.N.
Journalist Seaman Apprentice
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Duncan is a former Green Beret, active in the anti-war movement. Mr. Priest is an active duty sailor who is currently awaiting court-martial for his publication of an "underground" GI newspaper.

the mocker mocked

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Bitter irony and tragedy! If Roy Cohn is convicted and destroyed, it will be due largely to the reprehensible and prejudicial technique of "purchased criminal-informer testimony," which he perfected and employed, as special assistant prosecutor, to obtain the convictions and executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

Cohn's current defense must rest on establishing the unfairness of such "purchased accomplice testimony," showing how it makes a mockery of justice. A jury which acquitted Cohn would, in effect, be finding him guilty of "legal murder," having made a mockery of justice in the Rosenberg-Sobell case.

Aaron Katz

none so blind

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The Pentagon chooses to interpret the present lull in Vietnamese hostilities (U.S. casualties in the first week of October were the lowest in three years), not as a political signal but as evidence that the North is preparing a new major attack. The only signal that Nixon, Laird and Bunker are watching for is a white flag over Hanoi.

Robert Little

EDITORIALS

The Three-Day Travesty

During the first three days of October, Congress reached a new abyss in representative government. Some 10 million Americans are afflicted with hunger or chronic malnutrition; 20 million Americans live in substandard housing. Yet in those three days the United States House of Representatives went through the motions of debating (at the rate of $5.3 billion per hour of general debate) and then passed a military authorization bill of $21.3 billion. This was $1.3 billion greater than the comparable bill passed in the Senate after two and a half months of debate, and nearly $500 million more than the Department of Defense had requested. Bearing in mind that a recent Gallup poll indicated that a majority of the American people feel the military budget is too large, the primary conclusion that can be drawn from this charade is that the military budget is nowadays the largest pork-barrel legislation in the history of the country—and, of course, of the world.

While the size and scope of the new authorization is outrageous when matched against the domestic needs of the country and the burdens of the taxpayers, the blatant stifling of the dissenting minority voices by the House Armed Services Committee should make thoughtful citizens wonder whether the lower House of the Congress, in its present form, represents the interests of the country in any way at all. The following incidents, which occurred during the three-day travesty, suggest that it does not.

¶The House Armed Services Committee, which had been conducting hearings on military posture since March 13, 1969, did not furnish its hearings (2,666 pages) to the House membership until three days before the debate began. A report explaining the $21.3 billion bill on which the Representatives were to vote was not available to them until two days before the bill was brought up on the floor.

¶The House Armed Services Committee, led by its master, Rep. Lucius Mendel Rivers, staged a display of histrionics which spanned a range from childish petulance to sneering innuendo. Early in the proceedings, Rivers questioned the propriety of "dignifying these amendments with debate." When Rep. Jonathan Bingham (D., N.Y.) attempted to discuss an amendment to delete production funding of the Navy's F-14 airplane, Rivers drawled, "We cannot be serious about this. Why do you want to take any more time on this? Why not just vote on this and get it out of the way?" When Rep. Richard L. Leggett (D., Calif.) introduced an amendment to decrease funds and slow progress on the advanced manned strategic aircraft (AMSA) because Defense had admitted that the Soviets were not building long-range bombers, Rivers produced his own Russian threat, but refused to discuss it. Defiantly he stated: "I will not discuss the AMSA. I will not discuss with you what the Russians have. On my own responsibility I tell you the Russians are building a bomber. You can take it or leave it." On the question of further procure-

ment of the Cobra armed helicopter, Rivers roared out in his demagogic style: "We need those Cobras more than we need breath itself." One visitor to the gallery shook his head and muttered, "Surely the American people deserve more than this."

¶At the instigation of the Armed Services Committee, debate on the amendment to trim back to the Senate level a new and incredibly expensive continental air defense system was the height of absurdity. Rep. Henry Reuss (D., Wis.) was allotted 45 seconds in which to explain his amendment. If this program is funded, it will mean tens of billions of dollars in future expenditures. Rep. Otis G. Pike (D., N.Y.) later attempted to introduce an amendment which will remain lost to history because his whole 45-second allotment was spent attempting to find out how much time he had. It was this shocking maneuver that infuriated many members and caused Rep. Andrew Jacobs, Jr. (D., Ind.) to thunder, "Shame! Shame on this House!"

¶The C-5A program, which had for a year gained national notoriety, was voted on with humiliating dispatch. Rep. William Moorhead (D., Pa.), who had studied the C-5A for a year as a member of the Joint Economic Committee, was given 75 seconds to explain why additional planes should not be acquired.

¶A number of amendments that had been passed overwhelmingly by the Senate—amendments dealing with defense contractor reporting to the government and studies to determine contractor profits—were defeated. The contractor profit study stood a chance of passing. To prevent that, the Armed Services Committee introduced a separate amendment to delete the whole section of the bill that was being amended. In discussing the impending doom of his profitability study amendment, Representative Jacobs admonished his colleagues, "My, my, my, how badly, how badly some do not want to talk about studying the profits of defense contractors." One by one, the House members voted amendments down in ever more rapid succession. It was late Friday afternoon and the weekend beckoned.

¶Virtually all votes on these amendments were by division or teller. Thus, the Congressmen could satisfy the watchful eyes of the Armed Services Committee members and not have to worry about the constituents at home. There is no way for the public to know how they voted.

With the debate almost over, Rivers launched into a a bitter personal attack on Representative Leggett, one of the five dissenting members of the Armed Services Committee, who had attempted to introduce at least a modicum of debate on the $21.3 billion. This diatribe, like many of his other more intemperate statements, was subsequently deleted and cannot be found in the printed *Congressional Record*.

Many Representatives seemed almost totally oblivious to the growing malaise, the rising dissent and the increasing dissatisfaction outside their insular chamber. There was no meaningful debate, and basic questions of national priorities remain unanswered. The members of the House undoubtedly feel relieved: the ordeal is over—for this year at least—and their individual anonymities remain secure. Perhaps some of the more imag-

IN THIS ISSUE

October 20, 1969

EDITORIALS

394

ARTICLES

399 Military Justice.
Learning from the Green Berets
Edward F. Sherman

403 Operation Sisyphus:
Wetbacks, Growers and Poverty
Sheldon L. Greene

406 Modern Biology: A Terrifying Power
S. E. Luria

409 Hong Kong:
The Complaisant Haven
Stephen Salaff

411 Remember the Hatch Act?
Charles O. Jones

BOOKS & THE ARTS

414 The Levels of Manipulation — *Jonathan Mirsky*
414 Bang Bang with a Silencer (poem) — *Anselm Hollo*
416 Devolution of a Revolution — *Emile Capouya*
416 Adonai (poem) — *George Bowering*
418 Armies in the Night — *John Gliedman*
418 Repressed Consciousness — *Robert K. Morris*
419 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*
419 Poem — *Simon Perchik*
421 Film Festival II — *Harold Clurman*
421 It Is (poem) — *Harvey Shapiro*

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inative legislators shuddered slightly over the statement by one of their colleagues that if the American people became aware of this performance, 80 per cent of the House probably would be seeking new employment next year.

High Cost of Nostalgia

The price for taking the battleship *New Jersey* out of mothballs, sending her to Vietnamese waters for a month, and then putting her back in mothballs was about $100 million. What's $100 million? In *The New York Times* (October 8) a physician protesting against the SST project compares its cost with that of a research center for the treatment of burns which is being disbanded because the government feels that it must save $250,000. Using the same yardstick, the *New Jersey* episode would pay for 400 such centers. "How shall we account to our children for this set of values?" the doctor asked.

That leads one to ask why the *New Jersey* was exhumed. Lee Dye gives the answer in the *Los Angeles Times* (September 29). Initially at least, it was chiefly a matter of sentiment. In the summer of 1966, in San Diego—where retired admirals and lesser Naval personnel abound—a group of such pensioners met to recall the past. The common bond was that they had all served on battleships, and their forgathering was as natural, and seemingly as harmless, as the annual meeting of the survivors of the great Northeastern blizzard of 1888. In the end, though, it poured $100 million down the drain.

The principal speaker, Marine Corps Brig. Gen. James D. Hittle, now Assistant Secretary of the Navy for manpower and reserves, delivered an eloquent address to the old sailors. Don't memorialize the battleship, was his plea, put it back into combat. The American Battleship Association did just that.

The Chief of Naval Operations deplored the venture, but he was circumvented. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara was initially opposed, but the Under Secretary of the Navy (the office of Secretary was vacant at the time) requested authority to reactivate, not mentioning the views of the CNO. The American Battleship Association had mailed 6,000 pieces of literature urging recipients to write to their Congressmen. Within the Navy there was a great deal of professional opposition, but external pressure was heavy and, perhaps most important of all, Sen. Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, was in favor. Anyway, the cost of reactivation was to be only $23 million.

The equipment of the *New Jersey* was modernized, some retired Navy men were recalled to active service because no one else knew how to manage 16-inch guns, and an old Navy gun factory in Idaho was put back in service to make thirty-three spare barrels, which were shipped to the Far East at a cost of $60,000 each. By the time the 45,000-ton warship was ready for combat, the cost of reactivation had mounted to $50 million.

She was recommissioned at Philadelphia on April 6, 1968, and left for Long Beach, Calif., stopping at way ports where great crowds viewed her and the Navy public relations officers had field days. Finally she cruised off the coast of Vietnam, firing at suspected hostile installations on both sides of the demilitarized zone. But after a month the bombing of North Vietnam was halted, and this target practice ended. The *New Jersey* hung around South Vietnam for a while, but there was nothing for her to do and she was sent home into retirement. It had cost a lot—$100 million is probably a conservative figure—but the battleship buffs had had one more moment of ecstasy, before they too go permanently into mothballs.

Lockheed and the SEC

Nearly a year ago, the Joint Economic Committee found that the original estimates made by Lockheed on the C-5A jet transport had been exceeded by nearly $2 billion. As part of a general investigation of defense procurement, the committee then zeroed in on the C-5A as a classic example of cost overruns through careless procurement practices and policies. The case against the C-5A is, in fact, perhaps the best documented of any of the systems under attack in the authorization bill which Congress approved this month (see *Congressional Record*, October 2, p. H-8901). During the investigation, Senator Proxmire disclosed that the Air Force had helped conceal the large increased costs to protect Lockheed's $125 million issue of debenture bonds and the price of its stock on the market. Thereafter both Senator Proxmire and Rep. William Moorhead (D., Pa.) requested the SEC to investigate reports that twelve of Lockheed's executives had sold more than $1.1 million of their stock when the trouble over estimates had developed.

Representative Moorhead made no charges; he just released a staff study which correlated stock sales by Lockheed executives with adverse developments in the C-5A program, which did not become public knowledge until some time after they had occurred. Senator Proxmire also requested the Department of Justice to investigate. To date neither the SEC nor the Department of Justice has submitted any reports in response to these requests.

This state of affairs raises several questions. Why has neither agency responded to the requests? More than five months have elapsed. If the investigation is on-going, when will it be completed? If the investigation has been concluded, why has no report been released? Is publication of such a report being delayed until after the military budget has been pushed through Congress? In the recent debate on the military authorization bill an effort was made, by amendment, to withhold funds for procurement of C-5A aircraft beyond the number of fifty-eight (three squadrons) which had been previously authorized. The amendment was rejected. At issue was about $500 million which had been requested

to manufacture a fourth squadron of twenty-three planes. The authorization measure must now go to conference and the appropriation has yet to be voted, so the issue is still current.

The Nation is informed, on what it regards as excellent authority, that the staff of the SEC has completed a report which the agency has not released. On October 7 the A.B.C. news network reported that a subcommittee chaired by Rep. John Moss had ordered an investigation to determine whether the SEC had expeditiously handled the requests from Senator Proxmire and Representative Moorhead, and also to determine what if any information the agency had uncovered of attempts by Air Force and company officials to cover up a large Lockheed loss until these officials had made sizable stock sales. What disturbs us—and it should disturb Congress—is the pattern of secrecy and concealment which has been part and parcel of the C-5A project since its inception. Prodded by the pending investigation from Representative Moss's subcommittee, the SEC should respond to the requests of Senator Proxmire and Representative Moorhead; and it should respond *now*—not after the appropriations have been voted.

What Makes News?

There is nothing like an unpopular war to bring to the surface a host of issues involving the military that, had the war appealed to the normal patriotic reflexes of the people, might never have emerged. Thus it is that the generals and admirals—mostly the generals in the current situation—are struggling in a bog of unfavorable publicity and disintegrating morale that would have been unthinkable even a few years ago. (See article by Edward F. Sherman, p. 399.)

Among the headlined stories of recent months have been racial disorders at Army and Marine Corps posts, the stockade "mutiny" in San Francisco, the Pendleton brig affair (uncovered by *The Nation*), the whole question of military justice, the question of the civil rights of soldiers, heretofore practically nonexistent, and a series of outright scandals. All of these cases have been given substantial attention in the printed and electronic media; whereas one suspects that, were it not for Vietnam, they would have been run in the back pages, if they were used at all.

The point about most of this unpleasant news is that it is not news. The scandal of the misbehaving sergeants is a case in point. The current Senate inquiry has heard testimony that an investigation had been made from 1964 to 1967 into the activities in West Germany of a group of senior sergeants, including William O. Wooldridge, the first sergeant major in the U.S. Army and one-time recipient of the Distinguished Service Medal (since mysteriously revoked). The investigation had been closed and the report filed only locally. The misdemeanors charged against Wooldridge were on such a scale that normal practice would have indicated a court-martial, either to clear the accused or to disgrace and punish him. There were American newsmen in the Augsburg-Munich area who must have known of the charges, but if anything leaked out to the public it was on an inconspicuous scale. Wooldridge remained in the Army and apparently continued the practices which are now under investigation by the Senate.

One reason for this cover-up within the Army and negligence by the press is said to have been a desire not to embarrass Gen. Harold K. Johnson, now retired, who as chief of staff had selected Wooldridge as sergeant major in July 1966, even while Army investigators were looking into the sergeant's activities. According to current sworn testimony, the internal Army investigations which ended in 1967 concerned the theft of more than $300.000 a year from slot machines in enlisted men's clubs. General Johnson now says he had no knowledge of the investigation until last spring, which would indicate that subordinates, either to spare his feelings or for reasons of their own, concealed from him information vital both to his reputation and to the performance of his duties. The unsavory case of gun dealing by the former provost marshal of the Army, Maj. Gen. Carl C. Turner, later chief U.S. Marshal, also tends to degrade the service.

The media are always looking for news of a type that will build circulation. Normally, the military are immune from the appetite for sensation. By focusing attention on the services, the disaster in Vietnam may be producing an unanticipated, unplanned windfall.

Secrets, Secrets

The first of the underground nuclear shots was detonated on October 2 at Amchitka Island in the Aleutians; it produced no earthquakes or other untoward results. Anyone who regards this as an endorsement of future detonations is pressing his luck and showing his ignorance. The most disconcerting element, however, is the political handling of the affair.

An *ad hoc* panel, under the auspices of the President's Office of Science and Technology, delivered a report on the safety of underground testing on November 27, 1968. The chairman was Dr. Kenneth S. Pitzer, president of Stanford University and a former director of research for the Atomic Energy Commission; the other members were similarly distinguished scientists. The panel observed that in the past small earthquakes had been triggered by large-yield test explosions and concluded that such an explosion might one day set off a severe earthquake, either immediately or after a delay of some time. It might, that is, make a seismic region more seismic, perhaps disastrously so.

The panel pointed out that the public should be informed of this possibility, even though laymen would not be able to assess the risk. Publication of their report would stimulate discussion among seismologists and other scientists, whose views could then be communicated to the public, especially in the areas which might suffer damage or loss of life in the event that heavy test shots did produce earthquakes of dangerous magnitude, or altered the regional stress pattern in such a way that a subsequent natural earthquake would be the more

dangerous. Obviously no test that has been fired, either in Nevada or the Aleutians, precludes such possibilities.

Instead of releasing the report in time for professional discussion, both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations kept it secret. Dr. Pitzer urged on September 29 of this year that large underground tests should be postponed pending an "open, broad-based review of all aspects of this situation"; his recommendation was ignored. The report was finally released a week before the Aleutian explosion took place, when there was no longer opportunity for evaluation of the hazards. Pitzer told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that this was the first occasion, to his knowledge, that "an official governmental body has dealt in open session with the policy questions related to large underground nuclear tests."

There may be another reason for the brush-off Pitzer received. The current underground tests are for the purpose of developing ABM bombs. Speaking as an individual, Pitzer pointed out that our massive nuclear armament "is essentially neutralized by that of the USSR. The totality of nuclear weapons of the world hover as a threat to all mankind. Our present array of weapons will deter any rational attack. In my view, we should give a higher priority to our efforts in arms control and in nuclear nonproliferation than to the further refinement of nuclear warheads."

Such views are sharply at variance with the policy of secret decisions secretly arrived at.

High-Level Disaffection

Portland, Ore.

Opposition to the war in Vietnam is no longer confined to the campuses, the streets and meeting halls. It has reached the higher floors and penthouses of the Establishment.

A good deal of the high-power disenchantment with the American adventure does not get into the press, partly because many businessmen are as yet unwilling to be identified with the more militant dissidents, partly because their views might jeopardize current or future government contracts, and partly because they are traditionally close-mouthed.

A business reporter who has discussed the war with at least fifty top executives in Portland has not met five who are still hawks, although few of the critics want to be quoted. However, in recent weeks officers of two Portland-based nationally known corporations have expressed mounting dissatisfaction with the way things are going in Vietnam. Neither statement was reported in the presss.

In his annual report to stockholders, Howard Vollum, president of Tektronix, Inc., one of the world's largest manufacturers of oscilloscopes, wrote that a stimulus to business "would be the end of the Vietnamese conflict." He added: "War tends to siphon national resources away from more productive uses. Unlike companies that produce military materials or deal in direct government contracts, Tektronix has found wartime a business depressant. The economic benefits of peacetime are far secondary, of course, to the end of the human suffering."

An even stronger statement was made by Harry J. Kane, executive vice president of finance of Georgia-Pacific Corporation, which last year grossed over a billion dollars. Speaking to the Investment Analysts Society of Chicago early in September, Kane said: "We see domestic problems ranging from poverty and sadly inadequate housing, both urban and rural, to crime in the streets and threats of further campus rebellion. There are hopeful signs in the Administration's new domestic programs, but there are grave doubts as to their possible accomplishments as long as we are entangled so deeply in Southeast Asia. We cannot afford the casualties in the hundreds of thousands, the deaths of our young men by the tens of thousands, nor the billions of dollars this effort is costing us each month. The President has reiterated that the pull-out from this agonizing situation is his Administration's No. 1 goal, and it must remain so."

Battle-hardened critics of the American involvement see Mr. Nixon's talk of disengagement as deceit. If that is so, we can expect more business leaders to join the war foes, and it seems almost a certainty that their criticism six months from now will make today's language seem embarrassingly mild.

Nixon has declared that the national protests on the campuses and in the streets will have no effect upon his Vietnam program. He is disdainful even of Congressional critics. But the men of corporate power have always constituted a pantheon for Nixon, and as their voices of dissatisfaction increase in number and volume, he may find it imperative to bend with the wind.

RALPH FRIEDMAN

The Isolation of George Meany

Atlantic City

The blind alley into which George Meany's policies have led the AFL-CIO was amply illustrated at the recent convention here. On the one hand, Meany denounced President Nixon for slowing down civil rights enforcement, for anti-inflationary measures which hurt the poor and increase unemployment, and, above all, for appointing Clement Haynsworth, Jr., to the Supreme Court. On the other hand he insisted that the AFL-CIO leadership endorse the President's Vietnam policies. The vote of approval was almost unanimous—which is something Nixon couldn't get today even from the Republican Party.

By inviting Melvin Laird, Secretary of Defense, to address the convention, rather than someone like Robert Finch, Meany made clear that his hard-line position is intact. Only one delegate, a young man from California named Art Carter, challenged Meany's war views. Meany told him bluntly "to get out." The union president's insensitivity to youth emerged at a press conference when he was asked if he worried about its alienation from the labor movement. His curt reply was "No."

During the debate on expelling the Chemical Workers for having joined the Alliance for Labor Action, Meany

again showed his basic views. He ridiculed the ALA platform, one of whose planks is "to develop policies and carry out programs that will enable the American labor movement to repair the alienation of the liberal, intellectual and academic community." "Well, I couldn't care less about that one," Meany snorted.

It must be added that this convention showed nothing like the enthusiasm for the war, or for Meany's remarks about it, that could be felt last year at Miami Beach, when President Johnson's and Meany's hawkish speeches received an enormous response. But Meany's belligerence on the subject prevented Hubert Humphrey from even mentioning Vietnam in his convention speech, and to talk about America's problems today without discussing the devastating impact of the war takes oratorical agility of the sort that cost Humphrey so dearly among the younger generation.

Having denied for years that trade unions practice race discrimination, the AFL-CIO delegates now hail as progress not a mandatory ban on discrimination but rather a statement which recommends "to local unions throughout the United States that for a stated period of time they should invite the allocation of qualified minority journeymen for membership in their respective local unions and should accept such qualified minority journeymen provided they meet the ordinary and administered requirements for membership." Since the majority of new employees in building trades do *not* go through apprentice programs, as Secretary of Labor George Shultz confirmed at a press conference, the convention recommendation can hardly be expected to have much impact on Negro employment in that area.

Fortunately, the AFL-CIO no longer speaks for all labor. The two most powerful and dynamic unions, the Auto Workers and the Teamsters, speak for themselves, and are more in tune with the times. And on local levels, there is far more concern for youth, public opinion and the war than was reflected at this convention.

Finally, if labor hopes to exert influence in the 1970 Congressional elections, it has no choice but to repudiate the current standards of "good guys" and "bad guys" set up by Meany's adamant policies. Michael Harrington won in Massachusetts with a position on the war exactly opposite to that of Meany, and the youth who are becoming more active politically will be a major segment of the voters in 1970.

Nor can the building trades policies of endorsing conservative Democrats, as in Detroit, New York and New Jersey, bring success to the trade unions or produce the Negro-labor alliance in politics that Bayard Rustin called for in his speech defending the AFL-CIO record on race issues. At almost every turn, the AFL-CIO can break out of its self-imposed isolation only by repudiating the policies of George Meany.

B. J. WIDICK

MILITARY JUSTICE

Learning from the Green Berets

EDWARD F. SHERMAN

Mr. Sherman, a member of the Law School faculty at Indiana University, is completing a study of military justice. He served two years in the Army as a captain in the Judge Advocate General's Corps, and holds a reserve commission as captain in that service.

Whatever the impact of the Green Beret case upon American military prestige or the image of the intelligence organizations, there is not much doubt that the system of military justice has suffered. Senators and Congressmen have received heavy mail complaining about the military conduct of the case—the secrecy, the seemingly unnecessary incarceration of the defendants, the offers of immunity in return for prosecution testimony, the withholding of evidence from defense lawyers, and the influence of the area command. These objections go to the fundamental structure of the court-martial system, which for the first time since World War II is being seriously challenged.

It will be ironic if the Green Beret case serves to bring about reform of military justice. The Green Berets, members of the Army's most elite outfit, have hardly been advocates for curbing the powers of commanders or expanding rights of due process for servicemen. But that is precisely why the case may be so effective for reform. Criticisms of military justice have been coming for years from opponents of the military; now they have been voiced by career commissioned and noncommissioned officers from the Army's most gung ho outfit. The Green Beret defendants alleged that they could not receive a fair trial by court-martial and requested that civilian authorities or civilian courts step in, a request finally granted by the Secretary of the Army, apparently with the authorization of the President.

It cannot be lightly passed over that loyal supporters of the military establishment have asked for civilian interference in the Green Beret case. The military have over the years guarded nothing quite so jealously from civilian intervention as the independence of the court-martial system. "It will be a grave error," stated Gen. William T. Sherman in 1879, "if by negligence we permit the military law to become emasculated by allowing lawyers to inject into it the principles derived from their practice in the civil courts." When Congress in 1950 replaced the old Articles of War with the Uniform Code of Military Justice (which still governs the operation of courts-martial), it buckled under pressure from the military, leaving

commanders in control of court-martial administration and preserving the autonomy of the military justice system. The civilian secretary of any of the services and the President have the power, theoretically, to overrule military determinations concerning courts-martial and to reduce or remit sentences, but the power has rarely been invoked because of the prevailing belief that the military know best how to handle their men and run their courts.

The taboo on civilian courts is even stronger. There is no means of direct appeal from a court-martial conviction to a federal court, and federal courts have assiduously refused to take jurisdiction of cases brought by servicemen who challenged military determinations or alleged court-martial errors that did not involve the Constitution. Military law, as the Supreme Court said in a 1953 case, "is a jurisprudence which exists separate and apart from the law which governs our federal judicial establishment. This court has played no role in its development; we have exerted no supervisory power over the courts which enforce it."

The willingness of the Green Beret defendants and their supporters to criticize the military justice system and to by-pass the court-martial by appealing to the Secretary of the Army and the federal courts reflects a change in public attitudes toward the military. Only two and a half years ago, criticisms very similar to those made by the Green Berets' lawyers were raised by Capt. Howard Levy, who was court-martialed in May 1967 for refusing to teach Green Berets and for making anti-war statements. Captain Levy's court-martial, like the projected one for the Green Berets, was brought at the direction of a commander who was emotionally involved in the case, and command influence was apparent throughout the proceedings. Like the Green Berets, Levy was subjected to seemingly needless incarceration and restrictions pending trial; his mail and telephone calls were monitored; promises and threats were made to witnesses to obtain prosecution testimony; the press was excluded from the pretrial investigation, and the military issued its own self-serving version of the case; and certain witnesses and evidence were not made available to the defense. Levy was tried, as the Green Berets would have been, before a court chosen by the commander from among his officers, and neither Levy nor his civilian attorney was permitted to see a 180-page intelligence dossier on him which the defense believed contained important evidence. However, the climate was different in the spring of 1967; Levy's attempts to get the Secretary of the Army and the federal courts to intervene aroused little public interest and failed. He was sentenced to three years at hard labor.

Since the spring of 1967, there has been a dramatic change in public attitudes toward both the war in Vietnam (the Gallup poll, in late September 1969, showed that 58 per cent disapprove of the war, 32 per cent approve; these figures were almost exactly reversed in the spring of 1967) and the traditional immunity of the military from criticism. This has affected even the military's most protected preserve, the court-martial system. Courts-martial, which had rarely been reported in the press, became front-page news as the number of trials of dissenters rose; and with the expanded coverage came a public reaction against certain authoritarian and disciplinarian aspects of court-martial procedure.

In the spring of 1969, two very different court-martial cases attracted substantial attention, and resulted in unusual intervention by the secretaries of the services. The first involved the prosecution at the Presidio in California of a number of young soldiers who had staged a brief, peaceful sit-down strike to protest the shooting of a prisoner, and stockade conditions in general. In February, the first three to be court-martialed were found guilty of mutiny and sentenced to sixteen, fourteen and fifteen years' imprisonment. Protest against the convictions and sentences was widespread. Among others, a petition to the Secretary of the Army signed by a number of well-known law professors asked "whether the intense command interest in prosecuting these soldiers for serious crimes and the unusually severe sentences indicate that the court-martial proceedings did not result in a fair and impartial trial," and noted that "serious questions have been raised by these courts-martial concerning the administration of criminal law in our armed forces and the capacity of the present military justice system to insure basic due process rights to members of the military."

At first, the Secretary said it would be inappropriate for him to interfere, since the military appeals were adequate to insure that justice was done (he made a similar statement early in the Green Beret case). Then, under mounting public pressure, the Judge Advocate General of the Army, taking instruction from the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of the Army, announced the unusual step of cutting down the sentences to two years, although the military appeals had not yet been completed.

The second 1969 case involved the *Pueblo* crew. When the Navy completed its Board of Inquiry hearings concerning the seizure of the *Pueblo,* it announced that it would court-martial Commander Bucher and certain other crew members. Acting in response to a storm of adverse criticism, the Secretary of the Navy overruled this decision and dismissed the cases.

The Presidio, *Pueblo* and Green Beret cases, although different, have all had the effect of breaking through the precedent that the civilian sphere should not interfere with the manner in which the military disciplines its men. In each instance, the motive behind the public clamor seems to have been not so much that the defendants were innocent, as that the military was out to get them and that they would therefore not receive a fair trial in a court-martial. There appears to have been an underlying feeling that the military was using the court-martial, not dispassionately to determine guilt or innocence but to punish ideological nonconformity and make an example (the Presidio case), or to find a scapegoat (the *Pueblo* case), or to satisfy personal animosities and further institutional ambitions (the Green Beret case).

One might be tempted to conclude that the intervention of the secretary in each of these cases was appropriate and that this, therefore, is a satisfactory way to remedy court-martial injustice. However, that manner of redress provides only temporary relief in individual cases; it does not cope with basic deficiencies in the system. Further, the Secretary's dismissal of court-martial charges, as in

the *Pueblo* and Green Beret cases, does not even insure that justice has been done in the individual case. If, indeed, the Green Berets committed murder, or if Commander Bucher was derelict in his duties to the point that he violated definite military criminal laws, then society, as well as the military, has an interest in their prosecution.

Intervention by the Secretary to dismiss the case accomplishes none of the objectives of a sound criminal law system. It provides no deterrence for similar crimes in the future; it leaves the accused in limbo with no chance to clear his name if innocent, or to serve his sentence if guilty. It does not insure fair and equitable administration of the law in the future, for the decision is made, not on the merits but according to primarily political considerations, such as the desire to shield certain organizations from embarrassment or to mute public clamor. It also tends to discriminate against others whose complaints about military injustice are similar but who are not fortunate enough to have a case that excites press attention and public sympathy. Finally, unlike intervention by a federal court to protect the constitutional rights of a serviceman, the Secretary's intervention is not guided by judicial precedent. Thus it is not surprising that, after the initial rejoicing over Secretary Resor's decision to dismiss the charges, no one, neither the Green Beret defendants, the military, the CIA nor the public, is really satisfied with the outcome.

But despite the unsatisfactory resolution of that case, it has served very usefully to release, at last, the cause of military justice reform from the ideological limitations of the hawk-dove controversy and to indicate that, unless changes are made in the basic court-martial structure, awkward and unsatisfactory interventions may have to continue. Like no other event in the post-World War II period, it has moved the Congress to look critically into military justice.

The defects in military justice procedures which became evident in the Presidio, *Pueblo* and Green Beret cases result primarily from old authoritarian and disciplinarian practices which the Congress failed to remove from the court-martial system in 1950. There had been 1.7 million courts-martial during World War II and 100 capital executions; 45,000 servicemen were still imprisoned when the war ended. Senators and Congressmen were flooded with complaints about "drum-head justice" and unduly severe sentences. A special committee headed by Gen. James Doolittle found that injustice and discrimination were prevalent in courts-martial cases and called for "a new philosophy in the military order, a policy of treatment of men, especially in the ranks, in terms of advanced concepts of social thinking." But by the time the various bills which were thereupon drafted had worked their way through the committees, the Uniform Code of Military Justice contained little to cure the evils. The code did extend substantial due process safeguards to servicemen in courts-martial (such as the right to a lawyer in a general court-martial and a broad right against self-incrimination), but it preserved the basic structure of the old system.

Several conspicuous defects in the administration of military justice deprive servicemen of a fair and impartial trial. The first, and most important, has been mentioned earlier. It is "command control," and its effect is that the individual commander who decides to prosecute one of his men controls the court-martial machinery and appoints the personnel. Our civilian law places particular importance upon the separation of functions and independence of individuals who administer the criminal process. The district attorney decides whether or not to prosecute; the grand jury must indict; the judge is an independent official, and the defense counsel is hired by or appointed for the defendant; the jury is picked from the defendant's peers by random selection from the community, and the appeals courts are independent tribunals. Under the court-martial system, the commander plays a part in all these functions. He decides whether to prosecute and can court-martial a man even over the contrary recommendation of an investigating officer; he can handpick the jury from among the officers under his command, and both prosecutor and defense counsel from his legal officers. And when the trial is over, he has the power to review the sentence.

The commander also has an amazingly broad range of administrative powers over the conduct of the court-martial. He frequently enters a pretrial agreement with the accused, promising to cut down the sentence if the man will plead guilty. He frequently grants immunity to other servicemen if they will testify against the defendant. He determines whether or not a defense counsel should be allowed to subpoena witnesses and obtain other evidence before trial. He appoints the court and in certain situations can excuse court members, even after the trial has begun. He can reverse a dismissal of charges that the court has granted on such grounds as denial of a speedy trial, and order the trial to proceed. He is the immediate superior of the staff judge advocate, who carries out a number of supposedly impartial functions in the court-martial, and has the power to rate him, to determine his assignments, leaves, etc. Although the commander is forbidden from attempting to influence the decision of a court, he is in a position to do so, quite legally, in countless ways. It is understandable, then, that the Green Beret defendants, charging that General Abrams had an intensely personal interest in the outcome of their trial, petitioned to have the case tried in a federal court.

The second most important defect in the court-martial procedure is the absence of a right to a grand jury hearing and to trial by jury. Although the code of 1950 provides for a pretrial investigation that is usually more thorough than what a civilian grand jury provides, the commander is not bound by the investigating officer's recommendation. Thus, although the investigating officer found no evidence to support charges of mutiny against some of the Presidio defendants, the commanding general overruled his recommendations and tried them for mutiny anyway. The right to trial by a jury of one's peers, chosen at random, is a basic assumption of civilian criminal law. A serviceman is permitted to request that one-third of the court chosen by the commander be from the enlisted men, but commanders then invariably appoint high-ranking noncommissioned officers, who are usually the most rigid disciplinarians in the service, and the right

is rarely exercised. Thus courts-martial are usually made up entirely of officers, and they often reflect not only a heavily disciplinarian and class-oriented bias but also the attitudes of their commander on discipline, offenses and sentences.

The third defect embraces a wide variety of practices and procedures which relate to the extraordinary power which the military is able to exert over a defendant in a court-martial and which often affects its outcome. Servicemen have fewer rights of privacy than do civilians; therefore it is easier for the command to monitor telephone calls, censor mail, exclude visitors, and impose restrictions on a defendant. Although military courts have generally recognized the Supreme Court's opinion concerning the right to warning before interrogations and the exclusion of evidence resulting from an unlawful search or seizure, searches and "shake-downs" are permitted on a military reservation by authority of the commander, and therefore it is relatively easy for military police legally to obtain incriminating evidence. Military provisions for bail, both before trial and pending appeal, are inadequate. Commanders are vested with excessively broad discretion in the matter of release pending trial. The new Military Justice Act of 1968 provides, for the first time, that a convicted serviceman can be released during the period when his appeal is being completed, but leaves such release to the sole discretion of the commander. This has produced one of the most severe injustices of the court-martial system: servicemen have been made to begin serving their sentences immediately upon conviction; thus even when their conviction was later overturned, they have spent substantial periods behind bars. (Full military appeals are sometimes not completed for several years.) It is still too early to determine whether the 1968 Act will be administered to provide a liberal right to bail pending appeal, but results so far indicate the contrary.

A fourth defect is the allegation of extremely vague crimes, such as "disorders and neglects to the prejudice of good order and discipline in the armed forces," or "conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the armed forces" (Article 134), or "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" (Article 133). These vague crimes provide a commander much more latitude in ordering a case to trial than civilian law permits a district attorney, and they would be held unconstitutionally vague and overbroad in a civilian court. They have traditionally been used by commanders to punish a wide variety of conduct which displeases him (Article 134 is known as the "Devil's Article" because the terms are so broad that almost any conduct can be found to come under it), and have been especially used in the period of Vietnam to court-martial dissenters. One of the more popular charges brought in such cases under Article 134 has been the making of "disloyal statements . . . with design to promote disloyalty among the troops."

A fifth defect in military justice is the inadequacy of the appeals system. There are three levels of appeal from a court-martial conviction: administrative reviews by the commander and legal officers; the Courts of Military Review, and the Court of Military Appeals. The right of the commander to review a court-martial conviction is an anachronism from the day when a sentence was not considered final until the commander had approved it. Although the commander today is permitted only to decrease the sentence, his power of review creates an undesirable influence on the court. It has not been uncommon for a commander to let it be known that he wishes courts-martial to impose the maximum sentence, so that he may or may not cut it down, as he sees fit; some officers still feel that this is the appropriate way for a court to function. As a result, court-martial sentences are sometimes outrageously severe, and the defendant is then dependent on the good will of the commander.

The Courts of Military Review are made up of three members, usually military legal officers. The code does not permit appeal to these courts for sentences of less than a bad conduct discharge or one year's confinement, and this limitation means that in many cases, the accused will receive only the review of the commander and a legal officer in his command. The Courts of Military Review have never displayed much independence from official military positions. That can be explained, in part, by the fact that they are appointed from the staff of the judge advocate general and can be removed at any time. Until they achieve tenure and develop some sense of independence, they will not provide the kind of impartial review to which a civilian is entitled in an appellate court.

The Court of Military Appeals, the highest military court, is composed of three civilians appointed for fifteen-year terms by the President. It is the outstanding achievement of the Uniform Code of Military Justice and can take the credit for producing the first body of military common law and for keeping the military abreast of Supreme Court decisions on criminal due process. However, the right to appeal to the court is discretionary with it, and it hears only a tiny percentage of the total courts-martial. Also, it has proved to be a cautious court and, particularly in areas of individual rights, it has lagged behind the Supreme Court. Perhaps the most serious defect in the Court of Military Appeals structure is its lack of the broad equitable and extraordinary powers available in civilian courts. Although it has recently claimed to have "all-writs powers," it has not granted relief in most of the cases coming before it that involved requests by servicemen for injunctive or other protection from illegal or unconstitutional military determinations. Since servicemen are generally unable to get federal court relief, it is especially important that the Court of Military Appeals be empowered and administratively enabled to grant a wide variety of remedies.

Those are the major areas to which the Congress will have to give attention, if it is to raise military justice to the level of civilian justice. The military will claim, no doubt, that the duties and responsibilities of the services require that commanders continue to control courts-martial, that juries be officers chosen by the commander and that vague crimes be invoked to haul servicemen into court. But the military has adapted to reforms imposed from the outside before, and it will do so again.

Even if the reform does not take place, the military justice system will probably not maintain its relative autonomy. The willingness of the Secretaries to interfere, under public pressure, is only one predictable conse-

quence of maintaining the inequities of the court-martial. Two other developments, which have already begun in the federal courts, could seriously limit the independence and jurisdiction of the system. First, on June 2, 1969, in *O'Callahan* v. *Parker*, the Supreme Court ruled that a serviceman charged with a non-service-connected crime committed off post cannot be tried by a court-martial and thus denied the right to grand jury, trial by jury of his peers, and the other rights provided by civilian law. The Court made no bones about the inferior quality of the court-martial or its belief that a serviceman, under the circumstances of this case, should be given all the rights provided in a civilian court. Second, certain federal courts have in the last year displayed a greater willingness to accept jurisdiction of suits brought by servicemen who challenge the legality of various types of military determinations.

Both developments appear warranted by the present state of military justice. Unless reforms are made in the code, it is likely that still more cases will be removed from court-martial jurisdiction and that expanded review of military determinations by federal courts will bring the military under greater civilian control. The state of military justice is very much in flux, as the defects of an anachronistic system of criminal law have suddenly manifested themselves. The Congress has a clear duty to legislate sufficiently sweeping reform to overcome the disquieting fact that 3.5 million servicemen are bound by an inadequate system of criminal justice.



OPERATION SISYPHUS

Wetbacks, Growers and Poverty

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The *bracero* program died in 1968, after a long illness. Under its provisions, 4.5 million Mexican temporary workers were brought into the United States between 1942 and 1963 as supplementary farm labor. Officially terminated by Congress in 1963—long after the World War II labor shortage which it was intended to ease had ended—it finally trickled to a halt in August 1968 when Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz denied a request by California tomato growers for 2,200 Mexican farm workers. He characterized this refusal of legal entry as "a historic step towards healing the migrant worker sore in California and in the entire United States." But current 1968-69 immigration records show the apprehension of 150,000 Mexican nationals who had entered the United States illegally, and the incidence of these wetbacks in American employment is perhaps triple the number caught. This would suggest that Secretary Wirtz's cure is at the most cosmetic.

Illegal entry by Mexican nationals has afflicted domestic low-income workers since World War II. In 1942, after Mexico had agreed to supply temporary workers under the *bracero* program, Texas farmers refused to meet agreed wages and working conditions. In response, Mexico for a time cut off the supply of workers, but U.S. Immigration authorities permitted thousands of Mexicans to cross the border illegally. They were then apprehended and "paroled" to Texas farmers, thus avoiding the terms of the international labor agreement. Farmers and border industries got cheap labor; domestic farm workers and El Paso garment workers and meat packers suffered wartime inflation but were forced to accept low wages if they wanted to work at all.

In 1954 the President's Commission on Migratory Labor studied the border labor problem and concluded: "The United States, having engaged in a program giving preference in contracting to those who had broken the law, has encouraged a violation of the immigration laws. Our government has thus become a contributor to the growth of an illegal traffic which it has responsibility to prevent."

That same year, the Justice Department launched Operation Wetback, a roundup of more than a million illegal entrants in an area stretching as far as St. Louis and Chicago. San Antonio alone harbored 331,000. The roundup seemed so successful that the Immigration and Naturalization Service stated optimistically in its 1955 report that it had ended the wetback problem. The boast proved premature.

The Border Patrol and the Investigation Section of the INS are diligent, outnumbered and outmaneuvered. The comparatively few illegal entrants who attempt to cross the natural, and for the most part barren, frontier on foot are easily spotted by the continual overhead observation

of Border Patrol spotter planes; they are then picked up by ground patrols which run along exfoliated drag strips. Some few aliens risk their lives in airless car trunks and campers, or precariously flattened on a ledge beneath passenger cars. Such trips cost from $100 to $300. One recently ended in death by asphyxiation.

But for 70 to 80 per cent of the illegal entrants access is neither hazardous nor romantic. More than a million Mexican aliens carry visitors' permits. These salmon-colored cards, issued by the Mexican Government at a cost of about $80, authorize visits of seventy-two hours in an area not more than 25 miles from the border.

But the aliens, most of them, are not looking forward to a visit. The typical wetback meets an agent in Mexico who provides him with a routing or a contact. Once across the border, he is transported to a city, often Los Angeles, and there referred to a job. In some instances, the agents provide transportation by selling a group of wetbacks an automobile, in which they can better elude detection. Those who lack the cash are offered a "go now, pay later" plan under which the price of the car is deducted from future wages.

Once inside, the alien easily merges into urban or rural Chicano barrios. Anyone can get a Social Security card by filing an application; proof of legitimate entry or birth certificate is not required. Employers record the Social Security number and couldn't care less about the worker's status. It is a felony to induce an alien to enter the United States, to transport him or to harbor him from detection; but conservative legislators from farm districts have managed to exempt the employer of an illegal entrant from that chain of complicity, even when the employee is known to be a wetback.

Agriculture absorbs the bulk of the illegal entrants. During fiscal 1968, 38,950 of those apprehended were doing farm work. Wetbacks are preferred by most farmers because they are thought to work harder than Americans and to complain less about conditions. The minimum wage for farm work in California is $1.65 an hour; wetbacks in labor camps are lucky to earn $1.35, not enough to live on in California but four times the Mexican minimum wage. The rich regions of California are dotted with the grim labor camps which formerly housed *braceros*. Wetbacks now live in many of them, hidden well off public roads on land posted against trespassing.

While most wetbacks seek farm work during the busy seasons, substantial numbers are kept on the year around, or find off-season jobs during the very periods when domestic farm workers, residents of the area, are unemployed and dependent on public assistance. Winter unemployment in farm regions runs as high as 16 per cent of the domestic labor force; in California alone idle farm workers require $15 million in public assistance. Ten thousand wetbacks were caught in the five states that make up the Southwest in February 1969. From this figure one can assume that from 10,000 to 40,000 low-income families were displaced from jobs by wetbacks during the winter months, at a cost in taxes and loss of domestic wages amounting to tens of millions.

Surveys show that the prevalence of wetbacks also depresses wage levels, and encourages employers to ignore the laws governing wages and working conditions. Union leaders find it difficult to organize in areas saturated with wetbacks. A nationally reported example is the stubborn resistance Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee has encountered in its efforts to sign contracts with the California table grape growers. Strikes are not a compelling argument with employers who can rely on Mexican nationals, and the union has been forced to organize a nation-wide consumer boycott of table grapes to achieve its purpose.

Displacement of local workers by wetbacks is no longer a predominantly rural problem, since illegal entrants increasingly gravitate to more permanent jobs in the cities. From 1,500 to 3,000 of them are caught each month in the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Recently, the Border Patrol uncovered a smuggling operation which specialized in supplying wetbacks for industrial jobs in Chicago.

Despite the seemingly impressive figures on apprehensions, the wetback problem is not being brought under control. The program is hampered from the start by a shortage of manpower and equipment. As one patrolman in the Stockton, Calif., area put it: "We stake out Route 99 and the smugglers hear of it and take another road. There aren't enough of us to cover all the main highways all the time." On any given day, approximately 300 officers are on duty in the five Southwestern states.

A more basic problem than the size of the Border Patrol is the ease of entry afforded by the visitor's card and the absence of administrative controls on its use. The zone of travel permitted by these cards (with no record kept of entry and departure) was recently reduced from 150 to 25 miles from the border and that is making it easier to tag violators en route to the big cities. Since the reduction, systematic road checks on approaches to Los Angeles have turned up hundreds of aliens with no residency documents.

However, Border Patrol officials complain privately of the Justice Department's failure to require fingerprints as part of the permit procedure. Lacking that identification, it is almost impossible to spot previous violators when they reappear at the border, and wetbacks who have been returned to Mexico re-enter again and again, visitor's permit in hand. Also, since no record is kept as to when a seventy-two-hour visit begins, a Mexican who has eluded detection for weeks or months can depart unquestioned.

The very volume of violators has dictated an informal handling of those caught, and this also fails to discourage the increasing traffic. Illegal entry is a crime for which the violator may be prosecuted in the federal courts and formally deported by the INS. Re-entry after such a deportation is a felony. But resort to these remedies is infrequent. The present policy is to allow the illegal entrant to leave voluntarily within three days of apprehension. Often he is permitted to get to the border on his own. Or he may be taken to a detention center in El Paso, Tex., or El Centro, Calif., to await bus transportation to the interior of Mexico at U.S. Government expense. Not only does the wetback get a free trip home but back wages are collected for him by Border Patrolmen. Voluntary return is likened by an INS administrator to a "game

warden who discovers a hunter without a license and helps him carry the deer he's killed out of the park." Multiple returnees are seldom prosecuted and are formally deported only after the fourth, fifth or sixth entry, unless they are caught assisting other wetbacks to cross the border. A formal deportation procedure takes no more than fifteen minutes, and does not require the services of an attorney, but the INS claims that there are insufficient hearing officers to handle all the possible cases and that in any case deportation wouldn't stop the alien from trying again. Authorities do not even officially notify a grower when illegal entrants are found on his land.



Fortune

United States attorneys and judges regard illegal entry as an economic crime of low priority and most Americans sympathize with the wetback, who is after all a very poor man trying to get ahead. Few jurists or juries appreciate the relationship between illegal entry and the plight of the domestic poor. Federal prosecutors have little time even for wetback smugglers, accepting only aggravated cases for prosecution. Despite the high apprehension rate in Northern California—3,500 in August 1968—there has been almost no prosecution of smugglers or transporters. Officials suggest that strict enforcement, involving due process for each alien, would choke court dockets, overburden U.S. attorneys and tie up patrolmen as witnesses. The more pessimistic add that extensive prosecution would ultimately fill the prisons to capacity—a line of reasoning not applied to marijuana cases. INS investigators are hampered by the taciturnity of wetbacks, who refuse to say how they entered the country or who helped them to do so. Aware that failure to cooperate will not land him in jail, the alien has no inducement to reveal what he knows of the smuggling operation.

Recent lawsuits brought in California by domestic farm workers against growers using wetbacks allege that such employment is an unfair business practice calculated to lower their wages, diminish their employment opportunity and force them to seek public assistance at the taxpayers' expense. While employment of illegal entrants is exempt from the legal sanctions against harboring wetbacks, farm workers charge that growers are nevertheless criminally implicated, since offering wetbacks employment and shelter from detection is aiding and abetting in the crime of illegal entry. This resort to self-help law enforcement by the poor is a reflection on the failure of the Justice Department to perform its duties.

The ambivalence of the INS in the area of illegal entry is striking. The search for violators is persistent but ineffectual, and it seems clear that more could be done. The service operates on a budget of $86,450,000, more than half of which is committed to the four states bordering Mexico. Detention and transportation of apprehended illegal entrants alone costs $1.6 million, yet no funds can be found to hire more hearing officers and increase the number of formal deportations. Nor is there money to increase the Border Patrol and investigation staff, despite increased illegal entry and the much heavier work load demonstrated by the higher apprehension rates.

An obvious need is the fingerprint identification of seventy-two-hour permit holders. INS officials argue that it would be impractical to match the fingerprints of apprehended wetbacks against those of 1 million cardholders. Yet the need to check at most 500 fingerprints a day, the ostensible average number of wetbacks caught in the peak months, is small compared to the FBI's work load of 32,000 identifications a day from a file of 15 million sets of prints.

The replacement of cards at four-month intervals would make it easier to revoke the cards of violators. A requirement that holders of the unlimited entry permit post a bond to secure observance of the terms of entry, a device authorized in related immigration laws, could be an effective deterrent. Other steps could be taken to provide more effective enforcement. A recent act which authorizes a federal magistrate to handle petty crimes could undoubtedly speed the prosecution of numerous smuggling offenses as misdemeanors. Formal deportation following the second illegal entry within two years, the power to assess administrative fines in lieu of prosecution (thereby attaching a portion of the wages earned), and even the right to confiscate the vehicle used in the transportation of illegal aliens, as is done in narcotics smuggling, would also discourage the border hoppers.

Important remedial legislation is before House and Senate. A bill to prohibit the intentional employment of a person illegally in the United States was introduced on March 26, 1969 by Sen. Edward Kennedy and Rep. Michael Feighan. The measure is co-sponsored by nine Senators and twenty-three Representatives. But even if passed, it will not result in many prosecutions, since the present difficulties of proving smuggling will be compounded when the federal attorney must submit his case to a jury. However, the abrogation of the employment exemption, combined with occasional well-publicized prosecutions and stiff fines, should cure many employers of hiring wetbacks at bargain rates. Similarly, a bill introduced by Senator Mondale would amend the National Labor Relations Act to make it an unfair labor practice to employ aliens unlawfully present in the country, or to

hire nonresident commuter aliens during a labor dispute. Any of these measures, applied for several years, would provide increasingly effective deterrence to illegal entry.

Even so, the problem of the wetback will remain as long as the Mexican-American border is open, the border economies remain interdependent, and American earnings are five to ten times the Mexican wage. But in our increasingly technological society, with its chronic unemployment among low-income unskilled and semi-skilled workers, it is a problem which cannot be ignored. The continued use of nonresident Mexican labor in border areas, a concession to the artificiality of the border, should be coupled with affirmative enforcement of wage standards and labor laws to provide domestic workers with earnings commensurate with living costs, at least equal access to jobs, and the freedom to bargain collectively.

Moreover, urban and rural areas distant from the border have no interdependence with the Mexican population and economy. Lack of enforcement in such places, except for the futile apprehension-return cycle, is really a subsidy to certain industries and subverts the Administration's policy to "move people off the welfare roles and onto the payrolls."

Despite the good record of the Border Patrol, administrative deficiencies in coping with the inflow of illegal entrants cannot be explained entirely by a lack of imagination or a lack of funds. It is not pure fantasy to conclude that the policy of the Justice Department on illegal entry is to do just enough to avoid wholesale criticism, without arousing the serious anger of anti-union employers who favor an abundance of cheap labor.

Modern Biology: A Terrifying Power

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In the past twenty years, one has heard much talk of a biological revolution and of its consequences for mankind—not only in medical and economic achievement but in the nature of man itself. Man may soon be able to influence his own heredity directly, rather than only by the indirect process of eugenics. Scientists and science writers discuss such prospects with an uneasy mixture of optimistic predictions of benefits to come and dire warnings of possible catastrophes—as in Desmond Taylor's *The Biological Time Bomb*. Here I shall attempt to examine briefly the scientific basis of the expected developments, their probable nature, and the responsibility they present to both scientists and the public.

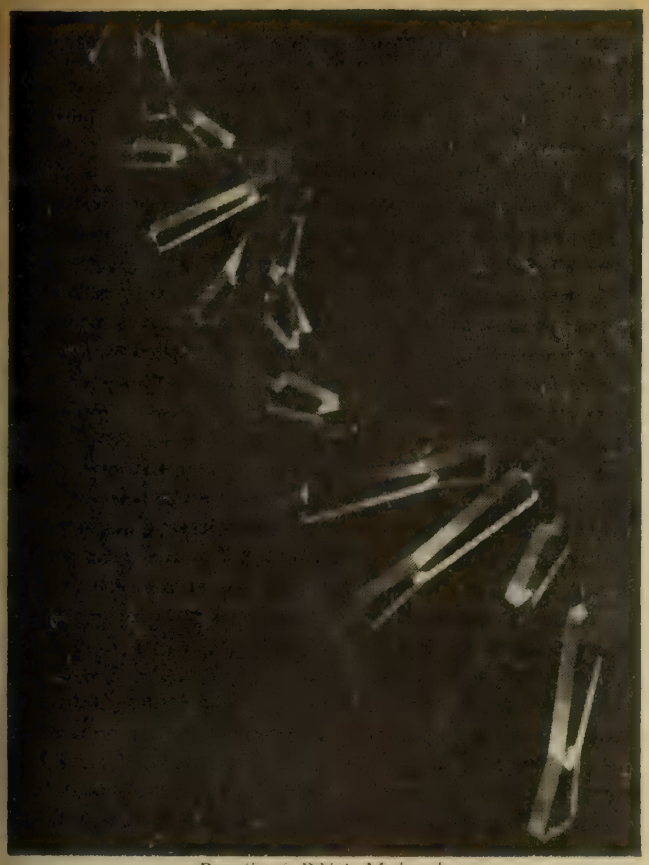
What has happened in biology in the last two decades is not a revolution but a scientific fulfillment. Modern biology started about 100 years ago with the foundation of Darwin's theory of evolution, which ties together all living organisms, past, present and future, into a single historical process of parenthood. The achievement of the last decades is the understanding of the nature, function and changes of the organic substrate of evolution, *the genetic material*, which is the stuff that carries from one generation to the next the set of instructions that dictate what an organism is, how it responds, and what kind of descendants it will in turn produce.

By 1952 the material of the genes was identified chemically as consisting of nucleic acid—generally (except in some viruses) desoxyribonucleic acid or DNA. In 1953 Watson and Crick proposed for the structure of DNA a model—the famous double helix—which not only proved to be correct but opened up entire new approaches to the study of the chemistry of heredity. Within the last sixteen years biologists have come up with the following satisfactory picture of what genes are and how they function.

A gene is a certain stretch in a long DNA fiber contained in the chromosomes of the cell nucleus. It carries in chemical imprint the detailed instructions for making both new copies of itself at each cell division and disposable "subcopies" or messages, which are used as instructions for synthesizing all the machinery of the cell. The messages are molecules of another kind of nucleic acid called RNA.

Gene structure and gene function are not immutable—if they were, evolution and development could not take place. On the one hand, the structure of genes can change by mutation, a relatively rare accidental change in chemical composition. Natural selection then brings about evolution by selecting for reproductive success those individuals endowed with particular genetic constitutions. On the other hand, the function of the genes in a cell is regulated by the environment, including the action of other genes in the same cell, the chemical messages from other cells, and also the external environment such as food and temperature. Thus while all cells of a complex organism have identical sets of genes (barring rare mutations), they function differently because some of their genes (which may number from a few thousand to several million, depending on the organism) receive different environmental signals.

The relevant point for this article is that all the essential features of the genetic process, insofar as they have been clarified, have turned out to be interpretable in strictly biochemical terms. No new principle or phenomenon has emerged to justify the assumption that some unique "vitalist" principle is at work in biological processes. This point is essential to a grasp of the present status and future course of biological technology. What molecular biologists have done is to make the genetic mechanism directly available to chemical experimentation. Arthur Kornberg and other biochemists have purified DNA from bacteria, viruses and from animal cells, including human cells. They have then caused it to produce more copies of itself in the test tube, under the influence of enzymes extracted either from the same organism or



Detail of DNA Molecule

from other organisms. At the time of this writing, Ghobind Khorana is perfecting the chemical synthesis of a gene in the test tube. The chemical mechanisms of gene mutation have been clarified. The process of making gene messages, and the use of these messages to produce the individual pieces of cell machinery, have been duplicated and analyzed in the test tube. The nature of the chemical signals—the regulatory substances that turn on and off specific genes—is now known, at least in bacteria. Biochemists have purified some of these regulatory substances and demonstrated their actual attachment to the specific genes that they block or unblock.

Obviously such knowledge, which reaches to the most intimate level of the hereditary mechanism, can generate a new and powerful genetic technology. The traditional technology was applied in agriculture and husbandry to breeding desirable varieties of crops and animals, and in medicine to understanding, diagnosing and treating such genetic disorders as hemophilia, diabetes and phenylketonuria. Social application of classical genetics in the form of human eugenics has been advocated but seldom carried out. The selective elimination of genetic defects by restraining procreation on a voluntary basis has never found much favor. Positive "germinal selection"—that is, the spreading of exceptionally desirable sets of genes through sperm banks and artificial insemination—was advocated forcefully by the great geneticist, H. J. Muller, but has encountered many objections, including the ethical problems of who is to decide what is desirable in human heredity. In any case, germinal selection gives at best improved odds for superior progeny: the lottery of genetics—the random distribution of chromosomes and genes of each parent into different sperm cells or eggs—makes this process slow and inefficient.

In *Brave New World*, his nightmarish utopia of a conditioned humanity published in 1932, Aldous Huxley foresaw for the year 600 "After Ford" a type of eugenics based on artificial fertilization, twinning induced in the test tube, chemical conditioning of the growing embryos, and psychological conditioning of the growing children. Some of the embryological techniques imagined by Huxley, and others even more powerful, are rapidly approaching reality. For example, artificial fertilization of human eggs has been recently achieved in the test tube by Edwards and his co-workers in England. The separation and reshuffling of the cells of fertilized mouse eggs in course of division, followed by reimplantation and normal birth, has been accomplished by Beatrice Mintz. And more than twenty years ago, the nucleus of an unfertilized frog egg was replaced with the nucleus of an adult cell—a process that could produce at will large numbers of truly identical twins. It may soon become routinely feasible with mammals, including man. Thus, at least in principle, Huxley's made-to-order human being has become feasible much sooner than he anticipated.

But these embryological methods represent only a relatively clumsy, unrefined technology when compared to the one promised (or threatened) by true genetic surgery—the artificial correction, replacement, removal or addition of genes, based on the discoveries of molecular biology. A coupling of genetic intervention with embryological surgery would open the way to truly awesome possibilities. The actual applications are admittedly still very distant; but I believe it is not too soon to become aware of the prospects.

Here are some of the relevant facts. In bacteria, which are used most frequently for this kind of research, it is already possible to introduce genes or groups of genes as purified pieces of DNA molecules. Under appropriate conditions, these genes enter the cells with a high chance of replacing the corresponding resident genes. Thus a bacterium that is sensitive to streptomycin, for example, can be "transformed" to being resistant to streptomycin by replacement of the appropriate gene. The descendants of such a transformed bacterium are all resistant. When this process of gene replacement is carried out with unsorted DNA fragments it is very inefficient; but there are methods, still being perfected, for sorting out DNA fragments to correspond with individual genes or groups of genes. I mentioned before that the chemical synthesis and copying of genes in the test tube is also becoming possible. It is clear, therefore, that the ability to manufacture large amounts of any specific gene may soon, like all purely technical achievements, become only a matter of investing sufficient money and personnel.

The introduction of specific genes into human cells, especially in the cells of the germ line that give rise to sperm and egg, is still far from actuality. But developments that may lead in that direction are already at hand. Thus, at least in bacteria, some mild viruses can pick up one or more genes from the cells in which they have grown and transfer them to other cells. Then these genes

may either replace the resident ones or become added, more or less permanently, to the gene set. In some cases the added genes upset the regulation of their new host, for example, by inhibiting the function of certain other genes.

Besides viruses, there are other, even less destructive, agents called episomes or plasmids, which in bacteria can transfer and add genes from one cell to another. It would not be surprising if similar phenomena were soon to be discovered in the cells of animals and of man, where they would provide a way to add or replace genes. In fact, some viruses that produce tumors in animals (and possibly also in man) have certain properties of the gene-transferring viruses. A major barrier to genetic intervention will be, of course, the difficulty of manipulating the germ cells. It is conceivable, however, that gene-carrying viruses could be made specific for the germ cells. Even the injection of DNA molecules into eggs in the course of artificial fertilization may become possible.

What kind of applications can we foresee for the discoveries that I have just outlined? By and large, they fall into four groups: medical, bio-industrial, social and military.

In medicine, we may envisage replacing the present treatments of genetic defects—for example, insufficient production of a hormone such as insulin—by supplying the proper gene to certain cells from the outside, or by implanting functional cells, or by causing the corresponding gene to become activated in other cells of the body which normally do not produce the hormone because of regulatory repression. Manipulations of this kind could also, for example, alter the immunological reactions that cause the body to reject foreign tissue, an achievement that would make organ transplants much more successful.

In the bio-industrial field, it might be possible to use direct genetic manipulation instead of selective breeding to manufacture more desirable or healthier strains of a variety of organisms, from yeasts to cereals to cattle, by implanting or removing specific genes or chromosomes.

With social applications, we enter the truly controversial field. If it becomes possible to manipulate the genes of the human germ line or to achieve artificial fertilization and nuclear transplantation with human eggs, we would be faced with the terrifying responsibility of deciding what we—the human race—intend to become. At the start, we may simply remove defective genes or replace them with their normal counterparts. Then we may start to fool around by introducing supposedly "desirable" genes. We may even be tempted to manufacture many identical copies of a supposedly "superior" individual; for example, by introducing identical nuclei from its cells into series of enucleated eggs, which may then be implanted in the wombs of foster mothers.

At this point, ethical and legal problems of a completely new nature and magnitude arise. Who is to decide what is desirable or undesirable, superior or inferior, in a man? The doctor? The state? And beyond that, what ethical and legal criteria would apply to human beings who are not born by a natural process but are the product of deliberate genetic manipulation? When does a "repaired" or "manufactured" man stop being a man (whatever that means) and become a robot, an object, an industrial product?

I shall refrain here from speculating on possible genetic weapons. Whereas the obstacles in the way of supposedly constructive genetic surgery are very great (but *not* insurmountable), the obstacles to destructive uses may be smaller, if only because any one of many possible noxious results may be "desirable" in the military sense. Thus, for example, we may witness efforts to invent viruses that can spread in an enemy population genes that produce sensitivity to poisons, or susceptibility to tumors, or even transmissible genetic defects—in other words, genetic genocide. The development of pathogenic germs resistant to certain antibiotics has been going on for years in the biological arsenals of "civilized" countries.

Finally, we should not ignore the possibility that genetic means of controlling human heredity will be put to massive uses of human degradation even outside the military context. Huxley's nightmarish society might be achieved by genetic surgery rather than by conditioning, and in an even more terrifying way since the process would be hereditary and irreversible.

The situation that I have tried to project, based on biological developments which are either current or reasonably predictable, is not unique to biology. Whenever a science develops to the point of generating new technology, it presents society with a mixed bag of opportunities and risks. The question that faces society is not that of feasibility. Once the scientific principles are established, technological application is almost certain to come. Thus, faced with the prospect of a new genetic technology, we must ask ourselves as soon as possible whether and how it will be used and what can we do about it. Optimists and pessimists differ. Robert Sinsheimer, of the California Institute of Technology, stresses "the chance to ease the internal strains and heal the internal flaws directly." Rollin Hotchkiss, of Rockefeller University, warns that in putting the new genetic technologies to supposedly constructive uses, "the pathway will, like that leading to all of men's enterprise and mischief, be built from a combination of altruism, private profit, and ignorance." But they both stress the need "to prepare now for the new reality" and "to caution an impatient altruism, curb an overenthusiastic self-interest, or offset an uninformed interventionism." These concerns have to do, of course, with the constructive possibilities. The destructive ones, military or otherwise, would be welcomed only by the most narrow-minded, Neanderthal type of rabid nationalist or totalitarian.

What can we do about it? The least rational and least effective approach would be to advocate a moratorium on science in order to prevent the rise of potentially misapplicable technologies. The human cultural enterprise depends on freedom of inquiry. Science, like the arts, has become an inseparable part of the intellectual adventure of man. What is needed, rather, is a rational machinery, both national and international, to determine sensible policies and priorities in the application of scientific knowledge. The present absence of such machinery is sadly reflected in the way decisions are made on major programs such as the man-on-the-moon venture. Even more

relevant and more frightening is the apparent inability of organized society to cope with the menace of overpopulation, a threat greater than that of nuclear self-destruction.

Whether or not a rational decision-making machinery can be achieved within society as it is now structured, either in the United States or in any other country, remains to be seen. A recently published report of a Panel on Technology of the National Academy of Sciences deals with some of the issues in a constructive way. Its limited range of recommendations, however, provides little comfort to those who feel that the problems of technology and human life require radical action by informed and responsible governmental bodies.

Basically, we need to create a society in which technology is purposefully directed toward socially chosen goals. This is a political rather than a scientific task, and scientists can hardly be expected to provide the solution. What they can and must do, however, is face the problems within their own sphere of activity.

On the negative side, scientists can make a conscious effort not to promote or encourage technological development without having first faced and resolved in their own minds the social implications. On the positive side, scientists must assume the responsibility to tell society, in a forceful and persistent manner, what science is discovering and what the technological consequences are likely to be. We ought not to be deterred by the widespread and increasing ignorance of the public, including governments, in scientific matters, but rather should strive to break through that barrier. Long-term educational programs may be inadequate because time is short. Faster ways must be found to convey the practical implications of the modern world of science to the scientifically uncivilized public consciousness.

If these responsibilities, however limited, are to be met, most scientists must undergo a major change of attitude. I believe that such change can be brought about because the present and forthcoming realities—whether those of an overpopulated world or of a humanity that can remake itself in whatever image it chooses—are stirring and disturbing the imagination of more and more scientists. Still, active leadership will be needed to develop and crystallize within the scientific milieu an enhanced concern for the social consequences of science and for the responsibilities of its practitioners. Even more important, this leadership must find the way to awaken the public and their elected representatives from the complacency that lies behind the distorted priorities of present-day society.

HONG KONG

THE COMPLAISANT HAVEN

STEPHEN SALAFF

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Hong Kong

Hong Kong is now enjoying an economic boom, and Britain is confident enough in its future stability to have guaranteed credit for a cross-harbor tunnel linking the island for which the colony is named with the Kowloon peninsula. China has quietly offered, in the *South China Morning Post* (April 18), to supply its Five Rams brand of portland cement at a competitive price for the tunnel. Another multimillion-dollar expansion project for which local developers are trying to get funds is the extension of the airport runway to handle the jumbo jet; several new tourist hotels are already being built to accommodate the extra crowds of tourists which the jumbos will carry.

The builders of the tunnel will be careful not to obstruct the warships of the U.S. Seventh Fleet which steam into the well-situated natural harbor from maneuvers in Korean and Southeast Asian waters, and from combat posts off Vietnam. These ships have for years been dropping anchor at the rate of thirty to forty a month. In addition, military and commercial planes bring troops daily from Saigon and Danang. The American servicemen arrive in Hong Kong for six days of rest and recreation (R&R) and the commercially oriented colony welcomes them because tourism is its second industry, and, according to Hong Kong Government figures, two out of seven tourists now arriving are R&R men. Each of them spends on the average $350, and the 220,000 troops who visited here in 1968 thus shelled out more than $77 million, one-third of Hong Kong's total tourist income. *Time* (May 31, 1968) estimated Hong Kong's R&R windfall to be $100 million a year.

There are two conflicting views of Hong Kong in the British Establishment. One, according to the *Far Eastern Economic Review,* sees it as "an embarrassing colonial anachronism hung around the unwilling neck of a Britain intent on withdrawing from Asia." The other, that of "businessmen and manufacturers with a solid stake in the colony's future," looks upon it as a "challenge" calling for imagination and resourcefulness, so that "Hong Kong can play a role in the future of the Chinese people." The factions agree, however, that the colony must continue to run on its traditional laissez-faire economic basis, supporting its own population without substantial corporation taxes and without help from London. And the second group is only a little behind the first in its determination to make as many fast bucks as possible, in particular by wide-armed greeting for R&R.

But Hong Kong depends also on the People's Republic of China for half of its foodstuffs, much of its clothing and

household staples, and part of its critical water supply. Reciprocally, Chinese goods are sold at rock-bottom prices in the Hong Kong "China Products" stores and from these abundant sales and re-exports through Hong Kong to Southeast Asia and beyond, China derives fully half of its foreign currency. Substantial remittances from overseas Chinese to their families and clansmen reach the mainland via the Hong Kong branch of the Bank of China. Peking also uses the colony as the mainland entry point for the thousands of Japanese, German and other



London Illustrated News

businessmen who attend the Trade Fairs in Canton, nearby capital of Kwangtung Province.

Thus Hong Kong's position as a tax-free port contains economic advantages for both China and the capitalists of the West, and on the shrewd guess that China will not call a halt for some time to come, investors from the NATO countries and Japan, and from among overseas Chinese, are putting large sums into tourism, transport and industry. Hong Kong's sister colony of Macao, whose continued existence under the Portuguese flag is a symbolic blow to the freedom fighters trying to exorcise the Lusitanian bogy on the African continent—is experiencing a similar growth. That is also a sign to investors that China does not intend to change the *status quo*.

China's policy toward Hong Kong and Macao is related to its primary foreign policy demand—that the United States withdraw the Seventh Fleet from the Taiwan Strait and acknowledge that Taiwan is a part of China. Officials and analysts feel that the present territorial position in Hong Kong and Macao will last at least until the Taiwan problem is resolved in a way satisfactory to Peking. The benefits which R&R in the meantime bring to Hong Kong caused one leading U.S. consular official there to predict: "Communist China won't break its rice bowl in Hong Kong by throwing the Fleet out of here." It is of course quite possible that if the British had been unable in May 1967 to suppress the uprising that attempted to alter the internal power balance, the Hong Kong patriotic Chinese (a designation followers of the CPR prefer to "Communist," which they never use) would have begun strongly to oppose the R&R program. But everyone now seems prepared to forget the strikes and police suppression, and the revenge bombings which followed, and the pro-mainland sector is trying to rebuild its own financial and commercial machine. It is allowed to have its own businesses and newspapers and to study the thoughts of Mao Tse-tung in patriotic schools, but the police come down hard on anti-Hong Kong Government activities and demonstrations. The patriotic press opposes R&R, but the one feature story on the subject it has printed so far this year did not mention the war in Vietnam. It was an attack on "Western ways" among the youth—the corrupt Pop music and dancing culture, and the Anglo-Chinese schools, which have duped "70 per cent of Hong Kong's approximately 12,000 bar girls" into the trade by providing them with a debilitating "slave" education.

Chinese patriots sometimes rationalize the R&R program as just one in a long string of indignities perpetuated by foreigners at the southern gate of China. Given this historical outlook and the CPR's line on Taiwan, one can perhaps understand why Peking's "serious warnings" on U.S. intrusions into Chinese sea and air space and its protests to the United States in Warsaw about the occupation of Taiwan are regarded as reasonable and sufficient opposition to American military exploitation of Hong Hong on behalf of the Vietnamese War. To help their Vietnamese comrades, Chinese patriots are glad to sell Mao buttons and quotations to American sailors visiting Hong Kong from the war zone, but the rank and file, well disciplined and under the tight control of mainland and mainland-trained cadres, is instructed not to make anti-imperialist propaganda among the U.S. troops. The leadership knows that if anti-war leaflets were distributed to the visitors, some of them would inevitably insult China, and fights would break out. This would spoil the present mood of profitable amity. Thus there are no anti-Vietnamese War demonstrations in Hong Kong, and no resistance organizations like Japan's Beheiren to incite and aid dissenting servicemen into deserting.

Wanchai, located near the island's Central District, is the hub of the R&R circuit. It is a typical Chinese quarter, packed with small shops, peddlers, schools and street restaurants for the residents. Sailor bars, R&R tailor shops and pizza houses are thoroughly intermixed with the normal Chinese street life. The frustrated, vulnerable sailors who roam Wanchai are touted by pimps, rickshaw pullers and pornography hustlers, but are ignored by as many coolies who hurry past carrying heavy loads on

their shoulder poles. The American sailors and the Chinese population are far apart culturally, but the Chinese are patient and acquisitive. With shore patrols and military police sitting on the whole area the open clashes which might be expected in such an incongruous situation have not occurred. Wanchai is also one of the patriotic strongholds, and the movement's newspapers, department stores, schools and union offices are to be found on every large street. But the patriotic Chinese have boxed themselves off politically from the servicemen, and often a left-wing union office peacefully occupies the upper floor of a building that houses a sailor bar on the street level.

It pays for Britain to profess that the R&R program is militarily trivial and that, in any case, if the U.S. troops were forced to leave Hong Kong they would simply "go somewhere else." Harold Wilson has managed with this argument to divert the London anti-war demonstrations away from the Hong Kong R&R issue, but the rebuttal is obvious. To the U.S. military command, which must offer its warriors a chance to soothe their pains and cares, R&R in Hong Kong has a straightforward military function which cannot easily be spread around to other ports. As the Hanoi *Vietnam Courier* put it on February 3: "The gigantic military apparatus of the USA possesses enormous means supposedly capable, if not of inflating chockablock the morale of the GIs, at least of preventing such a rapid sinking as we have witnessed. Substantial material privileges have been granted to those in Vietnam: pay hike, rest and recreation in reputed and most attractive cities in the Far East and the Pacific including Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, Manila, Taipei, Honolulu, Yokosuka, etc." The annual number of R&R arrivals in most of the cities on Hanoi's list is less than Hong Kong's 220,000, and with massive Japanese anti-war protests to climax in 1970, and clearly discernible centrifugal tendencies in SEATO lands, not many of them could support a big increase without serious political repercussions.

Related to the logistics of locating play space for the men is the problem of finding ports for the ships to which they are attached. All of the Seventh Fleet's powerhouse types—carriers, cruisers and nuclear subs—call on Hong Kong for the R&R visits of their crews. The *Enterprise*, the world's largest warship, with more than 5,000 men, arrived in May 1968 for its third visit, and many of the Fleet's other nuclear-powered carriers have been to Hong Kong. The same nuclear subs which cause violent mass protests on the Japan mainland and in Okinawa because of the radioactivity they are alleged to impart to the local waters, often tie up at buoy number A 11 on Hong Kong harbor's central fairway, without even the possibility that contamination will be mentioned publicly in the colony. The freedom to bring in the whole range of nuclear-powered vessels is a special advantage afforded by Hong Kong, and if the composition of the American military force in Asia shifts further toward the "seaborne nuclear deterrent," the Navy might value still more an invitation to put in at Hong Kong.

Last August, Donald Stone, vice chairman of SNCC, was asked to address a mass rally in Naha, Okinawa. He encouraged the people under U.S. military occupation there to persist in their efforts to rid themselves of the huge American base, no matter how many dollars it has been pumping into their sadly depressed economy. It would "make whores of your women, pimps of your men, and it will seduce your souls. Once you begin to flirt with American dollarism you are lost. It will in the end mean the death of all that is beautiful, vibrant and alive in you." Stone's eloquent plea to the Okinawans would strike home to many of those British and Chinese who have been taking R&R blood money in Hong Kong. But it will not trouble their hearts in the night, because it could not be printed today in any newspaper in the Crown colony.

REMEMBER THE HATCH ACT?

CHARLES O. JONES

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We get used to thinking that certain groups of people don't really deserve the full rights of our society. Children's "rights" are hardly even discussed—they are kids after all. The rights of high school and college students are suddenly very much in the forefront and many question whether they should have the freedom of real people. Blacks still must struggle daily to maintain the glimmer of recognition which they have won during the last decade.

I have no poll data on the point, but I have a hunch that most people put government employees in this category: public servants are just that—servants to us all. And servants do not deserve the privileges of their masters.

The present Hatch Act, limiting the political participation of government employees, is a good example of law based on the assumption that some people merit fewer rights than do others. The Act states very simply: "No officer or employee in the executive branch of the Federal government or any agency or department thereof, shall take any active part in political management or in political campaigns." Actually a similarly broad prohibition has applied to persons in the Civil Service since 1907 (under Civil Service Rule IV). The Hatch Act was passed during the depression, in the wake of criticism that WPA funds were being used for political purposes. In addition to extending coverage, the Act provides stiff penalties for violators.

What does taking "any active part" mean? The law specifies that it does not include voting or expressing opinions. For the rest, however, employees are barred

from activities that the Civil Service Commission "has heretofore determined" (before the passage of the Act) should be prohibited: serving in any capacity for a political party (including as a delegate to a convention), soliciting contributions, addressing a political club or meeting on a partisan matter, poll activity (including driving voters to the polls), becoming a candidate for office, distributing campaign material, initiating or circulating party nominating petitions, organizing a political meeting.

So the government employee knows that he does not have all the rights that others enjoy. But because the law merely assumed that he should be denied these rights—giving no clear rationale for specific denials—the employee is faced with an impenetrable "mishmash" of rules and regulations. In this connection, I recommend Pamphlet 20, "Political Activity of Federal Officers and Employees." Written as an authoritative source of information on the subject, it is a welter of confusion. The government employee must wade through the provisions of Civil Service Rules, the Hatch Act, coverage of the Act, prohibited activities, and the criminal code on political activities. Permitted activities are not mentioned. Indeed, until very recently, the Civil Service Commission did not even list permitted activities on its warning poster at election time. Surveys show considerable ignorance of the "do's and don't's" (e.g., 45 per cent of those enjoined thought they could drive voters to the polls). The result is inactivity for the timid ("when in doubt, don't") and very thin ice for the bold.

To say that the Hatch Act is confusing and ambiguous, and that its implementation is too negative, is not to say that government employees should be able to participate without restraint in political activity. It has long been recognized that the public has a right to impartial administration of government business. However, if one starts from the assumption that government employees have in principle the same political rights as any other group of citizens, one automatically becomes cautious about restrictions, weighing each one carefully in terms of the Constitution, the advantages to be gained for the public interest, the effect on the Civil Service. That viewpoint protects against blanket prohibitions or the blind acceptance of past practices.

A revision of the Hatch Act, based on the recognition and protection of employee rights, is sorely needed. An employee should be able to find out precisely what he can do in politics, what he can't do, what he need not do, and why. Every effort should be made to preserve the integrity, efficiency and impartiality of the Civil Service without limiting the rights of employees. For example, the criminal code now protects employees from coercion or intimidation for political purposes. Section 602 of Title 18 provides a fine of $5,000 or three years' imprisonment for any official or employee who solicits or receives political contributions from a fellow employee. We all know of, or have heard of, violations of this section of the law —political dinners being the most common device—but who knows of any prosecutions? Complaints must be referred by the Civil Service Commission to the Department of Justice, with accompanying evidence for criminal prosecution. John W. Macy, Jr., former chairman of the Civil Service Commission, summarized the experience under this provision in a hearing before the Commission on Political Activity of Government Personnel: "To my knowledge there have been very few cases. . . . I am unable to cite any." Leo M. Pellerzi, former general counsel of the Civil Service Commission, pinpointed the difficulty: "You have to have evidence to show it and it is very difficult. . . . A criminal provision imposes on the Department of Justice a burden of proof beyond a reasonable doubt."

The Civil Service Commission has recommended that the Hatch Act be revised to strengthen the prohibitions on coercion and use of official authority for interfering in elections. This would involve unifying some of the provisions now spread across the Hatch Act, the Civil Service rules and the criminal code. It would also provide a civil penalty for coercion, whether in solicitation of funds or services. Instead of "burden of proof beyond a reasonable doubt," Pellerzi testified, "a civil provision imposes upon the Civil Service Commission a burden of substantial evidence and it makes a tremendous difference in your ability to prosecute violations."

Effective protection from coercion would reduce the need to limit employees' rights, since a major evil would be controlled. The present theory appears to be that, since coercion is not effectively regulated, an employee's only protection is the list of "don'ts" compiled by the Civil Service Commission. When asked to do something, he can hide behind the law. Such a procedure shackles the employee; to be protected he must sacrifice political rights. Surely there must be a better way to insure impartiality in public administration. Serious effort should be made to restrain those who would coerce, rather than all civil servants.

Though the philosophical and constitutional reasons for changing the Hatch Act are indeed compelling, other arguments have merit. Government performs more functions, is more a part of our lives, with every passing day; and no prediction is safer than that government will continue to expand. Intelligent, competent and imaginative people are needed to staff government at all levels. Will such persons be attracted to the service if they must needlessly sacrifice political rights?

The spread of the federal government implies a greater quantity as well as a higher quality of employees. Current provisions of the Hatch Act extend coverage to those in state and local government "whose principal employment is in connection with an activity financed in whole or in part by Federal loans or grants." Estimates vary, but the current conservative guess is that federal grants-in-aid will quadruple in the next five years, from $15 billion to $60 billion. Most state and local employees may soon be covered by the Hatch Act—indeed, we may all be working for the government eventually! It is fascinating to contemplate a democracy in which no one could run for office or participate in campaigns.

The existing Hatch Act officially differentiates between partisan and nonpartisan activities. Another reason for revising the law is that such a distinction cannot be made. Employees are permitted to run for nonpartisan local public office if the issues involved are not identified with a

national or state political party. Many partisan elections in this country are labeled "nonpartisan"—for example, elections to the Chicago City Council are legally nonpartisan, but anyone in that city can give you the party breakdown of seats. Even when an office is less closely identified with political parties—e.g., a local school board—the issues are seldom nonpartisan. Education is certain to be a part of every party's platform, and of every legislative, gubernatorial or Presidential candidate's speech.

Though it is always dangerous to predict how the Supreme Court will act, an additional argument for revision is that the present law would probably be declared unconstitutional if a case ever got to the Court. The Hatch Act was upheld in *United Public Workers* v. *Mitchell* (1947) by a 4 to 3 decision, the majority viewing its provisions as a proper exercise of power to protect the integrity and neutrality of the civil service. The decision was narrow, however, and issued by a "short" Court. Still in contention are the rights of employees under the First Amendment—speech, press, assembly and petition. Considering the Court's concern in the past two decades for First Amendment freedoms, it seems plausible that the Hatch Act would not survive today.

The recent California supreme court decisions may anticipate U.S. Supreme Court action in this area. The little Hatch Act in Alameda County was ruled unconstitutional in 1964 and the state provisions were ruled unconstitutional in 1966. In both cases, the majority argued that the restrictions were too broad and too vague, thus violating the First Amendment. If one were to project the California court's argument to the national situation, it would go something like this: Congress cannot lightly restrict First Amendment freedoms as a condition for public employment. It can do so only if it establishes compelling cause, and even then other means for achieving that cause must be unavailable. These are reasonable conclusions, but they have not guided the development of legislation in this sensitive area.

Preservation of an impartial civil service is, indeed, a compelling cause. Evidence on the bad effects of the spoils system is available in the record books or in the contemporary management of a good many cities. Testimony in Chicago and Cook County disclosed that "city employees who are patronage appointees must man their precinct, canvass, pay their dues, purchase tickets, refrain from opposing the party line in any open or blatant or embarrassing way." The chairman of the Cook County Civil Service Commission testified that absenteeism among workers in a county hospital was at least 80 per cent for two days before an election, on the day of the election, and on the day after.

Thus some regulations are necessary to preserve the civil service merit system. The question is how to accomplish it and yet preserve the greatest possible degree of freedom for employees. Reasonable men will differ on precise prohibitions, but if they agree that political rights should not be denied without elaborate justification, the result will be a vast improvement over existing regulations.

The immediate prospects for change are not good. A twelve-member Commission on Political Activity of Government Personnel, established in 1966, issued a report calling for major revision. The commission had conducted hearings, surveyed government workers, reviewed the complex legal questions, studied regulations in other nations, analyzed everything written on the subject. The hearings, research and findings are all published and available to Congress, but no commission report has ever enjoyed less Congressional attention. Legislation was introduced in the House and Senate in 1968, but no one seriously thought anything would be done in an election year.

The case for change is so overwhelming that one naturally asks why nothing happens. The reasons are not hard to find. Members of Congress are instinctively cautious about any legislation proposing reforms that would affect the election system. They want to hold their seats, and few of them really know how they won them—though in answer to any such question, they will recite the formula for their last campaign. Since they are so insecure, any proposal for change can bring an attack of nerves. Campaigning for re-election is difficult enough, they argue, without changing the rules of the game. So, as with legislative redistricting, or electoral college reform, or campaign finance regulations, or any number of ballot changes, Representatives and Senators approach the issue of increased political freedom for government employees by weighing the implications for their districts and states. They know how things work out under the present law; any change is a gamble. Will employees organize against them because of their stands on issues affecting the civil service? Will they run their own candidates against the incumbents? Are they likely to support one party? Which party would be more hobbled by enforcement of laws against coercion?

This prudence, combined with the existing political split between the White House and Congress, produces the ultimate formula for inaction. It is difficult enough to change the election system when one party is in charge. But give the White House to a veteran Republican like Richard M. Nixon, and the Congress to a majority of tough partisan Democrats, and the result is no result.

So the underclass in American politics—government employees—is destined to remain just that for the time being. They can never enjoy full rights of citizenship if the integrity of the merit system is to be preserved. But existing regulations are excessively restrictive and err in the direction of denying rights, whereas we have long held that in a democracy the error should be in the other direction. Reduced freedoms for some should never be a substitute for inadequate information, ignorance and uncertainty. The issue is complex and politically sensitive, but Congress should face the tough task. It should make protection against coercion effective, clarify the bases for prohibition, emphasize rights where possible, unify the scattered provisions bearing on the subject, abolish the distinction between partisan and nonpartisan, make penalties coincide more flexibly with violations, and increase the budget for enforcement. It would be unfortunate, but regrettably typical, if Congress waited for the Supreme Court to declare the Hatch Act unconstitutional before taking such action.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Levels of Manipulation

WAR, PEACE, AND THE VIET CONG. *By Douglas Pike. The M.I.T. Press. 186 pp. $5.95.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY

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Several years ago on a lecture tour of Australia I found myself on the trail of Douglas Pike, an American Foreign Service officer, long-time resident of Vietnam, and author of a recent book called *Viet Cong*. I had just returned from my third visit to Vietnam, and was surprised at how much Pike and I disagreed, even where our experiences seemed alike. Our divergence troubled me until I read the "Personal Preface" to Pike's newest book, *War, Peace, and the Viet Cong*. There Pike tells all. "Vietnam has become the great intellectual tragedy of our times. Why this is so I do not understand. *Living in Vietnam for eight years has contributed nothing to my enlightenment*" (my italics).

The thesis of *Viet Cong* identified the organizing skills of the National Liberation Front as the key to whatever successes America's enemy may have achieved. *Viet Cong* had looked very scholarly—although its sources were usually uncited—and Bernard Fall, among others, had praised the book. Like much American political "science," *Viet Cong* tricked itself out in a welter of statistics, elaborate tables and foreign terms. Yet despite its aura of scientific objectivity the principal conclusions of Pike's book were indistinguishable from those held by Washington.

Much of the present volume, *War, Peace, and the Viet Cong*, consists of superficial résumés of the policies of contending groups in Vietnam and on the international scene, combined with equally superficial, and occasionally arrogant, evaluations (not merely descriptions) of Vietnamese society. More interesting are Pike's analyses of the NLF's make-up and goals, interesting because of what they reveal of the author and his policy-making associates.

Pike's view of Vietnamese society is a product of scholarly confusion and Western arrogance. He oscillates between seeing the Vietnamese peasant as mindless lump and as primitive democrat in a country bedeviled by "centuries of bad political habits." Thus: "A traditional Vietnamese villager does not understand that he can manipulate the universe, can make things happen or not happen. He does not see himself as a force in the world. He is, of course, but he does not realize it." In a subsequent description of village life we find:

> Extensive research into village attitudes during the past eight years clearly indicates that local self-determination, the right to have a voice in choosing the men that run the village is one of the four "minimal needs" of the Vietnamese villager, and this desire stems from historical forces . . . there was no election in the village except in the form of the subtle but very powerful village consensus. . . . This system is a form of political participation regardless of how it may appear to a foreigner. A Vietnamese villager felt involved: he knew that what he thought and wanted carried weight with the council.

Involvement in village affairs and awareness of the individual's importance has shown itself throughout Vietnamese history, not least in the late 19th century when peasants fought the French and their Hue court collaborators. This struggle, this awareness of an ability to "make things happen," was ably described in Truong Buu Lam's *Patterns of Vietnamese Response to Foreign Intervention* (reviewed in *The Nation*, August 5, 1968). It has so distinguished Vietnamese villages that, on American advice, Ngo Dinh Diem recalled locally elected authorities and inserted his own men, a tampering with Vietnamese life unequaled by either the French or the Japanese. This village organization, destroyed by Washington, comprises part of the heritage of the Vietnamese.

The notion that villagers possess no sense of their own worth, that Vietnamese society needs to acquire "good political habits," leads naturally to the conclusion that manipulation is the key to success in Vietnam—and that until recently the NLF's successes could be traced to this factor alone. Indeed, according to Pike the Vietnamese villager positively dislikes the NLF: "The villagers supply the NLF because of threats and coercion . . . why this is so, why support comes from basically hostile people lies in the fact that the NLF's strength through the years has been organizational."

Rejection of the Ho-Mao-Che theory that guerrillas require popular support has freed our national spokesmen from having to apologize whenever the Marines get caught burning down a village, or some American-sponsored general proves more than normally venal.

BANG BANG WITH A SILENCER

watching the screens
all that dying

the mind goes faster
won't stop to wait for words

"maybe there will be a time"
two pairs of feet in the snow
"you remind me of someone"
"me"
"I used to know"

taxi clock ticking

no connectives or interval music

airfields and freezing winds

walk faster comrades
into the time that will be

ANSELM HOLLO

Fashionable new theories make the idea of popularity—our enemies' and our own—obsolete and unnecessary.

Consider, for instance, Charles Wolf of the RAND Corporation, writing in *United States Policy and the Third World*. Wolf pays tribute to the popular support which he finds "in the populist symbols and sentiments of the American tradition." But why should we assume that others are like ourselves and press our values on them? Let us rather examine the situation and act according to local conditions. Political scientists like Wolf (and Pike) "know" that the NLF and similar groups elsewhere succeed in mobilizing an essentially inert peasantry by scaring the hell out of them:

> Given the characteristics of transitional societies in the less developed countries, an effective insurgency and guerrilla activity can grow and gather momentum among a population that is passive or even hostile to the movement . . . by the same token, successful counter-insurgency programs can be conducted among a rural populace that is passive or even hostile . . . to the government. . . . What an insurgent movement requires for successful and expanding operations is not popular support . . . but rather a supply of certain inputs (e.g., food, recruits, information). . . .

The job of an effective counterinsurgency program, then, lies in raising the cost of the "inputs" so that the population finds it more painful to support the partisans than not. The people must be made "unambiguously" aware of what happens to those who aid the guerrillas, and that government punishment is "deliberately imposed because of behavior by the population that contributes to the insurgent movement." Here is a lesson supposedly learned from the enemy: obedience develops out of selective terror. As early as 1965, I encountered in Vietnam a small group of Americans, dressed in black "V.C. pyjamas" who were practicing on villagers forms of violence which they claimed to have learned from the NLF. They were pioneers in the swing away from what they called "the popularity contest." Recently an Australian officer refused to participate in such "black" operations and underwent court-martial. (*New Statesman*, August 29.)

Pike regards the Saigon government as legitimate and the NLF as a "disloyal opposition," wreckers and destroyers who bring "divisiveness" to Vietnamese society. An excellent analogue exists in the American student movement. It is very important that no blame attach to the collegiate institutions, which may "make mistakes" but on the whole are seen as a market place full of stimulating competition, a market place the "disloyal" students are trying to befoul. Ignoring social causes and concentrating on what amounts to thuggery enables Pike to peddle "manipulation" to political scientists who feel their own worlds being shaken.

> Since it seeks not to adjust the political machine but to smash it, the NLF is in tune with the nihilism of the second half of the twentieth century, the spirit of rebellion for its own sake, the blanket condemnation of all establishment, the drive to harness the alienated, and the injection of violence into the forefront of political change regardless of cost.

There is so much wrong with that sentence that at least an entire issue of *The Nation* would be required for adequate refutation. One can only offer some observations.

Pike accuses 20th-century "nihilists" of relying on violence above all. On college campuses where students are accused of violence it is becoming commonplace to invite "the authorities" to deal with the situation. At Dartmouth, for instance, where sixty people occupied the administration building, several hundred police and National Guardsmen armed with guns and dogs were called in. Although weapons were unnecessary, the overkill was impressive. Similarly in Vietnam: the United States has now killed (not wounded) more than a million Vietnamese and laid waste the countryside. (See, for instance, "The Tombs of Ben Suc: Too Blind Stupid To See," *The Nation*, October 23, 1967.) What may be a "measured response" or "limited war" for us is total for the Vietnamese.

To continue for a moment on the inversion of values, the subject of refugees offers melancholy insights. Before the Tet offensive of 1968, the Senate's subcommittee on refugees estimated the existence of 4 million refugees, or about a third of South Vietnam's rural population. For several months this figure was denied or whittled down. Latterly, however, the "generation of refugees" has been turned into an advantage—for our side!

At a recent conference I heard an AID official describe with enthusiasm the new forms of agriculture now practiced by farmers who have "moved near the cities." Cash crops, he crowed, were enriching Vietnamese peasants. He looked only slightly ruffled when I reminded him that they had been forced from their chemically poisoned and bombed paddies by American air strikes and that the "cash crops" were of interest solely to the large American bases, contributing little to the diet of Vietnamese who now depend on hundreds of thousands of tons of American rice.

But the refugees are of more importance still to Roger Hilsman, ex-Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, and Samuel Huntington, chairman of Government at Harvard.

In testimony to a Senate subcommittee on September 30, 1965, Hilsman acknowledged that the refugees owed their homelessness to "American bombings and shelling." But one must never look too long on the dark side: "It seems to me they offer a positive opportunity for furthering all effective counter-insurgency programs." Professor Huntington, expressing little regret, insists the refugees are a phenomenon to be proud of. Writing in *The Boston Globe* on September 17, 1968, he explained that driving the peasants off the land constituted an "American sponsored urban revolution [and] . . . undercut the Vietcong rural revolution. . . . While wartime urban prosperity hurt some, the mass of the poor people benefitted from it." The survivors of Ben Suc would probably be interested in hearing about those benefits.

But Huntington at least recognizes that this thing Pike calls "nihilism" is indeed a "Vietcong rural revolution." It is perfectly clear that the successes of the NLF must stem from more than "mobilization," from more than their military victories.

Since 1930, Vietnamese peasants have increasingly experienced acute land hunger. By 1950, according to surveys sponsored by Washington, 80 per cent of the Southern peasantry worked as tenants. As more peasants became tenants more land fell into the hands of absentee landlords until, as a Michigan State study stated (in 1959): "Where one percent of the owners held 36% of the total rice land in 1934, they now own 44% of the total." The NLF early initiated programs of land to the tiller. These programs contrasted with the American-sponsored "reforms" of Ngo Dinh Diem which actually reclaimed "liberated" land and charged the peasants back rent. John Montgomery, writing in the ultraconservative *Orbis* (Summer, 1968) defined the situation: "Any real crash program would be hotly resented in Saigon and it would be resisted locally by the province and district chiefs whose principal sources of support remain the landlords and other wealthy classes."

It is at this point that the frustration of landless peasants inevitably combines with the anti-foreignism which so astonished the French in the last decades of the 19th century. The NLF do not appear as a disloyal, nihilistic opposition to the South Vietnamese peasantry whose cause they have taken up.

Devolution of a Revolution

SOCIALISM IN CUBA. *By Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. 221 pp. $5.95.*

EMILE CAPOUYA

Mr. Capouya, a frequent Nation *contributor, is a free-lance writer and publishing consultant.*

In 1960, Paul Sweezy and the late Leo Huberman published *Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution.* In that book, a sympathetic account of Cuba's history and prospects, they suggested that the newly established Castro regime was essentially Socialist in character. At that time their general conclusion was not widely shared. The traditional Marxist Left was inclined to regard Fidel Castro as an adventurer after the classic pattern of the *caudillo.* Liberal opinion tended to consider him a bourgeois reformer who aimed at transforming the semi-feudal character of Cuban society into something assimilable to the dominant welfare capitalism of the technologically advanced countries of the West, whose socialism, of course, is merely of the creeping variety. (That school of thought eventually came up with the charge that Fidel Castro had betrayed the Cuban Revolution, an indictment repeated by President Kennedy as the justification for the invasion of Cuba.) Finally, there was the view that our man in Havana had been replaced by a gangster and cutthroat who, what with expropriations of foreign assets and public trials of Batista officials, was violating the norms of civilized life.

Peace to those critics. Within a short time after the appearance of *Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution,* Fidel Castro explicitly avowed the Socialist inspiration of his regime. More to the point, the decrees of the rebel government concerning land reform, wages, prices, and nationalization of basic sectors of the economy, amounted to a program of Socialist *dirigismo* that was clearly revolutionary rather than reformist. Mr. Sweezy and Mr. Huberman were vindicated as prophets. They might well have been accepted earlier as accurate reporters and analysts: their testimony could have been received the first time around. Paul Sweezy is possibly the most eminent Marxist economist in the West, and one of the best qualified writers on economics of any persuasion. As for Leo Huberman, his career as a popularizer of Marxist theory, as a humane and conscientious advocate of socialism, is sufficiently well known. Between them, they ought to have been able to recognize a Socialist revolution at close range, and so they did.

In their new book, the outstanding analytic talent and the fundamental political honesty of both authors are exhibited again. Ten chapters are devoted to a general review of the economic and social evolution of Cuba during the past decade. The authors show a singular ability to ask the proper questions of the data, so that the reader feels he has an adequate notion of the direction and bearing of the measures taken in Cuba, and of the achievements and shortcomings of the regime up to the present. The eleventh chapter is a most valuable critique of the oligarchical nature of the Cuban state. Coming as it does from sincere partisans of the Cuban Revolution who are also exceptionally well informed, the critique is bound to be of the greatest interest.

In ten chapters, then, Huberman and Sweezy describe the process of recasting the economy and social structure of an underdeveloped country in the peculiarly harsh conditions imposed by the American blockade and quarantine. At the time of the revolution, Cuba had a one-crop economy, administered for the profit chiefly of United States corporations. The country exported sugar to the United States, and imported virtually every item of subsistence or luxury consumed by its people. That system kept most Cubans hungry most of the time, ferociously hungry during the *tiempo muerto* between cane harvests.

As is usual in such cases, the poverty of the great mass of Cubans was balanced by the luxury and power of a handful of native businessmen and politicians, and by the relative affluence of the small fraction of the population that made up the country's middle class. With the revolution, the rich fled to wherever their bank accounts were, the middle class in large part felt forced to choose exile, and the United States decided to starve out the island by embargo and economic blockade. The revolutionary government had somehow to feed a nation that had never been economically self-sufficient—on the contrary, it was a textbook example of colonial dependency—and whose principal export had just lost its market. To complicate matters, per capita productivity, industrial and agricultural, was traditionally very low in Cuba, and the struggle for economic survival had to be waged in the face of the disaffection or exile of the class that had been the repository of its technical and managerial skills.

Very naturally, the Cuban Government turned first of all to a program of diversification in agriculture and industry in order to escape the crippling effects of a one-crop economy. It soon became clear, however, that the credits for investment and the foreign exchange required for importing the necessary tools and materials were simply not available in sufficient quantity. It would take years before the new crops and manufactures could begin to pay for themselves. Accordingly, the government reversed its policy, concentrating instead on the traditional source of foreign exchange, the sugar crop. The new policy was adopted as an emergency measure, designed to pay the costs of the social programs embarked upon by the government from the beginning—public health measures, the literacy campaign, wage legislation, housing construction—in the hope that the country might achieve solvency at a considerably higher level of consumption of goods and services than had obtained before the revolution.

Once the most pressing social needs had been met, the government could begin to direct investment toward the diversification that would increase social productivity over the long run. The authors of *Socialism in Cuba* provide a most interesting account of the evolution of that policy, together with an analysis of its economic and social consequences. It is in that connection that their sympathetic and conscientious critique of the Cuban Revolution as a social experiment becomes relevant to the general problem of reforming human institutions.

The authors believe that, given the limitations of Cuban manpower and investment, the optimum level of production for the island's sugar industry is in the neighborhood of 7 million tons. To achieve that figure at the present time requires an enormous and concentrated effort, ranging from mobilizing all the available manpower—including students and bureaucrats—for cutting cane, to allotting huge amounts of fue

ADONAI

At night
I run with wolves
in the dark snow
of mountain passes.

Thinking St. Paul
would have me do
what women wept for
what our lord fell to.

Running alone
against the beast
melting the snow
killing the tree.

GEORGE BOWERING

and transport to the gathering and processing of the crop. Merely to achieve 7 million tons subjects the country to quite serious economic and social strains. Yet the Cuban Government has set a goal, for 1970, of 10 million tons, and made the achieving of that goal a test of its own fitness to rule.

In the opinion of Huberman and Sweezy, the economic costs of producing 3 million additional tons of sugar are exorbitant, and the social consequences —whether the government succeeds or fails in the attempt—are incalculable. In other words, the regime is exposing itself to an enormous political risk, and the Cubans to serious social disruption, for the sake of a goal that promises to cost more than it is worth in economic terms alone. At this point we confront the pathology of government in general, the arbitrary character of all programs dictated from on high, and the rigidities of uncontrolled bureaucracy.

The authors of *Socialism in Cuba* bend over backward to point out the pressures that have made it almost inevitable that the island's government become increasingly rigid and hostile to debate—the familiar pressures of war, inherited poverty and a low level of material and intellectual culture. Yet they are clearly appalled by the implication that Socialist revolutions in underdeveloped countries may all be fated to go through a period of economic and cultural vicissitudes that seriously compromises the possibility of pursuing the Socialist ideal.

Up to the time of Fidel Castro's overthrow of the Batista government, every Socialist revolution had indeed followed that course of devolution into narrow bureaucratic dictatorship. But Castro's "humanistic revolution," with its liberal manners and generous outlook, had promised something nearer to the heart's desire. The recent disappearance in Cuba of channels for expressing dissent, *even within the overall assumption of the necessity for social revolution*, looks very much like a tendency that is at bottom counterrevolutionary. Its significance is that reasonable criticism of a government program, such as Huberman and Sweezy's view of the 10-million-ton sugar goal, can find no voice in Cuba today. That is the condition that allows the typical diseases of the state to rage at their height. On this issue the authors' language is more decorous than mine, but the inference is there to be drawn.

The motive force of a genuine revolution is the talent and energy of the people, suddenly set free. Socialism has always acknowledged the fact theoretically; to the extent that it has succeeded, it has done so by acting on that principle with courage and imagination. The limits on the practical application of such an insight on the part of Socialist reformers and revolutionaries have been set in part by the historically determined nature of Socialist ideology. That is, socialism is itself a bourgeois doctrine, with an admixture of half-conscious distrust and disdain for the working class, a worship of certified expertise, and an unexamined faith in the virtues of certain forms of social organization that are more or less synonymous with bureaucracy. It is obvious that these tendencies reflect the self-serving instincts of an educated and otherwise privileged minority that habitually construes its political ideal in terms of the class experience that has shaped its social vision.

Now, the successes of the Cuban Revolution are the successes of a partially liberated people. Its achievements would be greater in proportion as the people came to enjoy the social initiative now monopolized by the ruling oligarchy. It is a very human failing to say thus far and no further to the forces of liberation, and at times the objective political realities may seem to dictate such a strategic halt. But the outcome is the loss of the revolutionary *élan*, which is no more than the energies of the people at work.

Time and circumstance may be more or less favorable to the adoption of the thoroughgoing libertarian program, but if there is a solution to the problem of achieving a civilized polity, it must always lie in the direct exercise of power by the people. The guiding principle is, act at once in the spirit of the ideal you mean to realize. That is a hard saying, certainly. But to seek liberation through coercion, in the traditional manner of political revolutions, is not really more convenient, and it is fatally self-limiting in terms of the goal it proposes.

Not the least important feature of this most valuable book is that it provides the justification, with its scrupulous account of Fidel Castro's revolution from a viewpoint not especially favorable to the anarchist perspective, for the very critique of political revolution that anarchists have traditionally offered. To the anarchist, politics is either the life of common action in its entirety, or else it is simply the customary misnomer for whatever narrow scheme of oppression governs men's relations in a given time at a given place. That critique may not be fully applicable, practically speaking, to the attempt to realize desirable social change in a milieu of the most severe technical and cultural deprivation. But the efficacy of Fidel Castro's intervention has been such that the Cuban people are now at a stage where they can think beyond the next meal, and they must be allowed to do so. Otherwise their leader may find that he has set the stage for another revolution, one that excludes his participation.

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Armies in the Night

THE RED ORCHESTRA. *By Gilles Perrault. Translated by Peter Wiles. Simon & Schuster. 512 pp. $6.95.*

JOHN GLIEDMAN
Mr. Gliedman is a graduate student in psychology at M.I.T. and is at present at work on a detective novel.

There are histories—Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* is one—which would be obscene if cast into the narrative form of *In Cold Blood* or *Lawrence and Oppenheimer*. There are others where the venture is less outrageous, but which nevertheless require great skill to carry off. Gilles Perrault's *The Red Orchestra* treads this fine line. A chronicle of the activities of Russian intelligence and its German antagonists in wartime Europe, it has all the verve and zest of a first-class spy novel. Its endless plots and counterplots—which are developed with consummate skill—dwarf the most luxuriant fancies of an Ambler or a Fleming. But the book is history, representing the fruits of some two years' research: it is about real people and events. And so, one must ask in all seriousness if *The Red Orchestra* is merely history reduced to a bon-bon, a confection aimed at exactly that taste for politics as adventure story which Godard excoriates in *Weekend*.

The answer, I believe, is no, but almost in spite of the author's efforts. For ultimately the material alters the method. Long before the end of the book, the reader is propelled into a world which smacks more of Koestler and Orwell than of even that master practitioner of the art of espionage, John Le Carré.

Like an expansive Russian novel, *The Red Orchestra* swarms with characters. None of them is presented in great depth: Mr. Perrault restricts himself to the role of raconteur rather than psychologist. But the portraits of the spies are real enough to create definite expectations about how they will hold up under the stress of their work, whether or not they will crack under torture. Characters in novels—even novels which attack the idea of character—are generally more consistent than people in life. "Whereas there may be, in the world, no such thing as character, since a man is what he does and chooses freely what he does," Frank Kermode observes, "in the novel there can be no just representation of this, for if a man were entirely free he might simply walk out of the story, and if he had no character we should not recognize him. This is true in spite of the claims of the doctrinaire *nouveau roman* school to have abolished character."

History is not so fettered; nor even the history-as-novel form. At times *The Red Orchestra* realizes the ideal of the *nouveau roman*. The expectations about character set up by Perrault the novelist are often smashed by Perrault the historian. Again and again the people in his narrative change in the most astounding and inexplicable ways.

After years of work, one of the leaders of the spy ring loses his nerve and does nothing for a year. Then the Nazis catch up with him and he tells them everything he knows in exchange for visits with his mistress. Later, one of his best agents—a prominent Communist leader in Weimar—cracks under torture and becomes a collaborator. In incredible contrast, a flamboyant South American playboy keeps silent during weeks of torture and dies a martyr.

None of these transmogrifications are more than noted in passing. But their cumulative effect is considerable. By the end of the narrative the spy novel has given way to something more like real life, a world in which the past counts for nothing not only because men are sometimes free to change but because they often react to impossible pressures in ways beyond their choosing and understanding.

Even those who die as heroes or survive without compromise do not fully escape this disorganization of character. Their fidelity becomes, in a way, as arbitrary as their comrades' betrayals. Fidelity seems more a miracle than an act of will. Indeed, the only people who demonstrate consistency are the Nazis in charge of breaking up the spy network. But these mini-Eichmanns—now living out their retirement in complacent, bureaucratic ease, complete with car, TV, and pension from the state—are merely footnotes to the larger drama.

Toward the end of Godard's *Weekend*, a sleek, fat pig is slaughtered. One man holds it while the other stuns it with a blow from a sledge hammer and then slits its throat. In a film filled to surfeit with illusions of violent death, this death is one of the few real ones. And the reaction to it—indignation, shock, perhaps anger at Godard for killing a pig just to make a thirty-second scene in a movie—momentarily exposes the sham of most fictional (and fictionalized) treatments of violence. They entertain only as long as we forget that they are true, or could have been true. There are no pigs in Perrault's narrative. But by the end of it, he has made us remember that these are real people. For a history which reads so much like a novel, this is a rather considerable achievement.

Repressed Consciousness

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PETER TAYLOR. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 535 pp. $10.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS
Mr. Morris has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press), and has finished a book about the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

These twenty-one stories span thirty years and reach into regions Peter Taylor has made his own. I mean not only Nashville and Memphis (where most of them are set), nor even the heart and mind of the upper South's middle class, but into a particular kind of sensibility: a sensibility encased in memories that have saddened or weakened it without having totally destroyed or done violence to it. If there is a unifying thread binding these unflawed, polished pieces it is how human fallibility is mirrored in the breakup of the old, genteel order which simply, but quite disastrously, has fallen apart. The stories are singularly Southern but universal too.

Taylor's style is natural, low-keyed, deceptively artless. His sense of milieu is unerring and his knowledge of people uncanny. Pure character plays against pure incident, yet one never overshadows or jolts the other. Eudora Welty's extraordinaries, Truman Capote's grotesques, or Flannery O'Connor's gothics articulate twisted nerve endings, show "the skull beneath the skin." Taylor's characters are flesh and blood, not beautiful losers but well-groomed, civilized, plain ones who have, for one reason or another, lost something of themselves somewhere along the way. Nostalgia, failure, loneliness, the pains of growing up, the inability to communicate or respond, the gulf between people—these are his themes. There is scarcely a story here which is not undercut with irony, even in the intensest moments of its poignancy and pathos; scarcely one in which outwardly simple surfaces do not dissolve into underlying psychological

complexities; or one in which an encounter, a familiar occurrence, an all too human gesture does not bring insight or awareness.

In several stories such illumination comes in a flash; in others it filters through the drawn blinds of repressed consciousness or is only on the verge of quickening after the last word has been read. In "First Heat" (like many of Taylor's titles a literal and metaphorical pun) a politician lies nude and sweating in a stuffy hotel room, rationalizing his failure to support a bill after he had promised to, and seeing in a shattering moment "beyond mere nakedness of body and spirit" the "ultimate nakedness" of lost integrity and self-respect. "Dean of Men," a monologue spoken by a college president to his rebel son, reveals by almost imperceptible steps and shifts the ancestral flaw of character that has turned the narrator, his father, and his grandfather into objects of betrayal.

"Reservations" starts off with the initially comic predicament of a Nashville debutante and her parvenu bridegroom on their wedding night in a seedy hotel; as the story develops the couple passes through abuse and disillusionment into a reconciliation more frightful in its deception. "Silently they were toasting their own bliss and happiness, confident that it would never again be shadowed by the irrelevances of the different circumstances of their upbringings or by the possibly impure and selfish motives that had helped to bring them together."

This note of betrayal, echoing elsewhere in the collection, is muted when Taylor goes expressly after other things. "At the Drugstore," "Their Losses," and "Miss Leonora When Last Seen" are all superficially concerned with how the past has betrayed the present. But the "regret for lost opportunities," the nostalgia for "vanishing towns" and the "atmosphere of a prosperous civilized existence," the painful dwelling on "the old days, the old days" are barriers to awareness and understanding.

Taylor shows charity, warmth, patience for those who fall back on what can no longer be real in order to avoid confronting what is. Yet such people can only survive as anachronisms, as victims of their own ambiguity. Escape into the past is crippling and deadening (the imagery of "Their Losses"); one must engage the present, "escape into reality"—even if, as in "At the Drugstore," it leads a man visiting his home town after many years into intimations of mortality; leads the middle-aged professor of "*Je Suis Perdu*" into acknowledging "that he was no longer *going to be* this or that. He *was*"; or leads "an old bachelor brother" in "Heads of Houses" into realizing he "was without any life of his own."

That last phrase could serve as an epigraph to what for me is Taylor's best story. In "A Wife of Nashville" betrayal again leads to understanding, but Helen Ruth awakens not only to herself but to a sense of the other. Her servants (who come in succession, stay on for varying periods of time, yet always find some pretext for leaving) are fluid symbols for the continuing deception she practices upon herself. Their passion to make a life of their own contrasts with Helen Ruth's dependency on her husband and children and her feelings of separation, lack of involvement, loneliness. Their crude, transparent, inexpert lies are counterparts to her one great and dreadful lie—that of her happiness.

"A Wife of Nashville" is about the problem of lonely women in middle age. Revelation comes inevitably, if slowly, to a consciousness gradually opening through the years. The story shows how the gulf between people can be bridged through learning "that everything that happened in life only demonstrated in some way the lonesomeness that people felt"; it shows that invented strengths are as precarious and delicate as innate weaknesses. Happiness may be an illusion; betrayal may be a constant reality. Yet Taylor's stories are finally neither bleak nor pessimistic. Understanding brings his characters to illumination and their first real hope.

POEM

The only peaches I see
are already packaged at some A&P :the tree
recluse, sits by my desk :both

waiting for my voice, Is that you, Simon?
shaking the leaves and draws :my clutch

won't close :a claw
charred from that black varnish
:too much darkness dried my hand :hunchbacked

I lean my other fingers, try
to knock! one hand
still alive, like an axe
nails the other up, up
rips at that dark sky
still burning with the hand I never closed.

SIMON PERCHIK

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Happenings, of all art forms, are dependent on a photographic record, if the fugitive actions are not to be confined to the participants' memories. Claes Oldenburg's season of Happenings, 1961-62, the last of the classic first wave, was filmed by Raymond Saroff and will be screened by the Museum of Modern Art (date not set) during the run of Oldenburg's current exhibition. The filmic record is essential to supplement Oldenburg's scenarios (published by the Something Else Press). Peter Moore has photographed with remarkable patience almost everything in the way of Happenings, events and environments through the sixties; as a result, his archives are crucial to a study of the occasional aspects of recent American art. A shift in the forms of visual art, toward the ephemeral and the diffuse, has created a storage problem. Paintings and sculptures persist as objects, but an art of performance and problematic thresholds leaves no original body and can be preserved only in record form. Warehouses and libraries supplement galleries.

Allan Kaprow's "Days Off, A Calendar of Happenings" is a case in point of the uses of documentation. The calendar consists of inscriptions and photographs (including some by Peter Moore) of ten Happenings, all but one of them enacted last year (the exception, "Moving," dates from 1967). When a new Happening is scheduled there is an announcement like: "Those interested in participating should attend a talk by Mr. Kaprow at the Campus Center Cafeteria, the State University of New York at Albany," or wherever it may be. The kind of Happening that Kaprow produces now is to-

tally unlike Oldenburg's more-or-less theatrical form. Kaprow says he "selects and combines situations to be participated-in, rather than watched." The experience of the participants and their memories are the aesthetic constituents of what Kaprow calls "the Activity Happening." The calendar perpetuates such occasions, though a calendar is, in function, expendable and the paper here looks it.

Kaprow describes the publication thus: "This is a calendar of past events. The days on it are the days of the Happenings. They were days off. People played." The kinds of activity are mostly physical and nonreflective; it is not that the action cannot be thought about but that this phase is postponed until the act, for example, of unrolling a mile of tar paper, has been performed. Here are the complete instructions for "Shape": "Shoes, bodies on streets, sidewalks, fields. Spray painting their silhouettes. Reports and photos in newspapers." One Happening called "Transfer" is dedicated to Christo, presumably because the activity here consists of rearranging and resiting metal barrels, objects which Christo used as material for art in Paris in 1961.

Documentation cannot transmit the zeal of the agents, but it brings out an aspect of Happenings which is often lost sight of, or is not known, by the original participants (except for Kaprow). Taking part in a Happening must include individual boredom, facetiousness and uncertainty, but the visual trace, the documentation, has another value. The activities in Kaprow's recent pieces have to do with labor (diverting water, moving furniture), monument building ("triumphal" stacks of barrels, walls of ice), the imprinting of human tracks, as in "Shape," and memorializing the gesture of sitting, for instance, with chairs carried around outdoors and instant Polaroid snapshots of each stop left *in situ*. Kaprow's early Happenings were overtly mythological; now the games concern the body in action and its occupancy of space, a kind of playful human engineering. The calendar, memorializing one of Kaprow's most brilliant periods as a Happenings master, is itself an object of tough grace, with a profusion of grainy, factual and enigmatic photographs. It is obtainable for $2.37 including postage from the Museum of Modern Art (it was commissioned by the Junior Council) and the original collages of photographs, laconic scenarios and dates are on view through October at John Gibson Commissions, Inc., 27 East 67 Street.

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Carey McWilliams, President & Treasurer

It is not usual for Mr. Gibson to show original collages, even collages compiled of documents. He specializes in projects rather than completed works, and also with the records of works that by their nature cannot be seen easily, or at all. Through November, for example, he will be showing scale models, collages and photographs of Christo's "Packed Coast," a million feet of Australian coast line which is to be packaged this month. At the Museum of Modern Art, through November, two of Gibson's artists are presenting "A Report: Two Ocean Projects," a show which places transient art works by Dennis Oppenheim and Peter Hutchinson in an underwater environment. (One of Oppenheim's pieces consists of a square of salt, the dissolution of which he recorded.) Earthworks (Oceanworks?) because of their inaccessibility, like Happenings because of their once-only status, exist only briefly in terms of discrete originals. Thus documentation is essential to disclose and to chart their occurrence.

The expanded role of documentation has become an essential element in the definition of art. It is an extension of the area of artistic control, and it brings new information to an old argument about the relation of originals to reproductions. Works of art consist of both unique and translatable elements. Some things resist reproduction (the interplay of scale and facture in a painting, the collective *élan* of a Happening crowd) and can be experienced only in the presence of the work itself; but other information can be transmitted by reproductions. Many iconographic, formal and intentional aspects of art survive in reproduction. Norbert Wiener in *The Human Use of Human Beings* (the book that should be read in place of its cheap derivative, Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media*) has this to say on the subject: "Cultivated taste may be built up by a

man who has never seen an original of a great work and . . . by far the greater part of the aesthetic appeal of an artistic creation is transmitted in . . . reproductions."

The only reservation one might have is that reproductions are read best by those who know *some* originals, though not necessarily the ones being reproduced. Wiener's slight overstatement, however, is preferable to the exclusive praise of the uniqueness of originals at the expense of all translations. The unreproducible parts of a work are frequently secondary refinements. It is certain that Breughel communicates to people who have not been to the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. Kaprow's calendar could convey more to a reader than some participants could be expected to derive from a performance. The expertise everyone has developed in reading modern reproductive processes impinges at this point on what Walter Benjamin called the "aura" of the original. In fact, documentary reproduction can be the only route of access for some art. Current uses of reproduction as a constituent of art make creative play out of everybody's familiarity with mass communications.

FILM FESTIVAL II

Harold Clurman

One of the more engaging exhibits at the New York Film Festival this year was *Mandabi* (*The Money Order*), directed by Ousmane Sembène, who is said to be a famous novelist. It is the first African film I have seen.

Its background—the city of Dakar—has the fascination of all towns in which Western civilization imposes its benefits and their attendant scars on a quasi-primitive people still living in age-old habit. The languages spoken are the native Senegalese and French, those higher in the social scale speaking the foreign tongue.

Mandabi is a tale of simple folk caught in the complexities of an industrially developed environment. Two worlds mingle without either absorbing the other. The result is both colorful and painful, though the pain appears to be mitigated by the warmth which emanates from an essentially innocent and wholesome population deeply rooted in the loam of basic human needs, instincts and desires.

Deing, the film's central personage, is a good-natured, lazy, impoverished man who, being Moslem, is blessed with two adoring "slave" wives. They feed him abundantly and serve him so that he may always find himself comfortable. How they manage this despite their husband's impecunious idleness remains a mystery.

One day a nephew who works in Paris at menial jobs sends Deing a mail order for 20,000 francs with the request that Deing take a part of it for himself, but that the bulk of it be deposited in a bank for safekeeping till the nephew's return. But Deing never gets to cash the money order: he hasn't a card of identity or a birth certificate, and is obliged to run from one official bureau to another to obtain them.

Meanwhile, his wives buy things they need on credit—this includes water—while neighbors and relatives, having heard of the money order, borrow coin and goods from the women. Deing is cheated right and left and finally is robbed of the funds due him by a French-speaking cousin. At the end he cries out helplessly, "Are there no honest people in Dakar?"

The only ray of hope shines at this juncture through new faces who gather about Deing, affirming, "We—all of us together—will turn Dakar honest, make it clean." The note is sounded in a minor key, more aspiration than protest: it has a wistful resonance. One feels that Deing will have to suffer the indignity of his situation for a long time.

Color becomes this film. That is not true in most cases. Almost all major film productions nowadays are, for commercial reasons, shot in color. More often than not the film hues are not color at all, merely pigmentation. It lends faces an unnatural rubescence, lacking true delicacy of tone and subtlety of shading, as if they had been illuminated by a luxuriant neon god.

Color adds little to *Pierre and Paul*, a French film directed by Rene Allio, who was responsible for a better picture, *The Shameless Old Lady*. The theme is the crushing effect of the costly gadgets that are the pride and bane of our consumer society. A hazardous affluence beguiles Pierre, the foreman of a construction company, into the purchase of every electric gewgaw which he considers a perquisite of the good life. The expenditure of time and money involved in acquiring these knickknacks overwhelms him, driving him to impotence and near madness.

This theme is becoming prevalent (Godard has dealt with it in several of his recent improvisations); it is part of the overall malaise which feeds current radical trends. "Progress" is making nervous wrecks of us. One of the things in the picture which also struck me was that when Pierre recalls the gentle pleasures of his father's day the scenes of the past are rendered in black and white, giving them a special softness.

The oppressive weight of the business world is the subject of Ermanno Olmi's *One Fine Day*. His previous black and white films, *Il Posto* (*The Job*) and *The Fiancés*, were superior to the present one. But here too Olmi is marked by an honest sobriety of intention and statement which is to be cherished in a medium whose practitioners lean toward the obviously eye-catching, the sensational.

Color, though modestly employed, does Olmi a disservice. The merits of his film, however, should not be overlooked. His faces are not conventional film faces. The acting is subdued; feeling is conveyed without histrionic stress. One is in the presence of life as it normally manifests itself, one observes people quietly experiencing their daily travail. Olmi does not preach or promise alleviation: he records. The scenes which picture sales conferences and a new brand of boxed food are projected with humor that eschews caricature.

With all this what does Olmi say? The serious and ambitious businessman ends wearied unto death, a lover and husband less inspired than his youthful employees who have themselves become disaffected from the mercantile machine in which they are willy-nilly enmeshed. Worse still, the former chief of the advertising agency around which the story is woven, having decided to retire after a heart attack, finds himself desolate because nothing has prepared him to enjoy what

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Before
And brought nothing
Back.

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he knows is there to be enjoyed—a free and easy life. The film fails only in that it does not achieve sufficient poignancy. But this too may be Olmi's plan. He does not aim at pathos—only at blank truth.

Pier Paolo Pasolini is another Italian film maker who wants to say something. A certain murky religiosity combined with revolutionary impulses often confuse his pictures and public. This is less true in his latest effort, *Pigpen*, than in his previous *Theorem*, but the result is not altogether sound.

It offers a parallel between scenes of cannibalism and rapine among the starved of the Middle Ages with the rapacity of the wealthy in modern states of which West Germany is representative. That the scale of accusation is intended to be wider than the one country is indicated by the disabled and porcine lord of a palatial manor who sports the ribbon of the French Legion of Honor. The whole capitalist world is the target of Pasolini's obloquy.

Hitler was a recognizable monster; the masters of the new Germany whom Pasolini indicts are neither obedient nor disobedient, neither aggressive nor benign: they are slobs. The wealthy of the older generation who managed to retain their possessions by lying low under the Fascist regime and who now increase them, still have cultural pretensions (chamber music fills the sterile solitude of the millionaire's mansion), while the later Nazis who now trade in buttons and cannon are coldly corrupt technicians, totally unconcerned with anything but contraptions that produce money. Despite their ostensible antagonism these two factions form a partnership in the post-bellum upsurge.

The younger generation, nourished neither by the ancestral grandeur nor by the largely verbal rebelliousness of the leftists, dwell in a sort of coma, interrupted only by wallowing in the recently replenished pigsties of the estate. Such gentry will ultimately be devoured by the pigs—which is what happens to a nearly catatonic youth, the son of the elder mogul of the film. Compared to him, Pasolini finds the hungry medieval savage who murders and eats the flesh of his victims something like a mystically heroic figure. The majestic background in excellent color gives the picture an epic quality.

Robert Bresson, like Olmi an uncompromising master, is not at his best in color. The morose understatement of his film demands black and white shadows. *A Gentle Creature* (*Une Femme Douce*) tells of a rather mute, poor and repressed girl who is taken over by the owner of an apparently prosperous pawnshop, taken over, that is, in a marriage the girl does not desire but to which she succumbs because of her poverty, her lack of will, and the insistent appetite of the young bourgeois who through marriage will own her.

Perhaps Bresson chose an extraordinarily pretty former model to play the girl because her lack of acting ability makes her all the more the inert prey of the consuming male whose jealousy and failure to offer true contact beyond the frolic of the bed ultimately drive her to suicide. The young husband narrates the story of their relationship with some evidence of sorrow but hardly any of understanding. Such marriages—they are legion—erode sensibility and thus become sheer destruction. But unlike Bresson's other pictures this one suffers somewhat from the frigid obtuseness it depicts. We recognize and assent to the "message," but are barely stirred by it.

In *The Ritual* Ingmar Bergman once again presents a fiercely incisive parable, in a mode somewhere between naturalism and Expressionism, in which artists, no matter how corrupt they may be, are, humanly speaking, the superiors of repressive officialdom. The four actors—two of them members of the well-known Bergman "team"—are all excellent, the black and white photography sharply to the point. Though the emotional range of the picture is narrow, the piece holds and hurts. But I never come away from a Bergman film—except for his *Smiles of a Summer Night*—without wondering, though not complaining, why sex is never conveyed as anything but anguish, and why indeed there is so little delight in love-making in most Swedish films.

I regret missing *My Night at Maude's*, said by many to be provocative, in which a lady ready for love discusses Pascal because the man she hopes to seduce insists on that intellectual exercise. There were some other films I wish I had missed. As for *Oh, What a Lovely War*, I leave it to Robert Hatch: it deserves more than the little space I would be able to give it at this point.

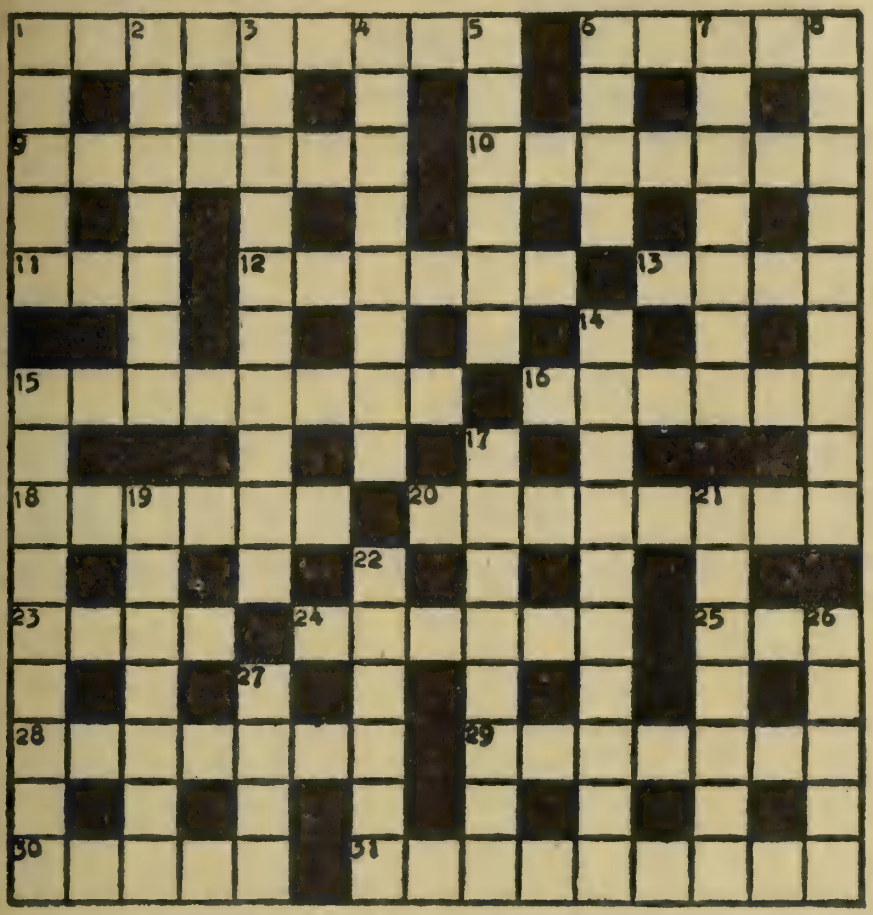
Next week—back to the theatre.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1317

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Like the climes of Byron's night. (9)
6 General accord? (5)
9 A proposition about quiet offered by a Greek poet. (7)
10 One of the simplest instruments of the autocar in America. (7)
11 One might slip on one at 26. (3)
12 One that closely resembles Quasimodo, possibly. (6)
13 See 23 across
15 Indian chief mentioned in prose narrative additionally. (8)
16 Wild acres east of the ridge. (6)
18 Declining to be an errant being, and be inside by the sound of it. (6)
20 Leaves to take a degree, and on direction. (8)
23, 24, 25 and 13 across At one time in the vicinity of such as 26? (Central orbiters might have given such directions.) (4,6,3,4)
28 March in such a state? Terrifying! (7)
29 Double description of order at some eating places? (4-3)
30 Observed one of the Kennedy tribe is missing, evidently. (5)
31 Avoids a possibly fateful day in the proceedings. (9)

DOWN

1 Dove into them in full dress, it sounds! (5)
2 The gap of p to Q4, possibly. (7)
3 and 5 A French district supplies Macy's and Gimbel's perhaps. (10,6)
4 In or otherwise around the castle? (8)
5 See 3 down
6 Possibly first, second, or third tackle? (4)
7 Were his remarks the 2 type? (3,4)
8 A monorail isn't exactly so vast. (9)
14 Big fists commonly found in noble surroundings? (5,5)
15 Both female and male can bring up a poor horse in the city. (9)
17 Carried off a duet with the first four letters out of order. (8)
19 One might the car in the garage, or abandon the project. (4,3)
21 Defeat at the polls. (7)
22 Sounds as though a little oil is needed. (6)
26 and 13 One might resort to it in the Rockies. (5,4)
27 Well this is what some cheese it! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 1316

ACROSS: 4 and 1 down Sight for sore eyes; 11 Ill-bred; 12 Ethan; 15 Easel; 17 Campaign; 21 Show-down; 23 Lydia; 26 Robes; 29 Uncle; 30 Notably; 31 Arbutus; 32 Entering; 33 Inures. DOWN: 2 Conches; 3 Edwin; 6 Hello; 7 Firedog; 8 Riders; 9 and 25 El Rancho Grande; 16, 13 and 14 Law and order; 18 Money-mad; 19, 28 and 1 across All-day sucker; 20 Caresses; 22 Habitat; 24 Decatur; 27 Sober; 28 Doyen; 29 and 10 Urban renewal.

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LETTERS

corporate labor

Champaign, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: "Labor and Foreign Policy" by Ronald Radosh [*The Nation*, Sept. 8] is full of unstated and questionable assumptions, half-truths, and pseudo-sophisticated misunderstandings. I shall skeptically await some documentation in what you indicate is to be a forthcoming book.

One general key to the inadequacy of Radosh's analysis is to be found in his characterization of the mainstream of the American labor movement as "corporate unionism." This seems to him to mean that the unions are perverted creatures of and controlled by American corporations, rather than properly dedicated to overthrowing the individual enterprise or capitalistic system. . . .

While American unions have "accepted" capitalism, worked within it, and worked to humanize and restrict it (both through collective bargaining and political means), their actual goals and programs are not *that* different from the Socialist unions of most of the Western European countries today, except for France and Italy. . . .

As for American unions generally going along with U. S. foreign policy . . . one can as readily fault the labor movements in most countries in the two World Wars, and at present as well. An ideologically united world labor movement is impractical, I believe, though Radosh seems to assume there should be one. *Phillips L. Garman*
Professor of Labor and Industrial Relations
University of Illinois

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Garman both defends and denies the existence of corporate unionism. The basic purpose of unionism is to protect the interests of wage earners: economic, social and political. . . . Corporate union leaders reveal their limitations when they fail to wage fights for crucial demands, whenever these demands conflict with the limits of reform set by the large corporations and government spokesmen.

During World War I, Samuel Gompers decided not to call for an eight-hour day, because Newton D. Baker and Woodrow Wilson defined that demand as "revolutionary." . . . During World War II, Sidney Hillman supported FDR's use of the Army to bust the North American Aviation strike, since it interfered with the defense effort. The corporate unionists proved all too willing to abandon their original commitment to the workers when they were told not to rock the boat. These and other points will indeed be documented in my forthcoming book. . . .

It may certainly be true that the goals and program of American unions differ little from those of most West European Socialist unions, or for that matter, the Communist unions of France and Italy. But all of these bodies are social-democratic, and follow a similar corporate orientation. In May of 1968, the French CGT thus worked to curb revolutionary demands for workers' control of production and occupation of factories, and tried to channel the workers' momentum into traditional trade union considerations. It was this essential conservatism of the CP unions, in fact, that Irving Brown played upon when he skillfully manipulated to create a split in their ranks.

As for an "ideologically united world labor movement," it was exactly the desire of Jay Lovestone that all labor follow the path set out by the AFL leaders: creation of a world labor movement pledged to the line of the State Department. . . . *Ronald Radosh*

correction

We regret the misspelling of the word *dirigisme* in last week's review by Emile Capouya of Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy's *Socialism in Cuba*. *The Editors*

EDITORIALS

Presidency and President

Appealing for love, sympathy and unqualified support, Lyndon B. Johnson pleaded, "I'm the only President you've got." It was the American version of the "cult of personality," and it failed. Now this wrongheaded view of the democratic process is being raised again, by a chorus of diverse types. Hubert Humphrey, having said quite distinctly at the Midwest Democratic Conference that Mr. Nixon's honeymoon was over, informs us after a nice talk with Dick that "we have only one President at a time." David S. Broder, who nowadays is the voice of the Establishment among political commentators, does a piece about how easy and wicked it is to "break" the President. This theme is picked up in the House, and Dean Acheson warns us of a major constitutional crisis "if we make a habit of destroying Presidents."

This "breaking the President" bogy needs to be looked at both in general and in the current situation. Most of us were taught to respect the *office* of the Presidency and, when we can, the incumbent. Whether or not the second is possible depends more on the President than on us. Every President enjoys an enormous lead time of approval and support and can count on great backlogs of public favor if he knows how to make a halfway intelligent and honest appeal to the public. These are the facts we must start with.

Long before he reached the White House, Mr. Nixon gave many Americans what they regard as good reason to distrust him. So he assumed the Presidency under a cloud of political and partisan misgivings as to his sincerity—even that measure of sincerity an active politician is expected to exhibit. Yet both the public and the politicians gave him the benefit of the doubt. He could not possibly complain that he did not enjoy an extended "honeymoon." His detractors remained silent and the press leaned over backward to be fair. So the long summer days passed at San Clemente, with the mood of the country seemingly quiet and serene. We suggested at that time that the Administration was misjudging the underlying temper of the people, and so it has turned out.

For the present loss of confidence the President has only himself to blame. As a candidate he made promises which as President he did not keep. That is scarcely a novel failing, but in Mr. Nixon's case the promises were so sweeping and direct that a total failure to live up to them could not go unobserved. "The next President," Mr. Nixon declared, "must take an activist view of his office. He must articulate the nation's values, define its goals and marshal its will. Under a Nixon administration, the Presidency will be involved in the entire sweep of America's public concerns." This and other statements of purpose have been blandly ignored.

Mr. Nixon has never been strong on principle, and political tricks and posturing do not suffice. He has not been candid, his press secretary is the least informative in recent history, and his director of communications seems to view his job as that of running an advertising agency. Three months were allowed to go by without a press conference. It is little wonder that the press began to

complain that the Administration lacked leadership. Yet, having to such an extent isolated himself, Mr. Nixon in effect asks us to continue to trust him blindly. As one example, having made only token departures from his predecessor's policy toward Vietnam, he bids the country be patient while with the help of President Thieu, whom he cited as one of the world's great statesmen, he brings us an "honorable" peace.

Still other considerations explain the country's rising impatience. According to the textbooks and hoary tradition, the President is the best informed, if not the wisest, of men in public life. On the same theory, he gets the best advice. But is he, and does he? Consider Dean Acheson's exhortation. In the same breath in which he tells us to back the President and keep quiet, he also tells us that President Johnson was badly briefed and got the wrong intelligence evaluations; moreover that he, Acheson, had to tap second-echelon personnel to learn the hard facts he needed to advise President Johnson about Vietnam. If McCarthy, Clark Clifford, Acheson and others had not shaken him out of his complacency, Johnson might have continued to escalate the war.

Is Mr. Nixon any better informed? Can Lodge and Bunker give him better advice than they gave Johnson? Is he reading the public mind any better than Johnson did before the ax fell? Could anything be more maladroit than Mr. Nixon's declaration that "under no circumstances whatever" would he be affected by demonstrations and protests, followed by evidence that he is affected to the extent of throwing General Hershey to his critics, issuing transparently dishonest data on draft calls and, in the view of some observers, going into a flurry of overreaction to the October 15 moratorium?

There is no fault in the Presidency that could not be cured by qualities of real principle and leadership in the incumbent. If he doesn't get the support he feels he deserves, he should ask himself why. What has he done that was wrong, what has he failed to do that would have been right? The finger points at him, no one else.

The Snowballing Effect

Critics of the American mode of decision making tend to overlook one significant fact. The country is culturally diverse. It operates at different levels of understanding, of reference, of assumptions.

Precisely because it is that kind of country, opinion on complex issues forms slowly. On the surface not much seems to be happening, or it all seems pointed in one direction, with little counter-movement. Then a dissent starts, matures slowly at first, then often staggers everyone by emerging explosively as a near-majority opinion. From there it has only a little way to go and it *is* the majority opinion. Everyone is appropriately surprised and forgets the phenomenon until next time.

Why is the peculiar way in which opinion forms in this country so often forgotten? Why is it that normally bright individuals, even those supposedly expert in public relations, so consistently fail to spot the cloud that is no bigger than a man's fist?

I. F. Stone notes that "when Howard Zinn in *The*

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IN THIS ISSUE

October 27, 1969

EDITORIALS
426

ARTICLES

430 The Urban Coalition: Who Gives a Damn? *Malcolm Kovacs*

432 The Chicago 8: Wire Taps: Disclosed or Leaked? *Philip W. Moore*

434 Negro Colleges: Escape from the Dark Cave *John U. Monro*

440 United Nations: The Melancholy Rituals *Richard J. Walton*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

444 Reality at White Heat *Jerome Rothenberg*

444 Translations of American Indian Poetry

447 Dennison: The Lives of Children *Ned O'Gorman*

448 Hoover: On Communism Rader: False Witness *Frank J. Donner*

450 Rudofsky: Streets for People *Sherman Paul*

451 Theatre *Harold Clurman*

452 Films *Robert Hatch*

453 Records *David Hamilton*

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THE NATION *Volume 209*
No. 14

Nation a few years ago first proposed immediate and unconditional withdrawal [from Vietnam], he was a political leper." ("Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal," *The Nation*, February 6, 1967.) "Leper" is perhaps too strong a term, but certainly there was no mad rush to join the "withdrawal now" forces, such as they were. But today Zinn has an army at his back; in one form or another almost everyone is for withdrawal. The question is how.

The Nation is attuned to this problem because we live by it. When Fred J. Cook wrote "Juggernaut: The Warfare State," it seemed quite unlikely that in a few years his handling of the military-industrial complex would become a journalistic cliché, with everyone joining the act, falling over themselves to repeat what Cook had said —and often unaware that he had said it first.

The Establishment, so-called, could save itself a lot of time, energy and money by reading the small-circulation journals of critical opinion. It would not have to adopt their views, only use them for purposes of prognosis. The small journals are not always prophetic, but a few days of research would convince anyone that they forecast what is to come far oftener than do the big-circulation media. The basic reason is that the big fellows live for today's circulation and advertising.

The big journals will continue to do what they have always done. But what of the politicians? They certainly would benefit, at no risk whatever, from reading the low-circulation papers, which is where the ideas are spawned and the movements begin. Essentially, Mr. Nixon is in trouble because throughout his political career he has identified foresight with bigness. John F. Kennedy was the last President who did pay a little attention to the "intellectual" press; but he made his decisions—the Bay of Pigs, for instance—on other premises. Mr. Nixon has a chance to do better, but the chances are he won't.

'Custeristic'

Mark Rudd, leader of the Weatherman faction now in control of the national SDS, justifies his policy of seeking violent confrontation by saying that white Americans "have to start fighting, take risks, take some of the damages, of the costs, off the backs of black people and Third-World people, and do some damage." But when the Weathermen demonstrated in Chicago earlier this month, in rivalry with rallies held by the moderate wing of the now-sundered SDS, it was the latter whose meeting was co-sponsored by the Black Panthers and the Puerto Rican Young Lords. And Fred Hampton, Illinois chairman of the Black Panthers, denounced the Weathermen as "anarchistic, opportunistic and Custeristic."

That last epithet is significant, for Custer is scarcely a symbol of racial fraternity, and it focuses on what is most wrong about the Rudd approach to world problems. The Weatherman faction is made up of a body of middle-class youth—now rather wickedly seeking to enlist high school children as their shock troops—who have generated within themselves a sense of guilt from privilege, which they would now expiate by leading the oppressed races of the world to revolutionary victory. Considering the comparative numbers involved, that is perhaps the most elitist venture in the history of revolutionary abortions. And the black, brown and yellow races have had enough of elitism.

The Weathermen have adopted an ominously vague slogan: "Bring the war home." If it means anything, it threatens a state of such violent chaos in the States that the military will be forced to withdraw their regiments from Vietnam to curb the destruction here. A country which imposes order by military force is necessarily a dictatorship. It may be that Rudd sees the road to freedom and justice as passing through tyranny, and it may be that he can persuade high school students to agree with him. But he will not persuade blacks, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans, who have knowledge of suppression and need not invent ways of living dangerously.

In a sense the Weathermen are right to decry their privileges and to denounce their schooling. They know themselves to be the sons and daughters of the Middle Class, in whose name all authority in this country asserts its legitimacy. They expect to pay for their deeds of extremism—they are not hypocrites—and indeed they calculate that the payment is itself the first step toward their goal ("just the fact that we are willing to fight the police is a political victory"); but what if the strategy proves wrong, if victory cannot be won in the name of Che Guevara? When a Weatherman takes off his football helmet and his denim jacket, he becomes a white kid headed uptown. What can a black kid take off?

And this attempt to equate the jungles of Latin America with the industrialized cities of the North, to find parallels between a peasant population and a unionized, affluent working class, suggests that their teachers have not shown these youths how to draw analogies. They have heard the despairing voice of Marcuse; they have not grasped the power of the syllogism.

America, it is just possible, can be mobilized to repudiate the futile policies that have deranged its values in the last thirty years. But America cannot possibly be led by the nose by a group of ill-informed youths shouting irrelevant insults and wielding clubs at available targets. In Chicago, they achieved the almost impossible task of making Mayor Daley's police look like public servants. And in Chicago they broke the neck of a city official. By that one act they compromised, at least for a time, the whole protest movement in America.

Viva Curran!

The high point of the National Maritime Union's fifteenth convention, held in New York earlier this month, was the almost unanimous vote, to ringing applause, whereby the 475 delegates of the 50,000 members pocketed $525 apiece in "subsistence," plus first-class roundtrip-fares, for spending fourteen hours in three days at the Commodore Hotel. The first order of business was the appointment of all committees by Joseph Curran, who has been president of the NMU during its entire thirty-three years. All resolutions must pass through these committees, and only those recommended may be discussed. To delegates who complained that their resolutions had been ignored, Curran replied, "New subjects come up under New Business." But the catch to that

was that just as the agenda was reaching New Business, Curran announced: "And so we come to the end of this convention." The delegates promptly adjourned.

Curran's aim this year was to legitimize a presidential decree by which he had taken the NMU away from the seamen—whom he can no longer control—and established his machine anew on a catchall membership. Thus 7,500 brassière and shoe employees, gravediggers, car salesmen and Panamanian workers can now vote on seamen's contracts and for the officials who will service vessels from New York to Yokohama. In the NMU the entire membership votes for every officer.

Those who can vote, that is. By requiring that seamen accumulate 800 days of sea time, the NMU relegates 40 per cent of its maritime members (all of whom pay $160 a year in "service fees") to second-class status, with neither voice nor vote. Meanwhile, shoreside workers are given their NMU books on the spot.

James Morrissey, leader of the opposition, suggested that seamen and land workers each elect their own officers and determine their own policies. This was a criticism of Curran's empire and, while criticism may be seen elsewhere as a sign of organizational good health, in the NMU it is considered treason. Curran castigated the dozen or so members of the opposition as "lower than scum . . . paid provocateurs." And Morrissey was given no chance to reply.

Curran has a tremendous machine with unlimited funds. It pays him a salary of $92,050, it supplies him with a limousine and pays its chauffeur $18,048, and it is setting aside for his retirement a plum of $650,000. There is just one buzzing anxiety to disturb the emperor's repose: all that power and affluence depend on the patient silence of 50,000 members. And each of those workers has a brain in his head. (See "Curran's NMU" by Dorian J. Fliegel, *The Nation*, January 30, 1967.)

Once the Headlines Vanished

Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) has been struggling for years to put a $20,000 ceiling on annual price support payments to larger growers. Last May he succeeded in getting the limitation written into the House bill by a vote of 224 to 142, largely because, on a state by state, county by county basis, he was able to correlate hunger statistics—"hunger" was in the May headlines because of Sen. George McGovern's investigations—with large subsidy payments. But the Senate deleted the limitation, as we predicted it would ("The Sweet Smell of Subsidy"; *The Nation*, June 16), and last week efforts to restore it failed by the close vote of 177 to 181. The measure now goes to conference and Mr. Findley will have a final chance this year to achieve his objective when the House considers the conference report.

Actually he had the necessary votes, but when the leaders of both parties learned how the House would vote, strong pressure was applied to get ten Congressmen—each leadership delivered five—to vote against the measure. The Republican leadership wanted to please the states and interests that benefit from large subsidy payments, including Sen. James Eastland, senior member of the Senate Agriculture Committee, who last year pocketed more than $100,000 in subsidy payments from his cotton operations. The Democratic leadership felt compelled to obey the desires of such committee chairmen as Poage (Texas) Agriculture, Mahon (Texas) Appropriations, Teague (Texas) Veterans Affairs, Rivers (South Carolina) Armed Services, and Colmer (Mississippi) Rules. Once the hunger headlines had vanished, the bipartisan squeeze play could be carried out backstage.

Not That Simple

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is in trouble over its blacklisting of scientists (see editorial, "'Security' in HEW," *The Nation*, July 28) and, unlike the CIA and the military, it is not in a position to hush up scandal on grounds of national security. A panel headed by the departmental Under Secretary, John G. Veneman, Jr., is investigating. A suit has been filed in Federal District Court in Boston to compel the department to make public its files on persons, including many prominent scientists, who have failed to pass its security checks. A former HEW administrator says, "The whole security business in the department is a mess and has been for years."

Richard D. Lyons of *The New York Times* obtained one blacklist, compiled by the National Institute of Mental Health (mental health!) listing the names of forty-eight "ineligible" scientists. Estimates of the total number of proscribed scientists range from 200 to 500. Yet several former Secretaries—Abraham A. Ribicoff, Anthony J. Celebrezze and Wilbur J. Cohen—whose word cannot be doubted, say that they never heard anything about blacklisting in all their years in the department.

When one reflects on the varieties of skulduggery that permeate large, complex organizations, this obliviousness at the top is quite plausible. Moreover, only a fraction of what has been going on may be brought to light by the unearthing of a few blacklists. And the tangible blacklists may have done less harm than those blacklists—or "graylists"—which were never reduced to writing.

In the government, especially, it is important to keep the institutional, the bureaucratic factor in mind when surveying a situation of this sort. A prudent subordinate is likely to refrain from calling a Cabinet officer's attention to something which it might embarrass him to know. Down at the lower levels the rule is: when in doubt, don't put this or that scientist on an advisory panel. True, he might make the panel more effective, but if it should turn out that he has displeased some Congressman with his views on the Vietnamese War or one of a dozen other "controversial" issues, there could be trouble for the functionary who failed to bar him. Some blacklists exist only in the heads of people of this kind, based perhaps on mere suspicion or hearsay.

The Veneman panel has an important and difficult job ahead of it. The cure lies not only in investigation but in the hope that more Secretaries and administrators will insist on knowing more of what goes on in their departments, encourage input of information from below, cultivate relations with the press (particularly the critical press) and take pains to guard against what they know are the pitfalls of every bureaucratic setup.

WHO GIVES A DAMN?

MALCOLM KOVACS
Mr. Kovacs resigned recently as associate director of the Washington Urban Coalition. Last year he completed graduate work at the London School of Economics.

Remember the Urban Coalition? Created out of the mixed motives of idealism and fear of riots, it made its public debut in August 1967, with an emergency convocation of some 2,000 national leaders from minority groups, big business, labor, religion and local government. Meeting shortly after the Detroit and Newark riots of that summer, the leaders discussed the "urban crisis" and adopted a statement affirming their dedication to a greatly improved lot for blacks to prove that the American system can indeed work for everyone.

The assembled leaders were charged to return to their cities and there set up local Urban Coalitions as prodders, pushers, coordinators, toward the end of upgrading minority status in such basic areas as housing, jobs, businesses, transportation and health care. Each local Coalition was to act as a powerful liberal alliance of a city's power structure to press for needed changes in both the public and private sector. The key element that was to make this strategy effective was to be business leadership working actively with and for the black community. Businessmen were recognized as the powerful and previously untapped source of strength for professional Negro organizations and black community groups in traditional alliance with liberal religious and labor leaders.

Since that meeting, John Gardner has assumed leadership of the national Urban Coalition, a large national staff of some sixty persons has been added, and Coalitions have been attempted in some forty cities. The Coalition has generated a great amount of interest and idealism as perhaps one of the most important private initiatives to make needed social changes. The national Coalition's steering committee and task forces include some of the nation's most powerful leaders. The Ford Foundation and big business have generously supported the national Coalition.

But talking to reporters at a breakfast meeting earlier this month, Mr. Gardner expressed deep concern over the nation's lack of momentum in the solution of domestic problems, said of the Nixon Administration that it is "still awaiting an urban policy" and acknowledged that local Coalitions were finding it difficult to organize genuine community-wide attacks on urban ills because some businessmen and other white leaders have "a deep reluctance to take off their coats and meet with people from the other end of town." He warned that the country was approaching "a final state of affluent misery—Croesus on a garbage heap."

This bleak appraisal, in such sharp contrast with the lofty phrases and high-minded intentions voiced by Gardner and others at the inception of the Urban Coalition, can be documented from the experiences of one local Urban Coalition, in this case Washington, D.C. The capital is, perhaps, not a typical American city—no city is typical in any strict sense—but its urban problems, the devices it has employed to solve them, and the results to date are repeated in city after city where Coalitions have been established.

The Washington Urban Coalition was formed shortly before the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., sparked the Washington riots of April 1968. Key figures active from the start were the Rev. Geno Baroni, head of the Catholic Archdiocese's Urban Affairs Office and head of a Catholic Church-supported, nonprofit housing group; the Rev. Philip Newell, a white Protestant activist associated with the local Council of Churches; Isaac Frank, head of the local Jewish Community Council; Sterling Tucker, then executive director of the Washington Urban League and now vice chairman of the Washington City Council (to which he was appointed by President Nixon earlier this year); J. C. Turner and Philip Daugherty, both from the local Central Labor Council leadership; Glen Watts, head of the Communications Workers and then also chairman of the Health and Welfare Council; William Calomiris, head of his own real estate firm and then president-elect of the Board of Trade, and Marion Barry, black community leader and a director of Pride, Inc., a successful job training program for "dudes." Washington's conservative Cardinal O'Boyle was an early endorser of the Coalition idea, but never participated actively although he sat on the board of directors.

The Coalition's first president was Walter McArdle, president of a small Washington-based printing company who was active in Catholic affairs, the Board of Trade and the local branch of the National Conference of Christians and Jews (NCCJ). These religious, labor, business and black leaders were the basic membership of the Coalition's *ad hoc* committee which grew into the Coalition's board of directors of some thirty members. McArdle was made president after several bigger businessmen had declined to serve.

As soon as the Washington riots began, Mayor-Commissioner Walter Washington called a number of Coalition members to his office to ask for their help with food, shelter and job assistance to persons hurt in the riot. Several Coalition business and church leaders did provide relief assistance in cooperation with the local Health and Welfare Council and community groups. This emergency action is the Coalition's proudest—and almost sole—achievement.

From its inception, the Washington Urban Coalition has remained on the side lines of the political process. The main reason for this inactivity has been that the Coalition was controlled by *status quo* whites who were seldom challenged by the black board members. For most of its existence, an inner circle of very moderate types from the NCCJ has kept the Coalition passive. The dominant figure has been Gerald Siegel, *The Wash-*

ington Post's counsel, a shrewd pro-business moderate who served as an assistant to Lyndon Johnson in the fifties.

Once the riots were over, the Coalition whites were unsure what to do next. After some discussion, it was agreed to hold community meetings in different black sections of the city to hear what black community representatives wanted an Urban Coalition to do. Many blacks were skeptical about these visits from whitey, coming so soon after the riots. Marion Barry, among others, was active in the community hearings, at some risk to his own position with Pride's bitter clients. The businessmen who took part in these meetings, like Arthur Newmyer, head of Newmyer Associates, who had come to the Coalition from NCCJ, found the experience educational. They came to understand a little better the desperate needs of black communities and the puny efforts of black community groups because of their limited resources. But there was no immediate follow-up to these meetings, no action on specific requests for assistance. As a result, many blacks who attended have come to feel that their cynicism was on the mark.

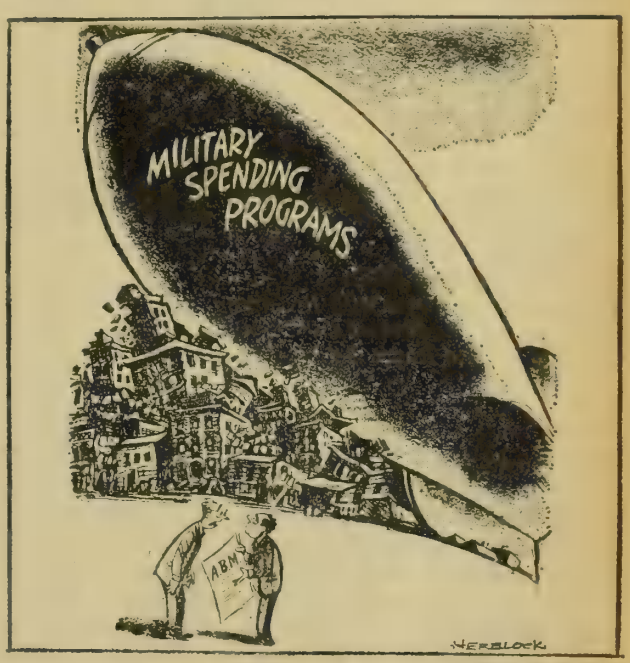
Seven months after the Coalition was created, it replaced its white acting executive director, local NCCJ executive director Donald Sullivan, with a black Washington Urban League official, Horace Morris. His appointment came after a board argument over what color the executive director should be. Led by the black Rev. David Eaton, then of Washington's Federal City College, blacks and white liberals argued that a black staff director must be appointed if the Coalition hoped to relate at all to the black community. In addition to Morris, a professional staff was hired to help run the Coalition's proposed task forces in housing, transportation, police, and other areas mentioned at the community meetings. After months of delay, task force chairmen were found and task forces assembled. However, the purpose and authority of the task forces were never made clear to either their chairmen or their members. Because of this fogginess, several task force chairmen resigned, including Negro board member Ted Hagans, who was also head of the all-Negro Chamber of Commerce.

Early this year the Coalition held a weekend retreat for board members and staff. With the help of black trainers, Coalition board members in small groups came to know one another much better and to understand more about where other people stood. Out of the weekend grew a determination by most of the forty persons present that the Coalition must begin to carve out a role for itself, beginning with a response to President Nixon's crime message on the District, which had been issued during the retreat. Many blacks criticized the President's proposal for 1,000 more D.C. policemen, pointing out that past quotas were unfilled and present policemen were being used ineffectively. But by the next board meeting the euphoria of the retreat had dissipated, traditional authority relationships had resumed and action was postponed. The Coalition took no position on the crime message or on other important matters facing the city: home rule, the current subways versus freeways dispute, the police use of Mace. Another example of inaction is the Coalition's failure to grant some $120,000 to black community groups. This money was left from funds raised at the time of the riot and was designated for use in worth-while black projects. Some forty community groups applied, and staff recommendations were made. More than a year and a half later, only two small grants have been made.

In the spring of 1969 the Washington Urban Coalition was one year old. Both whites and blacks felt embarrassed that almost nothing had been accomplished since the riot relief effort. More important, as the first anniversary of Dr. King's death approached, fears of renewed rioting grew in the business community. Businessmen held several private meetings with black leaders who were asking that city stores be closed to respect Dr. King's memory. Determined not to lose any of their pre-Easter business, the merchants refused. Instead, several downtown department stores broadcast a short speech by Mayor-Commissioner Washington on their store loudspeakers and the Washington Urban Coalition voted at its April board meeting to create a so-called Martin Luther King fund. The Coalition board pledged $50,000 (from the unspent riot relief money of a year earlier) to the King fund for aid to black housing, business and job programs. President McArdle declared in a press conference that the Coalition would try to raise up to $2 million. The King fund is still unborn, having been quietly forgotten after the danger of trouble seemed to go away.

The monthly board of directors meetings have had consistently low attendance and achieved little. Several times they have been canceled for lack of a quorum. Even the executive committee of eight members (with only two blacks and no women) has not always been able to get a quorum.

President McArdle's one-year term expired last spring, but by late summer he had still been unable to find a re-



New York Post

"By the Way, What Are We Developing To Protect Our Cities?"

placement. (In the meantime, McArdle completed plans to move his city-based printing firm to the suburbs, apparently without noting any inconsistency between such moves and the steady exacerbation of urban "problems.") By his own count, more than fifteen prominent Washingtonians declined the office. In addition, Coalition treasurer William Calomiris had been unable to get a fund-raising chairman and the Coalition's money was almost exhausted. Thus the board voted reluctantly in early September to acknowledge financial realities. The Coalition gave immediate notice to most of the professional and secretarial staff. This board meeting was a mixture of praise for the Coalition's past usefulness (never defined) and the beginning of a burial by the whites of the idea that the Coalition would do very much in the future.

The Coalition has just now prevailed upon a local shoe store executive, Frank Rich, to take over as president. Rich does not have much political punch (his business is not one of Washington's big ones), but at least he has some liberal intentions. He will inherit the only senior staff person left, executive director Walter Lewis, another former Washington Urban League staffer who served briefly as assistant secretary at HUD at the end of the Johnson administration. Present Coalition plans call for a reduced budget of about $50,000 a year, with most of this money going to staff salaries and office rent.

Part of the reason for the Coalition's failure is that most of the city's power is not in local hands. The only elected body in the District of Columbia is the school board, and this has only been the case for the past year. Most of the power over city affairs is in the hands of the local Board of Trade and Congress, many members of which are hostile to or uninterested in the majority of the District's population, which is 73 per cent black.

The fault lies also with Mayor-Commissioner Washington for not trying to use the Coalition to build support for city programs he is trying to get through Congress. The Mayor has succeeded during his two years in office in being as inoffensive as possible to the business community. In return he has received very few scraps from the master's table: the District's revenue position is still insecure, home rule has not made any noticeable progress, the Mayor has not built an effective political base for himself or the city in his dealings with Congress.

The national Urban Coalition can also be blamed. John Gardner is adept at uplifting concerned whites with fine rhetoric on the need to work for social change, but he is rarely on hand when it comes to the practical struggles needed for changes. He and his staff have used the gentle but ineffective approach of flattering local Coalition businessmen rather than attempting to draft them.

The generally conservative Washington business community's attempt to involve itself with social change was half-hearted and short-lived. With a few exceptions like lumber company executive John Hechinger, ex-City Council president, and Joseph Danzansky, Giant Food Company president, the business community has been much taken by promises of the hard line from the Nixon Administration as "the solution" to urban problems.

The Urban Coalition in practice has been an effort with little to show for it, except to have diverted blacks and white liberals from the hard political job which they have to do in a world where businessmen are more often enemies than allies.

The decline of the Urban Coalition is not, after all, a phenomenon unique to Washington; the same history comes from cities across the country. There have been no outbursts in recent months, but the conditions remain and so does the danger. Now Gardner, with his expressed disappointment over the President's domestic policies, with his image of Croesus on the garbage dump, is at least acknowledging that the threat persists and the remedy has not caught hold.

THE CHICAGO 8

Wire Taps: Disclosed or Leaked?

PHILIP W. MOORE

Mr. Moore is a lawyer with Businessmen for the Public Interest. Last year he directed the Convention Litigation Project, sponsored by the Roger Baldwin Foundation.

Chicago

Early last March the Supreme Court set up new rules governing the use of wire-tapping evidence in federal prosecutions. The government must now disclose all illegal wire tapping to the defendants. The trial court, in turn, must hold a hearing on whether any or all of the wire tapping was illegal and on whether the evidence used against the defendants, or intended to be used, was a product of illegal wire tapping. If the evidence was a product of illegal wire tapping, it cannot be used in court against the defendants.

These rules are a significant departure from past practice in federal court, where previously the government did not have to admit to wire taps, or disclose the content of its tapping. One would hope that the new rules would restrict the government's wire-tapping activities generally, but such is not the case in the conspiracy trial of the Chicago 8.

The new Supreme Court requirements came down just as the federal grand jury in Chicago was concluding its investigation of the convention disorders. During the previous month reports from the grand jury had indicated that indictments were imminent, but shortly after the new wire-tap rules were announced, the press reported that the conspiracy indictments had been held up. According to these news stories the federal government did not want the conspiracy defendants to review

the transcripts of their wire tapping. In particular, the government was concerned with public disclosure that it had been wire tapping foreign embassies to the United States.

New motions seeking to modify the Supreme Court ruling were filed by the government. And the new Attorney General issued a new opinion authorizing widespread wire tapping in the interest of "national security." The government's strategy was to argue that the conspiracy wire tapping was legal inasmuch as it was done in the interest of national security. On March 20, ten days after the Supreme Court rules were known, the government indicted eight leaders of the political Left for conspiring and crossing state lines to cause a riot in Chicago during the convention. These eight are: Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden and David Dellinger (National Mobilization); Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman (Yippie); Bobby Seale (Black Panther Party) and two university professors, Lee Weiner and John Froines.

On the first court date after the indictments, attorneys for the defendants filed motions asking the government to disclose all of its illegal wire tapping and to suppress all evidence derived from illegal wire tapping. They called for a hearing on the nature of the wire-tap evidence that the government was intending to use against the defendants. The attorneys were relying, naturally enough, on the new Supreme Court rules to support their motion.

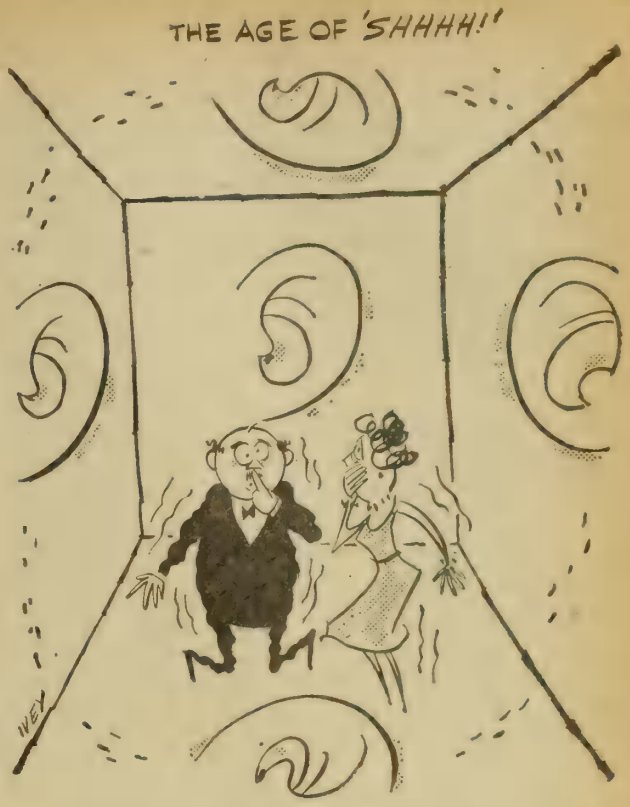
In an unprecedented move, the government admitted extensive wire tapping against most of the defendants. In all earlier wire-tap cases the government admitted wire tapping only after the trial and after the evidence had been used against the defendants.

The government turned over two tapes of admittedly illegal wire tapping, but has refused to surrender any of the other tapes (there are said to be seven), on the ground that concern for national security made the taps legal.

The trial judge, Julius Hoffman, has refused to rule on the national security argument or to hold a hearing on the nature of the government's wire tapping against the eight. He maintains stubbornly that the trial should proceed first. If the defendants are found not guilty, he argues, there is no need for hearings. He overlooks the fact that if the defendants are found guilty and a hearing discloses that illegal wire-tap evidence was used against them, he will have to hold a new trial. Moreover, he ignores the more important consideration that even if the defendants are found not guilty, they will have been subjected to a trial in which illegally obtained evidence was used against them.

The undisclosed wire tapping is admittedly illegal, except for the new proposition that national security confers legality. And since the court will not hold a hearing, the only person who makes the determination that national security is involved is Attorney General Mitchell.

Wire tapping is today widespread. Since the early 1960s the administrative definition of "subversive" has expanded so greatly that virtually any dissent can subject the dissenter to governmental eavesdropping. J. Edgar Hoover admits to tapping only forty phones in the country. It is difficult to believe this figure, but if it is true, it must mean that local agencies are tapping a great many more. The eight defendants in the conspiracy trial would account for 20 per cent of the tapping to which Hoover admits, and yet Attorney General Mitchell has indicated that wire tapping is an accepted method of law enforcement everywhere in the country.



If the determination of national security is left to such as Messrs. Mitchell and Hoover, there is still no protection against illegal wire tapping. The only time that judicial protection against wire tapping is invoked is when the government attempts to introduce wire-tap evidence against the defendants. And now in the conspiracy trial Judge Hoffman has not seen fit to invoke that protection.

There are problems enough with the use of wire tapping in court, but wire tapping has a multiplicity of other applications unrelated to court evidence. The very existence of wire tapping is itself a repression of dissent. Government officials are able to leak private facts about a person that would damage his standing and diminish his effectiveness in leading dissent.

A Chicago columnist, Mike Royko, reported not long ago that a former FBI agent took him out and tried to disclose some private facts about Martin Luther King, Jr., which had no bearing on his ability to lead the civil rights movement and no legal relevance whatsoever. Nor did these disclosures bear in any way on national security. The facts were disclosed in an apparent effort to embarrass King's leadership and diminish his standing with the press. Royko did not run the FBI's gossip.

The government has admitted illegally tapping the phones of Jimmy Hoffa and Cassius Clay, but in hear-

ings that sought to reverse their convictions the courts found that none of the evidence used against them came from the illegal taps. If the wire-tap evidence had no relevance and was not used in court, then why did the government wire tap at all? This is particularly disturbing when public disclosure of the wire tapping brands the defendant as subversive, even if the government could not use the information to convict him.

Electronic eavesdropping in some of its forms has no use other than pure spying. In a memorandum anticipating the Democratic convention Chicago police noted that they had a "capability to monitor and tape Citizens Band and walkie-talkie transmissions in the area—(dissident groups)." Certainly radio communications by demonstrators were intercepted, but it is also likely that, in a period when phones were out of commission because of a strike, communications between campaign staff members were also intercepted. Apparently, the only people who determined which groups were "dissident" were members of the Chicago police.

Wire tapping is a form of search; it is a search of oral conversations. In any other type of search or seizure, the police must get a warrant before it can proceed. Moreover, the victim is aware of the search at the time it takes place or shortly thereafter. In wire tapping, no court exercises prior restraint over the search and the victims are not aware of it at the time it takes place. And since the products of the search are rarely introduced in court, the victim has no way of challenging the search at a subsequent time. Its fruits are simply filed away in the victim's records for whatever subsequent use the police may make.

That is the essential danger of current wire-tapping practices. Under the guise of national security, the government may compile information on private citizens. If the concept of national security legitimizes wire tapping, and thus protects it from judicial or public review, then we may all expect our phones to be tapped. And if the government is the only judge of whether or not a phone should be tapped in the interest of national security, we shall have no control over the use of wire-tapped information.

Of the many issues being litigated in the trial of the Chicago 8, perhaps none is so crucial as the general theme: governmental repression. These eight are being tried under a repressive law in a repressive city by a repressive judge. But what is most disturbing is that they are also being tried by the underbelly of the government. The witnesses against them are paid informants who posed as demonstrators, some, perhaps, being provocateurs; they are the cops who spent the summer of 1968 tailing these defendants, and they are the agents who have listened to numerous, usually irrelevant, phone conversations. You would think that if these defendants had been committing crimes while the cops were listening in, they would have arrested them then. Instead, they compiled the information, in case someone like Mitchell should decide to use it in a political trial. And in a political trial it is political, not legal, considerations that will prevent wire tapping.

NEGRO COLLEGES

ESCAPE FROM THE DARK CAVE

JOHN U. MONRO

Mr. Monro, dean of Harvard College from 1958 to 1967, is now director of freshman studies at Miles College, Birmingham, Ala.

Birmingham

At Miles College, in Birmingham, I am responsible for trying to develop and conduct a freshman program for some 300 young men and women, all black, who come to us from the local schools in Alabama. It is fifteen years since the great *Brown* decision of the Supreme Court ordered the desegregation of the schools, but hardly one of our 300 freshmen has ever had a white teacher before, or been to school with white classmates. Alabama is now fiftieth on the list of states in per-pupil expenditure for schooling (about $400 per child per year, as compared with about $1,000 in New York State), and in the South —as in the North—black schools seem to get the short end of the budget allocations. So it is no surprise that after twelve years of school, the students coming to Miles seem to be, on average, at about the 9th or 10th grade level in mathematical and language skills.

I recall very well that in my previous incarnation, when I was a dues-paying member of the white community, I had a hard time taking seriously the notion that I and my well-meaning, liberal-minded, church-going friends were bigoted racists. And a couple of years back when I first heard young black people accusing us good white folks of "genocide," I considered the accusation dangerous, and also rather paranoid and absurd. But I see things somewhat differently now. I find it a particularly rich experience to live and work in a black community, mainly because in the black community you develop a clarity of vision about the realities of American life.

I have learned how important it is to listen to the metaphors with which black poets have tried to describe the pain that they feel. For example, one day six years ago a strong, gentle young black man, a Harvard undergraduate, laid on my desk a copy of W.E.B. Du Bois' *Souls of Black Folk*. He said: "If you really want to know what I'm thinking, and what makes me move, then you must read this book." So, of course, I read it, and admired it in an intellectual way. But now, six years later,

I know what my young friend meant and what an honor he conferred on me by inviting me in.

Day by day, in my new incarnation my respect grows for W.E.B. Du Bois. As a Harvard man, I find it incredible that Harvard had Du Bois as an undergraduate and gifted graduate student seventy years ago, and let him go. It sometimes seems to me that our national history might have been different otherwise. But Harvard saw Du Bois as a Negro and let him go. And it seems to me a great national tragedy and loss, and characteristic of us as a people, that we now categorize Du Bois as a Communist, and so turn away from a life and work which would help us to understand our national guilt and our present convulsions. Here is how white America looked to Du Bois:

> It is as though one, looking out from a dark cave in a side of an impending mountain, sees the world passing and speaks to it; speaks courteously and persuasively, showing them how these entombed souls are hindered in their natural movement, expression, and development; and how their loosening from prison would be a matter not simply of courtesy, sympathy, and help to them, but aid to all the world.
>
> One talks on evenly and logically in this way but notices that the passing throng does not even turn its head, or if it does, glances curiously and walks on.
>
> It gradually penetrates the minds of the prisoners that the people passing do not hear; that some thick sheet of invisible but horribly tangible plate glass is between them and the world.
>
> They get excited; they talk louder. They gesticulate. Some of the passing world stop in curiosity; these gesticulations seem so pointless; they laugh and pass on. They still either do not hear at all, or hear but dimly, and even when they hear, they do not understand.
>
> Then the people within may become hysterical. They may scream and hurl themselves against the barriers, hardly realizing in their bewilderment that they are screaming in a vacuum, unheard, and that their antics may seem funny to those outside looking in.
>
> They may even, here and there, break through in blood and disfigurement, and find themselves faced by a horrified, implacable, and quite overwhelming mob of people frightened for their own very existence.

What makes Du Bois' metaphor of the black people imprisoned in the cave, behind the plate glass window, so terrible is that it is still true, today, right down to the bloody bit about what happens to the occasional black man who breaks through the barrier and runs into the mob of frightened whites.

Other poets have produced other terrible metaphors for our national curse. Langston Hughes spoke of Harlem, "here on the edge of Hell," "where a nickel costs a dime." Hughes, too, saw racial prejudice as a *wall*; when I was a young man, he said, "the wall rose slowly, slowly, between me and my dream, dimming, hiding the light of my dreams, rose until it touched the sky—the wall." For Richard Wright the terrible thing that thrust in between him and the world was the vision of a horrid lynching, a black man burned, and around the scene "upon the trampled grass . . . buttons, dead matches, butt ends of cigars and cigarettes, peanut shells, a drained gin-flask, and a whore's lipstick." Ralph Ellison's great metaphor was the *Invisible Man*, and I remind you that, though we usually think of Ellison as a moderate and literary man, the first thing his invisible man does, as we meet him, is beat within an inch of his life a blue-eyed white man who bumped and insulted him one dark night. Ellison has his invisible man run from the scene "laughing so hard I feared I might rupture myself."

Or take the metaphor of a sensitive young white man, Jonathan Kozol, who tried to teach in the segregated black schools in Boston, and was fired for having his students read Langston Hughes's poem, "Ballad of the Landlord." Kozol called his book, *Death at an Early Age*, and his subtitle was: *The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools.*

It seems wise to try to communicate what I am trying to say by resorting to metaphor, because the plain statistical facts of our racism are so well known, have been so well known so long, and have so little effect. In this free and rich society, *if* a man is black, just *because* he is black, this is his table of probabilities:

Twice as many black babies as white will die before age 1; because they are black. Four times as many mothers will die in childbirth; because they are black. Between the ages of 30 and 60, twice as many blacks will die as whites. There is three times more chance that a black student will drop out of school before 6th grade, and about one-half the chance that he will finish high or college. In the South, only 15 per cent of young black men and women of college age will get to college, as compared to 50 per cent for young white people; this means that each year some 75,000 black young men and women of college ability, reaching college age, just do not get to college at all; because they are black.

The tabulation goes on, as long as it is familiar. We could go into the matter of jobs, of income levels, of opportunity for real management positions; we could go into housing, what it's like to be confined in a ghetto; we could go into the bloody figures of the military draft for fighting in Vietnam, and the great white sanctuary of college and graduate school; we could document the behavior of white police in black neighborhoods.

In my freshman Social Studies class at Miles I must each day try to explain the American social and political structure to fifteen black young men and women, who, it develops, already know more about the dirty side of that system, and how it *really* operates, than I can ever know. One big, strong, black young man in that class whom I have come to respect particularly is Fred Rogers. Mr. Rogers is a steady man of 24, who has served five years in the Army, three of them in Vietnam. He knows all about the percentage of Negro combat troops in Vietnam, and the high percentage of Negro young men in the daily body counts. He lives in a part of town where there is no sewage system, and no paved streets; where black people live in rickety shacks, Negro schools are third rate, and where the prospect is, if he finished on

through college, he can hope maybe some day to be a schoolteacher, if he is careful not to offend anybody. In Alabama he would make better money as a carpenter, or in the steel mills. But he has no real chance of getting a job in business or industry commensurate with his power as a man—his intelligence, his energy, his force.

Fred Rogers is an expert on the brutality of the American social and economic system. He comes to class each day, sits down front, and stares at me unblinking and unsmiling as I try to explain to him and his black classmates how the American social system works.

Mr. Rogers is unfailingly polite and does not say much, but when he does come on, it is like a ton of bricks. And, of course, his presence tends to affect the whole class, my own preparation and presentation of the material, and the response from the other students. I am sure that as a white man trying to present this material, I often annoy and frustrate Mr. Rogers. He seldom shows his annoyance, which is a tribute to his patience and manners. But in that class we are always operating on the edge of annoyance and frustration, and because it is tough and tense, it is the best educational mix in the world.

One day in class we were discussing the phenomenon of "culture," when Mr. Rogers weighed in. "As I listen to this," he said, "it seems to me that I am a man living in two cultures. Or anyway, I was brought up and I live in a black culture; and to get along, I have to learn how to cope with the white culture. And these two cultures are different; in fact one seems very hostile; and it is damned hard."

Given what he has been through in Vietnam, what he lives with every day in Bessemer, and the struggle he faces in the years ahead just to get a decent, self-respecting job in our society, I must say I find Mr. Rogers incredibly moderate. What he has been through, and what he confronts, just because he is black, entitles him to regard me, or any other white man, *categorically*, as the enemy, as part of the evil force oppressing every hour of his life. The miracle—the daily miracle of Miles College and the Birmingham black community—is that Fred Rogers and his classmates, and parents, have not yet come to hate white people categorically. They are still moderate—tough and independent and alert and taking no nonsense—but still willing to talk and listen and work through institutions. The moderation is not for eternity; we are in a terrible race with the erosion of good will in the black community. This fact, already all too visible in the North, is now becoming visible in the South. By a miracle, we still have time, but not much time, and the opportunity to do what must be done is slipping away.

Do I mean by all this that "integration is dead"? That is a central question. In an interview with *Look* Mrs. Betty Shabazz, the widow of Malcolm X, said: "Blacks have been trying to integrate for nearly four centuries, and they have failed. Integration has failed. We have been forced into separate neighborhoods and separate lives, and now we have to go our own way. Now we blacks are going to rule ourselves."

I note certain similarities between Mrs. Shabazz's position and Fred Rogers' position, and what may be a difference. Fred Rogers is planning, somehow, for all the difficulties, to break through and make it in the general national community; and he is planning, at the same time, to turn his energies and talents to the strengthening of the black community. He sees a strong black community as a power base from which he can hope to have some impact on the white community, for himself and his own career, and for others. He would not call what he wants "integration"; what he wants is *equality* of education, of job opportunity; he wants justice, a say in the government, and freedom to move about like any other self-respecting citizen. There's an important difference between "equality" and "integration." For one thing, the idea of integration, as most white people think of it, bores Fred Rogers stiff. He finds most white people cold, hypocritical, inhumane, selfish, impersonal, driven by altogether stupid ambitions involving status and material wealth—in a word depersonalized and "hung up." After two years at Miles College, living in the black community of Birmingham, I think Mr. Rogers sees the white community just about right.

What is more important, Fred Rogers has begun to learn how the United States really works. What white America respects is not weakness but strength; America respects not rational pleas for help but rather any serious threat to vital parts of the system; and most particularly any threat to profits and sacred property. I am old enough to remember the great national labor struggles in the 1930s. We learned then that our great industries—Ford, General Motors, big steel—were not responsive to the needs and concerns of the individual workers, until the workers, with a prolonged, brutal effort, pulled their thing together, and developed the institutional strength to stop the great factories and shut off their profits. Then the working man got attention, and he got respect. He became then a *respectable* threat; an organized, institutional threat.

The American black community will start making real progress in the United States when it discovers the analogy between its own position and the position of unorganized labor a half century ago. It will not work in our society to think of the black community as a separate nation: the metaphor is just wrong. But it will work to think of the black community as a great, national, *black union*. Let me push the analogy one step further. Whereas labor unions were in a position to command respect and attention because they could, and did, close down factories, the black community is in a position to command respect and attention because it can shut down great cities. That threat strikes a nerve in the power structure: it makes its money in the great cities.

So, I believe very strongly in some form of Black Power. I think that the only way any group of people gets along in this country is by strength and not weakness. I observe that our special national genius seems to be the organizing of social institutions, large and small, to accomplish all sorts of purposes. And I observe further that the black people have never gotten seriously into this universal national game, this organizing of effective units of institutional power.

A lot of people I meet, white and black, are scared by the idea of Black Power. I am bound to say that Black Power scares me a whole lot less than industrial power or military power, or the unholy marriage of those two; and scares me a good deal less than what we experience in Alabama as Wallace power, or in Chicago as Daley power. Indeed, it seems to me that the most serious social consequences for us lie not in developing institutional strength and responsibility in the black community—black unity—but in the continuation of a condition of black powerlessness, accompanied by tokenism and oppression. That way surely lie frustration and deepening anger, and terrible social explosions.

One obvious consequence of what I have been saying—obvious enough to me, anyway—is that as a society we should realize the importance of the predominantly Negro colleges, and find ways to make them strong and effective. There are some 120 junior and senior black colleges, almost all in the South, and they enroll more than 125,000 students, something more than half of all the black students going to college in the United States. This percentage is slowly diminishing as formerly all-white colleges warm up to their responsibilities. But the importance of colleges like Miles increases month by month. In his very constructive and thoughtful study of the black colleges published in 1965, Earl McGrath noted that some 40 per cent of the students come from families with incomes below $4,000; indeed 70 per cent come from families with incomes below $6,000. In the country at large, 80 per cent of all students going to college have family incomes *above* $6,000. The black colleges are reaching a seriously disadvantaged population that no other colleges even know about, much less can reach.

I have already said that the freshman class at Miles College seems, after twelve years of school, to be on the average at the 9th- or 10th-grade level. These figures are not at all atypical, and they do not say a word as to the intelligence or academic potential of the young peole; the figures testify only to grossly inadequate schooling. And I noted earlier that each year in the South some 75,000 black boys and girls who have the potential to go to college never get there.



This is the problem that the Negro colleges have been working on, day after day, devotedly, at bare subsistence levels of support, for a hundred years. And it will continue to be the big job for the black colleges in the years ahead. It is not a job the fast-moving, rich white colleges and universities can do, at least not by themselves.

My central point here is that all the colleges in America, black and white, working together, have a most serious task cut out for them in the years ahead. *How* they should be working together is not yet altogether clear. Some notable early examples of cooperative efforts are under way, and we are learning from them. Principally the nation must become aware that the black colleges, for all their weakness and shortcomings, will be essential to this effort. They are geographically positioned to be in closest contact with some of the most needy areas. They are accustomed to working with students who are badly prepared for college, and to moving them along to graduate school. Thus they are critical centers of contact and of a growing expertise.

Another critical task for colleges like Miles is to serve as centers for the development of some measure of institutional strength in the black communities of the South. A few recent events will suggest how important such a college can be. When the city and county were slow to develop a local base for poverty programs, Miles College launched the first Head Start program in Birmingham. It developed programs for retraining industrial workers. It is a center for the attack on adult illiteracy; within the year it undertook to manage the VISTA program in the county and in counties to the south. As a consequence of new voting rights, the area is beginning to elect a few black officials into local governments. Miles is trying to provide these new officials with information and research assistance as they attack their new jobs.

So, we must come to see the Negro colleges not just as impoverished and struggling educational institutions but as centers for the development of institutional strength, of coordinated efforts of many kinds, in communities which have dangerously little institutional strength or resources. It is no accident that at Miles College, we now stress more and more the importance, after a student has completed his undergraduate and graduate work, that he come back to the South and put his hard-won skills to work in the community.

So we must quit worrying whether it is the "right thing" to support the black colleges. They are here to stay because, poor though they are, they are performing a critical function, as educational institutions and as centers of community strength. The challenge is to find ways to beef up that effort and make it more effective; through organizations like the United Negro College Fund; through government aid, as through Title III of the Higher Education Act; and through carefully worked out, long-range

associations between black colleges and white colleges.

From what I have said about the educational effort in the colleges and the importance of community organization, it follows that I am entirely sympathetic with the insistence of our black communities that they be given control over the schools that serve black children in black neighborhoods. To paraphrase Betty Shabazz on this matter: "White people would consider it insane if black people tried to run white schools. Now it's time for black people to make as much sense, and to take charge of the education of their own children." I say flatly, it is the clearest example I know of white racism, of white people's built-in sense of superiority, to assume that whites should have charge of black children's education. All the facts cry out in the other direction. White people have made schools a weapon of oppression against black children. Read Jonathan Kozol's *Death at an Early Age*.

Consider rural Alabama. The U.S. Civil Rights Commission last year revisited sixteen rural counties in southern Alabama, an impoverished farm area with a population of some 350,000, about three-fifths black. They found, among other things, that for people over 25, the median grade level of school-leaving for white people was eleven grades, and for black people 5.5 grades. The commission found also that, fifteen years after the Supreme Court decision ordering desegregation of schools, only 2 per cent of the black students were attending formerly all-white schools. I would add that the same percentage, about 2 per cent, or less, holds also in metropolitan Jefferson County, around Birmingham.

The commission found further than in Clarke County, for example, virtually all white schools were valued and insured for more than $100,000. No black school was valued above $20,000 and two were insured for $750. The commission asked the State Superintendent of Education, Mr. Ernest Stone, why Clarke County has white schools worth $100,000 and black schools worth $750. Here is Mr. Stone's verbatim reply: "Well, I would assume that the building which is assessed for $110,000 is a more expensive building than the one that is assessed for $750. That would be a reasonable assumption. Now, the state has nothing to do with the building of either one of the buildings. All the plans were promulgated by the local school system. It is a little something that we call democracy and we think it has worked pretty well."

This response will be something to think about if the federal government takes seriously the fervent demands of the South that it send to the states for education "blocks of money with no strings."

I do not find it strange or surprising, but simply inevitable, that black parents should be deeply angry at white racist management of their children's schools and should demand to run the schools themselves.

In the distribution of funds and people for the new effort of schooling, it is critical that we place a great deal of emphasis on strengthening the work in the early grades, in fact strengthen efforts like Head Start, to get the children started before age 6. It is evident, as Ivor Kraft noted in a recent article in *The Nation* ["Second-Class Schools in a First-Class Power," May 26] that improving our elementary schools will be a most difficult job. Most schools and most teachers put an emphasis on rote learning, on conformity, on obedience and order. And most teachers are little prepared to confront racial attitudes, either within themselves, or in the very young. Further, as Kraft observes, elementary schools don't have an internal force pressing hard for changes, as do the colleges. So I sense that another task for our colleges and universities, as responsible members of the nation's educational enterprise, is to try to affect in every way they can what goes on in the grade schools.

We must strive now harder than ever for desegregated education. I do not use the word "integrated," for it has certain connotations of cultural assimilation, and "integration" of that sort is simply over. But "desegregation" is clear. It means requiring the end of separate school systems, and educating young white people and young black people in the same schools, so that they can educate each other. No other item on the national agenda is more important.

The Supreme Court reached the right decision in the *Brown* case of 1954, but for the wrong reason. The Court spoke of the oppression and discouragement that fell upon the minds of young black students by the mere fact of separation, and of the need to relieve this circumstance if black children were to receive the even break guaranteed by the Constitution. What the Court would have done better to stress is the sickness of soul that descends upon white youngsters when *they* are separated and segregated, and brought up willy-nilly with a subconscious sense of white superiority.

There may seem to be a contradiction between what I said earlier about Black Power, about black control of black schools, and the need for desegregation that I now stress. The contradiction seems to me more apparent than real. We must arrive at a standoff, a confrontation, between black and white America based, not on appeals to generosity and tolerance but on conditions of real strength and self-respect and self-awareness on either side, and an awareness of and respect for the other man. The idea of a black "nation," the use of that word "nation," contains a helpful suggestion. In this crazy world a certain categorical respect attaches to membership in a recognized nation state; a foreign nationality carries more esteem, indeed, than white America renders its black citizens. I do not go all the way with black nationalists, because the metaphor becomes too confused when you think of a nation scattered in pockets large and small across 3,000 miles and surrounded by yet another nation. But the idea of a black community, of a great *black union*, united in righteous anger, and determined to work as one, is just right in the United States. It can become the basis for a position of real social strength and pride. Such a development does not at all rule out desegregation, or other contact with the white community. On the contrary, it assures that desegregation and interracial contact will produce mutual respect.

Another thing we must do if we are to have a rational future, is to teach all our people, young and old, in school and out, the long, tortured, truthful story of racial confrontation and oppression in our country. The failure of the schools, and especially the colleges, to see the central importance of this dreadful theme to our national



life—and to deal with it—is the surest sign we have of the essential insensitivity, the habit-ridden conformity, of our educational establishment. We teach every exotic thing you can think of in our great universities: Northern Welsh Literature, Middle Irish, Origins of European Romanticism, Andean Archaeology, *Beowulf*, History of the Byzantine Empire, the Minor Works of Rousseau. And the Lord knows what idiotic refinements of established professional specialties in the sciences.

In our schools we devote months on end to the *Iliad*, that poeticized story of a two-penny comic-opera war fought 3,000 years ago in the Dardanelles. But our learned faculties cannot see—as history or tragedy—our own terrible racial epic, one of the most agonized struggles in human history, involving millions of men and women over nearly four centuries. That is, they cannot see it until the black students—like the G.M. workers of thirty years ago—stop the works. The students are dead right, and let us get on with it.

Like most Americans, I have been worried that the new student rebellions would produce an uncontrollable backlash; that we would have to grind our way through a long period of repression, and then further response from students, and then still further repression by police and National Guard. We must look forward to a difficult period, no doubt, for there are hundreds of campuses where faculties have yet to discover that the history of black people in America is a topic demanding some priority over ancient Greek dialects. But I am pleased and encouraged that the crucial confrontation is taking place in the colleges and universities, which, for all their conservatism and stuffiness, are still the most responsive large institutions left in this country. We shall go through some bad experiences on the campuses—at least as bad as those of the last two years. But we shall achieve, also, some constructive results. We are having some already.

I was much impressed by President Morris Abrams' thoughtful handling of the Brandeis sit-in; and by President Levy's determination that, come what may, the University of Chicago wants to work through to solutions with its own students, without calling in the law. There are special reasons for not calling in the law of Chicago to help solve student problems, but the underlying principle is nonetheless sound.

I am most of all heartened by the recent action of a faculty committee at Harvard, working its way to a series of suggestions as to how Harvard should proceed to develop a black studies program. To arrive at its recommendation, the faculty committee met regularly with black student groups and their representatives, and the report shows on every page that the faculty was listening and learning.

Two passages from Harvard came through like music in the black community:

> The absence of course offerings in many areas of Afro-American culture is emphatically a matter of more than academic or pedagogical concern to black students. Indeed, it seems likely that the absence of such offerings is the single most potent source of the black students' discontent at Harvard. The lack of such courses can strike the black students as a negative judgment by Harvard University on the importance of these areas of knowledge and research, and, by inference, on the importance of the black people themselves.
>
> More pointedly, there is the problem faced by the black student, who, coming to Harvard, may feel more or less consciously, something of a dislocation from the black community. Many students who addressed the committee expressed the need to legitimize, inwardly as well as publicly, their presence at Harvard while other blacks remain in the ghetto, confronting its problems, bearing its burdens. Herein lies one of the major sources of the demand for courses relevant to the black experience. What the black student wants is an opportunity to study the black experience and to employ the intellectual resources of Harvard in seeking solutions to the problems of the black community—so that he will be better prepared to assist the community in solving these problems. Such educational opportunities at Harvard would help the black student to justify his separation from the larger black community—and would attest that the separation was by no means radical or permanent.

And a final statement from the same report:

> In our opinion, the *status quo* with respect to Afro-American Studies at Harvard is not satisfactory. Quite a number of courses recognize the existence of black men in the development of America: quite a bit of expertise is already available. However, merely recognizing black men as integral segments of certain overall social processes is not good enough. We are dealing with 25 million of our own people with a special history, culture, and range of problems. It can hardly be doubted that the study of black men in America is a legitimate and urgent academic endeavor. If this be so and if we are determined to launch this field of study successfully, farsighted goals and programs are required. These goals and programs should maintain and even raise academic standards; should avoid considering the black experience in isolation; and finally, should have meaning for all serious students—black and white.

Amen, brothers! Amen!

THE MELANCHOLY RITUALS

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton was the principal Voice of America correspondent at the United Nations for five years. He then resigned to write The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson *(Coward-McCann). He is now at work on a study of the foreign policy of President Kennedy, to be published by Viking Press.*

A symbol of peace, the glass tower of the United Nations Secretariat building stands tall and splendid alongside New York's East River. There and in the other modernistic buildings clustered around it, international civil servants and delegates from 126 countries go about their business: peace. The idealism of this place and these people draws hundreds of thousands of visitors each year, for the UN has become one of the world's great tourist attractions. At a time when the world is eager for the peace it so seldom sees, they come to visit the halls of peace and most of them leave with a sense of uplift, even inspiration.

So it was meant to be. Yet although the United Nations buildings are as striking as ever, and even busier, there is in these halls, undetected by the casual visitor, a deep and pervasive melancholy. It has come not because the United Nations often fails to find peace. What else but frequent failure can be expected in the quest for a goal that has eluded man since his first days on earth? Failure can be borne, but what cannot be borne is the growing fear that the United Nations is irrelevant. This institution, conceived in faith, often called "the last great hope of mankind," this institution born in the waning days of a cataclysmic general war, founded "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war," seems to be consigned to the most futile and frustrating of fates, empty ritual. There are more meetings than ever, the documents pile higher than ever, the parties continue their endless round. But what is the purpose? To try, to fail, to try again; no one can ask more of man or institution. But to be, in the words of one disillusioned Indian, "a glass house growing hothouse plants," would undermine the morale of any but the most bureaucratic.

The UN, after all, is nothing but the reflection of the world it is supposed to represent, and how does its highest officer, Secretary-General U Thant, see the world? He said in his 1968 annual report: "There has been a serious decline in the standards of international ethics and morality, with states relying increasingly on force and violence as a means of resolving their international differences. This tendency to return to force as a means of national policy strikes at the very basis of the United Nations; just settlement is sacrificed to superior might. . . . If this trend is not reversed, and if the principle of nonintervention in the free destiny of nations is not re-established, the future of international peace and security itself is indeed a very dark one."

That was a year ago. Has there been an improvement since? U Thant opened his 1969 report as follows: "During the past twelve months, the deterioration of the international situation . . . has continued." And the Secretary-General said later: "Furthermore, I have a strong feeling time is running out. This is true as much in regard to international peace and security, including disarmament, as it is true for economic and social development."

And the new president of the General Assembly, Miss Angie Brooks of Liberia, used such phrases as these in her opening address: "the gradual decline of the United Nations in the eyes of public opinion . . . the delusion that we are doing our best. . . ." She went on to say: "The sense of satisfaction, upon adoption of a resolution pleasing the purposes of one delegation or of a homogeneous group of delegations, has helped to perpetuate the mythology of achievement, so that many of us tend to go happily from one agenda item to the next without seriously considering the possibility or even probability that the resolution adopted will not be implemented."

Why this gloom? Almost everyone at the UN who will commit himself agrees with U Thant that the responsibility for the grim situation rests primarily with the United States and Russia. The two nations most important in creating the UN have in recent years not only disregarded the principles on which it is based but have brushed aside such attempts as it has made to influence them in its role of international keeper of the peace. Again, U Thant's words: "It is, certainly, a frightening commentary on the ominous state of world affairs that one superstate or the other can become exercised to the point of resorting to military action because of the liberalization of a regime in a small country like Czechoslovakia, or because of an internal upheaval in another small state, such as the Dominican Republic. . . . It is . . . a dismal outlook for the small and militarily weak states of the world—as the overwhelming majority of states are—if they can hope to control their own affairs only insofar as they do nothing to displease a powerful neighbor." Extraordinary words for Thant to direct at the two nations which can make his tenure as Secretary-General impossible.

There is a lovely irony in this situation. In April 1965, when American troops poured into Santo Domingo to crush the rebellion intended to return the democratically elected Juan Bosch to the Presidency, the Soviet Union burst out in righteous indignation against the United States in the Security Council, only to have the United States tell the Council to mind its own business, that the question was a matter solely for the Organization of American States, a puppet of the United States. And when Russian troops poured into defenseless Czechoslovakia, a righteous United States condemned the Rus-

sians in the Security Council, only to have the Russians tell the Council to mind its own business, that the question was an internal matter solely for the Warsaw Pact, a puppet of the USSR.

But if it is possible at the UN to equate Russia in Czechoslovakia with the United States in the Dominican Republic, there is nothing to balance against the American intervention in Vietnam. This intrusion, more than any other single factor, has cast the United Nations into despair. For years, as the casualties mounted, the UN has been forced to watch from the side lines; an organization whose *raison d'être* is the maintenance and restoration of peace could do no more than wring its hands. This distressed a number of Americans, including many who, though they should have known better, kept calling on the UN to act. But everyone at the UN knew that it was totally powerless. In the first place, the United States, certain that its domination of the Security Council would prevent any major embarrassment, went before that body solely to make propaganda statements. Further, it was apparent to the delegations that North Vietnam and China would not, could not, permit the UN to play a substantial role as long as they were not members. Nonetheless, U Thant for years sought behind the scenes to arrange peace talks. When he got Hanoi's consent to private talks, the United States shrugged off the arrangement. Despite these rebuffs, U Thant continued to assert, and later events swiftly bore him out, that America had only to halt the bombing of North Vietnam to get prompt peace talks.

However, Vietnam and Czechoslovakia and the Dominican Republic are only part of the story; the UN's problems are still more profound. Its writ is supposed to run the world over, but look at the map. From the day World War II ended, the great powers declared Europe out of bounds for the UN. The Monroe Doctrine has effectively kept North and South America outside its jurisdiction. With Communist China not a member, the UN's influence in Asia is marginal. That leaves only the Middle East and Africa. And the Middle East is a snake pit with neither Israelis nor Arabs, Americans nor Russians able to contribute to the area's stability. With Vietnam the UN can offer at least the legalistic excuse that North Vietnam and South Vietnam and China are not members, but what can it plead with respect to the Middle East? Israel is a creation of the UN, the two superpowers were among the first to recognize it, and Israel and its Arab neighbors are all members and thus pledged to settle differences peacefully. But again, the UN must stand idle as the Middle East seems to slide inevitably toward catastrophe.

Thus only Africa remains. The UN played a major role in hastening the pell-mell rush of African nations to independence in the early years of the decade, but that is now over. Almost all of Africa, except the bedrock racist southern tip, is today ruled by Africans. And with the racists the UN has made absolutely no progress in years of anguish. By overwhelming majorities the UN has passed hundreds of resolutions directed to South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese-ruled Angola and Mozambique. They are ignored by those to whom they are directed and dismissed as "unrealistic" by the United States, Britain, France and their allies. Unrealistic they certainly are, for these resolutions often call on the Western industrial nations to back up with political and economic action their always eloquent pleas for self-determination by free, fair elections. There is nothing more unrealistic than to expect the industrial nations to risk their investments and trade for the sake of the dignity, even the lives of the blacks of southern Africa. To the dismay of the African delegates, President Nixon in his empty speech of September 18 to the General Assembly did not even mention Africa. And the Russians offer almost unbounded verbal support, but little else.

The result is obvious. Without the active support of the industrial nations, UN action would be worse than ineffective; it would be a joke. But what is the UN to do: overlook cruel injustice; or try to act, only to be stymied by the very nations that founded it? Thus many African and Asian delegates have become bitter —and worse, apathetic and complaisant.

Some Western diplomats and correspondents blame these Afro-Asian nations for the ineffectualness of the UN. They point to the steam-roller tactics whereby the Afro-Asian bloc rams through the General Assembly resolutions on such pet questions as colonialism and South African racism. But cynically or foolishly, they confuse rhetoric with action, for these resolutions are usually without real effect. Huge Afro-Asian majorities notwithstanding, power in the world—and thus in the UN—resides with the great powers.

It is true, however, that the Afro-Asian bloc contributes much less than it could, that it seldom uses what power it has. The Afro-Asian group, joined by such relatively disinterested nations as the Scandinavians, Canada, Ireland and a few others, could raise a powerful voice. Economic and military power, to be sure, would still be limited, but if such a large group spoke out with a single voice for peace and reason, if it challenged with common sense and human concern the hypocrises of the great powers, if it proposed realistic but imaginative solutions, the UN could at least, in Thant's words, be "a vigorous and articulate third force which could serve as the voice of conscience and mankind." That would be no little achievement.

But although the Afro-Asian bloc can pull together on certain colonial, racial and economic issues, it is seldom able to do so on other great issues. Perhaps its members fail to see why they as a group should play the risky game of interceding in the disputes of the great powers, perhaps they take a certain understandable satisfaction from great power discord, perhaps they don't want to jeopardize economic or political aid from one or the other of the superpowers, or perhaps they just see no point in trying.

It often seems that the Afro-Asian delegations are content to live in their seductively pleasant but make-believe world on the East River, perhaps because the real world outside those immense glass windows is so inhospitable. But it is one world and if the weaker nations won't even try to work together on all issues for the purposes of the Charter, they must share with the

great powers some of the blame for the UN's impotence. Only if the Afro-Asian group can rise above the diplomatic busy-work referred to by Angie Brooks can it make more than a parochial contribution to the UN and world peace.

One such empty ritual is the annual debate on the seating of Communist China. There is absolutely nothing more vital to the United Nations, and to world peace, than the reintegration of China into world society. U Thant has often said in private, and less bluntly in public, that the absence of China harms the UN in every sphere of its activity.

Yet even though the importance of China's presence is beyond question, the annual debate has become perfunctory, a disagreeable chore rather than a great issue. Last November, as before in recent years, it was accomplished quickly, with little passion or conviction, even without much canvassing for votes, except possibly in a routine way by the United States and Nationalist China. Everyone knows that as long as the United States wants China kept out, it will be kept out; the merits of the case are thus irrelevant and not worth anyone's excitement. Since America's grip on its client states, mostly in Latin America but with a few others scattered elsewhere, shows no sign of being weakened by the Vietnamese debacle, it is a matter of waiting until the United States changes its mind—if it ever does.

The bitter humor in this impasse is that if the United States had not blocked China's legitimate claim to a seat in 1949, the Korean War might never have taken place, and would almost certainly not have assumed such disastrous proportions. And since American fear of China was plainly behind the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, it is possible that that political, military and moral disaster could have been avoided if China ha been a member of the family of nations.

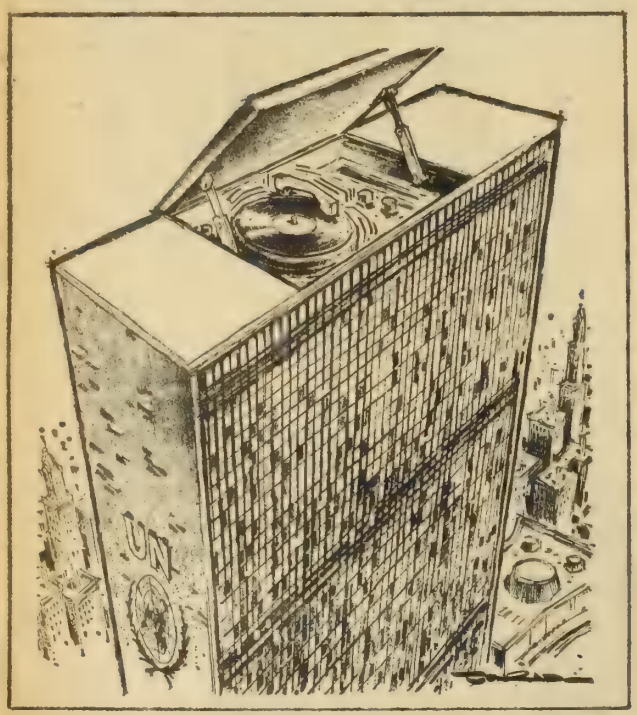
That is not to say that only the United States wan China kept out. A good many nations have settled com fortably into the UN club and fear, with good reaso that China's presence would upset the pleasant routin They have visions of grim, implacable Chinese stalkin the halls in their Mao suits, insisting in the extrem language of Radio Peking that the UN mend its ways that it stop kowtowing to Washington and Moscow that it encourage revolution. Some say that Chinese rep resentation would mean a return for at least a decad to the bitter language of the worst days of the cold war That is probably an exaggeration, but even if true, i would at least bring some life to the UN. To quot Earl Foell, the able *Los Angeles Times* correspondent "the United Nations is more likely to die of gentility than of adversity." But since President Nixon, no friend of China, cannot be expected to do an about-face (although his anti-Communist reputation gives him much more freedom of maneuver than any Democratic President would have had), the presence of China will remain a matter for academic discussion.

All this would seem to be enough woe for the still young United Nations (although at 24 it has already outlived the effective life of the League of Nations), but there is much more. In the 20th century, political problems always mean financial problems as well, as the UN has learned to its sorrow. Only an accountant can make real sense out of the UN's complicated bookkeeping, but it is no overstatement to say that the world organization is almost broke.

Much of the difficulty stems from the contention of Russia and France and a few other, mostly Communist, nations that the General Assembly assessments for the Congo and Middle East operations were illegal because they had not been approved by the Security Council. These nations stuck to this position even though the International Court of Justice in an advisory opinion called the assessments mandatory. The resulting deadlock caused the General Assembly to be almost completely paralyzed in 1964-65. When finally a compromise ended the political crisis, Russia and France agreed to make "voluntary" contributions to end the associated financial crisis. But four years later they have not paid up.

In any case, there is still no agreement—despite six years of talks since the crisis began—on how to finance future peace-keeping operations. If the UN were to take on another expensive operation, it would have to improvise a method of payment, as it has done in Cyprus. For five years the UN has maintained a force on the island, keeping peace between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots. This time, the force was established by the Security Council, but because there is no agreement on peace-keeping financing, the UN has had to rely on contributions. How adequately they support what is, after all, a collective effort is indicated by the UN's Cyprus deficit of about $12 million at mid-December 1968.

This inability to agree on how peace keeping is to be paid for is a crippling handicap, for the membership will not be eager to take on another expensive effort without



Los Angeles Times

"World Peace . . . World Peace . . . World Peace . . ."

nowing how the bills are to be met. And if circumances make it imperative that the UN act swiftly, ithout agreement on financing, the subsequent haggling an only weaken the organization still further.

Money is behind another of the UN's great disappointnents. On September 25, 1961, President Kennedy apeared before the General Assembly and proposed that he 1960s be officially designated the United Nations Delopment Decade. Within three months the General Assembly had adopted the idea unanimously.

The hope was that the rich and poor nations would vork together to raise to decent levels the lives of the nillions in underdeveloped nations. The goal was for each ndustrial nation to devote 1 per cent of its national income to foreign aid, but the decade is almost over and he project, launched with such hope, has been an utter failure. There are many reasons: the enormity of the problems, the lack of competent direction in the recipient nations, the scarcity of trained personnel, inflation. But the major reason has been the failure of the rich countries to provide enough money. The United States, richest of all nations and the one that invented foreign aid as we know it, has been the most serious defaulter. It is only thirteenth in percentage of national income devoted to official and private aid. It contributes barely half of the proposed quota, 0.57 per cent, with some of that going for military aid. (For whatever consolation it may offer, Russia's performance is still more niggardly.) It seems almost certain that foreign aid will shrink even more under President Nixon.

We near a time when responsible statesmen, not Cassandras, foresee not only that the gulf between rich nations and poor will grow wider but that there will be widespread famines, famines of Biblical proportion by the end of the century, because the increase in food production, remarkable as it is, cannot keep pace with the exponential growth of the world's population.

Yet while the rich industrial nations grow richer, aggravating the inevitable hatred of the have-nots, their own societies disintegrate. That is why C. P. Snow said at Westminster College last November: "I have been nearer despair this year, 1968, than ever in my life." But this is a commonplace at the UN where the poor nations, by far the most numerous, have been telling the rich for years that they desperately need help. To be sure, the rich make some response, but whether in commodity and tariff agreements or in funds for capital investment in public projects, it is almost always too little and too late. The industrial nations, whatever they may say, are still interested in the poor nations primarily as suppliers of cheap raw materials and as markets for manufactured exports. The United States, obsessed by the doctrine of free enterprise, is forever advising the poor countries to adopt policies that will attract private capital. Many countries do so, but private capital is interested in quick, high profits in the private sector and will seldom invest in schools, roads, hospitals, public transportation systems, the infra-structure so essential to a nation seeking economic viability. So in economics as in politics the poor nations at the UN feel themselves the victims of hypocrisy.



Mahood, The Times (London)

Although the bulk of the UN's major problems are caused by the policies of its member states, a good many have their roots in the institution itself. One would think that the UN might generate an excitement that would attract the young, the imaginative, the innovators. It may have been so in its early years, but today even though it is not completely without such appeal, it certainly does not match Washington in the early days of the New Deal or in the first weeks of the Kennedy administration. There is nothing like the Peace Corps in the UN and if a young idealist wants to change the world, he had better go elsewhere. The UN is a staid, middle-aged organization that wants to do good without rocking any boats. And it is certainly no magnet for the brightest young people being graduated from American universities. They know how difficult it is to get anything original through an international bureaucracy, past the great powers and past a majority of 126 member states whose collective views act as a sieve to winnow out all but the most conventional ideas. Nor do young American idealists fancy being fingerprinted and subjected to a security check by the FBI, which has long had free access to the UN. There are, to be sure, a few swingers around the UN but their influence is social not political.

If that makes the UN sound like any other bureaucracy, the impression is essentially correct. True, it provides a cosmopolitanism seldom found elsewhere; its friendliness and altruism would be most surprising in other governmental bureaucracies; and its physical surroundings are so beautiful as to be seductive. Yet most of the 5,000 or so employees have become increasingly submerged in routine, insulated by growing walls of paper from the world they ostensibly serve.

It's a cliché to bewail the proliferation of paper work in the modern world, but at the UN the bulk is awesome, as impossible to comprehend as the distance to Sirius, the Dog Star. In 1968 the UN print shop produced 525,823,676 pages, the equivalent of 2 million books

(Continued on page 454)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Reality at White Heat

JEROME ROTHENBERG

Mr. Rothenberg is working on an anthology of Indian poetry, A Summoning of the Tribes, *to be published as the first issue of The Buffalo Translation Series (University of Buffalo, New York State Council of the Arts). He is the author of numerous books of poems, and the editor of* Technicians of the Sacred *(Doubleday-Anchor). He has been doing experimental translating from Navajo and Seneca on a Wenner-Gren Foundation grant.*

The awkwardness of presenting translations from American Indian poetry in the year 1969 is that it has become fashionable today to deny the possibility of crossing the boundaries that separate people of different races and cultures: to insist instead that black is the concern of black, red of red, and white of white. Yet the idea of translation has always been that such boundary crossing is not only possible but desirable. By its very nature, translation asserts or at least implies a concept of psychic and biological unity, weird as such assertion may seem in a time of growing dis-integration. Each poem, being made present and translated, flies in the face of divisive ideology. The question for the translator is not whether but how far we can translate one another. Like the poet who is his brother, he attempts to restore what has been torn apart. Any arrogance on his part would not only lead to paternalism or "colonialism" (LeRoi Jones's term for it from a few years back), it would deny the very order of translation. Only if he allows himself to be directed by the other will a common way emerge, true to both positions.

To submit through translation is to begin to accept the "truths" of an other's language. At the same time it's a way of growing wary of the lies in one's own, a point of vigilance that translators and poets should be particularly keyed to. I learned, for example, that the Senecas with whom I lived call the whites "younger brothers" and themselves "*real* people." To understand the Seneca experience (including where I stand with relation to them) I have to submit to terms like these and to get to a truth about them which includes the Seneca truth. As I do, it becomes clear to me that the very nature of "Indian" and "white" (words basic to the process I'm describing) is itself a question of language and translation.

If the term "younger brother" would later be neutralized or come to suggest contempt, what relationship did it originally express in a culture that didn't practice primogeniture and individual ownership of land—in which forests and clearings (the men were hunters, the women gardeners) were a common ground for brothers as children of one mother and members of one clan? Whether by birth or adoption didn't matter either: descended from a single mother (ultimately the Earth), "older" and "younger" was for them a matter of precedence in time and place, their relative experience of the shared environment. Thus the Senecas as older brothers recognized the rights of both to start with, but the whites (children also of the "old-world" patriarchy) came to the land prepared for dispossession and fratricide. In the overthrow of the older —refusing adoption to the real-personhood of the Indian way, while asserting their own great-white-fatherhood—they triggered a disruption of the natural (ecological) order that's now making all of us its victims.

A "real" person in these terms is one who hasn't forgotten what and where things are in relation to the Earth. Earth-rooted, he is royal too, not by precedence of birth, but insofar as he has and shares a knowledge of the realm. He has only to maintain a true eye for his surroundings and a contact with the Earth, to recognize himself as the inheritor of reality, of a more real way of life. At any rate that seems to be the claim implicit in the language and confirmed by the events that have followed its denial.

The issue, writes David Antin, is reality. The *real* person (reality-person, in fact) lives, like the "primitive" philosopher described by Radin, "in a blaze of reality" through which he can experience "reality at white heat." This is a part of the tribal inheritance (not Indian only but world-wide) that we all lose at our peril—younger and older alike. Remember too how many elements are active in that situation, where we would concentrate on the words as being particularly the "poem" (many Indian poems in fact dispense entirely with words): elements, I mean, like music, nonverbal phonetic sounds, dance, gesture and event, game, dream, etc., along with all those unstated ideas and images the participants pick up from the poem's context. Each moment is charged: each is a point at which meaning is coming to surface, where nothing's incidental but everything matters terribly.

Now, put all of that together and you have the makings of a high poetry and art, which only a colonialist ideology could have blinded us into labeling "primitive" or "savage." You have also the great hidden accomplishment of our older brothers in America, made clear in the poetry and yet of concern not only to poets but to all (red, white and black) who want to carry the possibilities of reality and personhood into any new worlds to come. The yearning to rediscover the Red Man is part of this. It acknowledges not only the cruelty of what's happened in this place (a negative matter of genocide and guilt) but leads as well to the realization that "we" in a larger sense will never be whole without a recovery of the "red power" that's been here from the beginning. The true integration must begin and end with a recognition of all such powers. That means a process of translation and of mutual completion. Not a brotherhood of lies this time but an affiliation based on what the older had known from the start: that we're doomed without his tribal and matrilocal wisdom, which can be shared only among equals who have recognized a common lineage from the Earth.

PRELUDE: What the Informant said to Franz Boas in 1920
(Kwakiutl. Translated by Armand Schwerner.)

long ago her mother
had to sing this song and so
she had to grind along with it
the corn people have a song too
it is very good
I refuse to tell it

WHERE THE SONG WENT WHERE SHE WENT & WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THEY MET

(Seneca. Translated by Jerome Rothenberg and Richard Johnny John.)

the song went to the garden (heh heh heh)
the song poked all around the garden (heh heh heh)
she went to the garden (heh heh heh)
she went to the garden (heh heh heh)
she went like crazy in the garden (heh heh heh)
that's where she went (hah hah hah)

MOON ECLIPSE EXORCISM

(Alsea. Translated by Armand Schwerner.)

come out come out come out
the moon has been killed

who kills the moon? crow
who often kills the moon? eagle
who usually kills the moon? chicken hawk
who also kills the moon? owl
in their numbers they assemble
for moonkilling

come out, throw sticks at your houses
come out, turn your buckets over
spill out all the water don't let it turn
bloody yellow
from the wounding and death
of the moon

what will become of the world, the moon
never dies wihout cause
only when a rich man is about to be killed
is the moon murdered

look all around the world, dance, throw your sticks, help out,
look at the moon,
dark as it is now, even if it disappears
it will come back, think of nothing
I'm going back into the house

and the others went back

POEM TO EASE BIRTH

(Aztec. Translated by Anselm Hollo.)

in the house with the tortoise chair
she will give birth to the pearl
to the beautiful feather

in the house of the goddess who sits on a tortoise
she will give birth to the necklace of pearls
to the beautiful feathers we are

there she sits on the tortoise
swelling to give us birth

on your way on your way
child be on your way to me here
you whom I made new

come here child come be pearl
be beautiful feather

HOW THE VIOLIN WAS BORN: A Peyote Account
(Huichol. Translated by Jerome Rothenberg.)

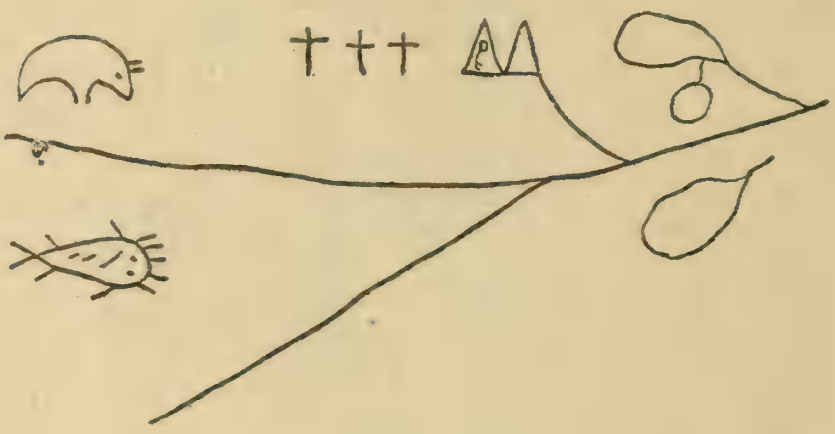
CEDAR CEDAR was born.
Born among stones & rocks.
BIG STAG made him.
BIG BRAIN worked him.
But CEDAR CEDAR didn't have a soul.
Heavy was his heart. His heart was silent.

Then Tahomatz the BIG BRAIN
sent Aimari the BIRD pure & fuckless
Aimari came singing: entered the tree
& became its pith.
And the tree's heart filled with music.
& CEDAR CEDAR sang. Quivered to caresses from the Wind.

DREAM EVENT
(Iroquois)

After having a dream, let someone else guess what it was. Then have everyone act it out together.

OJIBWA LOVE POEM



THE LITTLE RANDOM CREATURES
(Fox. Translated by Armand Schwerner.)

found a hole with a light in it, and saying
Whose?
set a trap
with a bowcord for a noose.
A giant of light, something alive, dazzled the path
on its slow way up, blinding
the little random creatures
o something alive was dying in the bowcord and it said
Allow me to choke to death
And you'll have night forever
and they let the Sun go

POSTLUDE: Song of Cajamarca
(Quechua. Translated by W. S. Merwin.)

When the Inca made war to teach his law
He bore with him gifts and love
And nobody died but the madmen.
You say that your god is good
And you kill us.
You say that he is pious
And you conduct yourselves with us like thieves.

Extravagant Passions

THE LIVES OF CHILDREN: The Story of the First Street School. *By George Dennison. Random House. 308 pp. $6.95.*

NED O'GORMAN

Mr. O'Gorman is a poet, and the author, most recently, of Prophetic Voices: Ideas and Words on Revolution *(Random House).*

George Dennison is a teacher. He is a wise, generous, suffering man who for two years watched the lives of some children with valiant hope, reckless faith in their humanity, and wonder. (No teacher is worth a damn if he does not stand in awe of children's extravagant passion for life.) He let his students wander over the wild lands of their agony and joy and kept an eye always on their humanity, tempering his presence among them as if he were treading on holy ground. He now lives somewhere in Maine on a farm, for the First Street School is closed. Its small funds had run out and Dennison could no longer sustain the work and energy required to keep the school going. But I think that the men in New York who run the "schools" have everything to learn from him: how to teach, how to love, how to honor children, how to save the "schools" from their mortal, final sickness. (I put "school" in quotation marks to make it clear that when I write the word I mean the majority of public educational institutions in New York City, where children are herded to serve out their days in servitude to the system and the politicians.)

This book is a hard one to read. When I finished it I had felt the terror of public "school" education in the wounded children who had left their "schools" to come to the First Street School; but I heard too the noise of children as they inched toward freedom. Dennison had not merely to teach them anew: he had to prepare them to learn. To do that he had to let them think it possible to love themselves. The "schools" break a child down for they deny him time to luxuriate in a sense of being. The saddest children I know are children who despise themselves. If a child who would know everything—and all children are certain they can—discovers that he is forbidden to rejoice in that wild expectation he soon grows inward and sulks his life away.

George Dennison led his children on a journey to knowledge and it is the purgatory of that journey which he records here. The First Street School was a noisy place. But it was not filled with the noise of imposed order, that cry for air and light which one hears in all the "schools." On First Street the noise was *healthy*, coming from both teachers and students as they catapulted through the day looking for freedom and life. The children on First Street were the children of this city of the dispossessed who had learned to be wary of everything that smelled of order and teacher. Dennison made the First Street School true to life, and let the children seek for learning as if they were chasing a fire engine. (I would have perished the first day.) He was giving them a *world* where learning *might* be possible; that never had been possible in the "schools." He was offering them not merely freedom but the discovery of freedom.

Those twenty-three children, from 5 to 13, are described in an avalanche of detail, especially the older ones. They become heroes in Dennison's narrative, each one individual, but all caught up in a fantastic battle of wills and desire. I forget who was who but I do not forget how they struggled. I remember the wounds they shared: a simultaneous fear of and yearning for everything—knowledge, love, friendship and community, the world.

The First Street School tried to be a place where children might find a style of conduct and growth that could free them to learn, to live and to thrive. There is a Grecian tension in their tragic play and rage. Before anything else, George Dennison had to figure out how to cope with that rage. I teach, or rather spend my days with very small children from 9 months to 5 years old, and know that even in babies that passion most treasured by the angels as a hiding place for wisdom and vision is a child's rage for the world. Children of 13 are a greater problem than 4-year-olds. They are craftier and in the public "school" system they have learned to distrust, even hate, the process of knowledge. But there is always hope that the massing forces of the "schools" and the adult world nastiness are still muted enough at age 2 and 3 to give a young mind time to rejoice in the world given him new each day.

Dennison's children were already victims. In his school they came like visionaries to search for visions. They fought, played and lunged at knowledge. But before they would read, they would know themselves first. The children of the cities of the dispossessed (all our children?) must come alive to the world. They must not go gentle into the dark night of the "systems": they must learn to rage against the rules and grow strong within so that no one—not even a board of education—can molest them. It is the world a child knows first and would know when school is over. The books he reads, the problems he solves, the questions he asks and answers are cosmic ones, all connected in the mystery of the self. The children of the First Street School had never before been given a cosmos to receive them and their spirits. The First Street School was that cosmos.

George Dennison tells us that Dewey, Tolstoy and Rousseau are the genial spirits of his pedagogy. He owes most to Dewey:

> Dewey based much of his thought upon considerations of the fundamental human nature visible in the young. One of the remarkable facts of life (it is perhaps the only thing that saves us from ourselves) is that this indwelling nature, prior to its exposure to school and to the crushing effects of public life, reaches, in the vast majority of cases, a quite adequate development in the life of the home—reaches it in the most ordinary, routine, taken-for-granted way. Dewey referred to this routine development of the child as the starting point of education. Growth and development are a shaping of powers that already exist. . . . In short, we cannot speak of teaching and learning at all unless we speak of ways and means of sustaining the powers that are visible in the child when he first comes to class.

I would speak of the "interior life" of a child, of that holy, sacramental, vivid mystery that children know themselves by. George Dennison comes as close as anyone I have read to defining that mystery. He neither overdefines nor molests it with his biases. He reveals it, though he can do very little to make his charges love that mystery.

I wonder, of course, what I would have done with that magnificent bunch of children. I admit to being helpless with anyone over 5. But I think perhaps I would have been more the schoolmaster. I would have been less lenient with them when they cursed, fought and just plain disobeyed: but then it is wrong to say that Dennison was ever lenient. He let them move in the rhythms of their own sense of justice and pleasure and did not impose his sense of justice or pleasure upon them. I would have done so, I think, and I would have been, perhaps, just like "everybody else." I would have demanded that they sit still longer; I would have insisted on certain hours each day when they simply *had* to come to class, sit, listen and be held responsible for being a student! (All would have ended in disaster.)

I found myself questioning one thing in Dennison's method and that is his

refusal to bring to the school *his* "sense of order," a sense of order based on *his* knowledge of life—an order contrary and even alien to the children's. Had he brought to First Street *his* vision with more *practical* force—i.e., ordering the day, setting up hours for required study, insistence on silence, etc.—then things would not have been so much a rout. And yet that rout was perhaps the only sense of life those children ever had.

In the rout Dennison discovered that a philosophy of freedom must be found to liberate the wounded children in the "schools" from the fate the "schools" and state have decreed for them. That philosophy, he tells us, is within the child. It can be loosed and made operative under the gentle rains and light of justice, patience, love, and in the ardent conviction in every teacher and in every board of education that of all the gifts that the gods bestow, the gift of childhood is the most blessed.

> My purpose is not to castigate the bureaucrats; but to recall parents and teachers to an awareness of one crucial truth, a truth that should be, but is not the gut-wisdom of everyone: that in humane affairs—and education is par excellence, a humane pursuit—there is no such thing as competence without love.

The Lives of Children records a failure. It did not survive, it did not succeed. Nothing else that we are left with seems to be succeeding either. The assassins are still in power in the "schools." We can merely try to save the lives of some children. Most are already lost. Read George Dennison to catch the saving rhythms of childhood, to find out something about a child's mind and about its flourishing. Dennison has written a tragic, saving book.

Thank You, Mr. Director

ON COMMUNISM. *By J. Edgar Hoover. Random House. 158 pp. $4.95.*

FALSE WITNESS. *By Melvin Rader. University of Washington Press. 209 pp. $6.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

Title VI of last year's crime bill—a triumph for the law-and-order forces—provides that the successor to the present director of the FBI must be approved by the Senate. Its enactment into law was no power grab but an expression of a pervasive *Angst* in the traditional America for whom J. Edgar Hoover is the most important single culture hero—*Angst* about the fate of America without Hoover in high office. This concern, which is perceptibly mounting as Hoover's long overdue retirement approaches, closely resembles the terror of primitive peoples over the possible loss of a god. For his followers, Hoover's passage from the scene is the nation's punishment for its sinful neglect of his teachings and taboos.

In his forty-five-year leadership of the FBI, Hoover has contributed heavily to the creation of a system of cultural myths which importantly influence American life and politics: the chauvinist myth of "Americanism" as a divinely ordained political ideology and way of life, the concept of domestic "national security" as an interest which must always prevail over the right to dissent, the conviction that the nation is under permanent threat of internal subversion by sinister, godless Communists who will stop at nothing to gain their ends.

In recent years Hoover has projected his political outlook onto social issues—child-rearing, education, pornography, church attendance, etc. Hoover is an important sponsor of the cultural backlash now gathering momentum in the country. His pronouncements give his followers proof from a sacerdotal source that social change is really a concealed form of political subversion, a return to the Russian "nationalization of women" theme of the twenties.

Central to Hoover's role is his cultivation and exploitation of our anti-Communist mania. Whatever the means by which our history and culture have infected us (political paranoia, a sense of a unique mission, elitist manipulation, a Biblically inspired vision of an inevitable apocalyptic struggle with the forces of evil), we are sick with anti-communism. And Hoover has helped make us and keep us sick. This book, conceived as a sort of *vade mecum* to be treasured and consulted when the director bows out, is in its first part ("Communism Today") and in its second (quotations arranged by topic from the author's earlier writings and speeches), the same dull, illiterate, sloganizing, repetitious mixture as before.

But it does raise questions. Hoover's collected works now consist of four books on communism. Only this subject has the power to awaken the director's muse; other problems within the area of his official responsibility—for example, the rise in the crime rate, the role of violence (except political violence) in modern crime, the professionalization of crime—somehow fail to stir him. Why are Communists so much more appealing subjects than Mafiosi? The fact is that Hoover not only finds his political role far more congenial than his responsibilities as a crime fighter but uses his prestige as the nation's anti-subversive pooh bah to immunize himself from criticism for his failures as head of the nation's criminal investigation bureau.

Hoover's anti-Communist tracts—for that is what they are—have sold extremely well. Though barbarously written, emotional and propagandistic, each has been hailed with reverence not only by his uncritical worshipers but by reviewers who should know better.

The worshipful reception accorded *all* of Hoover's pronouncements, however fugitive, is partly the result of the public relations promotion of Hoover's image as the noblest Roman—patriotic, self-abnegating, incorruptible, super-vigilant and ordinary. While a handful—but only a handful—of other government officials also serve as champions or symbols of national values, none combines Hoover's varied roles: defender of the nation's security, wide-ranging social prophet, elder statesman. And the fact that Hoover's formal and official bureaucratic responsibilities are, though important, relatively limited, gives his views a special dimension of disinterestedness—the old warrior, forced by patriotism to speak out and warn against threats to his beloved country's welfare.

Hoover's personal following spans the American hinterland whose prejudices and resentments he echoes. But his authority on the subject of communism extends beyond this core audience. Scholars and newsmen may boast book learning or general information about this subject, but Hoover is widely respected because he is considered an expert (and holds himself out as such).

What makes Hoover an expert is the fact that he has clothed the FBI with extraordinary domestic intelligence functions. He has acquired this jurisdiction without authorization either by statute or Executive order. Hoover has assumed the power, to use his language, "to identify individuals working against the United States, determine their objectives and nullify their effectiveness." These functions—surveillance, electronic eavesdropping, infiltration, dossier keeping—are not a means to the end of law enforcement but political ends in themselves. Usurped power is exercised by Hoover wholly autonomously without

esponsibility to or supervision by anyone n a governmental policy-making level, lected or appointed. In no major coun- ry in the West is domestic intelligence Hoover likes to call it "counter-intel- igence") conducted on a comparable cale and with such freedom from po- itical accountability. Nor for that mat- er can one find in any democratic coun- ry in the world an agency which com- ines conventional police functions and olitical investigative responsibilities un- elated to law enforcement.

Hoover's unchecked control over the nechanisms of political intelligence has ed to the institutional transformation of he FBI into an autonomous and self- erpetuating political police force which nakes a mockery of our democratic pro- fessions. But Hoover's self-created role is an authoritative interpreter of the political intelligence gathered by the agency is even more disturbing. This purely political function authenticates his role among the anti-Communist true believers as a guardian of the nation's security and gilds him with an almost magical prestige. It also explains the ex- pansion of his influence as an expert on communism. His intellectual limitations and political bias count for little in the face of his claims to inside information —gathered at enormous expense by an army of agents, infiltrators, plants, de- fectors and informers.

In his own fashion, Hoover is devoted to the Socratic principle that the unex- amined life is not worth living; and it is precisely his undercover invasion of the rights of a large number of us that has made him a political mentor of the rest. The connection between intelligence and political reaction has, of course, deep historical roots; but Hoover has given it a uniquely American expression. Today, the process by which he has ideologized his functions is becoming a model for a mushrooming urban intelligence net- work ("Red squads").

Hoover has developed a time- tested process for converting the fruits of his intelligence activities into the in- struments of ideological warfare. Basic to the entire process is a formula by which he alternately agitates his audi- ence about newly discovered dangers to the national security and then calms them with assurances that, temporarily anyway, he has the situation in hand— but unremitting vigilance remains a ne- cessity. He uses three official forms of communication to a national audience: his testimony before the House Appro- priations subcommittee (usually given in the winter but timed for release much later when it will deliver a maximum impact), the FBI annual report for the fiscal year, and the year-end report to the Department of Justice.

Of these the Appropriations subcom- mittee testimony is by far the most im- portant because it is Hoover's direct contact with an important power center and the official means of communication with his devoted Congressional constitu- ency. Hoover's testimony before the sub- committee is prepared and presented as a piece of theatre with ritualistic con- cern for effect. Questions are planted in advance to produce answers to meet the political needs of committee mem- bers—like the response this year to a question by a racist Congressman that HEW aide James Farmer was hired without a security clearance. Juicy tid- bits of inside information are periodical- ly thrown out to the slavering committee members and intermittently the whole performance goes "off the record" as the Congressmen are initiated by their revered hierophant into the sacred mys- tery of anti-subversion. When the show ends, the "Director," as he is invariably called, is fulsomely thanked. Not only is the testimony released by the com- mittee but Hoover reproduces it—in blown-up format—for mass distribution. (Hoover tries to preserve the House sub- committee as his sole Congressional forum. This year he refused to testify before Congressman Pepper's Select Committee on Crime.)

These official pronouncements are supplemented by editorials and mes- sages in the FBI house organ (*FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin*), speeches, articles in conservative journals, pamphlets— and books. All of Hoover's more tran- sient pronouncements (as well as the anti-subversive sections of his reports, approving articles and book reviews by others) are introduced into the *Congres- sional Record*—frequently the same item four or five times—by his House ad- mirers who also make timely speeches in his praise on his birthday and on dates marking the anniversary of his as- sumption of office.

The need to investigate the political activities of the Bureau, to evaluate its performance as a law-enforcement agency, and to prevent a continuation of the abuses of Hooverism obviously commands a high political priority. The real question is whether the director has so poisoned our political environment that such a re-examination is beyond political possibility.

The effects of the phobic anti- communism to which Hoover has dedi- cated his professional life are elaborated in a moving book by Melvin Rader. Rader, a professor of philosophy at the University of Washington, was identified as a Communist in an anti-subversive investigation in 1948, conducted by the Canwell Committee, Washington's Un- American Activities Committee. Rader undertook to establish that his accuser, George Hewitt, a professional informer of extraordinary ductility, was a liar. By time-consuming, expensive detective work, Rader proved irrefutably that the charges were false. A perjury prosecu- tion against Hewitt initiated by the Wash- ington authorities was frustrated by the illegal refusal of the New York courts to order Hewitt's extradition—primarily on the ground that the ferocious Reds in the state of Washington might do Hewitt physical harm. Hewitt died in 1950 of a nervous disorder which had already manifested itself in the 1948 hearings.

What is extraordinary about the Rader- Hewitt affair was the role of the Im- migration Service for which Hewitt had served as an informer in a score of de- portation cases. Deputy Director Boyd not only tried to pressure the local pros- ecutor to drop the perjury case against Hewitt but made available two other perjurious informers to testify at the ex- tradition hearings in support of Hewitt's claim that he had met Professor Rader at a Communist farm in 1938.

A clutch of ex-FBI informers also ap- peared at the tenure hearings conducted by the university in the wake of the

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Canwell probe. These proceedings led to the summary discharge of three professors in January 1949, and the disciplining of three others in gross violation of academic freedom.

Professor Rader himself was exonerated by the university in the fall of 1949. A few months later it was revealed that Canwell's investigators had seized and suppressed pages of a hotel register which independently established the falsity of Hewitt's charge against Rader.

Some fifteen years after the Canwell committee affair the author was again involved in a clash with Canwell who, after repeated political defeats, had established a rightist bookshop and exposé operation ("American Intelligence Service") in eastern Washington. When John Goldmark, a Washington legislator, lost his seat in 1964 as a result of redbaiting, he and his wife sued Canwell and three others for libel. In the course of the trial, Professor Rader's politics again became an issue as another professional informer, Barbara Hartle, claimed that he had been a party member. The testimony of this witness was discredited by cross-examination which established that in the course of Congressional testimony she had named some 500 alleged party members—but not Rader. Ed Guthman, then press relations director of the Department of Justice and now national news editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, who had won a Pulitzer Prize in 1949 for his reporting on the Rader-Hewitt case, testified that Mrs. Hartle had informed him in 1954 that Rader, although solicited, had never joined the party.

The libel suit vindicated the Goldmarks and Rader—although the $40,000 libel verdict was set aside because of the impact of the Supreme Court decision in the *New York Times* case. The author triumphed over his ordeals because he was able and willing to fight back: he was supported by the powerful tradition of Northwestern liberalism and his own strong faith in the democratic process. What motivated him to take on Canwell and Hewitt was the realization that discrediting the committee and its star witness would be more than a means of personal vindication—it would be an opportunity to end a witch hunt.

One can only admire this resolute and tenacious professor of philosophy. Though his story has been told before (by Vern Countryman, I. F. Stone, Carey McWilliams, and in the pages of *The Nation*, November 12, 1949), Rader recounts it in a distinctive and powerful fashion which combines a low-keyed serenity about himself with an intellectual passion about the issues. A few more Raders around could reverse the tide of Hooverism.

No Loitering!

STREETS FOR PEOPLE: A Primer for Americans. *By Bernard Rudofsky. Doubleday & Co. 351 pp. $14.95.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His latest book is The Music of Survival: A Biography of a Poem by William Carlos Williams *(U. of Illinois Press).*

Mr. Rudofsky is an excellent photographer and book designer; his book is an art book, large, sleek, well illustrated. It may be used to good purposes as a picture book, for it will, as he modestly hopes, whet our appetites for "the world of foreign streets"—for the porticoes of Bologna, the Galleria of Milan, the ramparts (promenade) of Lucca, the suq at Marrakesh, the mazes of the white towns of Apulia—and may send us in search of fountains, stairs, street markets, street drama and spectacle. In search of: for these primary amenities (hence primer) are not, and never have been, ours. We need, as Mr. Rudofsky cites *The New Yorker* lamenting, "something to lift and brighten our fancy, and if we cannot have bridges and vistas and colonnades and canals and window boxes filled with flowers and a humane and smiling architecture, we should have a little street music. . . ."

Though no one would deny the substantial truth of this, the argument is as old as the condescension that accompanies it. One remembers Henry James's long list of things of high civilization absent in American life but also his awareness that "the American knows that a good deal remains; what it is that remains—that is his secret, his joke." Mr. Rudofsky is not in on the joke and doesn't really wish to be. He prefers, like a romantic in search of the picturesque, to take his camera to Europe, to write charming sketches of such colorful things as the Italian story-singer (already disappearing from the streets) and to rummage, not delve, in the social history of the distant past.

The only American city he considers is New York, which is not the only city in the United States; and then it is not present-day New York City that interests him so much as New Amsterdam, where pigs used to scavenge in the streets. His book cannot be placed seriously in the category of social history—it is too thin, too impressionistic, a book of savory gleanings, each chapter heavily illustrated and perfectly suited to the women's clubs, to the very passionate pilgrim he despises. Everything about the book—its design, price, style and tone—belongs to familiar low-grade (but expensive) popularization, and perhaps most of all its subject, which is not pursued with the intent to remedy by implementation a dire civic situation, but rather to gratify us with the sick pleasures of nostalgia and cultural masochism.

A book that begins, "This book is about the great outdoors . . ." and asserts that Americans don't "give a hoot for streets" is immediately suspect. This is not the language of serious discourse or of discourse to be taken seriously. Style of this order is a public nuisance as lamentable as our streets, and writers who adopt it are likely to clutter their books with spurious notions (Americans like ugliness, Rudofsky believes, because they feel beauty undermines their toughness) and downright nonsense ("It is a melancholy comment on what we perversely call American civilization that in order to recapture the taste of human dignity, if only for a few precious days, one has to cross an ocean"). Rudofsky knows very little about American civilization past or present. He thinks that, because pigs once ran in the streets, we are eternally damned and can never attain a requisite sense of amenity; we are, he feels, all of us, from the beginning to the end, greedy and without civic sense. The fault of our streets lies in our national character, which is irreparable. But if this is so, why advertise one's book as a primer? Why omit such important basic studies as that on piazzas by Camillo Sitte? Isn't it rather a travel book?

I think so. Rudofsky should have been advised to concentrate on Italy, the great good place with which he always contrasts America, and to put aside the attempt at comparative study. As a book on Italy his work has merit; that he yokes what he loves to what he hates is unfortunate. Or Rudofsky should have been advised to "study out the land," as Whitman said, to see if our streets have been as empty of people as he thinks and, if so, to find out where they have gone. Is there nothing in the design and life of college campuses (not unlike small Italian cities), in people's parks, in other forms of living and associating alfresco (picnics, camping, rock festivals, etc.) to give him hope? Why, even here in Iowa City one can still walk. The 9 blocks I walk to work, some shaded by trees (the elms were once our por-

ico), include a small park where people of all ages eat, converse, contemplate, study and play (chautauqua was once held here, now there are rallies), a small creek which a few people with civic feeling tried to clean, a downtown business district made lively and interesting more than anything else by the variety of people, and the campus animated by people day and night. And this week, at *Oktoberfest* in nearby Amana, the people will certainly be in the streets.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

William Ball, ambitious, energetic, talented (I praised his production of Chekhov's *Ivanov* when he was still unknown) has also shown courage, determination and wisdom by organizing permanent companies in cities outside New York.

After the trials inevitably attendant on such efforts, he has finally established his American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco where it has attracted wide attention, including admiring notices from several New York reviewers.

The A.C.T. presented some twenty productions last year in two San Francisco playhouses. It has now brought three of these productions to New York on a repertory plan for four weeks at the ANTA Theatre. The initial production, first given some years ago in Pittsburgh, is of Edward Albee's *Tiny Alice*. The least one can say for it is that it is easier to take than the stodgy New York production of 1965.

Stuart Wurtzel's settings are efficient and proper departures from realism. Stage business is constant, every turn of thought is given marked physical embodiment, sometimes cutely playful, always clear, frequently picturesque in a grand old (19th-century) fashion. The acting is muscular, with a kind of eager commitment which is sympathetic even when it is immature. One can detect the actors' training: the readings are unmistakably pointed, movement is executed with bold precision. The audience is not permitted to overlook a thing.

For a while one is held by the well-disciplined staginess of the production. Finally it all becomes insufferably tiresome, for two reasons: because the numerous theatric devices employed are basically shallow, and because of the text to which they are applied.

Tiny Alice is Albee's most pretentious and weakest play. Whatever it means—and the most freakish interpretations abound—its writing, symbols and events do not sustain the meanings ascribed. When Albee protested that all the various explanations (including mine) were mistaken, he set forth his own.

The play, he said, deals with "the relationship between sexual hysteria and religious ecstasy; the conflict between the selflessness of service and the conspicuous splendor of martyrdom. The lay brother [the play's central character] is brought to the point, finally, of having to accept what he had insisted he wanted —union with the abstraction—rather than the man-made image of it, its substitution. He is left with pure abstraction—whatever it be called: God or Alice—and, in the end, according to your faith, one of two things happens: either the abstraction personifies itself, is proved real; or the dying man, in the last necessary effort of self-delusion, creates and believes what he knows does not exist.

"It is, you see," Albee concludes, "a perfectly straightforward story, dealt with in terms of reality and illusion, symbol and actuality." I, for one, do not see. Those who think they do are fooling themselves: the play's actual proceedings fail to jibe with anyone's interpretation.

Gower Champion, a whiz at musical comedy direction, has staged Feydeau's (1907) *A Flea in Her Ear* for the second offering in the A.C.T. program. It may please—in fact, delight —some; it oppressed me.

Feydeau was the master mathematician of farce. His plays are perfect mechanisms based on a strict formula. Himself part of the happily corrupt middle class of France's Third Repubic, Feydeau wrote plays which are an oblique mockery of it. Their technique, as Feydeau himself described it, consisted in placing ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances. The more commonplace the characters, the funnier the situation. Max Beerbohm's aphorism, "The more sombre the background, the sprightlier skips the jest," is applicable to Feydeau.

In the Champion-A.C.T. production all the actors' faces are daubed with white chalk, giving them grotesque masks. Wurtzel's sets and costumes are black and white decorations. The acting is thoroughly camp with added touches of Keystone cavortings. The effect is as chichi as a fraternity romp.

It is not necessarily a fault that the Feydeau ambience has been annihilated, but the one substituted renders the play infantile. Except at a few moments, the actors' exertions put such a strain on the show as to make it heavy and unfunny. It is all like an elaborate libretto for a *Promenade* sort of musical—without the music.

Michael O'Sullivan's cracked limb and vocal oddity as the cleft-palate secretary provide a few shocked laughs, and Robert Gerringer in that part of his dual role in which he impersonates a half-wit hotel porter is also peculiarly comic.

John Osborne's purpose in *A Patriot For Me* (Imperial Theatre) is to expose the decadence and hypocrisy of established empires. When the play was written (1965) it was too soon to dramatize the Profumo case which scandalized Britain (and tickled the French), so Osborne resorted to a factual example from the annals of the Austrian Empire under Franz Josef. In the original London production, if I remember correctly, there was a passing allusion to the Dreyfus case, inserted to widen the play's frame of reference.

The story concerns a brilliant young officer who happens to be a homosexual (at first resistant to his impulse and then wholly given over to it). Through extravagant gifts to his numerous bedfellows he falls heavily into debt and is then blackmailed by the Russians into becoming their spy. He is found out and forced to commit suicide. (In the earlier version of the play it was not his homosexuality that was publicized as the reason for his military crime but the fact that, being partly Jewish, he had lied about his antecedents.) The point of all this is that the Empire's glorious army was tainted by homosexuals—the army's



PHOTO: DWIGHT W. WEBB

Richard Hofstadter
The Idea of a Party System

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attorney general is also one—not to speak of its anti-Semitism and other publicly unacknowledged sores.

The thesis—in relation to the corruption of state establishments—may be acceptable, but the body of the play is wholly devoted to the sexual career of one particular, and not very extraordinary, officer. The most memorable scene is that of the ball, given by a Baron, at which a host of army men indulge themselves in transvestite gaiety. With regard to the psychology of inversion, the play offers nothing new or even sensational. Its dramaturgy has a rather old-fashioned complexion, reminiscent of romantic melodramas or musicals about the glamorous or the nefarious intrigues of royal families. *The Student Prince* is the saccharine model.

What characterizes Osborne's treatment of this stage style are its tiny pockets of venom (for instance, a wholly arbitrary and hateful speech about the Spanish obsession with death) and the smooth dialogue. Osborne's plays are all well written, but good writing, though a credit, does not make a good play. *A Patriot For Me* is not the better Osborne.

The present production under Peter Glenville's direction is more elaborate than the London one and for the most part I thought it superior. The casting is on the whole more careful in the choice of types: Robert Jordan as a young officer killed in a duel, John Horn as an insidious waiter, Staats Cotsworth as an obtuse colonel, Salome Jens as an attractive and resonant spy-seductress, Mariclare Costello as a charmingly pitiful whore, are all noteworthy. Maximilian Schell as the afflicted protagonist—he played the part in London—acts with intelligent proficiency, but does not succeed in making the role either significant or stirring.

The great disappointment to me was the drag ball. It misses the aristocratic authority of the late George Devine, who in London invested the part of the Baron with a dimension of command that lifted the scene to something more than a parade of queens. Dennis King plays the role as he has played others in the "highborn" category, except that here he wears a dress.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Richard Attenborough's *Oh! What a Lovely War,* proliferated from Joan Littlewood's *revue macabre,* demonstrates that not only World War I, but traditional pacifism itself, is quaint nostalgia. The picture tries by every device it can muster—irony, shock, pathos, anger, horror and love—to convey the message that war is no game, that it will not make a man of you, that the enemy (supposing he exists) is never in the opposing lines, that it is not fine to die for the fatherland. But people in significant numbers have not believed that cant in fifty years.

We go on fighting wars, of course, but not in the illusion that they are paid vacations to exotic lands; and I became a little weary of Mr. Attenborough's insistence that I admit the self-evident. In fact, by the time Vanessa Redgrave got her scene on a soapbox (a great many very famous actors—Gielgud, Richardson, Redgrave, Mills, Bogarde, Hawkins and others—get their scenes in this masque), I wished she would leave the fishwives to their illusions.

Those who arrange wars have never been misinformed as to the nature of war, but they find solace in strategy and statistics. Thus I found most telling in *Oh! What a Lovely War* John Mills's performance as Field Marshal Haig. That stubborn man of shallow imagination had got it into his head that, since the British Empire could field more troops than the German Empire, a war of attrition would necessarily end with at least a few Tommies still living when the last Fritz had died. The results of this calculation are displayed in the picture on a numerical wall totalizer of the sort used in national elections, and I imagined Herman Kahn, just off camera, nodding his head in agreement with the logic. (The figures were small, compared with his projected mega-slaughters.)

So much for message and moral. As film making, the picture seems to me excessively engineered. The basic set is Brighton; more specifically, one of its confectionery reception halls, the sea front and an amusement pier, renamed "World War I" for the occasion. The idea is that the public hears the siren voice of the barker, takes a ticket for the pier, runs happily to the games of skill or chance, the thrill rides and the gaudy shows—and they all turn real. At the end of the pier is Flanders and the counter of a shooting gallery is the parapet of a trench. As a visual metaphor, this is not bad; but the nature of such devices is that the better they are the less well they bear repetition. Very quickly they become predictable, and their machinery is so obtrusive that they reduce content to formula. It is exceedingly hard to act in the presenc of a really persuasive gimmick.

I feel sure that Attenborough mus have had it in mind to create a ghastl effect by contrasting, rapidly and re peatedly, the candy-apple frivolity o the seaside with the blood-rotted mu of the Western front. But just becaus he keeps the two elements in such eve balance, the impact of the battle scene is compromised by the charade o Brighton. It is intended that one b moved, and indeed there are fleetin moments of emotion (or at least o sentiment), but for the most part I wa conscious that energetic actors were quickly changing their costumes and trotting to the alternate set.

It was fun to hear the old songs again (the musical scores of our wars have certainly been deteriorating recently) and a fair treat to see almost every British actor with a title to his name promenading about and whispering malice in a splendid red uniform. But easy tears from elaborate machinery left me a little ashamed.

Wars past, wars future—the English seem preoccupied with apocalypse. *The Bed Sitting Room* (Richard Lester directing) concerns itself with events after an atomic war of infinitesimal duration and utter destruction. What was London looks like a couple of square miles of the Sahara, annealed in a blast furnace: nothing but hills, petrified rivers, caves, and plains of vitrified slag in loathsome sweet colors. It is a beastly set and quite the best part of the film.

The title, to get that over with, refers to the type of post-nuclear mutation that is in process. Ralph Richardson (on hand once more) plays what might be called the title role, since his Lord Fortnum is turning into that sort of dwelling; turning into it with much lamentation that he should be transmuted into a structure of such mean aspirations. A motherly woman becomes a clothespress and cries disconsolately that she is being raped when a man tries to take cover in her interior.

If this sounds rather coy, that is the overall effect. I got the impression that the one thing British that will prove resistant to radiation is the understated giggle. Lester's trouble is not that he is ridden by a gimmick but that he has been given an extreme situation (by the writers Spike Milligan and John Antrobus) without sufficient detail to animate it. Consequently he dithers and—that being his weakness (see *How I Won the War*)—turns cute. There are some promising beginnings: the underground mysteriously still runs on the Inner Circle and people have taken to living in the trains; a B.B.C. news announcer goes about with the frame of

TV set and through it announces zany currences to solitary survivors; a girl pregnant for months beyond term; doctor prescribes a nourishing meal a man dying of starvation. But it is bits and pieces; nothing matures om idea to event, and over it all poured the self-satisfied drollery. course that could be the ultimate horror of fission—everyone turned into a crashing eccentric—but I don't think it likely or what the film makers had in mind. The famous names here, in addition to Sir Ralph, are Rita Tushingham, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. The latter two ride about in a captive balloon and do nothing to diminish the romping.

RECORDS / David Hamilton

ERIO: *Sinfonia.* Swingle Singers. New ork Philharmonic. Luciano Berio, cond. olumbia MS 7268. $5.98.

epeated hearings of this 1968 Philharonic commission (see *The Nation,* ovember 4, 1968) confirm an initial pression that its main substance is be found in the quasi-Joycean verl-musical collage of the third movement; if the other three sections still em of low density, at times of even lessiaenic stasis, they at least put the Mahler movement" in high relief.

Berio's collage is based on the third ovement of Mahler's Second Symhony, whose beginning forms the inial continuity; later, the Mahler floats n and out of the texture, and returns efinitively at the end. Over this is eard a variety of quotations from the nusical literature (in the orchestra) nd overlapping verbal exclamations nd recitations, centering on Beckett's *The Unnamable.* The result is perhaps nost aptly described as a piece *about* nusic, for the pre-existent material is uxtaposed in terms more of historical eferences than specific musical properies. A major exception is the triple meter of the Mahler movement, which continues to serve as a kind of paste holding the rest together even when its original subtleties have been submerged in the multi-layered texture.

I am sure that the Joycean analogy was not far from the composer's mind, and the *Sinfonia* is an interesting exploration of such possibilities, despite the obvious difficulties of drawing analogies between the time-flow of music and that of literature. The aesthetic departure from the main musical tradition (and even from a good deal of 20th-century "tradition") is radical, even if the sonorous surface retains a very traditional character.

Even though the recording-session balance clarifies many details that were not easily audible at the concert performances last year, some textural obscurities remain, and I am now, after repeated hearings of the record, inclined to classify them as miscalculations. Nevertheless, the piece is full of typical Berio ingenuity, notably in the resourceful writing for the extraordinary Swingle Singers. As with too many recent releases of contemporary music, the record constitutes very short measure; the entire *Sinfonia* would have fitted on one side.

The Art of Artur Schnabel. Seraphim 60115. $2.49.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals and other works. Vocal and instrumental ensembles. Nadia Boulanger, cond. Seraphim 60125. $2.49.

STRAUSS: *Der Rosenkavalier* (abridged): songs and operatic arias. Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Maria Olczewska, Richard Mayr. Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Robert Heger, cond. Seraphim IC-6041 (three discs). $7.47.

These are very desirable reissues, from a large release under the Seraphim label. The Schnabel disc, exceptionally welcome, is a group of postwar performances, most of which have not previously been available in this country: Mozart's Rondo in A minor, K. 511, and Sonata in B-flat, K. 570; Schubert's Impromptus, Op. 90, Nos. 2 & 4 (the latter unfortunately cut, presumably to fit the original 78-rpm record); Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*; Brahms's Rhapsody in G minor and Intermezzos, Op. 116, No. 2 and Op. 117, No. 1. The Mozart Rondo is memorable for its elucidation of metrical ambiguity, the Schubert for the subtle polyphony that Schnabel traces in the passage work; if there are some palpable technical blunders in the Weber and Brahms, there is also an unusual control of textural balance and tonal color. These are important footnotes to Schnabel's more famous recordings. He is also represented in three three-disc collections in the same series: the Schubert *Moments Musicaux* in "Six Legendary Pianists" (Seraphim IC-6045), Mozart's G minor Piano Quartet, K. 478, in "Six Chamber Music Masterpieces" (IC-6044), and Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto in "Six Concertos" (IC-6043). Each set contains other excellent performances, but one could wish for a more rational packaging of historic recordings than this grab-bag approach.

The 1937 Boulanger set of Monteverdi vocal works is a document in the history of taste, for it represented the first major recording of that composer's music, and was an important stimulus for the Monteverdi revival that followed. Fortunately, it can still be heard with pleasure despite such anachronisms as the use of a piano, for Mme. Boulanger understood the rhythmic life of this music as few have understood it since. Hers is a fine antidote to "sewing-machine baroque" performances.

Heger's abridged *Rosenkavalier* suffers from cramped orchestral sound, some overhasty tempos, and brutal cuts, but retains the virtues of immensely flavorful performances from all the principals. Elisabeth Schumann's Sophie, in particular, is a technical marvel, and the songs she sings on one of the odd sides offer a very special fusion of verbal clarity with purity of legato line.

MENDELSSOHN: Octet for Strings, Op. 20. BOCCHERINI: Cello Quintet in C major, Op. 37, No. 7. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Argo ZRG 569. $5.95.

Mendelssohn's youthful fusion of technical mastery and inspiration is at its height in this quite perfect work, a *locus classicus* of brilliant string scoring. The eight-part fugal writing of the last movement is a particular delight, as integrated into a sonata-allegro structure and adorned with an almost incessant but always thematically relevant eight-note motion. The performance is very near to perfection itself—as is that of the tuneful but structurally unimaginative Boccherini work on the second side.

Other recommended recordings:

French Operatic Arias. Beverly Sills, soprano; Ambrosian Opera Chorus. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Charles Mackerras, cond. Westminster WST 17163. $5.98.

CHOPIN: Polonaises, Op. 40, No. 2; Op. 44; Op. 53; Polonaise-Fantasie, Op. 61; Andante spianato and Grand Polonaise, Op. 22. Alfred Brendel, piano. Vanguard VCS 10058. $3.98.

WEBER: Clarinet Concerto No. 1 in F minor, Op. 73; Concertino, Op. 26. ROSSINI: Introduction and Variations for Clarinet and Orchestra. Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, cond. Angel S-36589. $5.98.

 (Continued from page 443)

—and more were printed commercially. Nearly a quarter million pages were translated into various languages. Much of this verbal inundation originated in the 2,580 meetings held by delegates. The number of individual speeches is beyond calculation, and since many of the speakers regard their words as imperishable, most of the meetings are transcribed verbatim or in extensive summaries. They are also recorded on audio tape (in several languages) and often on video tape. And this is just the output of headquarters. Even more meetings (3,331) were held at the UN's European office, the old League of Nations headquarters in Geneva; others at various permanent UN installations, and still others by traveling UN groups. Many of these meetings are useful, but many others are self-generating and trivial.

There seems to be no way to stop the flood. The Secretary-General has pleaded with the delegates to curb their passion for meetings, the delegates themselves agree that restraint is necessary, but there seems to be no one with the courage to stand up and say that a meeting proposed by a colleague is unnecessary. So they increase, even though there isn't enough physical space for them, even though trained personnel to service them, particularly interpreters, is not available, even though, despite incredible efforts, the UN Secretariat cannot keep up with the necessary documentation.

It is no wonder then that the UN is hoping to expand dramatically beyond its original 18 acres. The plans are not modest. They include a 3-acre park to be built on pilings in the East River, a square block for office and storage space, a large part of a block for the new home of the United Nations International School, and 2 blocks for a visitors' center and for office, apartment and hotel space for UN delegations—all at a cost of more than $50 million. Most of this expansion can, no doubt, be justified, for the UN has grown in membership by two and a half times since 1945, its members constantly give it new tasks in the economic and social fields, and it does not offer enough social and recreational facilities for the members, many of whom are Africans and Asians who do not feel welcome in the city. But it does seem ironic that at a time when the UN grows increasingly hollow at the center, it should grow more luxuriant at the edges.

This bleak picture is far from meaning that the United Nations is without use. The nations of the world want it, not only as the embodiment of an ideal that most peoples cherish but because it has achieved real successes, some permanent, some temporary: the Congo, the Middle East in 1948 and 1956, Korea perhaps, Kashmir, the independence of most of Africa, the nuclear test-ban treaty. More recently, Cyprus, treaties barring nuclear weapons from Latin America and from space, and the treaty to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons. And despite a desperate shortage of money, the UN has done important and often overlooked work in the economic and social fields. Employing about 65 per cent of its budget and 80 per cent of its staff, the UN is building a tradition of international cooperation that the theorists—and U Thant—hope will gradually be to influence the political field.

The United Nations has still other uses. It is not t conscience of the world, for a committee cannot be conscience; yet the Secretary-General, because of unique constituency, can sometimes serve such a r and U Thant often does. However it is by no mea evident that his diplomatic thrusts have had any inf ence in major capitals. Indeed, the chances are th Thant has occasioned anger more often than actic

But if the UN cannot directly influence the actio of the superpowers, its very presence serves to modi them. Or as one long-time observer put it, the UN "do allow an outraged nation to cry help and the very c sometimes frightens the robber." Who knows wh the Russians might have done if they had not been hail before the Security Council? And where else cou Czechoslovakia have made its brief but poignant pr test? Also the UN undoubtedly had some benefici influence on developments in the Cuban missile crisi in the Dominican Republic, in Suez, and even in Vie nam, for the great powers cannot completely ignore th assembled voices of the nations of the world, even voices cannot stand up against armies.

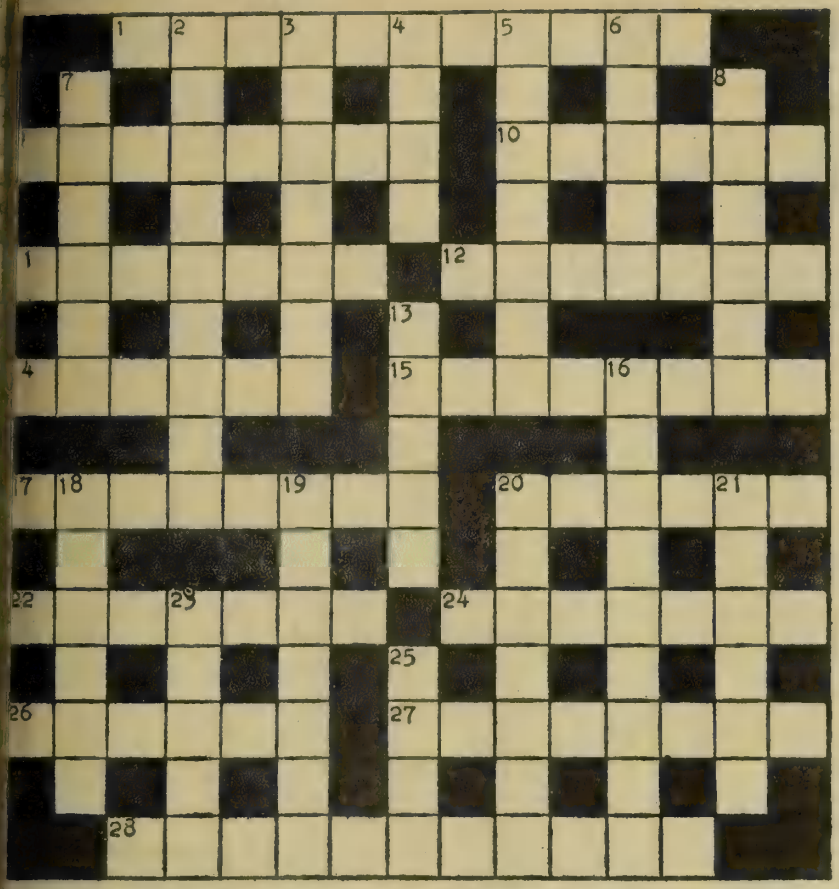
The UN is sometimes dismissed as just a forum, n more than a diplomatic stock exchange, but even th is useful. How else could almost all the nations of th world be in immediate diplomatic contact, thus im proving the chances of avoiding crises based on mis understanding? The UN is also indispensable for sea ing agreements and giving them added weight an validity. It is one thing for a couple of nations to mak a bilateral agreement, but if the UN becomes a part to it, it is much harder to avoid compliance. Also (an this is no small matter), the UN allows a nation t compromise in an international dispute, when otherwis it would appear to be backing down. U Thant's appea to both sides to avoid a physical confrontation in th Cuban missile crisis allowed Khrushchev to pull back claiming he was responding to Thant's request an not to Kennedy's ultimatum.

Having acknowledged all this, the blunt fact re mains that the UN is not in the mainstream of big power international politics. Although it was born i the belief that balance of power politics and spheres of influences would become anachronisms, these twenty-four years have proved the visionaries wrong. The old brutal realities still exist and show no signs of depart ing. Collective security does not work because the powerful nations will not let it work. Their interpretation of national interest is too narrow. Thus hopes too long deferred have led to disillusion.

There is nothing wrong with the UN that the United States and Russia could not change overnight, for if they would lead, the others would follow. But in the immediate future they will neither respond to the collective will nor surrender their sovereignty, and without one concession or the other the UN is impotent. Meanwhile, the machinery of peace remains, waiting to be used. Until it is used, as one observer put it, "the United Nations is like the Church in the Dark Ages."

Crossword Puzzle No. 1318

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Revolutionary decoy France formed into a non-Union body? (11)
6 Has to hurt just above the lip, probably. (8)
9 She is rather possessive following the party, somewhat like a squirrel. (6)
10 Keep the faith, baby? Not with this! (7)
12 See 26 across
14 Moves a little, like several in the foot. (6)
15 A form of the word "doll" not found in the western hemisphere generally. (3,5)
17 and 25 down Spoils a room design created to aid the 15, in part. (8,4)
20 All the actors or just one of two stars? (6)
22 Given the wrong part to throw in the wrong direction? (7)
24 See 18 down
26 and 12 On a car do they imply fast colors? (6,7)
27 In such a state, small thy feeling, but large thy problem. (8)
28 Individual characteristics. (11)

DOWN

2 and 13 The astronauts were really wild! (3,2,4,5)
3 Even timeless they'd be good fronts! (7)
4 Acts like animals! (4)
5 Wrong to be so, according to knightly vows. (7)
6 Goat island? (5)
7 Change course with ease inside as one hears another vessel. (6)
8 You might get things gummed up again if you do! (6)
13 See 2 down
16 Good lookers might be so. (9)
18 and 24 across For example, sable shades might make one feel good! (6,7)
19 Specifies things as typified by 6 with corn on it. (7)
20 At the head of the column. (7)
21 Implies there's no stock in extravagant misdoing if it went right in the middle. (6)
23 Frost on a number reputedly doesn't pay.
25 See 17 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1317

ACROSS: 1 Cloudless; 6 Grant; 9 Thespis; 10 Ocarina; 11 Ski; 12 Ringer; 15 Sagamore; 16 Crease; 18 Ebbing; 20 Abandons; 23, 24, 25 and 13 Once around the park; 28 Georgia; 29 Take-out; 30 Noted; 31 Sidesteps. DOWN: 1 Cotes; 2 Opening; 3 and 5 Department stores; 4 Elsinore; 6 Gear; 7 Ali Baba; 8 Trackless; 14 Grand Dukes; 15 Sheboygan; 17 Abducted; 19 Back out; 21 Outvote; 22 Creaks; 26 and 13 Estes Park; 27 Aged.

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LETTERS

not his war

Concord, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: President Nixon has stated that he does not intend to be "the first American President to lose a war," but . . . the war in Vietnam is not his to win or lose. This war was lost by his three White House predecessors as they involved this nation in a conflict which was doomed from the beginning. It seems to have taken the nation these many years to finally realize this fact.

Meldon C. Belknap

when is an invitation?

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In his "The Center at Santa Barbara: Anguish on a Hilltop" [*The Nation*, Oct. 6], Robert H. Sollen refers to the July meeting of a group of leading scholars brought to Santa Barbara to consult with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions on its current reorganization. He states:

"Some of the outsiders were invited to join the Center as senior fellows. It turned out that few if any were interested in joining as full-fledged fellows, but some have become associates. . . ."

This statement is wholly false. None of those at the July meeting was asked to become a senior fellow, nor has such appointment yet been offered to anyone else. The Center has asked fifteen distinguished scholars to become associates; only one has declined, because of conflicting commitments, and he is associated with one of the Center's ongoing projects. . . .

Mr. Sollen states that I have complained in the past about his reporting on Center matters in the *Santa Barbara News-Press*. That statement is wholly accurate.

Harry S. Ashmore
Executive Vice-President
Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I was told by several persons associated with the Center whose word I have reason to trust that some of the scholars who met at the Center in July were asked to become fellows.

Moreover, statements issued by the Center left the distinct impression that the July group was expected to provide some new senior fellows. Ashmore himself strengthened this impression in a letter to me (with copies to my superiors) after I had written a couple of articles for the *Santa Barbara News-Press* regarding the Center reorganization.

"In your second day story," Ashmore wrote last June 23, "you use the curious phrase 'it was reported unofficially that they will give way to a new group of fellows to be brought in before the end of the year.' On the contrary, it was stated officially by Hutchins [Center president] that this was the case—and in that regard the announcement also contained some hard news of local interest you have not yet reported: 'In July eleven distinguished scholars from the United States and abroad will meet at the Center to consider further revision and expansion of the reconstituted study program. Additional appointments are expected in the fall.'"

The point I tried to make is that the Center has gone soft from lack of meaningful criticism and analysis by its friends (and enemies) and has in fact lost the ability (temporarily, let us hope) to cope calmly with such criticism when it does appear.

Robert H. Sollen

EDITORIALS

The Moratorium–Success Story

It may be a bit early to issue any hard-and-fast conclusions as to what the October moratorium accomplished, but it surely is not too early to say that it was a memorable achievement, and one of which its promoters may be proud. If it was government in the streets, as the President believes or pretends to believe, all one can say is that its moral content was much higher than that of government in the White House during this or the preceding administration.

Demonstrations on a national scale tend either to be too tightly organized, and thus unable to adapt to local conditions, or to fall into total anarchy. The moratorium was initiated and encouraged from its headquarters, which issued a few simple guidelines: keep it cool, use your imagination, do what you judge to be appropriate in your community. This technique worked most impressively. As for law-and-order, Mary McGrory was right when she called it "a miracle of civility." It was so parliamentary that even the opponents, often an inflamed lot, were for the most part conjured into politeness.

A demonstration of fully national scope—other than those of traditional holidays and observations—is a rarity. This one came closer to being nation wide than has anything of its kind in the past. The big crowds were where one would expect—in New York, Boston and other large cities—but people turned out in smaller communities too. New Haven, with a population of 152,000, poured 60,000 inhabitants onto the Green by police count. Even for a university town, a turnout of one-third of the population for an anti-war demonstration is phenomenal.

The October demonstration was also of broader composition than any of its kind in the past. A significant section of both labor and business was involved. In his excellent newsletter, *Business & Society*, Milton Moskowitz comments: "There's no question that the October 15 Vietnam Moratorium action has unleashed the greatest business support yet for the peace movement. At the Harvard Business School, prime training ground for management, one-third of the students backed the drive. A demonstration was organized for the Wall Street area. At least one major corporation told its community relations people around the country to invite students in to present their position. And the Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace stepped up its activities."

In *The New York Times* (October 22) Anthony Lewis notes with wonderment that the speakers on October 15 included not only professors and liberal politicians but such a man as Malcolm Baldridge, Jr., president of the Scoville Manufacturing Co., who in 1968 headed the Connecticut Nixon-Agnew Committee. The Alliance for Labor Action (United Auto Workers and the Teamsters), representing some 4 million members, endorsed the moratorium unequivocally: "We take our stand with those who are for getting out quickly and completely."

Success on this scale can be explained only on the assumption that the movement was already there, waiting for able management. Withal, an important com-

APR 29

ponent must not be overlooked. Edward B. Fiske observed in *The New York Times* (October 19) that the moratorium was viewed by a number of theologians and religious specialists as "not only a political protest but an event with profound religious overtones built around a fundamental new vision of America. . . ." This approach recalls the proposition, described in *Daedalus* in 1964 by the sociologist Robert N. Bellah, that an "elaborate and well institutionalized" civil religion, with its own doctrines, rituals and scriptures, has existed for some time alongside the sectarian faiths. This civil religion developed during the American Revolution, in the concept of a new promised land. Not the least service of the October moratorium was the testimony that this civil religion still exists, ready to revive when the nation's leaders deviate grossly from the path of sanity and rectitude.

Second Moratorium–Questions

When President Nixon told the country that he would not be influenced "whatever" by the October moratorium, that he would not allow policy to be made "in the streets," he gave a boost to the movement that its most ardent protagonists could hardly have hoped for. The massive thrust came from the fact that the President was so palpably wrong in his reading of the constitutional liberties involved. In a letter to *The New York Times*, Prof. Milton R. Konvitz, an expert in the field, pointed out that the right of petition for the redress of grievances is not limited to the presentation of a document, but that the Supreme Court has decided (as common sense alone would seem to dictate) that a march, or parade, or a mass meeting, or a sit-in—provided that it is conducted in a peaceful and orderly manner and in a place where the participants have a right to be—is a legitimate exercise of the right of petition.

It may be that Spiro Agnew's abusive speech before a Republican audience in New Orleans on October 19 will give the same impetus to the November moratorium. The reference to the October 15 demonstrators and their supporters as "an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals," when they included seventy-nine university presidents and thousands of eminent professors, politicians and businessmen, is so wildly misguided that it can only boomerang on the speaker. Since Mr. Nixon cannot publicly disavow Mr. Agnew (if, indeed, he wishes to do so), the managers of the November moratorium have been handed some ready-made material for their cause.

But they have problems; in fact, everyone in this highly fluid situation faces difficulties and dangers. The success of the October demonstration was due largely to its orderly and earnest character. Agnew's speech can become a factor in the radicalization of the movement, to its probable disadvantage. If it has that effect, it will not be the only force pushing in that direction. There is not one peace movement but several. The Vietnam Moratorium Committee, which is planning the November 13-14 nation wide movement, is dominated by young people. The New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, which plans peace marches in Washington on

IN THIS ISSUE

November 3, 1969

EDITORIALS

458

ARTICLES

462 Haynsworth and the Bar: A Jury of His Club Mates — *Patrick Owens*

464 Color and Mayhem: Uptight in the Armed Forces — *William Endicott* and *Stanley Williford*

467 Nixon's "Southern" Strategy: The Authoritarian Prescription — *William D. Phelan, Jr.*

473 Debtors' Power: Defense Against Gouging — *Jean Carper*

476 Tokyo: Choreography of Protest — *Angela Carter*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

478 Gross: The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters — *Donald Fanger*

480 Williams: Huey Long — *Robert G. Sherrill*

482 Shikes: The Indignant Eye — *Elmer Bendiner*

482 Hair (poem) — *Jack Anderson*

483 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

485 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

485 Hunters (poem) — *Ameen Alwan*

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NATION *Volume 209 No. 15*

the same days and a mass rally on November 15, is described as "a loose coalition of individual pacifists and anti-war groups," with for the most part middle-aged sponsors. The leaders of both groups have pledged unity, but the fact that there are separate organizations implies differences in orientation, and these exist also within the more youthful organization. Impatient elements may take over the latter's demonstrations in some places, and the very fact that another month will have passed makes maintenance of the peaceful character of the movement more difficult. If the President, in his November 3 address, continues to equivocate, a hostile countermove is the more likely.

The October demonstrations were supported by influential members of Congress. Several of these key supporters now ask that the President be given more time to move toward peace, but it is hard to see how he can do so fast enough for those who demand peace "now." He is beholden to the right wing of his party. He identifies the Thieu-Ky regime with the people of Vietnam. He has been quoted as declaring that he does not intend to be the first President of the United States to lose a war. He wants peace, but peace with "honor," by which is meant a peace which looks as much as possible like a military victory. These and other factors make it likely that the November moratorium will have ample grounds for exerting further pressure, but the situation may weaken the ability of the organizers to keep the movement on its initial course.

The motivation for the softer line adopted by Messrs. Fulbright, Mansfield and Aiken in advance of the November 3 address may be their recognition that "peace now," while a legitimate slogan for citizens seeking to animate their government to significant new procedures, cannot literally be accomplished. For one thing, there is no reason to believe that if Mr. Nixon proclaims a cease-fire on the part of the American forces the fighting will end. *The Nation* pointed out more than a year ago that if General Gavin's prescription for withdrawal of American forces to coastal enclaves were followed, the Vietcong would in all probability attack the enclaves. It is hard to see how peace can come while American forces in any significant number remain in South Vietnam, and yet they cannot be removed overnight. And peace will certainly not come while America continues to support the Thieu-Ky cabal of generals and grafters. Senator Goodell has been saying this in no uncertain terms, and it must be clear to the other promoters of peace in the Senate. It may be that they fear complications elsewhere than in Vietnam and Laos. Korea may be as much of a tinderbox as Southeast Asia (editorial, *The Nation*, October 6), and if an explosion should occur there, South Vietnam might, in retrospect, look like a minor problem.

Nevertheless, if the moderate spokesmen for the October moratorium withdraw somewhat from its sequel, they may take elements of the moderate rank and file with them, and negatively radicalize the remainder.

There are, thus, reasons for concern. But since the October moratorium proved so successful, the wise course would seem to be to play it by ear in November, adapting tactics and strategy to retain public confidence in the sanity and moderation of the leaders and the rank and file. The invitation to President Nixon to participate in the November moratorium is an astute idea. He is scarcely likely to accept, but this civility, if not met in kind, can only redound to the advantage of the movement.

Changing Times

Two incidents in California confirm what we had to say recently about changes in the old order of thought and feeling (editorial, *The Nation*, September 29, p. 300). As a result of a deliberate FBI leak to the press, Angela Davis, a black militant named as assistant professor of philosophy at UCLA, was publicly identified as a member of the Communist Party. Governor Reagan and his regents gasped, huddled and demanded that she be fired forthwith. But to their surprise the UCLA faculty voted 551 to 4 to rescind its 1950 ban on the employment of Communists and, moments later, voted 539 to 12 to condemn the regents for ordering the dismissal. Let it be noted that it was not at Berkeley, "the mother of protests," that this striking manifestation of insubordination took place but at the Los Angeles campus, which is better dressed and more polite. What Reagan and the regents forgot, of course, is that a new generation of professors and students has emerged since the famous fight of 1950 on the loyalty oath. It is now much harder to manipulate "anti-Communist" reflexes.

At about the same time, a judge of the San Jose Superior Court, presiding in a juvenile case, indulged in some outrageously intemperate and stupid generalizations about "the Mexican people." A member of "an old San Jose family," the judge had no doubt absorbed anti-Mexican feeling from childhood. Other judges have made equally vicious remarks about Mexicans at fairly regular intervals since 1850, when California was admitted to the union. (For example, the decision of the District Court of Appeals, October 4, 1944, in *People* vs. *Leyvas, et al*—the so-called Sleepy Lagoon case—deals with the subject.) But, again, the times have changed: today about a fourth of San Jose's population of 450,000 is Mexican-American. There, as elsewhere in California, the Chicano rebellion is being felt at all levels and the ferment is spreading. So it is not surprising that the judge's courtroom should have been picketed for three days, or that he finally had to be transferred to another court. Resolutions denounced his conduct, the Attorney General urged the Judicial Qualifications Commission to investigate, removal proceedings were projected, and newspapers which not many years ago would have approved of his remarks, or at least failed to note them, berated him editorially. It is not necessary, therefore, to suggest that other California judges should keep their prejudice under their robes: one may be quite sure that they are doing just that.

All this is not to imply that California has won the struggle against test oaths (the Davis case has not been finally resolved) or that its courtrooms will henceforth be wholly free of racial bias. But some at least of the old phobias and stereotypes are being challenged by strong and growing minorities imbued with a new outlook and determination. It is not always true that the more things change the more they are the same.

Never Say Never

Outside his immediate family, there are probably not many who find Mr. Nixon an endearing man; yet there is something charming about the way he takes adamant stands while placing one foot on a roller skate.

Having said that under no circumstances would he be influenced by popular protests against the war in Vietnam, he escorted General Hershey upstairs even before the moratorium had taken place. Having ordered Operation Intercept at the Mexican border to deprive students and other youths of their marijuana and to please the "support your local police" crowd, he has now sent representatives to a House Judiciary subcommittee meeting to say that the Administration endorses the proposal of a commission to study the weed. This is strong support for Representative Koch's current bill to that effect. The President has also come out for a re-examination, and possible reduction, of the fierce penalties now imposed on users of those drugs most in favor among students.

Mr. Nixon, we suspect, suffers from a common American weakness: he yearns to be loved. It is not invariably an edifying trait in public figures, but in his case it may save us all from the consequences of his desire to be boss.

Old Vice

A resurgence of nationalism means a reinstatement, at least in part, of old traditions. For example, Czechoslovakia asserting itself may be a spectacle quite different from that of Poland doing the same thing. The accusation lodged against the Jews in Poland by the Gomulka regime is that they are Zionist—i.e., acknowledging a loyalty to Israel and thus by implication guilty of disloyalty to Communist Poland. But according to E. J. Hobsbawm, himself a Marxist, writing in the British *New Society*, there is no substance to that charge. Today, he says, the Jews are being "systematically expelled" (a *New York Times* report states that they are leaving at the rate of about 1,000 a month; some 20,000 remain), and these include "people unaware of any Jewish links at all, but classified as such by the authorities through some Jewish ancestor." Most of them go to Israel, which welcomes them for their skills; and the exodus thus ironically strengthens the very Zionism that Gomulka's regime purports to be combating.

As Hobsbawm takes pains to emphasize, it is not because Poland is Communist that the Jews are being persecuted; it is because Poland has recaptured its pre-Communist past and in so doing reanimated the racist nationalism that darkened so much of its history. Meanwhile, Michael Connock, also writing in *New Society*, deplores the decline of the Polish cinema, after its sensational achievements of recent years. He points out that Alexander Ford, who reconstructed the Polish film industry after the expulsion of the Germans, is a Jew, and that he is one of the many who have been deprived of their jobs by the present regime. Anti-Semitism is an even-handed sort of vice; it invariably hurts the Jew but it can be relied upon also to hurt his persecutor.

The Draft vs. Social Justice

The draft is not only a means of forcing young men to fight in a war which subverts every American idea; it is also an instrument to protect the *status quo* against orderly social change. That is the contention of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, based in Kentucky. The mountain regions of Kentucky are among the poorest and most despoiled in the country, but anyone who tries to curb the ravages of strip mining or alleviate Appalachian poverty is likely to be labeled a Communist. And if he happens to be of military age and is opposed to the war in Vietnam, he is likely to be denied exemption as a conscientious objector and eventually jailed as a draft resister.

This is happening to two SCEF organizers, Walter Collins of New Orleans and Joseph Mulloy of Kentucky. Collins, who is black, has been organizing the poor and helping black people to register to vote, most recently in Mississippi. Sentenced to five years in prison and a $2,000 fine for draft refusal, he is out on appeal but restricted to the eastern half of Louisiana, so that he cannot continue his work in Mississippi. Mulloy, who is white, is well known for his challenges to the coal operators in Kentucky (see "Kentucky's Coal Beds of Sedition" by Paul Good, *The Nation*, September 4, 1967). He was arrested in 1967 under a state sedition law, charged with plotting the overthrow of the government of Pike County, which is in effect governed by the coal interests. The law was declared unconstitutional in federal court and the charges were dropped, but the following day Mulloy was ordered to report for induction. He too has been convicted of draft refusal and sentenced to five years and a $10,000 fine.

When a prominent draft objector like Dr. Spock is cleared (though on narrow legal grounds), people are likely to assume that the draft is being successfully resisted, but cases like those of Mulloy, Collins and many others show that the impression is superficial. A pamphlet titled "An Enemy of the People—How the Draft Is Used To Stop Movements for Social Change" issued by SCEF (3210 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40211) tells an unpleasant story which should be more widely circulated.

Reporter or Informer?

According to a Chicago *Daily News* report under the by-line of Raymond Coffey (*New York Post*, October 18), the FBI is importing the process of *Gleichschaltung* into the land of the free. Under this term, which may be loosely translated as "coordination," Dr. Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda minister, organized the press, radio, cinema and theatre into "chambers" to which only licensed practitioners could belong. Jews and all persons suspected of the slightest taint of disloyalty to Nazism were excluded. The members of the chambers were expected to spy on one another and to report any lack of enthusiasm for the godhead of the *Fuehrer*.

The FBI version of this type of operation—which one hopes will not emerge from its larval stage—was dis-

(Continued on page 477)

A JURY OF HIS CLUB MATES

PATRICK OWENS
Mr. Owens is chief editorial writer for Newsday, *the Long Island newspaper.*

If, as is still possible, Judge Clement Haynsworth wins Senate confirmation and ascends to the Supreme Court, he will owe his good fortune to twelve men who have tendered him the most niggardly of blessings while carefully avoiding any comment on his ethics or judicial conduct. The twelve make up the Committee on the Federal Judiciary of the American Bar Association. They are powerful in the Haynsworth affair because they are recognized as the quasi-official assessors of the professional and ethical qualifications of prospective judges. They are now at the center of a growing storm among the nation's lawyers.

Haynsworth violated the ABA's own code of judicial ethics when he sat on cases involving corporations in which he owned stock. In one case, he went out (or sent his broker) to buy stock while the corporation was a litigant before him. He misled the Senate Judiciary Committee about his business activities in his early appearances before that group. Ranking officials of the ABA are distressed by this performance, and by the ABA's acquiescence in it through the Committee on the Federal Judiciary. But those prominent lawyers observe all the rules of Establishment clubmanship, especially when a conservative judicial nominee is at issue. On October 17, the ABA's board of governors decided that it lacked the precedent and the power to override the Judiciary Committee and seek an explicit opinion on Haynsworth's conduct from the Ethics Committee. This decision reportedly pained many of the people who participated in it, including the ABA's "modernizing" president, Bernard G. Segal of Philadelphia, and his immediate predecessor, William T. Gossett of Detroit. But the claims of due process, as one indignant governor phrased it, carried the day.

Ironically, the Federal Judiciary Committee that has stuck to Haynsworth is itself a product of efforts by Gossett and Segal to bring their association up to date. Most of its members are recent replacements for aging establishmentarians. ("You used to have to have prostate trouble to get on the committee," one of its ABA critics explained.) But when the committee held a special meeting in New York on October 11 to review disclosures about Haynsworth's conduct, the corporate ethic outvoted the judicial ethic. In a split decision, the committee reaffirmed its September 5 endorsement in a terse one-paragraph statement that avoided any discussion of the judge's actions or the judicial code's provisions.

Committee members knew that a reversal of their earlier endorsement would have killed Haynsworth's chances; the ABA's support is the judge's only shield against the chapter and verse citation of his misconduct that has been offered by Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana. Attorneys outside the ABA's official family have been actively protesting against the nomination. The 3,500-member New York Trial Lawyers Association asked President Nixon to withdraw the Haynsworth endorsement or the Senate to reject it; the thirty-three directors who attended the meeting voted unanimously for the request. Stanley P. Danzig, the Association president, was withering in his judgment of Haynsworth. "There is no need for a demonstration of a great financial stake in a corporation that is before the court to suggest the possibility of conflict of interest," Danzig said. "Even boys know this. When they pick an umpire for a pick-up ball game, they don't pick one with a side bet on the outcome." Like many other attorneys who make their living trying cases, Danzig is less disturbed by the existence of Haynsworth's conflicts of interest than he is by the judge's failure to disclose them to lawyers in the case involved. "A lawyer has a right to ask a prospective juror about his financial interest in a case," he said. "He has no less right to know that about a judge, but he can't ask. He has to rely on a judge's candor in making known such facts."

The Beverly Hills Barristers voted 28 to 3 to ask Nixon to withdraw the nomination. The American Trial Lawyers Association, with 23,000 members who make their living in court, voiced its own displeasure more sedately. ATLA initiated a poll of 700 of its leaders and 500 members chosen at random across the country. Leon Wolfstone of Seattle, ATLA's president, was circumspect in his discussion of the action, saying it was not meant to reflect on any other group. But it was clear that lawyers outside the ABA's leadership were in rebellion against its questionable procedures for screening nominees and prospective nominees for the federal courts.

Labor and civil liberties lawyers have been complaining about these procedures for more than a decade. Two political scientists have emerged from their more scholarly studies of the process to issue harsh opinions on the matter. Joel B. Grossman, assistant professor at the University of Wisconsin and the author of *Lawyers and Judges: The ABA and the Politics of Judicial Selection,* complains that the committee's orientation is overwhelmingly "conservative-corporate." Harold Chase, professor at the University of Minnesota, says: "These men [the committee] tend to be conservative in their approaches and attitudes. There is a clear Republican bias. Labor lawyers and liberals get a different response than do conservative corporation lawyers. But it isn't a matter of obvious prejudice. These are profoundly conservative men, for the most part, who see things differently from moderates or liberals."

The two men agree that the influence of the ABA committee has probably been far more baneful at district and circuit court levels than in filling Supreme Court vacancies. They point to a handful of disputed Kennedy and Johnson judicial appointments in which the ABA played a key role. In the most notorious of these, David Rabinovitz, a labor lawyer who had represented the United Auto Work-

ers in the long and bitter Kohler strike, was eventually denied a district court seat after a bitter public wrangle in which the Wisconsin Bar Association moved in behind ABA. By contrast, Haynsworth was a strategist in the long and successful struggle of the Southern textile industry to ban unions, and he carried his bought-and-paid-for lawyer's prejudices against labor to the bench when he became a federal district, then circuit court judge. But he sailed through the ABA screening process all three times.

The ABA committee commonly works in secret, offering the President a preliminary assessment of a prospective lower-court nominee's qualifications. "We don't know," says Grossman, "how many get tossed out at this point." The Haynsworth case is exposing the ABA committee to an unusual amount of public scrutiny, partly because President Nixon, desiring to avoid leaks, does not solicit advance ABA checks on prospective Supreme Court nominees. The committee is working in the Haynsworth case for the Senate Judiciary Committee.

A look at the twelve-member committee that has twice endorsed Haynsworth confirms that, whatever rejuvenation Gossett and Segal may think they have accomplished, the "corporate" view reigns supreme. It includes no labor lawyer (one member, Charles Horsky of Washington, says he has represented some unions at some time in the past, but he won't say which ones or when); no lawyer for consumer interests; no lawyer whose income derives primarily from representing individuals in suits against corporations. There is, of course, no black lawyer.

Horsky, known as the committee liberal, is a member of the 110-lawyer Washington firm, Covington & Burling, that also includes Dean Acheson and that specializes in helping clients—corporations emphatically included—to do business with the government. The firms represented on the committee range in size from 110 members down to the five at Harry G. Gault's Flint, Mich., office. The twelve firms total 545 lawyers, including members and associates.

Four of these brag about their clients in legal directories. Norman P. Ramsey, who handled the Haynsworth investigation because he is the Fourth Circuit man on the committee, comes from a Baltimore firm that lists Bethlehem Steel, Du Pont, General Electric, General Tire and Rubber, Koppers Co. and Mobil Oil. Gault's little old Flint firm represents Sears Roebuck, Gulf Oil, State Farm Insurance and REA Express, among others.

Sherwood Wise of Jackson, Miss., heads a ten-lawyer firm that lists Mississippi Power and Light, the Illinois Central Railroad, REA Express, Delta Air Lines, Georgia Pacific, Ralston-Purina, etc. Robert H. Harry's forty-lawyer Denver firm lists Du Pont, Westinghouse, El Paso Natural Gas, IBM, J. C. Penney and Western Electric, all of which have more than a casual interest in who sits on the Supreme Court. The other committee members belong to firms that feel—quite correctly—they don't have to advertise their clients. It is certain that the lists are no less imposing. John A. Sutro comes from the most prestigious firm in San Francisco, Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, which is celebrated throughout the West for its skill at keeping the unions in hand. ("It's pretty well known that if you have a [labor] problem, we're the people



to see," says Charles Prael, who heads the firm's labor staff.) The firm has represented Pacific Bell, Standard Oil of California and the giant Guy F. Atkinson Construction Co. on labor matters.

An old corporation lawyer like Haynsworth could expect to feel at home with this group. But just in case he felt the need of an extra welcome, it was assured by some most unusual circumstances:

¶Lawrence Walsh, the Wall Street lawyer who heads the committee, is the number-two man on the U.S. negotiating team at Paris. He was appointed by Nixon and serves at his pleasure. A committee repudiation of Haynsworth would have placed Walsh in the awkward and apparently unprecedented position of blowing the whistle before the Senate on a fellow Presidential nominee.

¶Of the four firms represented on the committee that advertise their clients, two cite clients involved in the Haynsworth controversy. Ramsey, the main Haynsworth investigator, is from a firm that represents a W. R. Grace subsidiary, Davison Chemical. Gault heads a firm that represents Maryland Casualty Co. Haynsworth owned stock both in Grace and in Maryland Casualty's parent company, American General Insurance Co., when he sat on cases involving the corporations. Horsky said in a telephone interview that he thought his firm represented W. R. Grace, but wasn't sure.

¶Still another member, Miles G. Seeley of Chicago, belongs to a firm that represents the Continental Illinois National Bank, which contributed both Treasury Secretary David Kennedy and Budget Director Robert Mayo to the Nixon Administration.

The committee members deny that they themselves are guilty of conflict of interest from such connections. "I really don't think I would be helping the President if I misled him as to the nominees," Walsh said when asked whether one Presidential appointee could pass a disinterested judgment on another Presidential appointee. (The

answer is revealing, because it acknowledges a sense of obligation to Nixon, while it distorts the ABA committee's function in the Haynsworth case. Walsh and his committee are not quietly advising Mr. Nixon on whom he should nominate. They are faced, instead, with the alternative of repudiating or endorsing a nominee already publicly chosen by the President.)

Ramsey angrily asserts that his firm has done little business for Davison Chemical since it became a Grace subsidiary. He cannot remember ever handling cases for Davison. "I see no ethical problem whatever, in any way, whether I did or not," he added heatedly when asked about the relationship. Horsky says, philosophically, that big law firms like his have to have clients and that it would be surprising if some of these weren't sometimes involved in the courts.

Other ABA officials, even those who acknowledge distress with the committee's Haynsworth clearance, can see no impropriety or even irony in the circumstance that members of a committee charged with passing on the judge's ethics have financial relationships with corporations that figure in the charges against him.

Walsh's two hats have provoked more distress at the ABA's Chicago headquarters. "That is unfortunate, and I would wish he had avoided it," says one official. But the thought of calling publicly, or even privately, for Walsh to choose between the ABA committee and his Presidential appointment had not occurred to the official.

Walsh, for his part, says that he offered to resign from the chairmanship when Nixon sent him to Paris, and that Gossett did not accept the offer. Instead, Cloyd LaPorte, from former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey's Manhattan firm, was installed as acting committee chairman for the first half of 1969, when Walsh was out of the country.

Whatever happens to the Haynsworth nomination, the wrangle it has stirred up among the nation's lawyers seems likely to go on for some time. Many trial lawyers, in particular, are impatient with the ABA's conservatism. Like the two political scientists, they are unhappy about the bias ABA has so long betrayed in judicial selection. Some of them dismiss the Gossett-Segal efforts as window dressing or public relations.

One of the nation's foremost constitutional law scholars, Charles Black of the Yale Law School, offers a more fundamental objection. He doubts, he says, whether any group outside government should have any "quasi-official" role in the picking of judges. "I just have the feeling that no unofficial, fundamentally private body should have any special status in the process," Black explained. "The Constitution places the responsibility on elected officials in the Presidency and in the Senate, people who are answerable to the public for their actions, and that's where it should stay."

COLOR AND MAYHEM

UPTIGHT IN THE ARMED FORCES

WILLIAM ENDICOTT
and STANLEY WILLIFORD
Mr. Endicott and Mr. Williford are staff writers on the Los Angeles Times.

Anyone driving onto Travis Air Force Base in Northern California must pass large signs on either side of the road that proclaim Travis "an equal opportunity employer." The same idea is repeated time and again in military regulations.

In Monterey, a young black soldier with an Afro haircut stood on the front porch of the USO near Fort Ord recently and told it differently: "We try to rap with the man, and he won't listen. Black NCOs, they're part of the system. They'll believe a white major before they will a brother. Racism is the Army." Three black soldiers standing with him nodded in agreement, and one added: "The laws are there, but the prejudice within the people is still there, too."

President Truman ordered complete integration of the armed services in 1948 and by 1954 it had been accomplished. Segregation was ended in base housing, in schools for service dependents, in post facilities such as swimming pools and social clubs. But customs persist, attitudes change slowly, and a young black bent on asserting himself doesn't care the slightest about Harry S Truman. After almost twenty years of relatively peaceful coexistence between blacks and whites, the armed services are faced today with growing incidents of racial turmoil and discontent.

A colonel at the Army's Fort Ord, after first saying "there is no identifiable trend to indicate we have a racial problem," later conceded that the potential exists. At Camp Pendleton, the largest Marine Corps facility on the West Coast, a spokesman was more direct: "It's building into an explosive situation." Gen. Leonard F. Chapman, Jr., the Marine Corps commandant, acknowledged the reality of the problem at a news conference in Washington last month, when he said that racial violence among Marines must stop.

It had broken out in mid-July, when a white Marine at Camp Lejeune, N.C., died of injuries suffered in an outbreak between blacks and whites. In early August, twenty-five soldiers were hospitalized at Fort Bragg, N.C., after a racial fight that involved about 200 Negro and white troops. Other clashes have been reported at a Naval air station near Providence, R.I., a Marine Corps air station in Hawaii and at several major Army bases from Fort Dix, N.J., to Fort Hood, Tex.

The troublemaker often cited is the young, single, black serviceman, and a larger dimension for the turmoil may be found in the racial disorders that have recently

beset the colleges and high schools. That is the age group which feeds the military with most of its enlisted men.

A product of a society increasingly aware of minority civil rights, the young black is impatient and assertive in the presence of discrimination. He may wear an Afro haircut and read militant black literature. In many cases, he sees no justification for the war in Vietnam, and he often looks upon the black noncommissioned officer as an Uncle Tom.

Sgt. 1/C Walter Ambrose, a drill instructor at Fort Ord and himself a Negro, said that basically the younger blacks are alienated by the fact that the Army is white controlled. "They resent taking orders from whites," he said, adding that it is harder for him to train the new breed of black soldiers. "First of all they see me as a brother. Right away they get me in trouble. They feel I should be more lenient."

Civilian militant groups, such as the Black Panthers, also have an effect, particularly on the men who go on leave in the larger cities. "Sometimes they come back a little uptight," said one Marine. Many black soldiers have taken to wearing medallions, giving black power signs and the black power handshake. If not universally used by blacks, they are at least universally understood. Col. John E. Emerson, Jr., chief personnel officer at Fort Ord, said he had "not been able to identify any visible militant element" influencing soldiers. But a moment later, he spoke of that element as being on the decline.

The black career soldier tends to minimize the racial issue, while the young recruit, though he may not say that racism has affected him personally, is convinced that it exists. He is likely to look askance at any black man who says it doesn't, and this places the black career NCO in a dilemma. If he denies the racism, he is thought blind; if he admits it, he is judged to have accepted it and is looked upon with contempt.

The two areas most likely to produce racial friction are social situations involving girls and alleged discrimination in promotions. Most commanders will admit that in the last few months the post off-duty clubs have become increasingly explosive. "One of the problems is the Saturday night dance," explained Jack Bale, executive director of the Oceanside Armed Services YMCA near Camp Pendleton. "We don't have enough girls, period." Most of the white girls will dance with black Marines, he said, and some of the white Marines from the South resent it. When he sees trouble brewing, Bale immediately stops the dance.

"A white boy will dance with a Negro girl and nothing will be said," contends David Wingate, a retired Marine gunnery sergeant now living in Oceanside. "But the moment a black boy dances with a white girl, the situation changes 180 degrees. There are not enough Negro girls here for the black guys. There never will be. Most of the problem is with the young, single black men. They don't have wives to go home to. They can't find women companions nearby and they don't have a car to get away."

Most white GIs deny being upset when black colleagues have white girl friends, and many blacks say they have no problem from whites on the issue. But others think resentment often simmers beneath the surface.

The complaint of unfair promotions persists, though the older NCOs tend to minimize its importance. Most beefs come from individuals who believe that their own advancement was blocked by the wall of racism. Retired Gunnery Sgt. James Spurling, who lives in Oceanside, claims that the Marine Corps applies a double standard when handing out promotions. He cites his own career: "Twenty-one years and I'm still a gunnery sergeant."

Such charges are denied by Lieut. Gen. Lewis W. Walt, assistant commandant of the Marine Corps, who said recently at Camp Pendleton that the Negro Marine has done better on promotions than the white man. "We just don't make any distinctions."

Base commanders are quick to remind a questioner that current orders prohibit the listing of race on personal records. From this they argue that there is no way to tell whether a soldier is black or white when he is up for promotion. What they fail to add is that any soldier being considered for a rank above that of corporal must stand before a promotions board, usually made up of his company commander and/or another officer and a group of NCOs.

"Brothers try to get rank by working hard, but it goes to the other man," said Pfc. Samuel Evans, who has been stationed at Fort Ord for seven months. "I just don't see brothers get any opportunities. They try and they can't cope so, boom, they split and do what comes naturally."

Of course, there is some counter evidence. Staff Sgt. Alfred Bland is a Pendleton Marine and a Negro. "I'm a walking freak," he said. "I'm 22 years old and I'm an E6 [staff sergeant]. I've climbed the ladder kinda fast. I think for the work I've done I've been rewarded properly." About 10 per cent of all the NCOs in the military are Negro. Among the officers, however, they drop to 2 per cent.

Most officers deny unequivocally the existence of any racism in their command, but their own conversations,



George Gardiner

many black servicemen contend, betray signs of underlying racism. For example, a colonel at Fort Ord said race relations on the base "have never become a prominent issue—everybody is wearing the green suit." But then he spoke of "jungle beat music" in the base's off-duty clubs and how, before the entertainment pattern was changed, the clubs had been overrun with "darks." A white staff sergeant at Fort Ord dismissed the question of how he got along with blacks by saying, "Outstanding. Best friend I ever had was a colored man."

Even efforts to foster amity often unwittingly emphasize racial myths. A recent editorial on human relations in the base newspaper at El Toro Marine Corps Air Station fell into that trap: "Tastes vary because of cultural backgrounds," it read. "Maybe you like grits, country music and auto racing. Another guy digs fried chicken, soul music and boxing."

Officers on most bases, while saying that they are alert for trouble, maintain that it is often difficult to distinguish between a racial incident and an ordinary fight. According to Col. J. J. Kelly, provost marshal at Camp Pendleton, people tend to see racial overtones now whenever a black Marine slugs a white Marine. There have been 145 assaults at Pendleton in the last seven months and, in the last two months, increasing reports of groups ganging up on single Marines. Kelly believes these attacks "are not necessarily racial."

Several weeks ago, however, seven black Marines were arrested in Oceanside as suspects in a series of muggings and armed robberies. Their victims were primarily fellow —but white—Marines. Kelly has instructed his military policemen to disperse large crowds, particularly in the area of off-duty clubs. "If we get word of a problem area, we increase our patrols in that area." One Marine at Pendleton said anyone in his unit returning after an 11 P.M. curfew is escorted to his barracks by MPs. The measure, he said, was designed to stop fights between blacks and whites.

On-base jails, brigs and stockades have been the scenes of racial trouble. In January, twenty-six men were injured in a fight between Negro and white prisoners at Camp Pendleton. Fort Ord had a similar outbreak about a year ago. This particular problem seems to have diminished recently, at least on West Coast bases.

A prison officer at Fort Ord said there had been no racial violence in the last eight months, but that some organizing was evident in the stockade. The Negroes, he noted, are a rather cohesive group. "There have been some reports that they have required some Caucasians to do services for them." One white prisoner complained to him: "The brothers make me shine their shoes." He also said that black prisoners often team up with Mexican-Americans. When the authorities notice such cliques, they usually shift the men around.

Off base, in any military area, there have always been barroom fights, but it now appears that these are becoming racially oriented. One white Camp Pendleton Marine believes a lot could also happen on the base. "I just got in from Las Pulgas at the enlisted club," he said. "They almost had a race riot. Something started a fight in the club and I saw ten or eleven colored guys chasing this one white guy. The sentry saw it and just fired a couple of shots in the air. Everybody scattered."

In Seaside, adjacent to Fort Ord, Negroes have staked out a downtown intersection called "The Pit" and made it off limits to whites. Said William Gullett, the city's assistant police chief: "If a white soldier wanders in there, he's apt to find himself in trouble."

Efforts are being made to stifle trouble before it erupts. At Camp Pendleton, T. O. Bartley, a Negro civilian who serves as the base human relations officer, has organized a committee to discuss personal relations, particularly the attitudes of various civilian militant groups, with the officers. "We do have a few Black Panthers on base, and they do talk to other Marines," said Bartley, who served in the Marine Corps more than twenty years ago. "The Negro can communicate easier with them than he can with his own commander.

"There should be more black officers, but we have no control over that. A black private first class hates to talk to a white commander who maybe comes from Alabama."

The Pendleton human relations office is one of the few of its kind in the military. It was opened in 1965 to deal with off-base problems of minority personnel, but recently has turned more and more to on-base grievances.

At Fort Ord, a survey of racial trouble spots is under way. "We're very conscious and aware of the potential," said Col. John J. Pidgeon, chief of staff on the post. "And we're very interested in seeing that such troubles do not arise." At Travis Air Force Base an office to improve communications among airmen has been created and filled by a Negro chief master sergeant, Gladstone Grigsby.

All the bases are particularly concerned about rumors which can, it is felt, be as dangerous as reality. A reporter who spends ten minutes talking to almost any serviceman at any military installation will hear a spate of stories about black men ganging up on whites, and vice versa. There are tales, undocumented, at Camp Pendleton that a Negro Marine was beaten so badly by whites that he had to be given a medical discharge and that a white Marine was held under a scalding shower by blacks. A story making the rounds at Fort Ord has it that about seventy black soldiers have formed a militant organization—provoked mainly by the allegedly unjustified incarceration of brothers in the stockade. L. Howard Bennett, the Defense Department's deputy secretary for civil rights, advocates that each base establish a rumor control center.

Richard Nichols, a 20-year-old black private first class at Fort Ord, perhaps best summarized the total problem: "There are some guys who are sorta militant—both black and white—and then you run into some guys who are O.K. They get along, but it's the feeling on the inside that you don't know."

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The Authoritarian Prescription

WILLIAM D. PHELAN, Jr.
Mr. Phelan, a former staff reporter on The Wall Street Journal, *is a regular contributor to the Ripon* Forum. *He is completing a book on structural change in the American politico-economic system, to be published by Beacon Press.*

An examination of basic structural trends in the United States suggests that the disintegration of constitutional democracy is well under way. President Nixon has not initiated these trends and he did not endorse their predictable consequences if he foresaw them. Nonetheless, the campaign plan which his associates are devising for the 1972 election is likely to aggravate the worst tendencies now current and to extinguish prospects for salvaging the situation. To grasp the overall argument at the outset, consider two broad propositions that relate changes in key governmental institutions to regional developments and particularly politics:

(*1*) In the evolution of America's government since World War I, and most notably since 1960, possibly the most significant trend has been the expansion and politicization of the Department of Defense, the Justice Department (including the FBI and, by extension, the rest of the intelligence and "internal security" apparatus) and the police.

(*2*) The strategy outlined by Kevin P. Phillips, assistant to Attorney General Mitchell, in his all but official *Emerging Republican Majority*, is a prescription for an authoritarian coalition. Mr. Phillips' political predictions can, in part, be self-fulfilling because his superiors control the Defense and Justice Departments and have great influence over public opinion. His plan offers much promise as a scheme to create a right-wing Republican dynasty. Socially, though, it is violently unconservative and, if successful, will accomplish the destruction of the American political system.

It is well known that the American defense establishment has expanded enormously during the past thirty years. Less widely recognized, however, is the extent to which the Pentagon has, just since 1960, acquired new functions and enlarged old ones:

The formalization of Pentagon-contractor links in the Defense Industrial Advisory Council (established 1962). More than half of the members are top executives from the fifty largest defense contractors, and they develop close personal ties to high Pentagon officials. Their recommendations can benefit some companies and damage others, and make or break individual reputations within the defense-industrial system. By coordinating the activities of defense industry associations, the council integrates the contractors for matters of common interest. Thus DIAC contributes to strengthening the defense sector relative to other elements of the economy and to the power of the politically most influential corporations relative to the rest.

The centralization of auditing in the Defense Contract Audit Agency (created 1964). The General Accounting Office (GAO) was established by Congress to post-audit all government departments. Some of its reports on Pentagon contracting in the early 1960s were extremely critical. At the time when the DCAA was being formed, the Office of the Secretary of Defense indicated that it would no longer be necessary for the GAO to conduct its traditional audits, because the Defense Department would be doing a more thorough job for itself. To eliminate "waste and duplication," the only effective, independent check on waste, duplication and corruption was weakened.

The integration (in 1961) of intelligence activities in the Defense Intelligence Agency. With the establishment of this agency the Department took an important step toward reducing its dependence on information and related services supplied by the State Department and the CIA. Although some foreign-based observers claim that in many countries the DIA is more important than the CIA, it is extremely difficult to obtain reliable information about the nature and scope of its activities. This year, however, it reportedly has developed an active program of surveillance and infiltration of dissenting political groups.

A substantial augmentation in the size and centralized control of Pentagon public relations activities. To check unattributed expressions of dissent within the department, a directive written in 1962 instructed all Pentagon personnel to report, before the end of each working day, every contact with journalists and the topics discussed. The press office can order department personnel to concur with decisions taken at the top or to decline comment. Subtle use of "inside stories" and access to key publishing executives enable the Defense Department to exert tremendous indirect power on newsmen. Critical reporters have been subjected to FBI investigation and private attacks—including complaints to their employers and to other men influential in the communications industry. Arbitrary classification of material as secret has been used to stifle investigation or the publication of critical reports. Each year, moreover, an enormous volume of material designed to produce a favorable impression of the Defense Department is issued.

Institution of advanced management techniques. The innovations of McNamara, Hitch and Enthoven have undoubtedly increased departmental efficiency. Yet when the largest federal department creates a major "management gap" between itself and the nonmilitary agencies of government, one must beware that it does not override other departments in general policy matters.

Extensive use of computers. The Pentagon has been in the vanguard with respect to applying computers to many aspects of its operations. Most of the nation's computer research and development is funded by the Department of Defense. As with advanced management tech-

niques, innovative superiority in this area should be expected to diminish the influence of other institutions relative to the Department of Defense.

Centralization of much governmental purchasing in the Defense Department. In July 1968, the Department began to assume responsibility for all fuel and petroleum products used by the civil agencies of the federal government. Eventually the Defense Supply Agency will control all government purchasing in this area. An arrangement entered into by the Bureau of the Budget, the General Services Administration and the Defense Department provides for the Defense Commercial Communications Office (formed in 1962) to lease private line circuits to the Federal Aviation Administration. Other agencies have also been encouraged to go through the Defense Department for their telecommunications requirements. Though this has resulted in substantial savings, it has also increased the dependence of nonmilitary divisions of the government upon the Department of Defense. The Defense Commercial Communications Office is a small but striking example of a general tendency: the integration of interdepartmental operations in a structure that bestows hegemonic power on the Pentagon.

The further integration of the universities into the Pentagon research system through such links as the Defense Science Board. Powerful, prestigious professors and administrators serving on the Defense Science Board play a role in the academic community analogous to that of members of DIAC in the business community. Recruitment of professors for full-time Pentagon jobs is more common than it was ten years ago. Graduates of the Defense Department often acquire influential positions at universities. Perhaps the most notable of these is Charles Hitch, formerly dean of McNamara's Whiz Kids, and now President of the University of California. But almost every major university employs a high-level administrator with extensive defense or intelligence agency ties.

The emergence of long-range planning under primarily Defense Department auspices. The military theoretician, Herman Kahn, is a major figure in the new "futurist" movement. He and various other defense intellectuals have played a major role in some of the key research projects that have been initiated in very long-range planning. A generation ago two years was a long time ahead for most corporations and government agencies. At present five-year projections are made routinely in the Pentagon and the executive offices of dynamic corporations. To be termed "long-range" now, planning should involve a projection of eight to ten years. Companies and nation-states that plan skillfully to take advantage of long-term opportunities can achieve major triumphs over their competitors. To the extent that Defense Department goals and technocratic values are dominant among the futurists, however, their research is likely to benefit primarily the military and the leading corporations.

A rapid growth in arms sales abroad. Military exports increased sevenfold between 1960 and 1966; arms are now sold to approximately sixty nations. The rapid expansion in the export of weaponry has facilitated the integration of our military system with that of other countries. Since 1960, at least two significant clashes have occurred between nations using American weapons: the India-Pakistan conflict of 1965 and the Arab-Israeli war of June 1967.

The training and use of regular army units for domestic riot control and the management of political dissent. Beginning in a major way with Detroit and Newark in the summer of 1967, the Defense Department has become involved routinely in the maintenance of "civil" order. Not only did it take a significant part in handling the Pentagon demonstration and the disturbance after Dr. King's assassination; it was also intimately associated with preparations for the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. An Army public relations officer is reported to have stated at a Washington-area seminar that many of the garish and belligerent demonstrators at the Pentagon in November 1967 were *agents provocateurs*, trained by the military to convey the desired impression of the crowd in the mass media. Even if this particular report is exaggerated, it is clear that the Defense Department has the resources and determination to "adjust" political events to further its own objectives.

During this period when the Pentagon's organizational strength has developed so rapidly, politically motivated contracting has become an increasingly serious problem. In a system that opens only a fraction of contracts to competitive bidding, the best tests of influence peddling are the financial records of politically well-connected companies. From 1960 through 1967 five major corporations (1967 sales above $200 million) among the leading defense contractors increased their annual sales —through internal expansion and government-endorsed mergers—by more than 500 per cent. They were Litton Industries, Ling-Temco-Vought, Gulf & Western, Teledyne, and McDonnell Douglas. The chairman and chief executive officer of Litton is Charles B. Thornton, a member of the Defense Industrial Advisory Council, long-time associate of McNamara, and close friend of President Johnson. The top man at L-T-V is James J. Ling, one of Humphrey's most generous campaign supporters, a business ally of several of Johnson's long-time Dallas backers, and the holder of corporate control over several subsidiaries in whose management Abe Fortas and his former law partners have been particularly active.

Perhaps the most powerful outside director at Gulf & Western is Edwin L. Weisl, Johnson's most loyal ally in New York. Cyrus Vance went to the Defense Department from Weisl's law firm, and Weisl's son got a key post in the Defense Department. The chief executive at Teledyne, Henry G. Singleton, has long associations with both Thornton and Howard Hughes, who has been influential behind the scenes during much of Johnson's career. Teledyne's co-founder and a dominant director is George Kosmetsky, dean of the business school at the University of Texas in Austin. Finally, McDonnell Douglas is well linked to the Missouri branch of the Democratic Party. In addition to ties to Clark Clifford and Stuart Symington, it at one time included among its directors James E. Webb, until recently head of NASA, and a close adviser of both Johnson and the late Senator Kerr of Oklahoma.

The accelerating concentration of corporate power in the economy and the relentless centralization of decision

making in the Pentagon make increased reliance on influence peddling almost inevitable. Singleton of Teledyne was a major contributor to Nixon's campaign, and Roy L. Ash, president of Litton, has become one of his key outside advisers.

In the last year the mass media have frequently listed the extraordinary number of defense projects that Rep. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, has funneled into his Congressional district in South Carolina. Men from the South and Southwest control all four of the major "military-industrial" committees: Rivers, Mahon (House Appropriations), Stennis (Senate Armed Services) and Russell (Senate Appropriations). Moreover, the South and Southwest have great influence in the related areas of atomic energy and space.

Although a taboo apparently attaches to the subject, the most spectacular career in military boondoggling has been that of Lyndon Johnson, who began his political ascent as administrative secretary to Representative Kleberg, the ultraconservative owner of the King Ranch. After a stint as Texas director of the National Youth Administration (a job he got through Sam Rayburn, whom his father had aided when they served together in the Texas legislature), Johnson ran for Congress in 1937. His campaign strategy was to identify himself as closely as possible with FDR. Roosevelt was unpopular with a majority of Texas voters, but in a multi-candidate race Johnson's opponents could be expected to divide the anti-Roosevelt vote. Johnson established himself for all time as a devoted Roosevelt man by loudly supporting the President's most controversial maneuver of the period—the plan to "pack" the Supreme Court. Within six months after Johnson won his House seat (with 28 per cent of the vote), Roosevelt began to prepare for war. Johnson landed a place on the House Naval Affairs Committee and soon secured the first major military construction contract for Brown & Root, his primary financial backers throughout his career.

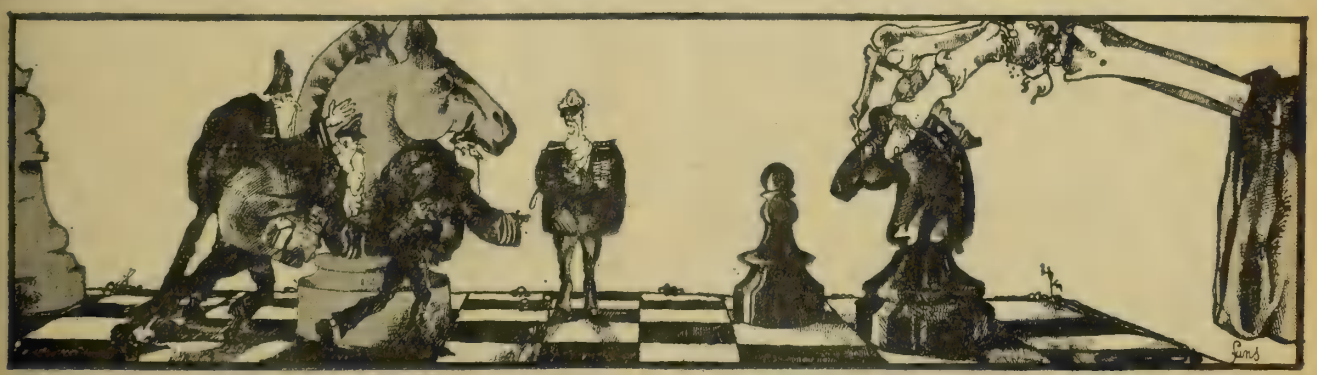
By the 1950s Johnson was the most powerful and relentless advocate of increased arms spending in Washington. Having advanced to the Senate, he was a member of the Armed Services Committee, chairman of the Preparedness Committee, chairman of the Space Committee and a member of the Appropriations Subcommittee for the Armed Services. Associates of Johnson and Rayburn held key executive positions, especially at Defense, in both the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations. LBJ intervened repeatedly, on occasion at the highest level, to block investigations and suppress reports of gross mismanagement and possible fraud in connection with various Brown & Root contracts. As Vice President, Johnson helped to secure the huge TFX contract for the General Dynamics plant in Fort Worth. This plane, a disastrous failure in operation, had apparently been rejected unanimously in the prototype stage by technical specialists who favored a Boeing model to be built in the Northwest. Subsequently, Fred Korth, a Fort Worth banker for whom Johnson had secured the post of Secretary of the Navy, was forced to resign for a blatant conflict of interest.

When Johnson entered the White House, the most conspicuous features of his career to date had been his constant drive for higher defense spending and his involvement in an assortment of scandals in which federal funds had been squandered to enrich his associates. These included Project Mohole, the Houston Space Center, the Billie Sol Estes case and Bobby Baker. If effective checks on defense appropriations had been in force, Johnson would have been obliged to stay above suspicion after ascending to the Presidency. The merest hint of abuse would have triggered a Congressional investigation. However, during the last fiscal quarter under a Kennedy budget, Texas ranked eleventh in prime defense contracts; three years later (at the end of fiscal 1967) it ranked second, behind California. Its prime contracts soared 460 per cent in dollar value during a period when the national total increased 55 per cent.

Despite frequent and very severe criticism from the General Accounting Office for past abuses, Brown & Root was a partner in the four-membered consortium that held the major construction contract for Vietnam, a contract that produced costs and accounting irregularities of unprecedented size. Moreover, a close Johnson friend in San Antonio, H. B. Zachry, was awarded an enormous construction contract in Thailand.

During the heyday of the war escalation, major Johnson-related companies in Texas enjoyed appreciations in stock price ranging from 670 per cent to more than 1,500 per cent. The whole Southwest region greatly increased its power lead over other areas of the country. Phoenix and Houston have surged ahead of their Northeastern counterparts in terms of economic and political influence. Other factors beside defense spending have contributed to the change, but federal pump priming has been decisive.

The White House has now fallen into Republican hands, but the Southwestern military-industrial-academic complex is still represented at a high level. (One of its leading members is Deputy Secretary David Packard.) Secretary



Toronto Daily Star

Laird was among the shrewdest and most influential in the Congressional-military alliance. His term at the Pentagon will probably feature a strengthening of the hard-line military faction and the sophisticated use of Defense Department powers for partisan political purposes.

• • •

A man can learn a great deal about a country from studying its Defense and Justice Departments. Among modern Presidents there had developed a tradition of making one's campaign manager—or key political adviser—postmaster general. In that capacity he could keep his hand on the largest patronage spigot in the government. John Kennedy breached the tradition by appointing his campaign manager attorney general. The glowing memoirs of the New Frontier "action-intellectuals" have never adequately explained the General Aniline & Film case, various instances of political surveillance and harassment, and a number of other apparent partisan abuses at the Justice Department during Robert Kennedy's tenure.

Few things could rivet an ambitious politician's mind so completely to the techniques of his adversary as the election Nixon lost to Kennedy. In the foreground of the campaign devised by the JFK organization were magnificent image management and mastery of the media; in the background, ruthless machine politics, a carefully calculated and selective appeal to ethnic conflicts, and the fabrication of a "missile gap." The costly new defense projects passed in Nixon's first year as President are, in a sense, the functional equivalent of the massive, politically tinged military build-up of the first phase of the Kennedy administration.

At the Justice Department Nixon has gone far beyond the Kennedys. With the exception of Richard McLaren in the Antitrust Division, nearly all the key appointments were highly "political." The South and Southwest are represented by four major appointees. Ideologically, the leadership at Justice is far to the right of the GOP Congressional leadership or of any other Executive department except perhaps Commerce. But the most striking feature is the open and forthright espousal of a backlash-oriented electoral strategy. Mitchell, Kleindienst and Phillips make hardly any pretense of legal neutrality or restraint. Their overriding concern appears to be the furtherance of a clearly enunciated scheme for establishing a reactionary political dynasty.

Approximately half of the budget of the Justice Department is handed over to the FBI, where J. Edgar Hoover has reigned since 1924. Over the decades since then Hoover's special interest has been dissent and possible subversion by left-wing individuals and groups. Three factors appear to determine the level of anti-radical and anti-liberal activity possible at the FBI: the amount of general turmoil in the society; the degree of support provided by the attorney general and the President, and the number of actual instances of subversion, sabotage or terrorism.

At the height of the McCarthy era the attorney general was mildly sympathetic to political repression. Social turbulence reached a moderately high level—in response to the "fall of China," the loss of the nuclear monopoly, the Korean War, and economic dislocation. Notably lacking, of course, were public advocates of revolution, let alone terrorists or perpetrators of sabotage.

Today, social conflict has become intense. Nixon has long been keenly interested in and adulatory of the work of the FBI; he is a friend not only of Hoover but also of several of his leading lieutenants. Ensconced in the top posts at the Justice Department, moreover, are the most politically ambitious and repressive men since A. Mitchell Palmer whipped up the hysteria of 1919-20.

At the same time, tens of thousands of people are openly declaring themselves revolutionaries. Unlike the early 1950s recent years have been characterized by a rapid increase in acts of sabotage. Draft offices are ransacked, ROTC buildings dynamited, government facilities fire-bombed. There exists, in short, a demonstrable, if limited, physical threat to the state. Consequently, a justification can be put forward for a wave of massive repression. And the timing and scope of such a move is, at least initially, at the discretion of the political strategists in the Justice Department.

The Justice Department and the FBI represent only a tiny fraction of the nation's law-enforcement personnel, but much evidence of growing power and political sophistication has been gathered concerning local police departments. The Skolnick report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence refers to "the emergence of the police as a self-conscious independent political power."

The report's description of the crushingly successful campaign by the New York Patrolmen's Benevolent Association against Mayor Lindsay's review board (composed of three policemen and four civilians) is instructive:

> According to a number of accounts policemen campaigned hard while on duty: patrol cars and wagons bore anti-review board signs, police passed out literature, and even harassed persons campaigning on the other side. Many have claimed that at the height of the campaign cars with bumper stickers supporting civilian review were flagrantly ticketed, while an anti-review sticker seemed to make autos almost ticket-proof. Billboards, posters, and ads were heavily exploited, and the campaign was heavily financed by the PBA and private sources. One poster depicted damaged stores and a rubble-strewn street and read: "This is the aftermath of a riot in a city that *had* a civilian review board." Included in the text was a statement by J. Edgar Hoover that civilian review boards "virtually paralyzed" the police. . . . At the outset, it was the distrust by minority group members of internal police review procedures which caused the demands for civilian review boards; the militant opposition of the police has only heightened this distrust. Thus, as might be anticipated, a cycle of greater polarization has been set in motion.

And yet, among large American cities New York stands out as one in which the police are under the most effective civil and legal control. The situation is far more serious in Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Los Angeles—to give just a few geographically diverse examples. In its conclusion on the police, the Skolnick report asserts:

> No government institution appears so deficient in its understanding of the constructive role of dissent in a constitutional democracy as the police. Thus, it should

not be surprising that police response to mass protest has resulted in a steady escalation of conflict, hostility, and violence. The police violence during the Democratic National Convention in Chicago was not a unique phenomenon—we have found numerous instances where violence has been initiated or exacerbated by police actions and attitudes. Such police violence is the antithesis of both law and order. It leads only to increased hostility, polarization, and violence—both in the immediate situation and in the future.

Changes in the Department of Defense, in the Justice Department and in the role of the police should not be seen as unrelated developments. Hoover is often described as "the nation's top cop," and federal policy, particularly in the "security" area, is coordinated with that of local police departments. The vast new civil disorder control center at the Pentagon, as well as the growing domestic activities of the DIA, give the Defense Department an entree to the field. As computer systems become refined, a strong impetus toward further integration is almost inevitable. To some extent, the three transformations can also be seen as parallel responses to alterations in the basic economic institutions of the United States.

Surely one of the most insidious sources of instability —because it is so difficult for business and political leaders to recognize—is the corporate system itself. The tremendous expansion of American corporations, both at home and abroad, during the post-1945 period has created severe dislocations. These "problems of success" arise when specifically corporate objectives conflict with fundamental social needs or requirements for preserving stability. Here only the implications of foreign investment will be considered.

Private American investment in foreign countries has increased more than sixfold in the past twenty years. Subsidiaries and branch offices of major U.S. corporations and banks have become prominent in the economies of dozens of nations. In some of these countries tiny oligarchies control most of the wealth and most of the political power. Since the leading families own and direct the principal enterprises of such nations, American businessmen naturally develop contacts and friendships almost exclusively with them.

Besides the sharp increase in dollar value, foreign economic ventures during the last twenty years have been characterized both by a much greater involvement of the largest corporations and by a much broader geographic range than prevailed before 1950. The overseas ventures have thus become far more significant in the American political-economic system as a whole. Moreover, since the mid-1930s, special economic interests have become more closely linked to the new (or expanded) departments, agencies and commissions developed in the New Deal era. The internationalist investment banker and the Washington lawyer are classic types of "in-and-outers," who translate the power of leading economic interest groups into effective influence over policy making in the areas vital to these groups.

American intervention in the Dominican Republic is a good example. Especially since the end of trade with Cuba, the East Coast sugar refiners have been potentially vulnerable to social disorder or political change in the Dominican Republic. Government bureaucrats can therefore be expected to take the interests of American investors into account when formulating policy. But what was most striking during the crisis in the spring of 1965 was the extent to which men with direct personal interests in sugar (or with close ties to the industry) dominated the decision-making process. Of the dozen or so Americans who played leading roles as advisers and emissaries, nine had obvious private commitments to the sugar industry. Five were key figures throughout the crisis: Ellsworth Bunker, Abe Fortas, A. A. Berle, Cyrus Vance and Edwin Weisl.

These men furnished the President with information and represented the United States at meetings with Dominican officials. Structurally, this was a "rational" outgrowth of the strength and organizational needs of a specific set of corporations. Analogous instances of highly integrated special interest policy making could be cited in the relations between the United States and other foreign countries.

Endorsement of corrupt, repressive, oligarchic regimes need not be destabilizing as long as one can count on the docility of the masses or the effective suppression of dissidents. (If Diem's brutal authoritarianism had been politically successful, the United States would not have been led to intervene with its own troops.) But in Guatemala, the Philippines and various other countries, Left-nationalist insurgent groups are organizing. Frustrated expectations of rapid economic advance after a period of some improvement are one cause of unrest. Much broader familiarity with "Western" consumption standards is another.

Many potential new leaders show growing sophistication concerning the inequitable operations of the world commodity market and some of the disadvantages of American investment. Their hostility to the United States because of the devastation wrought in Vietnam is often intense. Increasing corruption and repression in the political regimes of various American allies, is, of course, an immediate and direct cause of discontent.

It is reassuring to believe that the American Government has learned valuable lessons from Vietnam. One must then ask whether current policy toward Greece, Thailand and Brazil reflects a basic change of approach. About a dozen regimes to which the United States has heavily committed itself are likely targets for significant internal Left-nationalist insurgencies in the next five years. Unless American foreign policy changes substantially, "one, two, many Vietnams" probably await us in the 1970s.

In recent years we have witnessed the "radicalization" and subsequent recall of American priests and nuns assigned to Guatemala. Revolutionary militancy has gradually developed in the American Negro population, and a broader range of people has become sensitive about South Africa (recently, the Episcopal Church withdrew

its funds from banks furnishing credit to South Africa). United States-based research groups such as the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA) have been conducting detailed studies from a radical perspective on the effects of American corporate involvement south of the border. And at San Francisco State College one major insurgent faction called itself the Third World Liberation Front.

Improved communications insure that people in the rest of the world—practically anyone who lives in a village that can afford a transistor radio—are quickly informed of developments within the United States. In this context we must consider the possibility, not that schemes devised in Third World countries determine what happens in the United States but, rather, that events in this country may eventually promote insurgencies elsewhere. In addition, further military intervention and damaging investment practices in Third World countries will gravely exacerbate American domestic conflicts. And then, an erosion of the position of the disadvantaged here will almost surely have foreign policy repercussions.

Ultimately, what is most disturbing about the Phillips strategy for achieving Republican hegemony through an anti-activist, anti-black, anti-urban, anti-Northeast coalition is the political pay-off provided by socially disastrous policies. His book does not display enough sociological insight into the consequences of his tactics to warrant charging Phillips with a totally cynical obsession with power. But consider how several controversial policies of the Nixon era fit into the strategy:

A high level of numerous expensive, counter-productive defense projects. These have four major political functions: (*1*) They increase the influence of the Pentagon relative to "liberal" departments like Health, Education and Welfare. (*2*) Given the disproportionate concentration of defense business in the South and Southwest, they provide continued impetus to rapid expansion in the regions Phillips wants to make a mainstay of the Republican coalition. (*3*) The highly political nature of defense contract awards enables an administration to reward its corporate and Congressional friends and to teach its foes a lesson. (*4*) New contracts maintain or increase the size of the defense-industry work force, a particularly promising component of an authoritarian Republican coalition.

A series of actions provocative to the black community. Almost every major black leader has been alienated by the present Administration and discontent is growing among apolitical Negroes as well as among militants. The cold, relentless advocate of the Phillips strategy must welcome the prospect of intensified conflict and violence. It promotes backlash and the substitution of scapegoating racism for rational political action—especially among key low-income white groups.

Anti-drug crackdowns concentrating on sellers and users of marijuana—at least in actual application by local police—and featuring no-knock predawn raids on college dormitories. Students know that the scientific case for the harmfulness of alcohol and tobacco is more solid than it is for that of pot. The occasional user or friend of occasional users is apt to regard predawn raids and harsh jail sentences as outrageous. For some individuals, moreover, higher prices for marijuana will make methedrine and heroin more attractive. While marijuana typically induces passivity and placidity, methedrine is associated with violent outbursts and heroin, of course, with a high crime rate.

But Phillips correctly notes that the under-25 segment of the population casts only a tiny proportion of the total vote. The young are more useful as stimulators of backlash. And more "crime" means more interest in "law and order," and a bigger swing to the emerging Phillips coalition.

Though Phillips presumably does not intend to make explicit recommendations to promote social conflict and crime, his strategy offers political justification for policies that will aggravate social problems. Those who criticize the Nixon Administration for doing nothing must evoke a smile from the sublimely confident Phillips. When the name of the game is reaction, all you need do at the beginning is make sure your opponents are given enough rope—the hanging can come later.

Rarely, one suspects, has the danger to liberty and political stability been so obvious. Many societies have collapsed or degenerated in response to unpredictable events, and in retrospect, one can often see why the citizens and leaders were caught off guard. In the case of the United States, however, the destruction of the political system is proceeding in an evident, easily understandable fashion. Skeptics who are fundamentally optimistic should struggle with the following questions: What commitments to corrupt, oligarchical governments have been eliminated in the past few years? What significant Pentagon projects have been rejected by Congress? Have there been any close votes in that area since the ABM? Has there been effective national protest against the electronic surveillance of people like Martin Luther King, Jr., or against the indiscriminate use of potentially lethal "super gas" (CS) and shotguns in Berkeley? Have responsible dissenters been able to dissuade left-wing adventurers from acts that promote the realization of the Phillips plan?

With each passing year, if the fundamental trends continue, less will be needed to initiate the final transformation. The new political system would not be fascism but rather military authoritarianism. The economy would be completely dominated by huge international, multi-industry, defense contracting corporations with secure connections at the Pentagon. The political regime would be maintained, not by the general consent of the governed but by a highly integrated FBI-CIA-defense agency-police system relying increasingly on the manipulation of public opinion, surveillance and coercion.

In an era of widespread international upheaval the key role of the military and of defense conglomerates in the new political order would almost guarantee a series of ruinous foreign adventures. Given the vulnerability of the total environment, it is doubtful that man could survive expansionist authoritarianism in the United States.

In one sense, Vietnam and America's urban and racial problems have received too much emphasis. After all, the United States has been involved in other unpopular and morally opprobrious wars. And slavery was worse than the present lot of black people. For this reason many academic liberals regard the widespread concern about military atrocities and racial injustice as a sign of marked improvement over previous historical periods.

But such fixation on personalities, events and issues tends to blind Americans to structural change and trends. The defense complex and the internal security apparatus are not conservative but rather a radical departure from American constitutional traditions. At present the fundamental problem in the United States is the grave institutional threat to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Every 18th-century American patriot would recognize what that threat is called. The word the founding fathers used was "tyranny." No more urgent task can enlist the modern dissenter than the breaking down of conventional ideas about "conservatism" and "the defense of the *status quo*." Before conservatives fully acquiesce in the new order, they should be shown how radically "un-American" it will be.

DEBTORS' POWER

DEFENSE AGAINST GOUGING

JEAN CARPER

Miss Carper is co-author with Sen. Warren G. Magnuson of a syndicated newspaper column on consumer protection and of a book on consumer problems, The Dark Side of the Marketplace *(Prentice-Hall).*

Low-income consumers in Philadelphia—at least some of them—are tired of being cheated. Organized as the Consumers Education and Protective Association (CEPA), they have taken to defending themselves against exploitation, primarily by exercising their constitutional right to picket, a tactic which Philadelphia's Better Business Bureau vice president, William A. Peterson, terms "not the American way of doing things."

Traditionally, it is true, the "American way" has been for businessmen to organize against the thieves in their midst and to prevent "unfair" competitors from siphoning off their business. That is the essential preoccupation of the Better Business Bureau, although most people think its aim is to protect the public. At the same time, the "American way" for consumers has been to sit quietly, hopeless and unorganized, and let the unscrupulous businessmen get on with their games. Or to organize into innocuous little groups of Midwestern ladies who sip tea and grouse over the lack of information on package labels in supermarkets. Or for individual consumers one by one to bring their grievances to the courts where the laws are so rigged against consumers that not even the most sympathetic judge can grant much redress.

But to organize consumers into a really effective power is indeed unprecedented, and there is no denying that CEPA, formed three and a half years ago, is effective. Without CEPA many helpless ghetto residents would have had their houses and possessions sold at public auctions to satisfy fraudulent debts in the notorious "sheriff's sales" of Pennsylvania.

One such couple is Mr. and Mrs. John Gallman, elderly and black. In 1963 a fast-talking salesman persuaded them to sign a contract for $650 to have their 14-foot-wide row house painted, tuck pointed and striped, a job worth perhaps $200. They also unknowingly signed a blank note which was later filled in for $1,632. Doggedly they paid off this ridiculous debt at $33.98 per month, until Mr. Gallman became ill and unable to work. Then the finance company closed in, although the Gallmans were only $67 delinquent, having paid $1,427.16 of the debt. The company's lawyer executed a writ of judgment on their furniture; their contract had included a "confession of judgment" clause which means that foreclosure is automatic at the note holder's whim, without court review.

The Gallmans were understandably reluctant to have their furniture, accumulated during thirty years of marriage, sold at public auction. So when the sheriff's deputies arrived to conduct the sale, the Gallmans refused to let them in. The police broke down the door, at which point Mrs. Gallman, a frail woman in her 60s, became hysterical and tried to defend her property with a barbecue fork. She was hurt in an ensuing scuffle and sent to a hospital. In the meantime, the sale was conducted and the furniture, valued at $2,347, was sold for $90 to the vice president of the finance company that had ordered the auction. In addition, Mrs. Gallman was charged with assaulting a policeman.

In the past, this would have been just one more case of consumer victimization of the sort quietly recorded almost daily in the courthouse records of Philadelphia. But it was brought to CEPA's attention and the organization collected thousands of signatures on petitions protesting the furniture auction and the assault charge. CEPA delegations visited the district attorney, asking that the charge against Mrs. Gallman be dropped. It was.

CEPA then turned its attention to the contractor who had charged the Gallmans the exorbitant price for a skimpy home-repair job. Daily, for about three weeks in freezing weather, pickets walked in front of the contractor's place of business until he agreed to lower the price to $962 and give the Gallmans a refund. CEPA pickets then moved to the Mid-Penn Discount Corporation, the finance company which had ordered the sale of the furniture. After one day of picketing its president was

persuaded to return the Gallmans' furniture. "Although we had a legal right to do what we did," he said, "nevertheless as a sign of our regret over what happened to Mr. and Mrs. Gallman and to restore the good will our company has always had with the community, we will replace the furniture."

To grasp the extent of the gouging of low-income consumers in Philadelphia one must read the monthly newspaper, *Consumers Voice*, put out by CEPA. It carries a running commentary on consumer exploitation, with names and photographs of victims and accounts of CEPA's victories and occasional defeats. Similar exploitation of the poor occurs in other major cities, but Philadelphia is somewhat unusual, because of state laws. Garnishment is forbidden in Pennsylvania; thus, instead of attaching wages to satisfy debts, creditors attach property. This, coupled with the widely used "confession of judgment" clause, which prevents a debtor from having his day in court, produces a situation that almost invites exploitation. A consumer with a legitimate grievance is almost totally deprived of legal redress. It usually costs more to sue than the debt is worth, and the laws of Pennsylvania are stacked against the consumer. Thus lawyers are reluctant to take such cases on a contingency basis. Even a man with money to hire an attorney finds it difficult to get justice in consumer matters. For the poor and black, it is impossible. If they are to be assisted at all, it must be by organized pressure. Here follow some examples:

A young black man bought a new car, paid $1,313 on it and was completely current in his payments. Yet the bank repossessed it because, according to a bank official, they didn't like the new neighborhood in which the owner was working. Such repossession "at will," and in the absence of any default in payment, is perfectly legal, although it is obviously an arbitrary and discriminatory practice. CEPA picketing managed to get the man's car back.

Another man nearly lost his house and furniture over a $10 balance at a furniture store. Because he had not paid it promptly, he arrived home one night to find that the sheriff's deputies had broken in and sold $1,200 worth of furniture to satisfy the debt. Since some of the furniture was unpaid for and was being financed by the First Pennsylvania Bank, the bank, catching wind that it had been sold, then proceeded to put the man's *house* up for sale to pay them for the furniture that had already been confiscated by the sheriff. The sale was stopped after CEPA protested.

A third black family, Mr. and Mrs. Abram Simmons, who had been making mortgage payments for eleven years, fell behind when Mr. Simmons' work became unsteady. By borrowing from friends and cutting down on food, they scraped together enough money for the payments, but were short the extra attorney's fees incurred by their tardiness. Hoping to catch up, they sent a money order for $81.60 but still owed $91.19 in attorney's fees. The bank sent the money order back with the astounding note: "The sum is neither timely nor sufficient to stay the Sheriff's Sale. Your property was sold at sale held on October 7." A few days later the Simmonses got a seventy-two-hour eviction notice, telling them that if they were not out by the deadline, they and their six children would be "forcibly ejected by the Sheriff without further notice."

CEPA set up emergency pickets in front of the savings and loan company that had ordered the sale, and news of the injustice spread so widely that the person who had purchased the house refused to keep it and offered to sell it back to the Simmonses for the price paid. Another Philadelphia resident was so indignant that, learning the Simmonses would still need $600 in costs to get the house back, he agreed to pay them.

It cannot be said that the Philadelphia business community has taken gracefully CEPA's blunt demands and direct action, but it is learning that the group must be reckoned with. When CEPA first organized in 1966, its opening move, when it heard of an injustice, was to send a delegation to the business and ask for correction. CEPA found most businessmen were unreceptive. Some refused to see the delegations; others arrogantly shrugged off their pleas and demands with comments like: "The only thing that will stop that sale is money." The officers of the downtown banks of Philadelphia, financing some of the schemes that were wracking the ghetto neighborhood, surveyed this bunch of neighborhood men and women entering their lobby with unconcealed disdain. "Legally, we're in the right you know," they argued. "Take it up with our lawyers." (Banks and finance companies under law in all but four states do enjoy a virtually impregnable status; they are protected by the "holder in due course" legal doctrine, meaning that if they finance a scheme which bilks thousands of persons, they can still collect their money.)

Finding that businessmen were determined to stick by their legal guns, whatever the moral issue or the pain inflicted, CEPA turned to picketing. The first such demonstration was on Memorial Day, 1966. Some businessmen tried to laugh off the pickets; others called the police. Two companies succeeded in getting court injunctions against CEPA's picketing in 1967, but the injunctions were subsequently lifted. Defending CEPA, John O. Honnold, professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania, argued that picketing is an exercise of free speech, fully protected by state and federal constitutional guarantees. The judge agreed and added he could see nothing wrong with using economic pressure outside the courts, and in fact, that consumers might otherwise be powerless.

Learning that CEPA does have power because it can arouse public indignation against sharp credit practices, many businesses now receive CEPA delegates with respect. According to Max Weiner, founder of and driving force behind CEPA, although he bears the modest title of educational director: "All we have to do now, for example, with the First Pennsylvania Bank is to call them and we get an immediate appointment. There was the time they didn't think much of our group. But we picketed them three times and that made it clear we meant business."

CEPA's success can be attributed largely to the thorough and orderly preparation it makes. CEPA has

been called militant, but that is not an accurate term, if one has violent confrontation in mind. There is no shouting, no pushing people around, no sit-ins, no fights with the police. For the most part, the pickets are Negro men and women who, before CEPA came along, were afraid even to phone a finance company or business to complain of being cheated.

Arrangements with the police department are carefully worked out before every picketing to make sure that protection will be on hand if there should be trouble. Businessmen, new to CEPA's methods, are often taken aback to discover that a quick call to the usually dependable arm of the law does not stop the picketing. Says Weiner: "Their first reaction when they see our pickets is to come out and say 'don't bother with the picketing; we'll get the cops and chase you away.' . . . But when carloads of police do drive up, talk to us and then go away, the merchant sees his defense, his shield, crumble away. We are not seeking confrontation on the picket line. We are not doing anything to make possible police intervention, such as keeping people off the street, etc. We are simply engaging in a constitutionally protected power and it is a terrific power when exerted."

The typical procedure is to set up at the place of business a sound truck from which Weiner or another member of CEPA explains the grievance and what the pickets are asking. The pickets, of which there are often no more than five or six, hand out leaflets. CEPA has found that usually only a few pickets are needed and that passers-by often take up the cause. Many Philadelphians have stormed into the offending store or written angry letters to finance companies and banks.

Strangely enough, CEPA was founded by a man who was once on the other side of the fence. Formerly a real estate developer who lost nearly everything in a 1962 flood, Weiner then joined a real estate agency where his job was to help refinance their mortgages. He was soon struck by the fact that a lot of this refinancing had to be done because the people were being mercilessly swindled. He saw the need for a consumer organization and was able to rally a few people to the cause, mostly on the ground, which is still the core of CEPA, that "if you help your neighbor recover his money or save his property, he will help you save yours when the time comes." It is not easy to keep people permanently in CEPA; once the problem that brought them in is solved they often have a tendency to drift away. However, CEPA has a strong nucleus of regulars, a membership of 4,000, some active, some inactive (everyone who registers a complaint for which he needs help is asked to become a member if he can afford the $2 fee), and seven branches around the Philadelphia area. Activity has stepped up as the organization has grown. CEPA members now walk picket lines on the average of three times a week.

CEPA is also expanding by trying to grow from a local to a national organization, and by taking up the consumer cause on broader issues. It has established a foundation through which it hopes to get grants to establish training centers for consumer leaders in other cities. These, it is hoped, would then become permanent organizations. In addition, CEPA International, a non-profit group, grants charters to others wanting to set up CEPA chapters. (Amazingly, CEPA operated on a budget of only $18,000 during 1968, counting salaries, overhead and publication of *Consumers Voice*. The income came from membership dues, contributions and the sale of *Consumers Voice*.)*

Branching out from the redress of individual grievances, CEPA envisions consumer picketing on a mass scale against a whole spectrum of consumer injustices. For example, it plans to picket the Philadelphia auto show against higher auto prices. "Imagine what would happen if people all over the country did that!" says Weiner in support of his concept of a nationwide CEPA. "We really could have an effect." He deplores the lack of real grass-roots consumer power. "The FDA comes out and says they can't protect the purity of our food in a recent report. Consumers should be up in arms over that. They should hit the streets all over the country in protest, bringing the issue to a living reality. The only way that will happen is through a national organization."

CEPA has picketed the district attorney's office to urge stiffer action against firms engaging in fraud ("We want to make these con criminals just as guilty as those who commit crimes in the street," says Weiner) and has demanded that the city council launch an investigation of fraud and exploitation among the poor in the city. The council did pass such a resolution nearly three years ago, but no action has been taken. Finally, CEPA in 1967 launched a consumers political party and collected enough signatures to get on the ballot, running candidates for city council and mayor. They got 6,675 votes. The Consumer Party is back on the ballot this year, with candidates for city controller and district attorney. Winning seems beyond hope, but CEPA would be happy if its candidates won at least 5 per cent of the votes, which would establish the party as permanent and assure its automatic inclusion on the ballot.

But whatever the results in an election, CEPA has undeniably brought consumer issues to the fore in Philadelphia, and Weiner feels that, just by running, CEPA is accomplishing its aims. The Democratic and Republican candidates for district attorney have been vying with each other during the campaign to emphasize their support of consumers. David Berger, the Democrat, running against Arlen Specter, the incumbent Republican, announced a consumer protection legislative reform program, including abolition of the hated confession of judgment clause.

The consumer movement, if there is such a thing, has never been known for its toughness or effectiveness. But when, after hundreds of years of apathy and disorganization, shy, middle-aged ladies, Negro at that, from the ghettos of North Philadelphia, have taken it upon themselves to walk up to the vice presidents of banks and demand an end to the gouging, no one can know what is in store. Consumers everywhere just might get fed up, and start asserting themselves.

* A booklet on the history of CEPA and its activities, written in response to the many inquiries for organizational advice, can be obtained from Consumers Education and Protective Association, 6048 Ogontz Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., 19141. $3.

Tokyo: Choreography of Protest

ANGELA CARTER

Miss Carter is an English novelist. Her latest work, Several Perceptions, *won the Somerset Maugham Award for 1969, which enabled her to make her present trip to the United States and Japan.*



Tokyo

I neither speak nor read a word of Japanese so my experience of this country is lacking a dimension, and often it is like seeing reflections in a mirror. The following is an account of what I saw, as far as I can tell, about four o'clock one Monday afternoon in September at Waseda University, Tokyo.

On that day of gray skies and gentle rain, the campus had the air of a place often under attack—broken windows, barricades, etc.—though the atmosphere of seige warfare was negated by the flow of everyday university life about and around the battered buildings. In the plaza at the heart of the campus, the statue of a benign academic in cap and gown seemed to preside over a meeting addressed by a young man with a loud-speaker. The walls were painted with slogans and hung with banners, all in Japanese, most colored red. The roofs were filled with students, who shielded themselves from the rain with umbrellas as they surveyed the scene below. There was not the slightest tension, although the distant sound of police sirens and mass chanting could be heard from different directions.

The street beyond the campus was lined with willows, and the beautiful young people walking under their umbrellas between the trailing boughs seemed to have stepped out of a Renoir. Some children in baseball suits ran across the road, throwing a ball into the air, and a schoolboy in the Maxim Gorki jacket and cap which is the uniform of Japanese schoolboys went past carrying a loaf of bread, probably home to his mother.

In the midst of this harmonious urban pastoral, and without at all disturbing it, the police climbed out of a number of gray buses and assembled in ranks. They wore blue rainproof suits which may or may not have been padded like samurai armor, but which gave their bodies a Michelin-man outline. They carried shields of curved steel which protected their bodies from ankle to neck, and wore helmets with plastic visors. They all carried staves and some held glowing objects on the end of sticks which I guessed to be gas bombs. There was no rancor in their demeanor; they looked busy and happy. Passers-by moved around the police and their armored car with neither fear nor curiosity.

The crowd of spectators—spectators as opposed to uninvolved passers-by, that is—had, however, begun to thicken and now included one or two radicals, who wore steel helmets and had wrapped wet towels around the lower part of their faces. A stand selling those freshly cooked tidbits which the Japanese snack upon continually did a steady trade on the corner opposite the campus wall. It continued to sell, and had customers to buy and eat, during all the succeeding events. One of its customers was a photographer in a visored crash helmet painted with the insignia of a Japanese newspaper who carried a small ladder around with him as he followed the drifting crowd.

If the crowd drifted, it did so in no unorganized manner, but more like those movements of pigeons from roof to roof which operate by some unguessable collective logic which the onlooker perceives but finally finds wholly mysterious. This body of students, a participant in the riot, functioned rather as a well-ordered entity than a crowd, a word that implies confusion. There was no confusion. The chief protagonists —the police and the student band soon to appear—were also single entities and performed as choreographically as a ballet and with only a little less grace.

However, one requires some word other than "riot" (which implies disorder), or "demonstration" (which implies passion) to describe this confrontation; perhaps there is such a word in the Japanese language. The appearance of the events was that of a hieratic dance, as ritually stylized as the Kabuki drama, and the impression was enforced by the medieval accouterments of the combatants on both sides. When the crowd had assembled in the campus and on the street, and as soon as the traffic was cordoned off, the chanting procession of militants made its way out of the university. I could still detect no tension.

The procession moved in an articulated fashion like a curious, segmented worm. The militants all wore crash helmets painted with slogans, and they advanced, heads down, at a jog trot. Each segment of the worm

held a rope which went all round the group like a railing. The procession advanced down the street in a series of curves, still chanting; it circled a road island crowned with spiky palm trees, and finally approached the police, who stood behind their shields at the intersection. Above the procession waved red flags, black flags and some red and black flags, indicating the presence of Maoists, Trotskyists and anarchists of various denominations. The rhythmical chanting continued. The militants looked good-humored but a little bored, as if performing a drab chore. After it had feinted toward the police, the procession turned back into the campus; the crowd under its umbrellas drifted into a new formation to leave the way clear.

Now the massed police moved forward—an impressive spectacle which the background presence of the armored car did not render less archaic, for it could have been one of Hannibal's elephants. The nets they now produced looked more like flags and the globes on their sticks glowed a fluorescent pink. The crowd greeted them with a scattered hail of stones and some jeering, but, well-rehearsed as it was in its role of crowd, it did nothing to keep the chief protagonists apart. The chanting grew in volume. I saw the police sweep up into the campus, though the car stayed in the street. In a few moments, the police came back toward the street, dragging several students with them. There was more jeering, catcalls, cheering and chanting. The police now retreated to the intersection and, after a decent interval, the procession of militants made another, but smaller sally, not venturing so far out of the campus. It was still raining, and the air was sweet with the odor of tear gas. The girl at the snack stand continued to cook and sell. In a sidewalk café which the the procession had passed, a group of students played with yo-yos and the radio emitted Pop music. It was tea time; the waitress served free cups of green tea and I took one. This café was in a basement, so the police may have passed overhead again, I don't know. When I left the café, the streets were quiet and busy; members of the staff were making their way home through the campus and students were leaving class.

On the wall of a building was a poster advertising a film identifiable by its imagery as a documentary about the student riots in Paris. The scenes were those of the bloodstained upon the barricades, the sons of liberty —Delacroix images of the revolutionary in a Western culture that is conditioned to the existence of polarities, such as good and evil, capitalism and socialism, the *status quo* and the revolution, etc. Perhaps Japan's culture does not acknowledge, or perhaps even contain, such opposites. The *Japan Times* for September 23 said, in its account of troubles at Kyoto University in Kansai:

"The students appeared on the penthouse in a single column and started to sing the *Internationale* at 9 A.M., hoisting the banners of several Zengakuren factions. [See "Japan 1970: Year of Upheaval" by Jeffrey P. Freed, *The Nation*, October 13.] This was their way of signifying surrender, police said."

I was told later that confrontations between the radical students who occupy several Waseda University buildings and the police take place perhaps twice a week and have been doing so for almost a year.



INFORMERS *(Continued from page 461)*

closed at the trial of the "Conspiracy 8," where revisions of constitutional law are being proclaimed daily from the bench. It appears that beginning in March 1968, one Carl Gilman in the course of his job as a cameraman-reporter for television station KEMB in San Diego observed activities which he "considered to be a threat to the security" of the United States. He reported what he had seen or heard to the FBI and immediately was hired as a paid informer at $150 a month and expenses. He now had two jobs which he carried on concurrently. He was always paid in cash by an FBI agent.

Testifying in Judge Julius J. Hoffman's court, where the "Conspiracy 8" are now on trial, Gilman would give no details of his spying, except in the case of David Dellinger, the most prominent of the defendants. On July 25, 1968, at San Diego State College, Gilman was on hand to report a meeting at which Dellinger spoke. He testified that Dellinger told the audience to "burn your draft cards, resist the draft, violate the laws, go to jail, disrupt the United States in any way you can to end this insane war [in Vietnam]." The defense objected on the ground that a public speech could not be adduced to prove the existence of a criminal conspiracy. Judge Hoffman overruled the objection.

Whatever the outcome of the Chicago trial, Mr. Gilman has something to answer for. If the day ever comes when reporters and cameramen, whether working for the printed or the electronic media, get the reputation of moonlighting for Red squads and the FBI, their professions will have been dealt a staggering blow. People who are asked to pose for pictures in connection with a news event will wonder whether that is the actual purpose, or whether it is a mug shot to go into the files of the FBI. And when a reporter comes to a meeting or news conference, how will those in charge know whether he is there as a reporter or as a spy?

Later, another professional informer took the stand: Louis Salzberg, a news photographer, formerly employed by *El Tiempo*. He has been on the FBI payroll since 1967 as an infiltrator and spy. If Gilman and Salzberg are members of any guilds or trade unions, there should be an immediate inquiry into their status.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Tradition and Some Individual Talents

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MAN OF LETTERS. *By John Gross. The Macmillan Co. 322 pp. $8.95.*

DONALD FANGER

Mr. Fanger, author of Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism *(Harvard University Press), teaches Russian and comparative literature at Harvard.*

Histories of literature, like histories of criticism and journalism, are made to be consulted but not read. This book, being a little of each, fits none of the patterns and is delightfully readable. No less than Leslie Stephen, to whom he applies the phrase, Mr. Gross practices a style that "represents in itself a notable mastery of experience." He is vigorously intelligent, broadly informed, complexly curious, and humane without excessive moisture.

His key term is intentionally and usefully vague. "Man of letters," as he notes at the outset, has gone through a series of meanings—first scholar, then author, then critic (often as author *manqué*)—only to drop out of usage after World War I, its functions to be parceled out in our own time among "academic experts, mass media pundits, cultural functionaries." The age that could find the term useful and even honorific—specifically, the century or so during which it continued to evolve—may thus be seen as an entity. So the investigation of the changing guises of the man of letters thus becomes, on Mr. Gross's showing, an index of the role and importance of literature in English life since 1800.

It is a vanished age he treats, characterized by a particular set of attitudes toward books and words and culture. The Everyman Library was hardly its chief or sole representative; still, the aura of its original decorations and mottoes (*"Precious life blood of a master spirit . . . holdeth children from play . . . unacknowledged legislators . . . for that they come home to men's business and bosoms"*) is that of the man of letters himself, and may suggest in its remoteness how fast and how far we have moved.

Cyril Connolly (in *Enemies of Promise*, a book less unlike the present one than might appear at first glance) claimed Addison as the first man of letters, on the basis of the style he developed for the entertainment of the middle classes, with its "gentle irony, gentle melancholy, and gentle inanity." If Mr. Gross does not go back beyond the 19th century, it is because he is not so exclusively concerned with style. His subject is less literature than literary culture as it burgeoned after the founding of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, inaugurating an age when writing *about* literature attracted the widest audience and engaged an unprecedented number of talents, for whom an unprecedented number of outlets came into being. And the motley group of men he presents are there either because they were molders of educated opinion, or reflectors of it, like Francis Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh*, brilliantly exhibited as a man who brought new dignity to the whole notion of an editor—and at the same time as "a classic instance of the critic who comes unstuck through trying to play safe."

Familiar and half-familiar names jostle one another in Gross's gallery—Carlyle, Thackeray, Hazlitt, Arnold, Lewes, Lockhart, Bagehot, Stephen, Bennett, Gosse, Squire, Saintsbury, Raleigh, Orage, Eliot, Leavis—along with oddities like the Rev. George Gilfillan, author of the poem "Night" (in nine books), champion of the "Spasmodic" poets, tireless annotator of the British poets (in 48 volumes), and author of the best-selling *Bards of the Bible*. Gilfillan finds his place here not because of his quaintness but because of what his popularity recalls: that he represented a considerable audience "which still tended to think of poetry chiefly as an adjunct of religion, which frowned on fiction, and which in the not very distant past had been opposed to the idea of secular literature altogether."

The audience is the point. But, aside from unearthing circulation figures, there is little in the way of frontal attack that the investigator of a reading public can manage; he must, like Gross, by indirection find direction out. So, characteristically, after being invited to see Gilfillan as "the MacGonigall of criticism," any page of whose work, "opened at random, will yield its crop of absurdities," we come to the other side: "And yet if he was a preposterous figure, he was not exactly a contemptible one. He throbbed with the libertarian idealism of the Mazzini-Kossuth epoch (in America he would surely have found his niche as an Abolitionist), and refused to be intimidated by great names when his beliefs were at stake."

The same approach is applied to most of the figures here scrutinized, major as well as minor. Limitations of mind and character are trenchantly noted, but so are the particular skills and achievements that accompanied them. Different perspectives are frequently tried on the same figure, not out of uncertainty but in the interest of fairness and wholeness. A case in point is the resolutely non-academic treatment of Arnold Bennett, whose critical articles seldom find a place in the surveys written for college students. "And perhaps there is nothing very much to say about them, except to record that they have *impact*, more impact than a lot of the things which do get mentioned. Abrupt enthusiasm, the unconsidered opinion, the conversational zig-zag: these are what open readers' minds to books, at least as often as the formal critique." By the same token, Bennett's career, so easily dismissible as an instance of how commercial ambition can ruin a talent, turns out to be less paradigmatic than the standard view would have it. "The psychology of an artist cannot be reduced to the simple contrasts of a morality play." Bennett's deplorable grossness is actually what makes the finesse of his best works possible. As for easy schemes of rise and decline, "a creative talent . . . is usually more resilient than over-scrupulous critics will allow."

Gross as a man of the 20th century may be suspicious of wisdom, but he is not afraid of it; nor is he tempted to confuse it with cleverness. A personal presence informs his writing (inevitably, given his belief that "in criticism temperament usually counts for as much as ideology"). Rather than forcing or obscuring judgment, temperament adds a dimension to it. Much scholarship has gone into this book, but the design is cheerfully flexible; and the propensity of scholarship to assume rather than establish the importance of its projects is nowhere felt.

Eight chapters sketch the ambience in which the man of letters developed and the ways in which he flourished in 19th-century England; each considers a number of representative figures, defining qualities, tracing careers with a shrewd eye to submerged politics, and taking care to salvage the writing that possesses lasting value from what is deservedly forgotten. "The Rise of the Reviewer" details the establishment of

the first great English reviews as a new and serious cultural vehicle, open perhaps to padding and pretentiousness, but at least free from the pettiness and corruption then common. Their success—evidence that a new audience existed, which the man of letters was henceforth to enlighten, admonish, appease and reflect—surprised even the founders. Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Hunt and Lamb are the main figures here.

"Heroes and Men of Letters," with particular trenchancy, presents Carlyle, Mill and Arnold as questers after an ideally maximal role for literature as a civilizing force. The pages on each are models of fresh observation and felicitously rendered judgment. Considering the excesses of Carlyle's style, for example, Gross goes on to observe:

> A mere propagandist could never have devised so potent a style. But neither could a mere stylist. Although there were times when Carlyle apologized half-jokingly for his expletives and his syntactic oddities, he knew what he was doing when he sent the words swarming over the barricades of conventional usage. "The whole structure of Johnsonian English breaking up from its foundations—revolution there as visible as anywhere else!" Unprecedented social realities called for new modes of speech.

"The Higher Journalism" next centers on the *Saturday Review* and the *Westminster*, with Lewes, Bagehot and Leslie Stephen as examples of mid-Victorian literary journalism at its impressive best. "Some Liberal Practitioners" then offers a series of case studies in the combination of literary and political careers; the names here are less familiar—Morley, Harrison, Birrell, Paul, Robertson—representative Victorian figures in whom not even Gross, for once, seems able to find more than an antiquarian interest.

"The Bookmen" is a different affair. Here are the bibliophiles, "vignettists, gossipers in libraries, adventurers among masterpieces," who came to the fore at the end of the 1870s, offering in their dilute aestheticism a relief from earlier earnestness and didacticism. The enormously prolific Andrew Lang is damagingly dissected as a cultivator of the fourth-rate opinion, alongside the prodigious Saintsbury, much more gifted than Lang but like him an example of how far erudition may be from intellect. Both, moreover, are significant in the way a concern for style was joined with an extreme conservatism in politics—a conjunction carried to the point of caricature by their friend Henley, whose case moves Gross to speculate: "It may be that those whose first aim is to 'appreciate' the world are the natural enemies of those whose first aim is to change it; it may be that, pushed far enough, the cult of Beauty inevitably merges with the cult of Violence in a common cult of the Irrational." Only the stability of English life, he suggests, kept the phenomenon from being ominous—as it was to become elsewhere soon enough.

"Popular Approaches" deals sympathetically and amusingly with responses—perhaps the most notable of them the founding and success of the Everyman Library—to the fact that "between 1880 and the First World War there must have been proportionately more popular interest in authors and the world of authors than at any time before or since." And the treatment of the last decade of the century ("Edwardians") extends the point in a different way, attacking the stereotype of the Decadence and reminding us that "the Nineties" were

> only a very small part of what was in fact going on in the 1890s. They led on to a period dominated by writers who were closer to the Early Victorians than to their immediate predecessors in their readiness to enter the public arena as preachers, debaters, entertainers. However critical of the established order, men like Shaw and Wells, Bennett and Chesterton, put their trust in a popular audience; they might promulgate minority opinions, but not the idea of a minority culture.

All this changes after the war. The chapters called "Modern Times" and "Cross-Currents of the Thirties" attempt to chart the spin-offs from a disintegrating tradition. They are less successful, I think, than what has gone before. The same verve and incisiveness inform them, but the material is less tractable; selections and exclusions are bound to raise more questions; and the aphoristic placing of talents and movements, while still arresting, seems sometimes arbitrary, because there is so clearly more that needs to be accounted for.

"Modern Times," for example, begins with half a dozen pages on Eliot—major poet, eminent if evasive critic, and indifferent editor—whose achievement for Gross's purposes consisted mainly in teaching readers "to mistrust their own judgments," and in setting up the analytical New Critic as replacement for the old-fashioned man of letters. No discussion of Eliot's cosmopolitanism, of his activities as publisher, or of the very force of his presence on the literary scene. Instead, we hurry on to consider J. C. Squire and Desmond MacCarthy, diversions (as Gross admits) from "the real action" that was "going on elsewhere." Middleton Murry is well treated in 7 pages, Orwell rather spottily in 5. The subject is getting out of hand, splintering in a way for which history may be more responsible than the author. One looks in vain for a discussion of Hulme or Pound; it isn't hard to imagine technical grounds for excluding them, but the sense of loss remains. And later when Auden, Spender and (I should think) Cyril Connolly fail to find places in the sketch of the thirties, a little grumbling may be in order.

Not for long, though. The distracting rumble of artillery fire can already be heard at the end of the Orwell section with its praise for the way much of his criticism remains memorable "because it is the outcome of deeply-felt experience, not of academic debate." Those last two words introduce one of the longest discussions of a single figure in the book, 16 pages on F. R. Leavis, very much in the spirit of the emperor's new clothes. The damaging points are, on the whole, made to stick—"his frequent air of having triumphantly demonstrated what has merely been strenuously asserted"; the carefully fostered impression in the essays "of a literary world full of twittering playboys, where only Leavis and a few others really *care*"; the quasi-religious revelation of *the* great tradition; and the rest. There is interesting specula-

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tion on why Leavis' work should have seemed so peculiarly charismatic, but there isn't much concrete discussion (as opposed to assertion) of his influence. From this side of the Atlantic, at least, one may agree that the man is more scantily clad than he seems to think, but wonder at his being taken for an emperor.

No matter; it makes rousing reading, and is followed by an epilogue that manages to pose acutely a number of very important questions (and could have posed more if the changing nature of the *writer*, or some recent theories of *écriture* had been admitted to consideration): Doesn't literature itself seem less important than it once did? Isn't science attracting more of the best creative talent, which might formerly have gone into letters? How can the critic as nonspecialist survive with his pride intact, knowing "that there are people who know more than he does about things which he is supposed to know about"? Isn't it likely that our attention span is getting shorter, and the habit of reading itself further threatened by competitive cultural attractions such as the cinema?

These questions bear on the position of the "unattached critic," the serious journalist like Gross himself, who seeks to keep viable the social role whose history he has been tracing. The answer, and ground for hope, centers on the very real residual advantages of the role and on the cultural need our "unattached critics" seem uniquely to supply. What is admirable in academic work Gross is ready to admire and in good measure to practice himself. But the limitations of academic questioning, and the tendency of scholars to write for one another plainly alarm him. In a chapter called "Early English," which details the incorporation of English literature into English universities, he lists some of the problems:

> How do you organize the wholesale teaching of imaginative literature without putting the bird in a cage? . . . Candidates will be expected to show a knowledge of human nature—which, human nature being what it is, represents an open invitation to wander on at random, to drain the subject of intellectual content. And since nobody wants that, a strong countervailing current is inevitably set in motion. Teachers turn with relief to the small, hard, ascertainable fact; they become preoccupied with sources, or analogues, or backgrounds, or textual cruces [!], or other interesting but secondary considerations.

True enough—but for those whose nerve fails, or whose standards sag, or whose talent falls below the first-rate (and Gross cites many such among his men of letters), there will always be low roads of this sort, in whatever profession.

Nonetheless, it is well to be reminded that nobody quite knows what "purely literary research" means, or that "the fundamental uncertainties [in English departments] about what the subject is, and how it should be taught, have not by any means been dispelled by the increase in academic numbers or by advances in scholarship." And the professional journals can hardly be said to encourage the sort of honesty we find here:

> Most critics with any life in them must surely be visited by moods of *Selbsthass* in which every additional learned article, every new critical theory, seems just another nail in the coffin. What is it all ultimately for? How can anyone who tries to keep up with Wordsworthian studies find time to read Wordsworth?

But the point is not to attack academic criticism as such, for it has already been admitted that a great deal of it "is of a much higher order than most literary journalism, past or present." The point is simply to insist that a set of important problems not be ignored just because there are no easy answers to them.

Such services are not the least o this book's claims to attention and re spect. By his combination of learnin and uncommon sense, literary sensitiv ity and social awareness, nuanced judg ment and provocative speculation—in deed, by the very idiosyncrasy of hi method—Gross has achieved a numbe of things, any one of which might have entitled him (and us) to great satisfaction.

He has done a broad and original job of historical reassessment. He has, partly explicitly, partly implicitly, opened the door to further explorations; e.g., of the man of letters in America, past and present; of the differing attributes of the role in 19th-century France, Russia, Germany and elsewhere; of the relation of politics and literature in many parts of the 20th-century world. And, by example even more than by argument, he has made good his concluding claim that any healthy literary tradition, whatever it may call him, will continue to need the independent man of letters.

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Sapsuckers

HUEY LONG. *By T. Harry Williams. Alfred A. Knopf. 906 pp. $12.50.*

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

If you were asked to name the one Southern politician about whom it would be absolutely impossible to write a dull or tedious book, you would say Huey Long. Right? Well, Prof. T. Harry Williams, who teaches history at Louisiana State University, has achieved the impossible. He has written an incredibly tedious and, before the last of the 906 pages has fallen, an excruciatingly boring book about Louisiana's famous Kingfish.

Long first made his name in Louisiana politics as a utility commissioner who forced a rebate out of a telephone company and made a tentative effort to bring Standard Oil into line. From there he moved to the governor's chair (1928-31) and then to the U.S. Senate, where he offended The Club by his filibustering. In 1935 he was mortally wounded by a crazy physician who shot him as he walked through the Louisiana capitol corridors. Long was 42. To many of the common people of Louisiana he is still sanctified as "St. Huey," but his legend is withering outside the state just as his political dynasty within the state is almost defunct.

Williams now offers a monument to that career.

The author's vices as a biographer would be virtues if he were an archaeologist. He is endlessly patient in digging. He has been going around Louisiana, with some fast excursions into Washington, for the past thirteen years, recording interviews with 295 persons who knew or knew of Huey Long, or are willing to pretend they did, and reading every scrap of information about his subject. This Germanic researching is quite all right as long as you don't unload all your debris on the reader. But Williams seems to have done just that.

For instance, in 1933 old Huey, a cutup when he was drunk, was at a party at the Sands Point Bath and Country Club in New York and something happened in the men's room that resulted in his getting slugged in the eye. Apparently Huey had come up behind a man standing at a urinal and had tried to pee through the man's legs. His marksmanship was off, so the man's pants were drenched. The victim turned around and clobbered Huey. That's a funny story and it deserves telling, but it doesn't deserve the 7 pages Williams gives it. Nor do we need to be treated to the medical details of the operation performed on Long after he was shot, including the catheterization of his bladder.

Williams continually bogs down in this way because he has quite clearly lost perspective (as, indeed, has the entire state of Louisiana) of the present stature of Huey Long. This is understandable. In a state that is notorious for political thievery, bureaucratic rot, social stagnation and educational mediocrity, it is pretty startling when a politician comes along who steals somewhat (only somewhat) in the manner of Robin Hood, who makes the bureaucracy at least rotten for a purpose (road building; they grafted a lot of money out of the program, but at least they built roads), who sharpens the working class's awareness of the economic issues of the state, and who pumps money into the university system. Long did all that, and with his great flair for efficient demagogy he set a pattern that many Southern politicians, including George Wallace, have attempted to imitate ever since.

Historically Long was an important Southern politician. And because his soak-the-rich message was voiced at the bottom of the Great Depression he *briefly* became an important national politician, attracting followers all across the country to such a degree that he was viewed as a potential splinter threat in the 1936 Presidential election. Long apotheosized the Southern dictator, quite literally and quite specifically right down to the swarm of gun-carrying toughs who always accompanied him and who were willing to beat up citizens who exercised the American right of talking back.

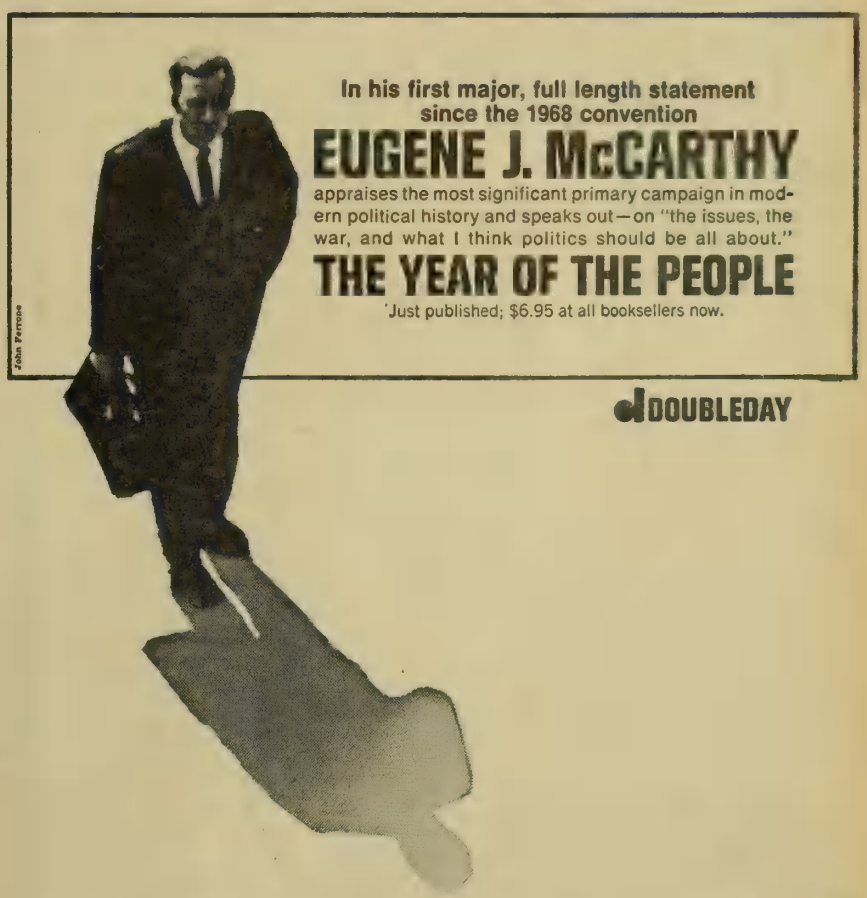
As Williams points out, when Long left the governorship of Louisiana and became U.S. Senator, his hold over the state government did not lessen but increased. "In 1932 he secured the election of a completely compliant governor, along with his whole slate of other officeholders, and thereafter he increased the number of his followers in the legislature until he commanded more than a two-thirds majority in both houses, which enacted any law he asked for. . . . He would storm back from Washington and, through his governor, summon without advance notice a special session of the legislature. At these numerous meetings laws would be passed at a breathtaking rate and without much regard for such parliamentary niceties as committee hearings or floor debate." (This last mentioned routine is nothing unusual in Southern legislatures.)

"Controlling the executive and legislative branches," Williams writes, "and influencing the judicial branch—he campaigned to elect sympathetic justices—he would have dominated the whole power structure of the state. If the system had been perfected, and if it had endured—which is the bigger 'if'—it would have been the most daring and dangerous concentration of power ever established in an American state government."

Maybe. But even if it had been, Long was still not so important to the South or to the nation that we can today get much excited about what happened forty years ago in the backwashes of that region, at least not so excited that we will happily slosh through interminable accounts of old legislative battles and old political campaigns that seem to have no focus beyond the peculiar tribal mores of that state.

This is the fatal defect of the book: Williams has made little effort to lead the reader to any broader conclusion than the conclusion of one tarnished political career. Reading this book, one does not feel any necessity to pause and contemplate the mixture of individual perversities and regional perversities that frustrated this man who might have been a truly great leader. And one is not even prompted to say, "Here is the culmination of the tragic farce of American politics." Indeed, one comes away from this heap of monotony with no brightening generalizations, no afterthoughts, none at all.

Even less forgivable, Williams does not entertain the reader. The triumphant



bad joke of Southern politics escapes him. He supplies all the material, but no punch lines. To be a good biographer one must be not only a good historian, which Williams certainly is, but also a passable poet (preferably of the Chaucerian school), receptive to poppycock and yarn and myth as well as fact. Williams doesn't know what to do with myth except to worry about it. He fusses around with the question of whether Long actually said he bought legislators like sacks of potatoes. Who cares whether or not he said it? He *would* have said it, and therefore the myth is as good as a fact. It was the poet in A. J. Liebling that made his biography of brother Earl Long so infinitely better than this thing; it was the master poet in Robert Penn Warren that made his *All The King's Men*, despite its fictional inaccuracies, the biography of Huey Long that will be turned to by those who want a feel of the period.

The book is not totally without revelations. It is interesting to learn, for instance, that Long's reputation as a battler of Standard Oil Company was not merited. That is, he apparently was more interested in using the Standard fight as a political theme (as Southern politicians use the Supreme Court theme) than in actually making Standard Oil change its ways.

It is also interesting to learn that Long's political support at the beginning came in significant measure from the local aristocrats and was not drawn solely from the unwashed. It is the kind of revelation that plays a nice harmony to something his son, Russell, an oil millionaire, said recently when he accused *The Washington Post* of smearing him and offered to pay the newspaper $500 if it would print "what my hometown bankers say about me." Southern Populism often shows its true nature in this fashion.

And while on the subject of Russell, I'll say also that it is interesting to have more information about Huey Long's disdain for his kinsfolk. "This state's full of sapsucker, hillbilly and Cajun relatives of mine," Williams quotes Long as saying, "and there ain't enough dignity in the bunch to keep a chigger still long enough to brush his hair."

HAIR

I want never to shave again, never
to hand myself over to barbers.
I want to walk in my own meadow
of uncut beard and hair: grass
grown so long it trails behind,
falls before, encircles me,
and covers up the street
until wherever I am is a Roman field
beneath which lies a buried city—
this city which takes
only my presence
to bring it rest and silence.

JACK ANDERSON

Cutting Tools and Acid

THE INDIGNANT EYE: The Artist as Social Critic in Prints and Drawings. *By Ralph E. Shikes. Beacon Press. 439 pp. $12.50.*

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

The glory of the modern world is the rebel. It is he who proclaims the existence of man's will—not the will to seek out a better hole in which to burrow but the will to remake the world. Rebels are eternal because revolutions are evanescent. The rebel who seeks to create a grand design in place of moral disorder is, in his way, an artist. And the artist—whether he caricatures the fat tyrant squatting as a blemish on his world or seeks to abstract the harmonies obscured in natural forms or in his own subconscious is, in his way, a rebel against chaos.

Albert Camus, citing Van Gogh's remark that the earth is one of God's sketches that turned out badly, goes on to comment that "every artist tries to reconstruct this sketch and give it the style it lacks." The true artist works in this passion for transformation. And without "an indignant eye" his work becomes mere decoration.

Ralph E. Shikes has presented here a gallery of artist-rebels. He has set them in their time and by doing so has shown that topical art—if it is true art—transcends its time and becomes perpetually contemporary. Shuffle the pages of this chronological tale of rebellion so that you view Reginald Marsh's scene of the depression of the 1930s after Hogarth's prints of Gin Lane; compare the "Sleeping Woman" of Picasso with the "Temptation of St. Anthony" by Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Surely these are spiritual contemporaries.

The timeliness of art is dramatized in this collection of more than 400 prints woven together in a text that is its own chronicle of the history of the modern Western world, a world of wars and martyrdom, of tyranny and revolution, of high hopes and prodigious defeats, of whores and heroes. Shikes's commentary relates each artist to his times and his targets. The text never overshadows the prints themselves. Shikes has let the artists themselves proclaim their messages, aspiring only to set them in proper frames and to light them well. That he has done superbly.

He has set upon himself two limitations. He has chosen only art that constitutes "social or political criticism of specific ways of life, institutions, conditions or circumstances, not of man's general spiritual malaise or discontents with his own psyche or general statements of man's fate." And he has limited himself in medium, choosing only graphic art—prints or drawings that could be reproduced in quantity to work some social purpose. The book is a collection of socio-political criticisms that outlive their immediate targets and transcend their time and purpose. The reader will relish what is here, for Shikes has taste as well as understanding. And he shares the indignation of his artist-rebels.

While the Spaniards raped and looted Holland and the Reformation thundered against the iniquities of the Papacy, Pieter Bruegel the Elder peopled his landscapes with surrealist horrors. He deflated the glories of war with his devastating print, the "Fight of the Money Bags and the Strong Boxes," and drew Justice as a blind whore presiding over tortures. Two centuries later, when the French invaded Spain, deaf Goya made heart-sickening prints of corpses, phantoms and grinning demoniac priests. A hundred years later, the Germans invaded France. The French suppressed their own rebels and Daumier saw peace as a skeleton with a bonnet piping a tune in a lifeless landscape.

Rouault working in the aftermath of the First World War devised his own stained-glass skeleton to dramatize the eternal comment: "Man is wolf to man." The apocalypse was drawn by Germans like Grosz and Dix, by Americans like Peterdi, Shahn and Baskin, and most devastatingly by Picasso in his vision of ancient symbols at Guernica.

Tyranny was chronicled by Urs Graf in the 16th century, lampooned by Gillray in the 18th century and by that Mexican artist of skulls and skeletons, Posada, in the 20th.

Yet the protests are not all horrendous views of death and destruction, for these rebels use the rapier as often as the broadax. The wit of Cruikshank and Gillray, Daumier and Nast and even

Bosch is not somber. They satirize the foibles of fools and knaves. The fools have changed only their costumes and the foibles have not changed at all. The poor are in rags and the rich are bloated in both Holbein and Grosz. Since the end of the Middle Ages we have all been passively afloat on Hieronymous Bosch's "Ship of Fools," crying for a helmsman.

But the collection finally is neither dismal nor abject; it is a chronicle not so much of horrors as of the resistance to horror. Shikes's band of rebels used their acid and their cutting tools against the manifold idiocies of modern human society. These artist-rebels—like the rebel-artists, the world revolutionaries, who are outside the scope of this book—are our redeemers. *The Indignant Eye* is more than a homage to dead heroes; it brings them to life again, providing a sounding board for their deathless jeremiads and their delicious witticisms against the common enemy. Most of them speak plainly to the 20th century for they speak with our voices.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Ten years ago, the Museum of Modern Art put on a big theme show called "New Images of Man." It was arranged by Peter Selz (author of a book on German Expressionism) to promulgate the notion that the human figure was *returning* to art after exile during the temporary tyranny of Abstract art. In the 1960s Mr. Selz was riled to discover that, while the Expressionist revival he demanded did not take place, the human figure smiled, bounced and shone in Pop art. Selz's next attempt to further blood-and-guts art was an exhibition of Funk art at the University Museum, Berkeley, a couple of years ago. To condense matters somewhat, Funk is an Expressionist revival in terms of comic-strip imagery; or, the grandeur that was Baskin plus plastic paint. The exhibition now at the Whitney Museum is heir to both Mr. Selz's monsters: its title "Human Concern/Personal Torment."

Mistakenly, I think, the organizer of this show, Robert Doty, took it as his duty to prepare as broad a base as possible (i.e., repeat Selz). Thus he includes Leonard Baskin's academic Mannerism, David Smith's left-wing allegory of the 1930s, and Eugene Berman's Neo-Romanticism derived from Surrealism but vitiated by theatrical décor and costume design. He makes room for the gross Cubism of Rico Lebrun—a stew of bones in gravy, Ivan Le Lorraine Albright's overestimated deliquescence and George Tooker's symbolic realism (a psyched-up 1940s version of the preceeding decade's social protest). The exhibition rests, therefore, on a diffuse foundation of old rhetorics whose common factor is merely that they are non-Abstract. Thus when, in the course of this exhibition, one reaches the work of Jim Nutt, whose tough, urban, polluted anatomies are excellent, the sharpness of his comment and the snap of his handling are slightly muffled by the dreary company.

Doty's introduction to the catalogue is littered with the detritus of commitment arguments like a Pacific beach when the fighting has moved on: Sacco and Vanzetti, "the growing power of the Nazi terror" (i.e., the 1930s), Goya, violence in the mass media, Camus. To these set topics are now added imperialism and police brutality. Doty would have done better, probably, to concentrate on the new form of protest because it has a different platform and different targets from earlier protest art. Unfortunately, he decided that the function of his show should be the support of righteousness in American art. It is the Ugly American as Curator.

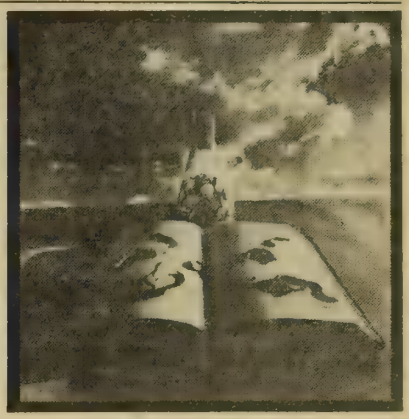
The text of the catalogue is an analogue in verbal form of the ambition and weakness of the show. See how Doty argues for the artist as America's conscience. After citing "the *dichotomy* of

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ffluence in America and terror in South-ast Asia" (my italics) he goes on to y: "the irony of the situation was not st on Peter Saul, Wally Hedrick, Duane lanson, and Sigmund Abeles." (Obvi-usly, Nick Fury, John Wayne, Captain merica and Gen. Curtis LeMay have iet their match.) Consider the historical rama, and the inaccuracy, of the fol-owing: "Christianity looked askance at ie nude and the medieval artist treated ie human body as a subject of shame nd derision." (What about manuscripts f the 13th to 15th centuries—ten survive ut of many more—which were packed ith sympathetically depicted secular udes to illustrate a remarkably long-ved instructional poem about the medic-al baths at Pozzuoli?) This example f the generality of Doty's thought en-bles one to formulate the theme of his xhibition as something like: The Human ondition as the Subject of the Engaged rtist in America in the 20th Century.

One problem of humanist revival rograms arises from the acceptance of particular moment of art history as anonical. For this show, it is the style epresented in Europe in the 1940s by ean Dubuffet and in America by, for nstance, Jackson Pollock's black paint-ngs of 1951, in which the presence of magery was organically related to the low of paint. Type-figures, such as nonymous heads, bodies characterized nly as male or female, young or old, onstituted an evocative iconography ontinuous with the behavior of materi-ls. This phase of *natural* image making, which had about it an existential im-nediacy, was the origin of much return-of-the-human-figure polemic. Types, em-odied in materials and indistinguishable rom that structure, lent themselves very ell to the alienation-dehumanization-rotest cluster of ideas common to both elz and Doty. In the present show Al-fonso Ossorio and Robert Mallary (work f the early 1960s) both make eloquent se of typologies close to the physiog-nomy of materials, but this solution does ot, in general, retain its former potency.

Partly as a result of Pop art, partly s a result of new interest in the func-ion of specific data in realism, protest rt now requires, at the least, a sense of he present scene. General gloom or in-imations of cosmic terror are not nough. Topicality is irrelevant neither o "concern" nor to "torment." Duane Hanson's "Riot" is interesting: the work has a "current affairs" subject (blacks nd whites fighting), but the object, six life-size figures, projects the eerie mix-ure of stasis and familiarity that belongs o all good simulacra. On the other hand, Joseph Hirsch's "Triptych," though topi-al in iconography (dogs, gas masks, girl victim, wooden barrier, Statehouse steps)

HUNTERS
commas

fall
from the sky
AMEEN ALWAN

is realized in a dreary version of Jack Levine's *schmear*, dragged out to Cinema-Scope proportions. Thomas Blackwell's "Gook" is topical (what Mr. Doty calls "terror in Southeast Asia"), but the work collapses into a welter of Expressionist assemblage and Rosenquist-influenced paint patches.

My impression is that none of the works at the Whitney functions as political art with half the efficacy of those produced by the Equipo Realidad and the Groupe Cronica. These are alliances of European artists who collaborate on single works; they combine a sense of what can be stated visually with what needs to be said. Most of the Whitney's show is Expressionist revival or Funk art, and Funk carries a good deal of American Gothick with it, that nightmare-of-America imagery which is as often autobiographical as political.

Several relevant artists are missing, a serious weakness in so doubtful a show. Leon Golub, who has extended the Abstract Expressionist marriage of pigment and figure to a new scale in his recent work, is not represented. Nor is Joseph Kurhajec, though his fetishistic sculptures carry a much more evident charge of "concern" and "torment" than do those of Lucas Samaras, three of whose early boxes, looking a bit diminished in this context, are included. Neither Golub nor Kurhajec has dealers, so perhaps there was no one to nudge Doty. Claes Oldenburg is also omitted, though his early work is highly relevant. (A cheap imitation by Marty Greenbaum of Oldenburg's ray guns is no substitute.) Oldenburg's work may not be easy to borrow at the moment, but not everything is in his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Rosenquist is absent too, the Pop artist whose space sense and iconography are closest to the present *sensibility* of protest.

In the 1930s and early 1940s there was a program for protest; and reform had specific goals. In the late 1940s and 1950s the impulse to protest was transferred from political scenarios to archetypal images and universal intimations. At present protest is a sensibility and an occupation, the latest profession, a kind of cool. The demographic images of the shape of crowds, achieved by Equipo Realidad and the Groupe Cronica, catch this mood admirably. Doty has failed to find its American equivalent.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

As directed by Gene Frankel, Arthur Kopit's *Indians* is an interesting play. There is a semantic ambiguity in this. I might have called it "a production," but then I would have had to differentiate sharply between the text and the performance. That is common practice when we speak, for example, of *The Three Sisters*—which I shall do in a moment. But a theatre event is not two things; it is one: what we perceive with eye and ear at the same time. In short, a play.

That is particularly true of *Indians*. Kopit's scenario is freshly conceived to show how the American Indian was swindled and slain (the remnants sequestered), while the whole shameful process was turned into colorful myth in Wild West shows and movies. In these, the Indians were either glamorized or traduced for audiences who didn't give a damn for anything but thrills.

There is a documentary base to Kopit's stylized account. The facts are presented through a double vision: on the one hand, Buffalo Bill's destruction of the buffalo which was the red man's food, his growing sympathy for the Indians, and his unsuccessful attempt to have the government redress the wrongs that were done them; on the other hand, his showman's desire to cash in on his career through the extravaganzas he packaged for cheering thousands all over the United States and abroad. The two aspects of the story—the cruel reality and the commercial use to which he put it—are deftly interwoven in Kopit's dra-



matic scheme. What is lacking is eloquence; the writing is thin.

Kopit's plan, to be fulfilled, also needed the flesh of a stirring theatrical embodiment, and it did receive that from Gene Frankel. The result is a play worth seeing. It has the special merit of giving the Broadway stage a "new look." I have heard the complaint that *Indians* is overproduced. The masks and figures which are the spirits of the dead that haunt Buffalo Bill's troubled conscience, the flashes of Indian dances which were performed in his Wild West show, the bucking bronco on which he prances onto the stage, the actors in buffalo skins, the strobe lights, the dummies of the white hero and two of the eventual victims of the army massacre, Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail—some spectators have thought all these excessive. They are in fact essential. Without them there would be no more to *Indians* than a bald historical recital. All Frankel's effects are integral to his creation and constitute its contribution to our stage.

Still, the show rarely becomes enthralling. There are two reasons. One I have mentioned—the lack of verbal power. The other is that, though Frankel's staging is well calculated, visually engaging, rhythmically propulsive, its imaginative and physical resources are limited by comparison with what the scope of the play might have been. When I say this—such a production in our presently restrictive theatre economy is surely very costly—I am thinking of what certain directors in Eastern Europe or even a Guthrie or a Brook might have been permitted to do with the offered opportunity.

While much better than serviceable, most of the acting lacks either epic or comedic stature. Stacy Keach works devotedly, strenuously and well as Buffalo Bill; even more impressive is Manu Tupou as Sitting Bull (his confrontation with the U.S. Commission has the needed wildness of savage pride), and in his baffled and tormented fanaticism Sam Waterston strikes the right key as John Grass, the spokesman for the Standing Rock Reservation.

All in all, a bright evening in the theatre; in the light of what our theatre has to offer nowadays, a momentous one.

There are some good moments in William Ball's production of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* which is the final American Conservatory Theatre production at the ANTA Theatre.

Ball desires above all to be *theatrical*—a worthy ambition for which he has a distinct talent. But theatricality is not ornament to decorate, supplement or substitute for a text. It is illumination, an added dimension to the implied, stated or potential meaning in the text, creating a new entity for the stage. It is therefore to be judged by the same standards of vitality and significance that we apply to the text itself.

To improve Chekhov's "showmanship," Ball tampers with his text in ways that vulgarize it. One example is the treatment of the character of Vershinin. The subordinate officer, Baron Tusenbach, says of him: "He pays calls and says everywhere that he has a wife and two girls"; when Vershinin in the Ba production enters for the first time an on every other occasion when he is in troduced to a new person he automatica ly blurts out, "I have a wife and tw daughters"—which makes him stupid the one thing Tusenbach says Vershini is not. In Chekhov's play Vershinin re fers to his wife and two daughters onl when it is appropriate to the situation Ball's device gets a laugh; it's a gimmick There are too many laughs of this kin in the production. That is not what i meant by Chekhov's humor. Ball make "points" that are often clever but the damage the emotional line of the play its true tone and value.

Another instance of this is with Tusen bach himself. He is said to be ugly; i Ball's production he is made to look a fright. Tusenbach, as his name indi cates, is a Russian of German origi which may explain his romantic idealism (and perhaps masochism), but it is no necessary to give him a thick Germa accent. Stanislavsky was partly French he didn't speak Russian with a Frenc accent!

Separate scenes involving various characters in moments of confession are staged before other characters who are extraneous to these intimacies. People in this play, through delicacy, hide from one another rather than expose themselves.

It may be argued that such directorial liberties can intensify or improve a script, as cutting often does. New interpretations of "classic" texts are now and then valid, providing greater insight into them. (The Theatre at the Gate production of *The Three Sisters* in Prague —though it displeased the Russians and troubled me a bit—is a masterly one and theatrically admirable.) Ball's besetting sin is that he makes all his plays, regardless of their style, frisky; he insists on gaying them up. It helps *Tiny Alice*; I doubt very much that it helps *The Three Sisters*.

There are a few sensitive performances in this A.C.T. production: Angela Paton as Olga has quality, so too has Kitty Winn as Irina. Paul Shenar, a handsome man, is more interesting in character parts than in "straight" ones (though he served *Tiny Alice* better than did Gielgud). If he were not so absurdly made up, and if the eccentricity of his Tusenbach were less stressed, his interpretation might prove genuinely touching. William Paterson's Chebutykin looks like two different persons who don't get along very well together: a despairing Russian and a rather debonair English clubman.

The play remains beautiful, one of the most beautiful of the 20th century. I have seen it "killed" only once in my theatregoing experience and that, fortunately, was not on this occasion.

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ACROSS

1 Trade expression for a central position in the old days. (2,8)
10 Get the total amount back, with a strong taste of the western stock. (7)
11 Knows almost by instinct how to fit into a tin suit. (7)
12 There might be a penalty connected with such a news item. (8)
13 Jack is one with high public esteem. (5)
15 and 24 down One might not settle for anything less than this under the hammer. (5,5)
17 Their place isn't fixed. (9)
19 Saw game, perhaps, each to be so ambidextrous. (3-6)
21 Apollo's vale, being almost a state of feelings. (5)
23 Relatively gemlike? (5)
24 A little rocking might be a way of treating the leather. (8)
27 How a religious man's opening statement might go from the general to the particular. (1,6)
28 Raises the ante on egg rolling motion, if sudden. (7)
29 and 5 down Simply leaving no ulcers for such a type? (4-5)
30 Pinch sores roughly, and you'll get a little adverse criticism perhaps! (10)

DOWN

1 Is the paper perhaps carrying certain doctrines? (4)
2 This utensil especially has it, and stores for the farm animals. (7)
3 and 9 The best one when it comes to using a brace properly, and impatient to do so (5,2,3,3)
4 If injured, make the grade give this. (9)
7 Having one, he leaves a bridge problem with it. (7)
8 Removes the locks? Makes one 15! (10)
14 A good judge should be so on a contingency basis. (4,2,4)
16 Probably a short voyage—move up! (8)
18 Quickly strike out with what makes the car go around those that move idly. (9)
20 If you go along with them are you a cattle driver? (7)
22 Does one rule "no return within the month"? (7)
25 .ight .mplification by .timulated .mission of .adiation. (5)
26 and 6 across Sturgeon eggs aren't exactly like some plots. (4-4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1318

ACROSS: 1 Confederacy; 9 Mustache; 10 Gopher; 11 Perfidy; 14 Inches; 15 Old world; 17 and 25 down Marshall Plan; 20 Castor; 22 Miscast; 26 and 12 Racing stripes; 27 Lethargy; 28 Personality. DOWN: 2 and 13 Out of this world; 3 Facades; 4 Does; 5 Righted; 6 Capri; 7 Tureen; 8 Reseal; 16 Observant; 18 and 24 Animal spirits; 19 Assigns; 20 Capital; 21 Outage; 23 Crime.

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3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

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On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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LETTERS

where it began

Collegeville, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: In his effort to blunt the effect of the moratorium, President Nixon directed a letter to a student in which he explained that if government policy is "made in the streets, democratic processes cannot continue." One wonders where Nixon imagines democracy began, if not in the streets—the streets of Athens, that is.

Clara M. Varnum

overweight

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR SIRS: Sandy Morrison's "By Road and Rail: Explosions en Route" [*The Nation*, Oct. 13] focuses attention on the deteriorating accident record of the American railroads. There are excellent reasons for it. . . .

Most rails are capable of supporting about 250,000 pounds, including the weight of the car, which means 150,000-pound cargoes; but some car manufacturers are experimenting with cars that will place 550,000 pounds of pressure on a rail. The natural result is a great increase in the number of accidents and in their severity.

Willis Park Rokes, Prof. of Government and Business
University of Nebraska

selective reports

Glen Echo, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Jon M. Van Dyke is not very well informed. He says ["Prisoners From Hanoi: Were They Tortured?" *The Nation*, Oct. 6] the only "tortures" mentioned in the formal statements by Lieutenant Frishman and Seaman Hegdahl are solitary confinement and being exposed to mosquitoes.

Van Dyke apparently is aware of the news conference that followed the reading of those statements, so he should also have been aware that they further detailed examples of systematic mistreatment and brutality: being paraded and beaten at missile sites while severely wounded (Frishman); being forced to sit in a stifling room for *two to three days* without being able to sleep (again Frishman); and perhaps the hardest to bear of all, solitary confinement for months on end. Frishman has also recounted to that news conference, and to me and others in subsequent interviews, that his arms were tied tightly with ropes, despite an open wound on his right arm, and that the jagged bones of his broken arm were deliberately ground together by his captors. He also repeated that Commander Stratton's fingernail was "lifted and removed" during an interrogation session.

Perhaps Mr. Van Dyke does not think that all of this adds up to torture. I would disagree, violently.

Jim Anderson, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I would ordinarily have no reason to question Lieutenant Frishman's description of North Vietnam's prison camps. I find it odd, however, that the Department of Defense continues to refuse to allow the six pilots freed earlier to speak to the public. Several of these pilots have expressed a personal willingness to talk to me, but said they were under strict orders from the Pentagon's Public Information Division to say nothing. I have repeatedly requested permission to ask the other pilots the same questions Lieutenant Frishman answered, but the Pentagon has rejected or ignored each request. I will not be able to accept Lieutenant Frishman's account until the other pilots are unmuzzled.

Jon M. Van Dyke

EDITORIALS

The Nixon Jawbone

In the 1968 campaign Mr. Nixon enriched the political vocabulary with two words, "showboating" and "jawboning," denoting reprehensible practices which he attributed to the Johnson administration and hence, by association, to Mr. Humphrey. The Nixon Administration's own "Operation Showboat"—the Mexican border incident over marijuana—we discussed editorially in our issue of October 13. Mr. Nixon's handling of "jawboning" is equally ambivalent. It was bad, Mr. Nixon said, when Mr. Johnson used the Presidential publicity machine to press industry to follow governmentally established guidelines because labor leaders and businessmen necessarily promote the interests of their respective organizations.

In the absence of overriding force, that in fact is what they do. Nevertheless, Mr. Nixon of late has vigorously exercised his own jaw muscles on the topic. He did so particularly in his radio address of October 17 in which he commiserated folksily with housewives incensed at the price of hamburger and with children whose nickel candy bars are only half as big as they used to be. Over that same weekend Mr. Nixon jawboned separately at business and labor, exhorting them to emulate his Administration which, he declared, had manifested backbone rather than jawbone in putting the country's house in order by means of "responsible" fiscal and monetary policies. He did not deny that some degree of unemployment and suchlike unpleasantness would result, but expressed confidence that the American people were sufficiently mature to go along.

The President did not garner universal approbation by all this publicity and self-praise. Forty-five members of the House urged him to proceed against inflation with more equitable measures than the orthodox fiscal and monetary means he had been using. Walter W. Heller, chief economic adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, called for a "pitiless spotlight on the bad guys" who set prices and wages without regard to public interest. No doubt Mr. Heller had fond recollections of President Kennedy's harsh (and for the time being successful) chastisement of U.S. Steel when it raised prices in defiance of a Presidential understanding.

In the course of his extensive jawboning, Mr. Nixon's biases have been nakedly revealed. He told the country that there was "a very simple reason why your cost of living got out of hand." The blame, he declared, falls fundamentally on "the past politics of your government," that is, on the Johnson administration. Some of the money was applied to "new" social problems, but the total spending was "very heavy" and we are now paying for it in higher taxes. For Vietnam, which accounts for between 35 and 40 per cent of an inflated military budget, he had only a word in passing.

The jawboning emphasizes Mr. Nixon's resolve to rely on the forces of the "free market" and refrain from imposing controls upon the economy. At the same time, as Mrs. Bess Myerson Grant, New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, pointed out, the President was silent

DEC 2
MAR 13

on the need for massive tax reform. By disavowing wage and price controls, the *bête noire* of business, Mr. Nixon has allied himself once more with corporate interests.

The Issue Is Boulwarism

The walkout of 147,000 blue-collar workers from 280 General Electric plants on October 27 pits a big company against some big unions, but the strike is not a confrontation, in the classic pattern, between Big Business and Big Labor. As *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out, "most companies like the auto makers and the steel producers deal with their unions by presenting an offer, listening to the union's counter-offer, and then working towards a point somewhere in between, sometimes with the weapon of a strike." But the philosophy of Boulwarism —a kind of corporate theology promulgated by Lemuel Boulware, a G.E. executive since retired—has long prevailed in G.E. negotiations. It works as follows: G.E. negotiators come forth with a "fair, firm" contract, which is presented—and widely publicized—as the company's final offer. From this offer the company will not budge.

Throughout the post-World War II period, the Boulware strategy worked well for the company, primarily because it was dealing with divided unions and also because of factional struggles within them. Finally, in 1966, the thirteen unions at G.E. adopted a coalition strategy and, with the aid of some political pressure, were able to get the Johnson administration to help them force a small modification of management's offer.

Now, with providential timing, the 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals, in a 2-to-1 decision handed down as the strike entered its second day, has in effect ruled that the Boulware formula violates the National Labor Relations Act. The action grew out of a 1960 dispute with the International Union of Electrical Workers. The NLRB held that the company had not bargained in good faith on three counts: refusing to furnish information requested by the union, attempting to deal separately with the union's locals, and presenting a personal accident program on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. This ruling of the board has now been upheld by the court. The decision is a heavy blow to the company, which had been applying the Boulware formula in the current negotiations, but G.E. officials announce that an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court. In the meantime, G.E. can be expected to maintain a stout resistance; it has ample resources and many of its contracts are postponable. Only a few of G.E.'s plants are primarily engaged in war production, so the prospects for a "national emergency" injunction under Taft-Hartley are not bright. Not merely does G.E. have a big stake in the Boulware formula; it can also hardly afford to prove the truth of the unions' contention that "in unity there is strength."

The key to the outcome may be found in a new factor. Photographs suggest that a large proportion of the pickets are young, as they are nowadays in other major industries. G.E. is apparently gambling that these young, "affluent" workers will not hold out long. Hence the company has challenged not merely the unions involved but the leadership of those unions. Can the leadership con-

IN THIS ISSUE

November 10, 1969

EDITORIALS

490

ARTICLES

494 What the City Needs — *Alan Stone*

496 Man in Nature: Model for a New Radicalism — *Catherine Riegger Harris*

500 Red Man's Heritage: The Lagoon of Excrement — *Robert G. Sherrill*

503 Sulfur and Daley: The Lawless Air — *Ralph Whitehead, Jr.*

505 Academic Colonialism: Not So Innocent Abroad — *Gerald D. Berreman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

509 The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell — *Ronald Sampson*

509 Lost (poem) — *Roger Pfingston*

510 Soyinka: Idanre And Other Poems — *Martin Tucker*

512 Yates: A Special Providence — *Joyce Carol Oates*

512 Hackberry (poem) — *Nancy Price*

513 Bode: Mencken — *Robert Emmet Long*

514 Kendrick: Prime Time — *Desmond Smith*

515 Films — *Robert Hatch*

516 Poems:
The Accident — *Eric Barker*
Poem — *Lennart Bruce*
Holy Ground — *Marion Lineaweaver*
Ancestral Scenes — *Jerome Rothenberg*

517 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

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vert the "new breed" into militant trade unionists? This issue is far more significant than the talk about inflation and the wage-price spiral. Price increases are already built into the settlement offer that was made and rejected. Both sides are more concerned with "Boulwarism" than they are with inflation or with a few nickels and dimes on the table. A long and bitter strike was anticipated before the court's decision. Coming at a critical moment in the strike, the decision is not likely to weaken the company's resolve and it should strengthen the position of the unions. B. J. WIDICK

Spiro and 'Middle America'

In *Newsweek* (November 3) Stewart Alsop devotes almost his entire page to a talk he had with Vice President Spiro T. Agnew: his pink, healthy-looking face, his French cuffs with gold cuff links, his "small, controlled" smile and, most revealing, his family controversy with his 14-year-old daughter. Kim wanted to demonstrate against the war in Vietnam; whereupon Father took the time to explain why this would be wrong, and when Kim disagreed ended the argument with: "Kim . . . there will be no black arm band and no participation in a demonstration!"

Then Alsop tells us why, though Agnew may not be particularly original or profound (everybody seems to agree on that) he *is* formidable. He is to be taken seriously because his manner of speech and thought "precisely mirrors the style of the 'Middle Americans' who make up the great majority of the American electorate. . . ."

The theme is not new. Some thirty years ago Bernard De Voto explained in *Harper's* that despite the depression neither the Right nor the Left had a chance in America because the immovable bulk of the middle class precluded radical change. The argument is not wholly without substance, but it is easy to accord it more weight than it merits. Regarded with normal objectivity, its core of truth is seen to be enveloped by a much larger volume of gas.

To begin with, "middle" is essentially an ambiguous term. In a general way we know the group to which the commentators refer, but it cannot be defined in precise economic terms. A spoiled hippie living on a "retainer" from Scarsdale might come under the middle classification in terms of disposable income, but he doesn't belong. Moreover, within every economic class there are gradations of intelligence and culture which affect the way people think, behave and vote.

"Very well," say the commentators, "but we are talking about a 'syndrome.'" This idea owes its popularity to the late T. W. Adorno and colleagues in *The Authoritarian Personality*. Granted, again, that there is something to it—the people who hate hippies are likely also to hate Negroes and Jews. If you are a hawk on Vietnam, you are likely to line up with reactionaries of various hues on a whole string of issues. But by no means always—the number of exceptions from any syndrome you can concoct is startling. A Negro on his way up, for example, may fit the "Middle America" syndrome in many ways, except that he is black and, as a black, deviates sharply in important respects.

Another trouble with the "Middle America" model is that it is assembled for the most part by intellectuals whose knowledge of the people alleged to constitute the group is no more than marginal. The Stewart Alsops of American journalism do not live in Queens or in middle-class enclaves elsewhere. They may go slumming in these places for copy, but they do not live with the people and share little experience with them. And since they are frequently "put off" by the language and "life styles" of their anthropological subjects, they report on them loosely and inaccurately.

It is all too easy to misconstrue motives and impulses. Consider the "white backlash." It exists. It surfaced alarmingly in California in the last gubernatorial election. But it must not be forgotten that property owners in California get their tax bills a few weeks before the November election and in that year they got some very bad news indeed. So were they backlashing Pat Brown, or were they infuriated by the increases in real estate taxes? In this issue, Alan Stone (p. 494) suggests that a coalition may be formed one of these days to take a stand against expropriation by taxes on residential property. Such movements are in fact under way in some of the suburbs of New York City. They are soundly based. No one, in the idiotic real estate broker's phrase, "owns his own home." He owns it only as long as he can pay the taxes on it, and in his quite justified fear he may go hunting for a scapegoat against whom he has no irreversible animosity.

As a peripheral issue, there has been much talk about the "new breed" in the unions—graduates from the working class who are now supposed to be committed to middle-class ideology. It hardly looks that way on the picket lines patrolling the General Electric plants at this moment. These militants behave just like workers who see their working-class interests threatened.

The Nation is chronically suspicious of stereotypes. The "Middle America" stereotype is just as limited as any other broad characterization, and can do as much damage to good sense and penetrating analysis.

Time for the Senate To Act

No one knows what President Nixon will say to the nation on November 3, although almost everyone is speculating. It has been widely reported that even he does not know how to be sufficiently ambiguous to satisfy both the domestic critics of the war and the Thieu-Ky cabal, with its vested interest in keeping the war going indefinitely. Reporters have been curious about why Mr. Nixon announced the speech so far in advance. Aside from the dilemma in which the President finds himself, this question can now be answered with reasonable certainty. He felt he had to say something to take some of the steam out of the October 15 moratorium, and he hoped a forthcoming Presidential speech would serve that purpose. It is said that he had not thought of the election when he made the announcement and on this he may be given the benefit of the doubt, although it is hard to imagine Mr. Nixon, of all people, letting a forthcoming election slip his mind.

Since his options are so narrow, it would seem point-

less to speculate on how he will steer between Charybdis and Scylla. The safest assumption is that he will sail a devious course. But another element in the situation is less confused. The Senate is in a better position to act forthrightly and must do so quickly if it is to assume, or reassume, the responsibilities it has been talking about for so many months and even years. It must act, or lose the opportunity.

The key figures in the Senate are Fulbright, Aiken and Mansfield. They are all men of stature, seniority and good repute. Their power transcends that of younger men like Proxmire and McGovern, who have rendered inestimable service but who do not carry the weight of the FAM trio. Personal factors cannot be ignored here; it might be in better taste to do so, but too much is at stake. Mansfield is a close friend of Aiken; they breakfast together frequently. The second Mrs. Aiken is said to be greatly smitten with the bright social lights at the White House, a fact hardly likely to escape the President. Hence Aiken's "give-him-time" speech, in which Mansfield joined. Then the two went to Fulbright, who agreed to temporize, at least to the extent of putting off until November 3 the Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam.

Whether agreeing to the delay was wise or unwise is no longer of moment; it was done. The vital point is that another delay could stultify further moves to restore to the Senate responsibilities it should never have surrendered. It should act on a broad Asian front, including Vietnam but not restricted to it. It should get into the Korean situation, which is perhaps the most dangerous of all: a flare-up there would have the most upsetting consequences. Korea should be discussed publicly and thoroughly. Hearings are already under way on the Laos situation. Not that hearings were needed to establish the facts: it is disgraceful that the media have cooperated with the Pentagon and successive administrations in soft-pedalling what every correspondent knew.

We have been at war in Laos for a long time. We finance the country and of course most of the money goes to support a worthless mercenary army. We have CIA staff there, and Green Berets; we run two airlines; we bomb continually and indiscriminately. That the war is partly "Laotianized" is beside the point. We have entangled ourselves in a situation which we helped to create in the first instance by backing right-wing elements; that in turn brought in large detachments of Communists from North Vietnam. Souvanna Phouma had some standing at one time as an authentic neutral; now he is entirely dependent on us.

Korea, Laos, Thailand, Vietnam should all be on the agenda, nor would a look at Indonesia be amiss. On Vietnam the Senate should hear new witnesses in addition to those "experts" (apparently they must be heard once again as a matter of ritual) whose positions are well known and whose testimony can be written up before they open their mouths.

The President is boxed in by these old-timers, by the Joint Chiefs, his Paris advisers, Kissinger, et al. Hubert Humphrey said recently that President Nixon is more out of touch than President Johnson ever was. There are disquieting rumors of more muttering in the Pentagon *against* the war than the President is allowed to hear.

The Senate is not handicapped to any such extent. It could call the real experts rather than the hallowed cold-war spokesmen; it could listen to businessmen, college presidents, Mayor Lindsay, Whitney Young of the Urban League, and many other spokesmen who represent significant segments of public opinion and whose access to the White House is limited. A thorough airing of the issues before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would be an indirect means of bringing the information and opinion to the President's attention, and then of putting pressure on him to act. The committee has a backlog of resolutions to consider, including those offered by Sen. Charles Goodell and Sen. Frank Church.

If we are to restore proper constitutional balance in the formulation and execution of foreign policy, now is the time to do it, and the initiative rests with the Senate.

The Lonely Medical Runner

Dr. Henry Meyer of the National Institutes of Health started a race several years ago to avert a new outbreak of rubella, generally known as German measles. His objective was to develop a vaccine to prevent the disease, which is mild enough in children but very serious when pregnant women get it, almost invariably from their own or other children. Their offspring are either born dead, aborted, or come into life with one or more defects, including mental retardation, permanent heart damage, blindness and deafness. During an epidemic of rubella six years ago, some 20,000 babies were born defective and 30,000 were not born at all.

Epidemics of German measles come in cycles, usually every seven to eight years. That makes another one due either next year or in 1971. Dr. Meyer knew when he started his work on the vaccine that he was in a tough race. The odds were against finishing in time to stave off a new outbreak of rubella and a huge new crop of rubella babies. But with rare scientific skill and great perseverance he succeeded in producing a vaccine that is nearly 100 per cent effective.

Government press releases trumpeted the achievement late last winter, citing it as an example of what your tax dollars left over from war expenditures could do to save the lives of babies, albeit all of them American.

The Washington health establishment predicted that before the end of the threat of an epidemic, about 50 million children from 1 to 14 years of age would be immunized with the rubella vaccine. Children only were to be given the shot because the vaccine is considered unsafe for women who are pregnant or of childbearing age, since the vaccine could—no one knows for sure—give them a case of the disease. In any event, doctors said, giving the vaccine to children would protect most women because the youngsters were the prime carriers.

All's well that ends well. For the scientists concerned, like Dr. Meyer and the vast majority of public health officials, however, the end is still nowhere in sight. To mount a mass vaccination program—as all but the social

welfare budget slashers in Washington know—costs money. Not very much. Far less than a minor design mistake by a missile manufacturer under a cost-plus government contract. Yet on the rubella program Congress and the Administration are moving with glacial speed.

Sen. Ralph Yarborough, chairman of the Senate Health subcommittee, after months of needling, has finally gotten authorization—but no money for the program. The House has not even held hearings. Meanwhile Dr. Meyer remains a frustrated long-distance medical runner. He knows where the finish line is, but the Administration and Congress keep moving it farther and farther away.

WHAT THE CITY NEEDS

ALAN STONE

Mr. Stone, an attorney specializing in trade regulation, is currently a graduate student in political science at the University of Chicago.

President Nixon's recent proposal to share federal revenue with cities and states is, at last, federal recognition that metropolitan areas cannot solve their fiscal problems with their own resources. But, instead of calling for a thorough overhaul of an archaic and unworkable fiscal system, the President's program merely seeks to supplement locally derived revenues with small amounts of federal money. The original sum to be shared by all state and local governments—$1 billion—is recognized as being trivial in impact when spread across the nation. But even assuming that the federal outlay would grow, it is clear that, under the President's conception, principal responsibility for the raising of revenue for the metropolitan areas will remain with local and state governments.

But in fact the fiscal plight of the metropolis can be solved only by the federal government; financing by small decentralized governmental units actually hinders the solving of metropolitan problems. Three kinds of questions must be analytically separated in examining metropolitan fiscal policy: Are expenditures adequate to meet needs and are receipts adequate to meet such expenditures? Are expenditures or receipts discriminatory with respect to area? Are expenditures or receipts discriminatory with respect to socio-economic class or group?

Need in this context is an ambiguous word; it can be defined either as what independent authorities think is needed, or (usually) according to the more restricted goals of local officials. In any event, most major domestic problems are metropolitan problems. To tick off just a few of the major ones, metropolitan needs include parks and recreational facilities, adequate and unpolluted water, schools, an end to air pollution, the provision of sufficient housing, medical services and welfare.

It is sufficiently clear that from the viewpoints of both the visionary and the local official these needs are not being met. To cite but one example in the area of housing, the July 1969 First National City Bank *Monthly Economic Letter* reported that in New York City during the 1960s, the growth in the number of households exceeded the growth of housing units by 27 per cent: the result has been an acute shortage of reasonably priced housing.

Officially sponsored long-range studies conclude that local governments will be unable to raise revenue for metropolitan needs. Mitchell Gordon's *Sick Cities* reports a study which estimates that capital projects in the New York metropolitan region from 1960 to 1985 will cost $42 billion—twice what can be raised there in taxes. Gordon cites similar studies for other metropolitan areas.

The basic fiscal dynamic in the metropolis is climbing expenditures and an increasingly disparate tax base. Alan K. Campbell and Seymour Sacks in *Metropolitan America*, a study of metropolitan fiscal patterns, show that from 1953 to 1963 state and local expenditures grew 126 per cent (in comparison, federal expenditures grew 24 per cent). This growth has severely strained local governments' ability to raise sufficient revenue.

Local governments suffer from several handicaps in imposing taxes which do not affect the federal government. First, constitutional and legal limitations have rendered many local areas virtually unable to develop new forms of taxation. (Municipalities have no inherent power to levy taxes and derive all such power from states.) Second, threats or implied threats by business to move from or not locate in a community cause local officials to exercise taxing restraint on business. Third, sales, income and gross receipts taxes are difficult to administer locally. They are administered, in fact, at the first level by a multitude of businesses and individuals, with almost no effective governmental supervision. Cheating by the unscrupulous is easy and there's not much that can be done *comprehensively* to prevent it; local governments cannot afford an army of revenue agents. Licenses, on the other hand, are easily administered but are not very productive. Therefore, principal reliance for revenue by local government continues to be the real property tax.

Real property taxes constitute more than 80 per cent of tax revenues raised by local governments. The property tax is a deplorable instrument for a number of reasons. First, it is notoriously regressive relative to income and strikes hardest at lower-income home owners.

Property taxes are also subject to numerous exemptions, among which the most widely known is church property. But there are many other exemptions, varying from area to area. In Illinois, for example, much property of the Illinois Central Railroad is tax-exempt. The Chicago *Daily News* found, in a recent survey, that the number of exempt parcels in Cook County had doubled in the last twelve years and that 13 per cent of the property parcels in the Loop, Chicago's major business district, are tax-exempt. According to Gordon, the total value of exempt property throughout the country in 1963 was $200 billion.

The continuing growth of exemptions causes those interests remaining on the tax rolls to push harder for their own exemptions. A hidden form of exemption not tabulated in the statistics occurs when business corporations set up their own municipal corporation to avoid local taxes. Reform of the morass of local exemptions through local legislation would appear an impossible task.

Another difficulty with local property taxation is that assessment valuation and market worth almost never coincide. Formulas vary from community to community and average about one-third market value. Even within any community valuation is largely a matter of judgment, and is thus inherently discriminatory.

Sales taxes which constitute the largest source of state revenue are of two types, selective and general. Due's study, *Sales Taxation*, found that both types are regressive and strike hardest at lower-income groups. Many local governments are forbidden to use income taxes. In any event, the employment by local governments of the income tax constitutes an inefficient duplication of the federal government's effort. Further, local income taxes are not very progressive because their rate spreads are quite narrow, in contrast to the federal income tax rate spread. Local sales and income taxes are difficult to administer and probably fail to catch a lot of taxable income.

Local indebtedness is an equally unsatisfactory revenue instrument. Local bonds, which rose from $14 billion to $51 billion from 1946 to 1960, are held largely by people in the very highest income bracket because of the exemption from income taxation that such bonds enjoy. The rise in debt has been so extreme that by 1960 city taxpayers were spending more to pay debts than they were spending for fire protection. The spectacle of hard-pressed cities raising revenue to pay the very rich (and thus magnify the regressiveness inherent in metropolitan forms of taxation) illustrates how unsatisfactory debt is as an instrument of the future.

Grants-in-aid to local governments from states or through states from the federal government are becoming increasingly common. On the plus side, they are largely financed from the federal income tax and are, therefore, on balance, progressive. They also tend to stimulate local effort rather than replace it. On the debit side, grants-in-aid are usually based upon matching grants from state or local governments. Thus they aid wealthier areas proportionately more than those which have greater difficulty raising revenue, and are inherently discriminatory. Second, the disjunction between revenue collection and spending may encourage local fiscal irresponsibility.

Not only are local revenue resources inadequate but the system is discriminatory both with respect to area and socio-economic class. Although the highest per capita incomes in the larger metropolitan areas and in the nation as a whole are in the suburbs, per capita expenditures and taxes are higher in the central city than in the suburbs. Notwithstanding this situation, as Campbell and Sacks found in a study of thirty-six representative metropolitan areas, per capita state aid is less in the central city than in the suburb, with the disparity in education particularly glaring (even though suburbs spend per capita more of their own resources on education).

This discriminatory pattern is further aggravated by the enormous costs imposed on the central city by suburban residents. Suburbanites who work in the central city receive police and fire protection, street provision, water, sewage, sanitation and other services for which they don't pay. Larry M. Elison, in his *Finances of Metropolitan Areas*, summarized several studies which showed that every new person living in the satellite area imposes more than twice the per capita costs on the central city government than does an additional person living in the central city. (This is due in part to the fact that residents of satellite areas are not added to the denominator, while the central city residents are.)

There are also discriminatory patterns between the various suburbs. Lower-income suburbs are in a fiscal bind while wealthy suburbs are able to produce tax revenues in excess of their needs.

Even this brief survey of metropolitan fiscal problems shows that the present system doesn't need a supplement of the sort proposed by President Nixon's revenue sharing plan, but a complete overhaul. The property tax is an anachronism from a time when wealth was based upon real property. It is discriminatory and regressive, and should be abolished. Other locally raised taxes are regressive and difficult to administer. The ability to tax locally is virtually in inverse relationship to a community's needs.

It follows, therefore, that the national income tax and other taxes from which the wealthy cannot escape (e.g., excess profits taxes) ought to be the principal source of metropolitan revenue. The revenue should be distributed to communities on the basis of need, not on the basis of matching grants. This implies that the federal government must be the judge of need, develop objective standards and assure that the funds are properly spent.

Thus decentralization and community control of projects are impediments to solving metropolitan problems, although, of course, community organizations should present needs and demands. Central control of income and expenditures eliminates the inefficiency, duplication and lack of coordination and waste which result from the proliferation of governmental units. The size of expenditures required to solve many of the most important metropolitan problems such as health or housing are beyond the scope of local government.

These proposals for extension of federal power into local affairs are currently a decidedly minority view among liberals and radicals who are hung up on slogans of "community control," "participatory democracy," etc. But it is precisely minority groups and the unemployed who have most to gain from campaigning for a greater federal role and an overhaul of local taxation, including abolition of the property tax. Therein lies the basis for a coalition between the people whose needs are greatest and the working class and lower middle class who suffer most from the burden of property taxation. Healing the bitter breach between these groups should be the great work of liberals and radicals. Certainly, a coalition of minority groups and disaffected students advocating decentralization are no threat to anyone in power. But a coalition of working people, the lower middle class, minorities and students is potentially a winning combination.

MODEL FOR A NEW RADICALISM

CATHERINE RIEGGER HARRIS
Mrs. Harris obtained her Ph.D. at the University of Maryland and taught at Howard University for some years. She now devotes herself entirely to writing and has recently completed a book on The Philosophical System of Karl Marx.

The American movement against the war in Vietnam, against the power of the present military-economic system, against certain actions and policies carried on by United States imperialism could become a movement for revolutionary social and economic change. That is so even though a good many of those decrying the war, and even of those fighting the whole of what is now being called "the death machine"—the military-industrial complex and the "national defense" system—do not have revolutionary intentions in the commonly understood sense. Some are relatively apolitical, their response of rebellion or of repudiation being primarily cultural. They are not directly seeking to make major changes in economic institutions or in the structure of the larger class society.

The emergence of somewhat disjointed but parallel trends nevertheless adds up to a growing movement against death and the various agencies of death which have weighed so heavily on the generations born into the 20th century. The perspectives of 19th-century radicalism are being considerably altered and broadened. World views and political views must now be at least partly reformulated.

What especially calls for inclusion in a modern radical perspective is the ecological problem and its relation not only to the political economy but to an entire series of cultural attitudes associated with industrialization and the age in which some spokesmen for science have announced—rather prematurely—the "conquest of nature." There is today an important and intensifying endeavor to cope with such problems as land and resources depletion, air and water pollution, the blighting effects of the means of transportation, and the many difficulties of urban living. Journalists in touch with the present scene note the appearance of a new "radical cause." Mary Wiegers, writing in *The Washington Post* (October 4), observes that "to the lexicon of militancy—black militants, campus militants, militant New Leftists—add 'militant conservationists.'" She says, "They're a growing breed . . . feeding on the new public awareness that man and technology are combining to destroy the environment.

"While creeping suburbia laps up green belts, land developers plunder the wilderness, industries pollute rivers and streams, and everything from autos to airplanes pollutes the air, the new breed takes on a new aggressiveness in demanding priority for its cause."

The movement for conservation and for environmental protection—even a good deal of militancy about this issue—is not entirely new in this country, nor is there a wholly new breed of concerned people. Yet it is an interesting fact that many persons who are relatively conservative—sometimes extremely so—when it comes to problems of social and economic organization and to national foreign policy may become quite "radical" or at least militantly reformist about this one problem. The driving factor in the present ecological movement is the increased pace of conspicuous deterioration. More people than ever before are becoming concerned. It is becoming more and more difficult to avoid seeing the connection between the central defects of the American profit-oriented private enterprise economy and the all too evident environmental destruction. In spite of the label attached to it by former Secretary of Interior Udall, "the quiet crisis" is refusing to remain so.

Furthermore, questions of public responsibility and the ethics of actions affecting the public domain are coming to the fore in the Vietnamese context. The war and defense priorities are seen to be related to the ecological situation as well as to other social problems. In a letter to the editor of *The Washington Post* dated October 9, Powell M. Hinson expressed a kind of progressive sentiment that is becoming more and more widespread: "If our nation is long to be first in any field except chaos, it seems to me that we must set our national goals to be first in clear air, pure water, clean cities free of poverty and planned injustice. As a nation we seem to find the money necessary to accomplish the feats we set out to do, e.g., Apollo. The critical point is committing ourselves to a difficult task. I think now is the time to make the commitments."

Conservatives and liberals, as well as radicals, are beginning to see, each in a rather specialized style, the connections between the various disorders in our national life. With so many differently oriented people becoming involved in a new progressivism, new questions must also be raised concerning old labels. We are bound to ask what is involved in being "radical," "revolutionary," against the system, against the Establishment, and against the vested interests of privileged groups and of possessing classes. It is indeed possible to be "radical" in more ways than one.

Political and social movements for change operate today within the large, enduring continuity of the nation. The nation has survived as a collective historical reality through many vicissitudes and upheavals, without losing the thread of at least some of its traditions and the valued realities of its territorial and cultural identity. A good deal of *rethinking* about problems of nationhood, national consciousness and its relation to various kinds of "liberation" can be expected as the movement for political, economic and social changes matures.

Earlier generations of revolutionaries included Socialists and radical anarchists—mutually antagonistic groups which nevertheless can both be called militant anti-capitalists. Both types were inclined to underestimate the magnitude of the changes which would be entailed in a general movement to overthrow large-scale corporate

capitalism. Marx, the most powerful and influential thinker in the 19th-century revolutionary movement, believed that a qualitative break with the older capitalist form of economy would be required if civilization as he conceived it was to endure, and if man was to triumph over his internal nature as he had already, presumably, triumphed over external nature. He added that capitalism, by virtue of its inherent weaknesses, was forging the instruments of its own destruction.

Political radicals today are inclined to believe that Marx was more right than wrong. We are leaving behind that recent period of liberal and conservative complacency when it was maintained that Marx's prophecy of doom had been disproved by later developments within the capitalist system. During the early years of the 20th century, the liberal welfare-state reformers and pseudo-Socialists would argue that radical critiques of capitalism, however justified in the past, were no longer necessary. The right-wing advocates of capitalism seem in their own way to have been in closer touch with the internal realities of the historical system with which Marx was concerned. Faced with a revolutionary Socialist government in Russia and threatened by the spread of such regimes to other countries, they launched a counter-attack which reaffirmed the merits, even the sacredness, of the capitalist order. The American "free enterprise" economy was held to be pre-eminently successful in its primary function of economic production, conferring increasing material benefits on ever greater numbers of people. It was also the repository of important supra-material moral, patriotic and religious values which had to be protected and defended against the onslaughts of communism. Capitalist society, especially in the United States, became self-consciously aggressive and defensive to an unprecedented degree. Conservative capitalism continues in this condition today. The growth of right-wing and militaristic tendencies in our society is a symptom of the late, pathological phase of defensiveness, a reaction to multiple threats, economic, political and moral.

Capitalism grew more rigid in the cold-war period and became increasingly regressive and repressive. The labor movement had previously been an important component of radical, reformist and progressive movements in this country. It was now included within the new conservative-defensive united front, as were large numbers of academics, professionals and middle-class intellectuals. This late-capitalist coalition achieved for a time a high degree of practical unity. In spite of diversity within its ranks, the conservative coalition was united by a consensus that the central historic task of the nation was to mobilize against the external and internal menace presented by developing Socialist power. Writing in *The Antioch Review*, Spring of 1960, the historian David J. Trask referred to "the chilly atmosphere of the Cold War," adding that ". . . to some extent at least, the revisionism so rampant among American historians is a response to our national desire for validation in history against the challenge of the Soviet Union. Many American historians, often subconsciously, feel a mission to enhance the new national unity they deem essential if we are to survive the present international crisis."

Marx's strategy and tactics of revolution had focused primarily on the internal, national "class struggle" within the industrialized nations. Capitalism was to be conquered through political action by the "active labor army," the best organized and best educated stratum of the proletariat, supplemented by allies from other classes who had joined in the common cause. The struggle was to be a conflict between two opposed interest groups, the side of labor representing—for Marx—that of the popular, democratic majority. Another kind of educational and cultural struggle was also involved. The enlightenment of the working class as to the nature of its own true class interest was to provide the chief *cultural* lever of revolutionary political-economic change.

In his later years, however, Marx came to recognize that the British working class—then the most developed and the best organized in the capitalist world—was becoming accommodated to British capitalism. It was settling into a role of interest-group opposition *within* the national-unity complex of capitalist society. His response to this difficulty was to look to revolutionary and national liberation movements outside the chief centers of capitalist power for the initiative required to topple the internal power structure and to bring local labor into ascendancy. He wrote, in a letter to Engels dated December 10, 1869: "The English working class will *never accomplish anything* until it has got rid of Ireland. The lever must be applied in Ireland. That is why the Irish question is so important for the social movement in general."

The "Irish question" and a good many others of like nature are still with us. In the United States, the racial question is now in the forefront, the difference from Ireland being that the black ghetto population is entirely within rather than partly outside the confines of the national territory.

Our present difficulties are also complicated by problems that were not so acute in the earlier period. The problems of man in nature and of man in relation to the humanly created environment are becoming unavoidable. This broadening of the ground may prove to be of considerable political importance, and any new sociology of revolution must take it into account. Problems of nature, ecology and environment are clearly beyond the scope of any particular occupational group or economic class. Forms of cultural revolution and of philosophical revolution are required in ways which could not be imagined by Marx or by most of the earlier intellectuals on the Left. But a few exceptional and prophetic voices did speak at least partly to the 20th century, whose outlines could even then be projected on the basis of existing trends. Marx himself was by no means unaware of the problem of man in relation to the resources of land and nature. American capitalism, he said, was undermining its own natural territorial resources at a more rapid rate than were the capitalist economies of the old world.

The American Christian Socialist minister, Walter Rauschenbusch, more than forty years later, paid more inclusive attention to problems of ecology, nature exploitation, urban environment and soil depletion in his *Christianity and the Social Crisis* (1907).

One independent radical thinker of the past seems to

speak especially to the cultural mood of today. William Morris conceived that a *double* revolution would be required. *News from Nowhere* showed Morris to be acutely sensitive—emotionally and aesthetically—to the growing ecological blight of industrial-capitalist urban civilization. In that utopian fantasy a second cultural, anti-machine, revolution was required, after the initial political and economic revolution had been carried through by the united proletariat in the classic Marxist style.

Today we are faced, as a nation and as a people, with an almost overwhelming double necessity. There is need for a cultural and economic revolution that will cope with two somewhat separate though interrelated problems in the total national situation. We must deal simultaneously with problems of *man in nature* and problems of *man in relation to man*. Superficially, it may seem that this combination of the problems falls on the present generation with an overwhelming and crushing weight. We may think of ourselves as having a double reason for pessimism, for political discouragement. Yet one may draw a more optimistic conclusion from this conjuncture of circumstances.

One of the weaknesses of anti-capitalist radicalism in the past was the theoretical division of the human and national community into two irreconcilable camps. A certain segment of the Socialist movement—notably the radical-Christian socialism represented by Rauschenbusch —was never happy about this dualism. Today a number of dualistic but post-Marxist antagonisms are being recreated in some radical sections of the broad movement now emerging. The ecological issue, however, undercuts all dualisms of a simple kind. Such simplicities are undercut also for other reasons, but I shall refer here only to the Man in Nature problem.

Persons from more than one class are becoming alarmed by the ecological crisis and also by the questionable sanity of our national-military and national-economic behavior with respect to the land and to forms of natural life. The business community is itself partiallly divided on these and other problems. A gasp of horror goes up from more than one section of the American community at each new pathology of Pentagon power. The army research project which seeks to train birds for global military tasks is more than a little insane; it recalls the earlier naval project for training dolphins to carry underwater weapons. News of a still more dangerous navy project broke into the headlines of *The Washington Post* on Sunday, October 12, when readers were informed that "A Forest in Wisconsin is Being Wired for Doomsday." Nor is the madness confined to the military. A report (September 15) issued by the Wilderness Society warns that Alaska is "threatened by massive exploitation and crash development within the next year, triggered by newly found oil reserves. . . . 'Time is of the essence,' say the oil companies, who are anxious to cash in on



Kontraste: Freiburg, Germany

their new-found bonanza and are mounting an all-out effort to exploit the resources of the North Country with wide-open, uncontrolled development." Marx is again pertinent: "After me, the deluge, is the watchword of every capitalist class and of every capitalist nation."

It is at least conceivable that a new national coalition, cutting across class and party, and devoted to reclaiming America from the *status quo* of contemporary capitalism, may develop. This might be a defense of the nation on its home ground. It would, however, be misleading to expect such a unity to include—even at best—any easy or automatic consensus of reconciliation with respect to serious and divisive problems and conflicts relating to matters of class, race, economic organizations and general socio-economic morality.

There are important, sometimes concealed, psychological dimensions to the difficulties of the present situation, reactions which influence the social and political process as well as the personal lives of individuals in ways that are scarcely comprehended by anyone today. These reactions are stimulated by the *war against death,* and by fears of *war to the death* which might annihilate our species.

Anticipations of a modern Armageddon have arisen among moralists, scientists, poets and writers for quite some time. In Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," "ignorant armies clash by night," a phrase recently appropriated by Norman Mailer and applied to the American national "war and peace" struggle. The danger of war in general, of race suicide through war, has been a prominent theme among some modern poets as well as among psychiatrists. It is now being taken up by some naturalists and ethologists, and by laymen influenced by the new field approach to the study of animal behavior. One of the most arresting philosophical and poetic expressions of the thesis that humanity has inherent defects leading to race suicide is found in Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet sequence, "Epitaph for the Race of Man," written before World War II. The poet wrote:

Alas for man, so stealthily betrayed,
Bearing the bad cell in him from the start,
Pumping and feeding from his healthy heart
That wild disorder never to be stayed.

In more recent times, another vision of disaster appears, side by side with that of fratricidal annihilation. It is an "end of society" conception, anticipating a more limited, less physical, *social* type of dissolution. It is often localized within a particular national area. This image of social dissolution and national destruction is found in the writings of a good many present-day Americans, black and white. James Baldwin's forecast of catastrophe, *The Fire Next Time,* is one instance.

In some cases, one seems to detect a kind of shock reaction, incurred by new social perceptions of a discouraging and fearsome kind. A fairly mild expression can be seen in a letter from Dr. George Livingston, an army physician, graduate of the U.S. Military Academy and a veteran of Vietnam. He wrote *(Saturday Review,* September 20):

> The analogy is depressingly clear between our failure to relate successfully to the Vietnamese and to the black people who comprise an "underdeveloped nation" within our own society. In both cases our behavior is racist in the true sense of opposing the overwhelming forces generated by a people's search for pride and identity. The price of our lack of perception is defeat abroad, and, if not corrected, may be the dissolution of society at home.

Dr. Livingston's primary shock seems to have come from his first-hand encounter with the alienation of the "superiority complex" of dominant American society.

Marx, in the 19th century, had regarded capitalist economic society as already in a state of near-total dissolution. All interpersonal social ties between man and man had been disrupted, leaving nothing but an economic nexus of exchange and interdependency. As social beings, the atomized selves had been blasted loose from their communal moorings by the industrial revolution. Partial, limited recovery from dissolution was possible under capitalism in certain situations of group action, but full recovery from the social disaster would not take place until the ultimate stage of communism—the fully equalitarian society—had been achieved.

The spectacle of the destructiveness of man in nature is producing another style of catastrophic prophecy today. "Can Man Survive?" is now a publicized question, the reference being to the ecological situation. Josephine W. Johnson links the coming disaster to our specific capitalist society, but is on that account all the more pessimistic as to the outcome. She wrote (*The New York Times*, May 10):

> It is the well-dressed, law-abiding, patriotic, and upright citizens who are taking our country away from us. In the name of saving us, protecting us, and civilizing us, statesmen and generals, scientists and engineers, businessmen and Congressmen, are making us into a people without a country, dead souls and exiles. And we are paying to do it.
>
> In the name of saving and protecting us, the Pentagon has become the symbol of the greatest power on earth today. There it sits, a terrible mass of concrete. . . . Nothing in the world is like this concrete monster. It is like the great god Moloch into which the children were thrown as sacrifice. It is our greatest unnatural disaster. . . .
>
> After the first silent spring will come a short and suffocating summer, then asphalt autumn, and in the end, winter. Cold, clear, orderly, concrete winter. Winter forever.

The markedly older generation—the grandparental generation—has been exposed to an almost unremittting series of shocks and horrors, and some of its members have been deeply and personally affected by some or all of these experiences. This generation, reaching intellectual maturity before or during the American depression of the 1930s, then went on to witness the rise of fascism in Europe, the fascistic war against democratic Spain, the decimation and physical destruction of the German Communist Party in the first days of the Hitler regime, the mass slaughter of Jews which followed shortly thereafter, and the entire series of military and political events included in World War II. Many remember the sense of shock—almost the final straw—experienced when, at the close of World War II, the United States

dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. A glimpse into the terror of the abyss—the fear of the *uncontrollable* in man—was a vivid reality for a good many of us at that time.

The psychiatrist, Harry Stack Sullivan, delivered a brief address, "The Cultural Revolution to End War," on October 29, 1945, at the second series of W. A. White Memorial Lectures. He reported to his audience his own experience of insight-shock, occasioned by the recent atomic attack:

> The bomb that fell on Hiroshima punctuated history. . . . The gods of local certainties, of local moralities, of local loyalty, of personal salvation, of hate and prejudice and the intolerance of others passed into history. . . .
>
> The peoples of the world, wherever language reaches, caught a glimpse of Reality, felt with whatever terror a moment of insight into alike the minuscule and the magnificent in Human Being.

This passage was followed by a call to action:

> This is a challenge to each of us, and a challenge which each of us must meet. A decision to do nothing about it identifies one with the destructive principle which the great mass of humanity has not yet found a way to escape: one shows by inaction that one is of those who irresponsibly exploit their less fortunate fellows. Possible for how much longer? Can one be sure?

Sullivan took the challenge upon himself in an emphatic way, his reported comment being, "It appears that I'm about to make even more of a fool of myself than usual. . . ." Afflicted with a serious heart condition, he disregarded medical advice with full knowledge of the likely consequences to himself. He plunged into intense peace activity, aimed at mobilizing the profession of psychiatry and allied social sciences in an all-out endeavor to stop the destructive trends that seemed to be gaining momentum. He died in Paris, in January 1949, an early participant in a professional and scientific peace army which is now getting under way.

The distinction of Sullivan was that he was radical in a special and in an important sense. He upheld the cause of reason against unreason, of sanity against insanity, of enlightened science against reaction.

Visions of imminent destruction, man-induced, ideas of planetary desolation due to "unnatural disaster" of one kind or another, are grounded in objective reality. Subjectively, the experiencing of such outcomes in the nightmares of the imagination can serve a useful and indeed a necessary function. Sullivan may well have been right in seeing the release of atomic energy for destruction as a "punctuation of history," spelling out a break in continuity to be followed either by the end of Western nationalism as we know it, or else by a catastrophe of horror. It is a statement of the obvious that Western civilization has culminated in a historical crisis. The events of this century must be placed against the background of the entire sweep of history.

The late R. H. Tawney, a Socialist whose philosophy reflected a personal serenity not attainable by most radical thinkers of our time, told a British audience in 1949: "Each generation must write its history for itself, and draw its own deductions from that already written, not because the conclusions of its predecessors are untrue, but for a practical reason. Different answers are required, because different questions are asked. Standing at a new point on the road, it finds that fresh ranges of the landscape come into view, whose unfamiliar intricacies demand an amplification of traditional charts."

There is nothing intricate about the landscapes of desolation that come into the current visions of social and world disaster. There is only the simplicity of death and the anarchy of the unimaginable. But turning back to the hope provided by the various forms of radical and progressive thought and action now beginning in this country will involve facing the complexities of life and of reason. The time permitted for the necessary cultural and social revolution will be extended, as rationality expands. New forms of indispensable simplicity in social action and social purpose may be expected to grow out of a clearer understanding of some of our most essential public tasks.

RED MAN'S HERITAGE

THE LAGOON OF EXCREMENT

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Pine Ridge, S.D.

When important politicians pass through the land of the Oglala Sioux, local Bureau of Indian Affairs officials sometimes persuade Charlie Red Cloud to put on his feathered regalia and come into the reservation's main community, Pine Ridge, to have his picture taken shaking hands with the visiting dignitaries.

Such are the erosions of custom that Charlie is only a ceremonial chief, but he has impeccable credentials, being descended from the "original" Red Cloud, who in the pantheon of Sioux heroes probably ranks just below Sitting Bull, the spoiler of General Custer. A hundred years ago Red Cloud whipped the U.S. Army and forced a treaty on his own terms regarding the penetration of the Sioux hunting domain by white travelers.

So politicians should be proud to shake the hand of Charlie Red Cloud. Yet he is always asked to come to them. They never go out to his home for the ceremonial handshake and photo. And the reasons are obvious. For one thing, they might never make it. In the rainy season the road to Charlie's home, though it is just outside town, is a bog. And to get there the visitor must pass between

the city dump on the left and, on the right, a shiny pond into which the community of Pine Ridge poured its raw sewage for several years. From Chief Red Cloud's residence, one has a perfect view of both the dump and the lagoon of excrement.

Another reason why the old chieftain's home may be avoided by visiting politicians is that it is an embarrassment to behold, being, from a distance, almost indistinguishable in size and shape from its outhouse. Charlie has no electricity, no plumbing. In the new democracy of this impoverished reservation, that's the way ceremonial chiefs must live—like just about everybody else.

Because the white man's government feared the original Red Cloud as much as it hated him, it built the old chief a handsome two-story home on the reservation, hoping that that would keep him happy and out of mischief. But since the white man's government today neither fears nor hates Charlie Red Cloud, but is completely indifferent to him, he gets nothing.

No minority group in this country is as poor as the 380,000 or so Indians who live on reservations. The average family income for Indians is said to be about $1,500, but the average on-reservation income is much lower. Unemployment ranges from 45 per cent to 98 per cent, the latter being the winter rate on some of the Dakota reservations. The Bureau of Indian Affairs estimates that 71 per cent of reservation Indians live in inadequate housing, but a more accurate estimate—90 per cent—is given by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., in his recent *The Indian Heritage of America.*

These national figures readily apply to the Oglala Sioux. A couple of years ago Robert Kennedy visited the Pine Ridge Reservation. Because he promised to help them, the residents remember him with affection, and they enjoy pointing out the very cabin at which Senator Kennedy began his tour of the town. (It is a one-room cabin which, in fact, looks better than most of the other dwellings.)

Recently, for *The Nation*, I backtracked over Kennedy's path to see what improvements had been made—not by him, since he had no time to make good on his promises, but by others who might have been goaded into action by the national notoriety Kennedy gave to Pine Ridge.

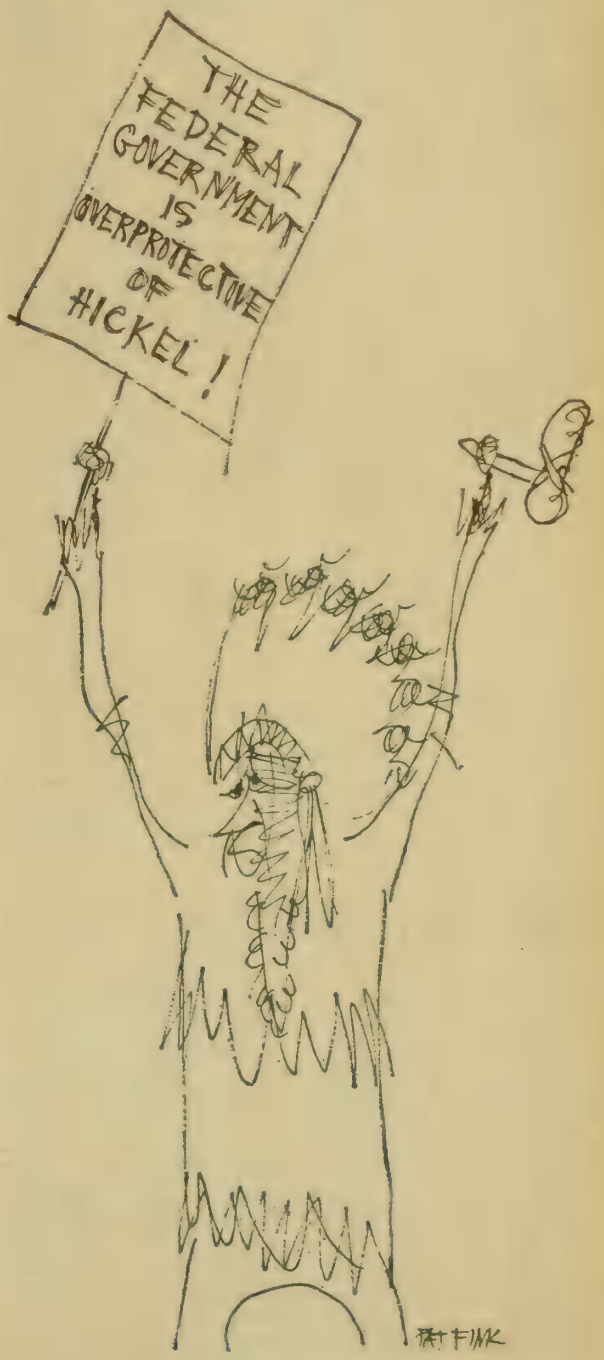
There were a few improvements, but even some of these few seemed to have been made in a mood of black humor. For instance, the Pine Ridge Reservation has a brand-new landing strip. It is long enough to accommodate jetliners, but as far as I could discover, no Indian on this reservation owns even a Piper Cub. Most could not afford a kite.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs disclaims responsibility for this "improvement." They say it was contracted for by the tribe's own politicians and paid for out of the tribe's budget. If that is true, it would support what some of the Indians say—that when the BIA doesn't get to them, their own venal politicians do.

For more than ninety years many of the Oglala Sioux have made every effort to go along with the white man's programs. They have lived in peace, but they have been almost totally unproductive because they have been given nothing to work with. They have no capital base on which to build.

The Pine Ridge Reservation has no bank. It has no dry goods store, no department store, no hotel or motel, no dime store, no theatre, no drugstore worth mentioning, none of the usual outlets for "comfort commerce." Neither does it have a hardware store, a feed store or a farm equipment agency.

The government spent $10,000 on a study of the prospects for building a profitable motel on the reservation,



and the study showed that it would work. But the Small Business Administration turned down the application for construction money. Off-reservation banks display the usual coolness to Indian enterprise. It is reportedly easy for an Indian to get a loan to buy a car, but difficult for him to get a loan to buy a tractor.

Aside from the highways that pass through the community of Pine Ridge, there is only one paved street on the "Indian side" of town (on the other side, where the U.S. Public Health Service and Bureau of Indian Affairs bureaucrats live, many of the streets are paved). This one paved street leads to what is locally known, with the wry humor in which these Indians excel, as "the industrial square." There is no industry on industrial square. The only building is a warehouse holding the U.S. Government commodities (flour, meal, etc.) that are given to the Indians to keep them from literally starving to death. The only industry on the reservation is a moccasin factory that hires about thirty Indians. There used to be a couple of fishhook factories, but these died when wholesalers found that the work could be done more cheaply by Swedes and Japanese.

In housing, employment and life style, the 10,000 to 12,000 Sioux (I got differing estimates of the population) on the Pine Ridge Reservation are still untouched by the benevolence of Washington. A few families are living in abandoned auto bodies. Some families live in tents, some in abandoned chicken coops. Many families (possibly as many as 50 per cent, conservative observers say) will spend this winter and the rest of their lives in minuscule huts with dirt floors. At least 75 per cent of the dwellings on this reservation have no plumbing.

At least two-thirds of the working-age men have no steady employment. Their families subsist on welfare checks and commodity handouts. The tribe leases out thousands of acres of farming and grazing land to white men at bargain rates (because most of the Indians can't raise enough money to buy herds or farming equipment themselves), and some of this lease money is distributed. But it is easy to find Indians who get virtually nothing from this communism. One woman said she received $1.20 as her share last year; another said she received $13 for the year.

One old woman, Grandma Tobacco they called her, said she would have received $392 last year from lease money, but that the Bureau of Indian Affairs had given her some food during the winter and deducted the cost of that from the payments. She also accused the BIA of deducting the cost of her son's funeral. Because she was supposed to get $392, Grandma Tobacco said, she couldn't receive regular welfare payments. When we visited Grandma Tobacco, she was patching her hut with mud in preparation for the bitter cold South Dakota winter ahead, and on the radiator of an abandoned car (it seems that the white car dealers in the towns surrounding the reservation have succeeded in unloading all their junk cars on the Indians) she was drying the hooves and anklebones from a cow. There was no meat on the bones, but she said she would boil the hooves and bones and a few strips of hide and make soup from them later this winter. There was no plumbing in her hut. She carries water from a creek, a mile and a half down the hill. She is 77.

When the military establishment at Igloo, S.D., closed down, it wiped out the town, and a few of the small frame buildings were shipped to the reservation and sold to the Indians for houses. Sally Little Flower (that isn't her real name), her husband and nine children moved into one of them. It was quite a step up from her previous home, which was 9 by 12 feet in floor span—about the size of an ordinary living room rug. In that box of a home they had slept and eaten—except in the summer, when the children slept in two car hulls outside. In the winter the nine children slept on the floor.

In their previous home, Sally's family bathed one at a time; and when that one person was bathing, the other ten persons stayed outside to permit some privacy. In their new home, despite its small size (too small to permit all to eat at one sitting even if they use the kitchen and living room for it), there is a bathroom. The only trouble is: there is no plumbing. The U.S. Public Health Service has the responsibility for installing the plumbing in reservation homes, and for two years it has claimed that it lacked the money to install the pipes.

So Sally's family hauls water in two milk cans. They have been getting it at the Sun Dance grounds (a kind of public fair grounds) a couple of miles away, but now their car has broken down and they aren't sure where they will get their water. Still, they are among the luckier ones. Some Indians who live in the back-country part of the reservation must haul water for 12 miles.

Nobody knows for sure how many need housing on the Pine Ridge Reservation, but Eugene Rooks, a member of the tribe and director of its housing program, told me that, assuming there are 3,000 families, at least 2,500 are in critical need of new shelter.

The government has made virtually no effort to fill this need. Before 1960 it did nothing at all; since then it has built about 200 houses to rent and to sell. There is some talk that fifty or so houses will be started next May.

But the requirements for buying these new houses would be uniquely discriminatory against just about everyone. Under federal standards, to be eligible to buy a two-bedroom home one would have to earn at least $2,805 a year. The average annual income on the Pine Ridge Reservation is well below half that amount. Also, houses won't be built for Indians who live more than one-quarter mile from an all-weather road. According to Rooks that automatically eliminates 95 per cent of the Indians on the reservation.

In an effort to meet the paving requirements, at least in the community of Pine Ridge, Rooks applied to the regional office of the Urban Renewal Agency in Chicago for money to build streets and sewers. Agency officials replied: "We don't do that sort of thing. You don't understand the purpose of urban renewal. We will inform you as to the projects available under urban renewal if you wish. We'll send you a handbook."

But no handbook was sent, and when Rooks wrote again requesting it, the regional office replied: "The Ur-

ban Renewal Handbook is not distributed through the regional office. Your subscription for the handbook should be ordered from the Superintendent of Documents in Washington, D.C. The price is $14. If we can be of further assistance, please contact us." This kind of maddening federal shuffle is the normal reception to applications from the tribal government.

It isn't that the federal government is ignorant of Indian needs. The BIA admits that about 5,000 new homes are needed by South Dakota Indians and that 2,300 of those now standing are in desperate need of repair. As Rooks explained: "We have been surveyed to death. Every cotton-picking college, large or small, that gets a grant to study the Indians descends on us. We've got surveys gathering dust for a hundred years in the BIA office. This whole thing is awfully humorous, but it is tragic, too."

Oddly enough, the situation at Pine Ridge is not altogether hopeless. It is quite true that the BIA and the various housing and economic development agencies of the federal government have given every indication of wanting to ignore Pine Ridge for another 100 years. The Farmers Home Administration, for example, has shown much more interest in building swimming pools and golf courses for the rural wealthy than in putting up homes for the rural poor, including Indians.

Nevertheless, some grass-roots efforts are being made on the Indians' behalf. The help is coming, of all places, from electric cooperative associations. Although in recent years most rural electric cooperatives have seemed more bent on making money than on upgrading life in their areas, the Dakota co-ops—largely through the leadership of Harlan Severson, top official with the East River Electric Power Cooperative of South Dakota—still adhere to many of the enthusiasms of Midwest radicals.

Recently, some of these co-ops held a rural low-cost housing conference in Sioux Falls. It had to be pitched —and properly so—to improving housing for both whites and Indians, since whites in that area don't get very excited about helping Indians alone. The case for both races was made dramatic enough by Dr. George Rucker, research director for the Rural Housing Alliance, who told the conference that, at the present rate of construction, the 53,000 housing units needed by Dakota families won't be completed until the year 2016.

If the co-ops, which have some political leverage even under Republican administrations, can get the construction started, Chief Red Cloud's folks just might be able to sneak a few houses for themselves into the program.

And if the co-ops fail, there is always reason to place confidence in youth. More than 50 per cent of the inhabitants of the dreary Pine Ridge Reservation are under the age of 16. They are becoming more vocal, more militant all the time. The movement so far is not sufficiently organized to disturb Washington, and the older Indians give no encouragement to the militancy. Few of the older ones would even talk about their troubles. As one ancient said angrily, "It is nobody's business how the Indian lives." But the younger members of the tribe, especially those who have wandered off for a time to Milwaukee and Minneapolis and Los Angeles, are beginning to talk about forcing Washington to pay attention. What Pine Ridge perhaps needs most is some convincing war paint on the young braves' clubhouses.

SULFUR AND DALEY

THE LAWLESS AIR

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.
Mr. Whitehead has recently resigned from the news staff of the Chicago Sun-Times *to complete a book on Chicago.*

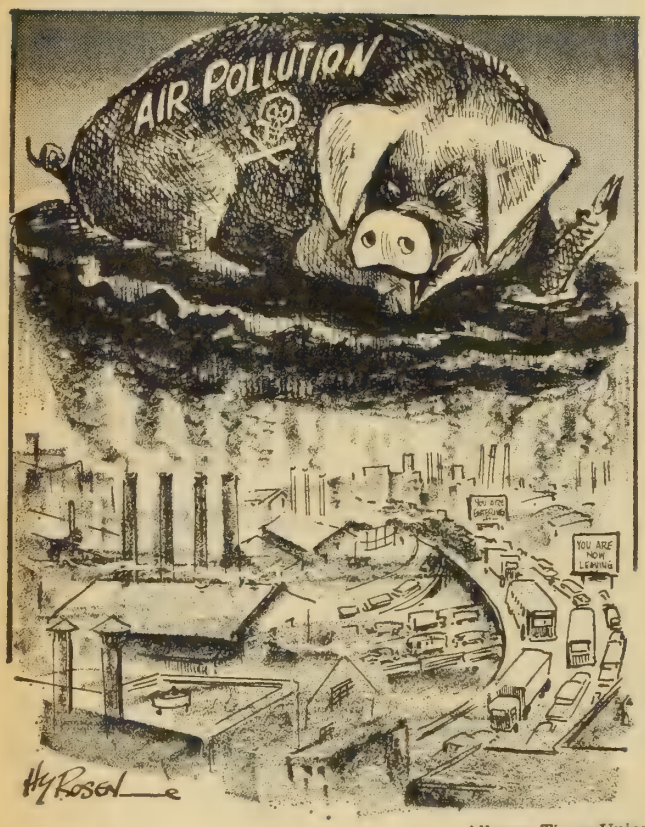
For its celebration of Cleaner Air Week, Chicago's pollution control agency rounded up a dozen tots at the Civic Center Plaza, gave them bright balloons, and sent them off to stand next to executives for the major polluting industries, posing for promotion photographs in front of Picasso's renowned sculpture—an entirely suitable backdrop, since its dusky color is a patina caused by seriously polluted air.

At the plaza's edge, several college students handed out balloons of their own. These were the color of soot and printed with a single word—"GASP!" After passers-by began eagerly to accept and flaunt these symbols of mild protest, William Stanley, head of the pollution agency, struck back. Spotting an elderly woman with one of these balloons, he suddenly grabbed her, took away her balloon, and broke it. Then, as Miss Cleaner Air Week scuttled off to join the photography sessions, Stanley realized that the college students now stood in the camera's background, so he shouted to an aide, "Get that goddam broad back here!" And another aide, the agency's public relations man, tried to brief some of the polluting executives on the character of the conservatively dressed protesters. ("These are extreme leftists, of course," he said, "obviously moratorium types. . . ." One of the polluters then asked, "Are they Communists, do you suppose?" The P.R. man smiled and replied, "Well, naturally, I don't like to use *labels*." The executives smiled, knowingly, and nodded.) Soon the students ran out of balloons and left the celebration, which quickly relaxed into the routine for Chicago, a city whose air is polluted at twice—and often three times —the levels dangerous to health. Only New York City, reports the United States Public Health Service, has filthier air.

Despite such statistics, the administration of Richard Daley fights pollution lackadaisically, at best. Al-

though Chicago's control ordinance is comprehensive, its penalties are weak ($200 maximum fine for a violation), and they are rarely invoked. The politics of Chicago's pollution efforts show a good deal of the other side of the law-and-order coin in Daley's realm.

The City Council, for example, voted during 1968 to limit, as of last July, the sulfur content of coal burned locally. Commonwealth Edison's six Chicago area power stations burn high-sulfur coal and emit at least half of the city's sulfur dioxide, so at first it threatened not



Albany Times-Union

to comply. "We'll either have to operate illegally," said an Edison executive, "or else turn off the lights." Then the utility reconsidered. It instead sought, before the July deadline, a year's exemption from the new law (presumably this would be the first of many yearly exemptions, since Edison's forecasts call for the use of high-sulfur coal until 1980). This exemption request was to be decided by the Air Pollution Control Appeals Board at a public hearing.

Ordinarily, this hearing would have gone easily for Edison. For one thing, it's an influential company. Its executives sit on all the right civic committees, one of its top men is a close friend of Mayor Daley and, during lean years for Democratic patronage, Edison is known to do some hiring. For another, the appeals board is named—and obviously influenced—by the Mayor. Its chairman, the husband of Daley's niece, used to be a lawyer for the city but left that job when he was accused of laxness in enforcing local ordinances. Another board member used to be the Daley family's obstetrician, and two others on the six-man panel have ties to big polluters. (The Mayor, incidentally, tried at first to torpedo the idea of an appeals board. It was set up during 1959 and, for nearly two years, he declined to appoint anyone to it. After some time, he found suitable talent.)

At this hearing a Hyde Park neighborhood group asked to intervene. It wanted to cross-examine Edison's witnesses and offer its own technical testimony. The board members were shocked; nothing like this had happened before. (Although its hearings are public, the board's practice has been to give notice only to the industries involved.) The board consequently refused the request.

Then, at the last City Council meeting before the sulfur law was to take effect, Mayor Daley ordered his council majority to delay the law for a year. Edison continues to keep its original exemption request on file, apparently planning to escape the 1970 date for the sulfur limitation.

Chicago's major steel producers (U.S. Steel, Republic, Interlake and Wisconsin) already have their sulfur pollution exemptions. But although the mills needn't comply on that score until 1972, they must cut their dust emissions according to an annual timetable and submit yearly compliance reports to the appeals board. The board scheduled a meeting several weeks ago to acknowledge the latest of these reports and, again, there was an attempt at public intervention, this time by a coalition of South Chicago block clubs, whose neighborhood lies directly beneath the belching mill stacks. Lawyers for this alliance tried for weeks before the hearing to look at the board's public records on the steel companies. Not until the neighborhood filed a federal suit for the records did the board consent.

One of the documents thus obtained is a critique of the 1969 steel report, prepared by an engineer for the Chicago control agency who quit shortly afterward. According to the abatement timetable, the mills this year must show a 79 per cent reduction in dust emissions since 1963—their report shows an 80 per cent cut. However, the engineer's report estimates the actual cut at only 38 per cent since 1963, and a mere 6 per cent during the last four years. While the two smaller companies are meeting the schedule, the engineer's analysis continued, U.S. Steel and Republic actually are increasing their pollution. (Together they pumped 40,000 tons of dust into the air during the latest year period.) The increase was caused by heavier production made possible by new techniques and equipment. The big mills had failed to tell the control agency of their new technology, the engineer said, and thus violated one of the terms of the exemption agreement. This document clearly gave the appeals board the ground for cutting off the exemption enjoyed by U.S. Steel and Republic.

At the hearing, however, the board would allow no testimony on the engineering analysis. Attention went instead to the self-serving report by the steel mills. "The company report speaks for itself," said the board's chairman. He also refused to hear the South Chicago group. When these citizens silently handed him their petition to intervene, he threw it aside, unread, and declared, "Petition denied." The Democratic alderman for South Chicago was allowed to make a statement. "The skies are still dark," he said, "but all this pollution is coming

over from Indiana." The exemption for the steel mills was upheld.

After the outcry provoked by maneuvers like these, the Daley administration found a striking way to respond. It hopes to get the public mind off the pollution record of local industry by focusing concern on auto exhaust fumes—a critical pollution problem, yet one that doesn't call as heavily on local responsibility. Consequently, after the Justice Department had scandalously settled this September for a consent decree in its antitrust suit against the four major auto makers and their trade group (they conspired, the government said, to keep auto pollution control devices off the market), friends of the Mayor decided to bring their own private suit, a civil action, against the Big Three auto makers. The suit makes the same charge and asks to use the government's evidence. At the last minute, Mayor Daley declined to announce the filing, but the case is handled by two administration aldermen who also are private law partners, Paul Wigoda and City Council floor leader Thomas Keane. These two can do the political job for the Mayor, possibly pick up a quick $3 billion (treble damages are at stake), keep a chunk of it as their fee, and pick out injured parties to get the rest. "If they won, they'd be sort of like the Ford Foundation," observed a City Hall retainer.

ACADEMIC COLONIALISM

NOT SO INNOCENT ABROAD

GERALD D. BERREMAN

Mr. Berreman is a professor of anthropology at the University of California. During 1968-69 he used a Fulbright-Hays scholarship to make an anthropological study of a North Indian city, and taught as an honorary visiting professor in the Department of Sociology at the University of Delhi's School of Economics. In 1968, Mr. Berreman resigned from the Himalayan Border Countries Project on learning that it was to be financed by the Department of Defense. His Hindus of the Himalayas *(University of California Press) is based on studies made during an earlier stay in India.*

In the summer of 1968, American scholars of South Asian studies found their research in India jeopardized by disclosure in the New Delhi Parliament that the University of California's Himalayan Border Countries Project was to be financed for three years in the amount of $282,844 by the United States Department of Defense. This project had been in existence on a modest scale for several years under civilian, nongovernmental sponsorship. It comprised a number of independent, nonsecret investigations into the society, culture and politics of India's northern border region, to be carried out by scholars from a number of American universities. The region is politically sensitive, and India's response to the Defense Department connection was vigorous; the project died. At the same time, visa applications by all American social science scholars were held up and closely scrutinized. There seems to have been pre-existing doubts about the aims and desirability of all foreign social science research, but the suspicions were exacerbated by the disclosures and resultant political clamor regarding the Himalayan Project. These events followed by less than six months the termination of activities by the Asia Foundation in India, requested by the government of India when it became known that the foundation had been receiving money from the CIA.

In the past year a more sweeping decision has been reported from India that no social science projects supported by United States Government funds will be approved, although it seems that individual scholars will be permitted to work on research fellowships, if their plans and sources of funds are approved by the appropriate Indian Government agencies. This unhappy picture for American scholars is complemented in the United States by drastic reductions in financial support for research in India—reductions by at least 50 per cent in the major sources, which are primarily governmental but unassociated with the defense or intelligence establishments.

The people most sadly affected are the American scholars who regard their work as a legitimate, sympathetic pursuit of knowledge contributing to international understanding, the results of which will be available to all and will serve no single or ulterior interest. These men and women have devoted many years to learning the languages and cultures of South Asia and to acquiring high competence in their various disciplines (notably anthropology, economics, geography, history, linguistics, philosophy, political science, sociology and related fields). They have, for the most part, earned the respect and friendship of their Indian colleagues. Suddenly all of this is threatened.

It is a bitter but hardly surprising fact of life to these scholars that money for their work has dwindled as the American national administration has become more conservative, as the nation's resources continue to be devoted to the war machine, and as support for social science research has shifted to topics and regions of more immediate strategic interest than those of South Asia. They recognize it as ominous but not remarkable that increasing numbers of their colleagues have been driven to the Defense Department for funds to support research which is for the most part open and as innocuous as any can be these days. Increasingly, that has been the only place where funds could be readily found, or found at all. (The civilian backing of the ill-starred Himalayan Project had dried up when the Defense Department stepped in.)



But if some potential recipients of such funds have been willing to sacrifice long-run research opportunities for short-term financial advantages, many scholars have been aware of the inherent dangers. They have realized that, regardless of their own scientific objectivity, their investigations inevitably have social and political implications for the host nation. No matter how pure the researchers' motives, the research—particularly when supported by the defense or intelligence agencies—may be regarded by local authorities as dangerous or inappropriate, and it is *that* definition which is crucial for the continued opportunity to pursue the studies. The executive board of the American Anthropological Association put the matter clearly in a 1967 statement on Problems of Research and Ethics which was adopted by the Fellows of the Association. It said in part:

> Anthropologists engaged in research in foreign areas should be especially concerned with the possible effects of their sponsorship and sources of financial support. Although the Department of Defense and other mission-oriented branches of the Government support some basic research in the social sciences, their sponsorship may nevertheless create an extra hazard in the conduct of fieldwork and jeopardize future access to research opportunities in the areas studied.

The concern thus expressed seems justified in light of testimony presented before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, May 9, 1968, on "Defense Department Sponsored Foreign Affairs Research." In an introductory statement, John S. Foster, Jr., director of Defense Research and Engineering of the Department of Defense, said of projects sponsored by his department in foreign areas: "We are interested only in those so-called cultural and social factors that have clear relationship to defense activities. Today this spans a great range because the Defense Department shares responsibility for many international activities." He went on to say that the Defense Department seeks "understanding of how to deter war and build a peaceful world. Part of this understanding comes, in turn, from social and behavioral sciences research and foreign area assessments related to any contingency and area in which a substantial American commitment might occur" (see also *The Nation*, July 22, 1968). These statements suggest the reasons why most scholars shy away from Defense Department money and why they find naive at best the belief of some of their colleagues that the source of funds is irrelevant if the research is pure—certainly it is not irrelevant in the nations where they hope to be made welcome.

The reaction in Indian political circles has been what one might expect. In the case of the Himalayan project, for example, the government found itself subject to criticism from every opposition quarter for appearing to permit American defense-oriented research in its sensitive border regions. The leftist *National Herald* said in an irate editorial on August 7, 1968:

> The External Affairs Ministry seems to be innocent of many things, and the Education Ministry is not only innocent but ignorant. But someone in authority should have known the implications of such a project as the California University's research on the Himalayan border countries. The university's authorities could not have been innocent or ignorant of what research in the Himalayan border means, and if there was any doubt among others, it should now be dispelled by the report that the project has been partly financed by an agency of the mighty U.S. Defence Department. . . . The Government should have been correctly advised on the Himalayan project . . . [which] should never have been approved by anyone alive to the nation's self-respect and security.

The government reacted quickly; and the compromised research was not undertaken.

The problems are real, they are now widely recognized and, while there are no easy solutions, some attempts at amelioration are in progress. One of the most notable, although it would appear to come too late to help in India, has been the continuing effort by Senators Fulbright, Harris and others to initiate a National Social Science Foundation to facilitate nonmilitary government sponsorship of nonmilitary projects. The Senate voted recently to cut substantially Defense Department funds for this type of research. Meanwhile, the Committee on South Asia of the Association for Asian Studies is seeking additional nongovernment money to supplement the dwindling

sources available for support of American post-doctoral studies in South Asia.

But these are not the gravest problems facing American social scientists in India. A more fundamental and far-reaching threat to their opportunities has only recently come to the shocked attention of many of those whom it will affect. It is the questioning by Indian scholars of the prerogatives foreigners have enjoyed in their research in India. This attitude is familiar in other regions of the world, and it will no doubt increase in intensity everywhere. In India it is found especially among the young, dynamic generation of scholars who had not borne the brunt of political colonialism or the Independence period, but who have experienced the social, economic and political frustrations of the post-Independence era. Many of them are at least partly foreign-trained, but they have resisted the temptations of the "brain drain," often at considerable personal sacrifice, in order to participate in the hoped for solution to India's problems. Their questioning of foreign research in India is sharp and uncompromising. Its tone is best suggested by their own term: "academic colonialism." What some would define as the exercise of free and objective inquiry among members of the international community of scholars, they see as a threat to India's scientific and ideological independence, to its self-interest and self-respect. The attitudes underlying this point of view are associated with opposition to political, economic and cultural colonialism throughout the world, and to a similar exploitation characterized as "internal colonialism" by blacks and other minorities in the United States.

The issue came vividly to my attention during an international seminar at the Indian Institute of Advanced Study in July 1968, shortly before the Himalayan Project reached public notice. An Indian social anthropologist who had received his postgraduate degree in Australia and taught in the United Kingdom before returning to India, gave a paper entitled "Science and *Swaraj*" (self-rule), using in the title a watchword of the Independence movement. He made the point that Indian social science is dominated by foreign money and ideology; that foreigners (especially Americans and Britons) largely determine what research is to be done and how. Extremely little money is available to Indian social scientists; foreign scholars, by comparison, arrive lavishly financed. Therefore, foreigners carry out an overwhelmingly disproportionate amount of such research in India, although the absolute amount is modest indeed. Outside dominance is accomplished by characteristically colonial attitudes of academic superiority and is enhanced in turn by a concession of that superiority on the part of many Indian scholars. Too many of them defer to the prestige of foreign degrees, foreign publications and foreign ideas, and those who do attract most of the scarce local resources. The Indian anthropologist said in his paper: "The existing system of foreign aid in science . . . upholds the system of foreign dominance in all matters of scientific and professional life and organization. It is nothing but the satellite system, with an added subsidy." He called for the development of an Indian social science, attuned to Indian problems and with Indian standards of relevance, ethics and excellence, to replace the predominant scientific internationalism that implicitly denigrates indigenous science and scientists. Others have referred directly to the racism inherent in many Western scholars' assessments of Asian scholarship.

In December 1968 the Indian intellectual journal *Seminar* published a symposium of six papers under the title "Academic Colonialism." The authors showed special concern about the potential intelligence activities of foreign academics, or at least the intelligence uses made of their findings. They expressed alarm at the tendency to judge scholarship by foreign standards, with the result that research topics, methods and analyses relevant to the Indian situation are being ignored. A complementary concern was that overreaction might produce an equally dangerous devaluation of *all* that is foreign in science and scholarship.

The remedies suggested for these ills might disturb foreign scholars even more than the ailments identified. One writer proposed a five-year moratorium on foreign aid for academic needs in India, and an end to foreign experts, advisers and visiting professors, and perhaps a



ban on foreign travel by Indian scholars. In his concluding words, "Academic autarchy is the most appropriate slogan for the present generation of academics." Another contributor suggested, among other things, a panel of Indian experts to screen all research proposed by foreign scholars, to comment on their academic and technical qualifications, on their sources of money and on the implications of their work for the national interest. He advocated a similar screening for Indian scholars but without a judgment as to projects' desirability, "political or otherwise." And he advocated the founding of a social science archive where copies of all data collected by foreign scholars in India would be deposited. Other authors suggested less drastic measures to protect India's autonomy in social science, without jeopardizing the benefits to be derived from foreign contacts.

The basic motivation for this new assertiveness is not unlike that of black Americans who today call for separatism in order to rebuild a shattered self-esteem and to create institutions responsive to the needs and desires of their own people, long and disastrously excluded from the institutions and rewards of the dominant society. As one contributor to the symposium put it, the political problem for the Indian is whether he will be a cog in someone else's research wheel, or be in a position of control or at least parity through hard bargaining, pitting the double advantage of his expertise and his position as citizen of the host nation against the monetary resources of the foreign researcher. If the conditions of research "are unfavorable to the [Indian] researcher or his and his country's dignity to the slightest degree, the proposal should be rejected forthwith."

The problem of academic colonialism is real both for Indians and for foreign scholars in India. Many of the latter are surprised that it is raised by those with whom they felt they had the greatest rapport. But surprise should not turn to anger or to pessimism. The editor of the *Seminar* symposium indicated in his introductory essay that "the situation demands sober and balanced assessment, accurate perception and definition of reality, aware that our own judgments are the only ultimate basis for public policy." American scholars would do well to heed this statement and its implications. The financial, political and prestige advantage we have enjoyed for many years are now disappearing along with other, more widely recognized aspects of colonialism. Indian scholars welcome this disappearance, and I believe that thoughtful scholars everywhere should do the same; it signals the end of intellectual subservience. Whatever the future availability and distribution of funds, Americans will never again find unquestioning acquiescence in their research plans. In India, as in most of the rest of the world, they will be questioned: why this research; how will it benefit you; how will it benefit us; what are your qualifications to do it, and what will be our role? If forthright and satisfactory answers are not given, and quickly, the research will simply be banned. The same questions are being asked here at home by the dispensers of funds, and unfortunately the answers they demand of researchers in foreign areas are often precisely antithetical to those demanded by the host nations. Those who provide the money here want control and relevance to their interests; those who permit research in their own lands want control and relevance to *their* interests. The dilemma can be solved in only one way: funds must come from sources acceptable to the host nations, and projects must be designed to coincide with their interests and their standards of scientific and social relevance. Projects will be judged partly in terms of fostering a social environment and an identity consistent with the final disappearance of colonization and the emergence of true equality and reciprocity in a nation's relationships with other nations and other peoples. Approval of research will inevitably depend on nationalistic as well as scientific criteria.

The only hope for continued American academic research abroad (as among our own ethnic minorities) lies in genuine responsiveness to the needs, desires and demands of the host communities. This means not only conformity to explicit requirements when those are set forth but evidence of full respect for the intellect, judgment and responsibility of scholars and citizens in the other society. Scholarly respect has too often taken the form of lip service. It has been easy to express collaborative and reciprocal intent, but harder to make certain that Indian colleagues have the opportunity to share in the choice of research topic, in its planning and execution, in the analysis and writing of results. It has been easy to send social science graduate students to India for research, but harder to be sure that Indian students can participate in American-financed research in India or come here for study. It has been easy to give a few university lectures while doing research in India, but harder to bring Indian colleagues here to work and teach. Now these harder tasks must be undertaken, belatedly, if the easier ones are to continue.

Respect for Indian colleagues must now include respect for a kind of academic and scientific nationalism that many scholar-liberals will find hard to swallow—just as their domestic counterparts find hard to swallow the demands of their black or Chicano or other minority colleagues and students that teaching and research be not only relevant to their communities but conducted by members of those communities. The foreign scholar's position of advantage in India may well be replaced, for a time, not with equality but with subordination. Liberalism and tolerance then will have to be replaced by acceptance of and cooperation in what some would regard as a radically nationalistic social science. Collaborative research may well be the only foreign research.

If deference to indigenous values and scientific priorities is the price to be paid for research in newly emancipated societies, it should be remembered that this price has always been exacted by uncolonized societies. It is neither exorbitant nor dishonorable. If American scholars are to be welcomed or even tolerated in the Third World, they must prove that they are not simply well-meaning cultural emissaries or disinterested scientific innocents abroad but that they are aware of the implications of their work for those among whom they work and are prepared to act accordingly. If that is not achieved, Americans face a long period of enforced academic isolationism.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Prime Minister Without Portfolio

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. Vol. III, 1944-1967. *Simon & Schuster. 339 pp. $8.95.*

DEAR BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Edited by Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils. Houghton Mifflin Co. 171 pp. $5.95.*

RONALD SAMPSON

Mr. Sampson is a lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol. His most recent book is The Psychology of Power *(Pantheon).*

The third volume of Lord Russell's autobiography is largely devoted to his struggle against the threat of war in the period since World War II. There was nobility in his stance against the monstrous behavior of the world's most powerful governments at the height of the cold war. The contrast between the braggadocio and callous insolence of governments threatening nuclear war on the one hand and, on the other, the spectacle of an old man of nearly 90 imprisoned for civil disobedience in protest aroused deep and widespread emotion. Russell himself mentions the case of Augustus John, an old man and very ill, who a short time before his death sat down anonymously in Trafalgar Square to testify to profound conviction.

The national newspapers at the time exhausted human ingenuity in their efforts to portray the protests as the work of irresponsible and unrepresentative social misfits. I remember vividly some of those people: an old lady of more than 90 sitting down in Whitehall; a young mother-to-be bidding farewell to her husband because of her refusal to be bound over; a blind man, impeccably dressed with a red rose in his buttonhole, waiting his turn to enter the "dock"; an elderly clergyman (who died shortly after his release from prison) addressing the air force across a barbed wire fence.

Mathematician and philosopher of great eminence, prolific publicist and writer, imprisoned in the First World War for his protest, consistently pursuant of the cause of peace through a long life, Bertrand Russell enjoys world-wide influence. He receives an average of 100 letters a day, he stated in 1963, some of which, together with Russell's replies, have been arranged according to subject matter in *Dear Bertrand Russell* to form a lively and entertaining collection. Given this influence, it is especially important that what Russell stands for should be subjected to rigorous scrutiny.

His argument runs something like this. If human life has any purpose, it cannot be known by us. Human beings generally prefer happiness to unhappiness, but there is no rational basis for such a preference. Men evince powerful passions, but have no grounds for ethical *knowledge*. Russell passionately objects to war. In addition to the more obvious reasons, war threatens human liberty upon which he sets a high value. As a result of technological progress, to which in general Russell is not opposed, war threatens to put an end to life itself. Although he has no ethical reason for objecting to this threat, Russell's feelings cause him to think it insane and to think that others must be mad if they do not share his feelings. Those who threaten to bring about nuclear destruction he describes as monsters of wickedness. Unfortunately in practice many men prefer the satisfaction of exterminating their enemies to insuring their own happiness or even their own survival. Hence the immensity of our present peril.

Although war is sometimes justified, he argues, in order to prevent a greater evil, nuclear war would be so terrible that resort to it could not be justified under any circumstances. "If mankind is to survive, the power of making scientific war will have to be concentrated in a supreme State." This new international body, or world government, should have sole possession of the major weapons of war, so as "to be fairly certain of victory in warfare with any single State." In short, the world government that he believes to be urgently necessary must be given the requisite teeth (and that, in the nuclear age, means nuclear teeth) to enforce its *Diktat* over recalcitrant states, to compel them to disarm to the level of sufficiency to maintain internal stability, and to compel them to accept the awards of the international authority when it arbitrates international disputes. The introduction of such an institutional reform on the world scene is, he confesses, going to be "difficult."

It is "difficult" (not to say impossible) because no existing sovereign power is voluntarily going to renounce or weaken that power which constitutes its entire meaning. Because every power bloc automatically distrusts all potential rivals, each deploys the greatest arsenal available to it. Russell is genuinely horrified by the cruelty and suffering resulting from the excesses of power, but he is far from being opposed to power as such. On the contrary, he believes governmental force necessary to protect the rights of men to advocate whatever form of governmental power they choose as well as to maintain the criminal law. Although Russell is generally to be found in the ranks of the anti-Establishment forces, he is not unpatriotic. Indeed, he calls himself "passionately English" and treasures "an honour [the Order of Merit] bestowed on me by the Head of my country."

Finally, although he is convinced that war as such must be abolished in the interests of human survival, and although he agrees emphatically with Lord Gladwyn, a devotee of the balance of terror, that what the world needs is "less fear and more love," he also believes that the world can no longer afford to dispense with economic justice, and he does not see how justice is to be achieved "without bloodshed."

In short, Russell's position is shot through with contradictions. Denying

LOST

High in the sun a plane
groans across the sky
to keep from falling.

Fallen, you lie quiet
as moss between tree
and water, fish and fowl,
the long season of your bones
emerging like a fungus.

Your eyes slowly fill
with the black of whatever
is melting there. From time
to time your name
still echoes musically
off the mountainside
and thru the forest,
sending birds into the air
like flares. If ever you felt
music was a way of mending things,
then tonight you are whole again
as the cricket sings in your skin.

ROGER PFINGSTON

any rational base to ethics, he is obliged to hold ethics "reducible to politics in the last analysis." He is an Enlightenment liberal who stands for reason and logic, believes "God" to be a figment of the clerical imagination, necessary to priestly power, and equates ethical responsibility with political responsibility. Consequently all his judgments, albeit biased on the side of freedom, tolerance, justice and peace, are ultimately tied to the chariot of power. And, for all his genuine outrage, Russell is dragged along in its tracks, riding within the circuit on which "responsible" politics are conducted.

And so he presents us with the rather odd spectacle of a civilly disobedient earl conducting from his private residence top-level communications with heads of governments who in moments of crisis, generated by their own conflicts, treat him as an honorary Prime Minister without portfolio. We are and must remain grateful to him, but the price that is paid for such "realism" is the continued mystification and confusion of large numbers of men, who are ill served when intellectual brilliance buttressed by genuine and deserved moral authority issues forth contradictory pronouncements.

Russell's admirable irreverence for secular power, combined with a fully justified contempt for ecclesiastical hypocrisy, extends to the denial of the idea of God as the source of our being. Russell's judgment is ultimately pragmatic and political, and consequently cannot withstand the ordeal of confrontation with megalomaniac forces. Although painfully and sadly, he abandoned his pacifism in the face of Hitler. But why should moral man abandon ship when the immoral state achieves the ultimate in pathology? That Russell should have changed course under such terrible pressure is understandable, but he is not prepared to acknowledge that he may have been in error; and that it was this violent resistance that has led directly to the mortal aggravation of the total human condition.

Many of us took up arms in 1940. We were wrong, tragically wrong. From this we gradually slipped down to the level of mindlessness where it was possible for even Russell to advocate that the United States threaten Russia with war in order to protect its monopoly of nuclear weapons. It is admirable that he should proclaim: "It is shameful to deny one's own words." But this candid acknowledgment is immediately followed by a refusal to retract. It was right at the time, he claims, notwithstanding the fact that two years later at Stockholm he made the bizarre suggestion that persons advocating a preventive war should be exposed to the hazards of municipal "mechanical sharks."

The assertion that God exists and that it is God's will that we should love one another means, as Russell himself used to maintain, that we should not kill one another under *any* circumstances, cost what it may. This is ethical *knowledge*, grounded in metaphysics or rational religion, and absolutely incompatible with politics, defined as the pursuit of power, which leads logically to the arms race and the universal death which Lord Russell so eloquently summons us all throughout the world to devote all our energies and all our thoughts to preventing.

African Genesis

IDANRE AND OTHER POEMS. *By Wole Soyinka. Hill & Wang. 96 pp. $3.95. Paper $1.75.*

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is a professor of English at Long Island University and the author of Africa in Modern Literature *(Frederick Ungar Co.).*

The social and political phases that characterized African literature ten and twenty years ago no longer are major currents in its stream of consciousness. The phrases that were so easily labeled onto African literature are now a historical record. African literature is turning in different directions—in some ways moving back to tribalisms of language, in others spanning a more universal family of symbols, clashes and tensions. What it is now is diversified. No longer can one cover the field with a blanket statement that African novels in English are primarily concerned with the recoil of black culture from the onslaught of white imperialism. Not that such a theme did not produce many fine works: e.g., the books of Chinua Achebe of Biafra. But whereas ten years ago the ferment was recognizable—one knew where to look for the budding of talent, the concentration of form—today the activity is intense but diffused.

Perhaps African literature is in a state of transition. Finally. For a long time its writers have been trying to connect African literature with European culture. The results have often been impressive. The hybrid work has sometimes been a masterpiece—unique in its very oddness, as all great art finally is. The initial enthusiasm for African literature was largely social and political—African literature became the expression of a self-conscious national and continental identity. With the growth of independence, the focus of feeling dissipated. No longer was there one thing to look forward to—the one thing had come, and, having come, had splintered into a hundred new themes, foci and quests. The old imperialists had died, the new godheads were adrift in the land.

The leading playwright of Nigeria, who is also a poet, novelist, essayist, actor and teacher, is one example of this complex evolution of spirit. Wole Soyinka identifies himself with this split in his long (and title) poem, "Idanre," praising the slave who rolled a rock down on his complacent master and, in the smashup that followed, created a multiple godhead. Soyinka also refers to the "Mobius split"—which he identifies in a note to the poem as "a mathe-magical ring, infinite in self-recreation into independent but linked rings and therefore the freest conceivable (to me) symbol of human or divine (e.g., Yoruba, Olympian) relationships."

In this long poem, Soyinka captures his country's experience of bloodshed, horror and hate. "Idanre" was written before the civil war, but Soyinka had seen enough massacres of Ibos and other peoples to know the bite of pain and remorse, to feel the sting of sympathy. As Soyinka says in the preface, the poem is built of two separate experiences: one was a visit to the hills of Idanre, the petrified rocks of supernal force and shape, and the other was a walk through a rainstorm "three years later and some two hundred miles away." The second experience brought back the meaning of the first, or rather gave the two experiences a total meaning. In the drenched quiet that follows the destruction by both fire and rain, Soyinka finds his measure of calm. It is, in spite of the reign of storm and havoc, a pacific poem.

Soyinka wrote the poem some time ago (he has just been released from prison, where he was sent for allegedly supporting secessionist Biafra, though he has claimed he was only trying to mediate the conflict, not engage in it). The poem has its African identities: the dominant deities are Ogun (the Creative Essence), god of war, iron and metallurgy, and Sango, god of lightning and electricity. Ogun, who cleared a path of earth and then attempted to retire to his godlike heights, is trapped by liquor and ire into fighting a battle with other, more jealous gods. In his drunken stupor he murders his own men, and in shame re-enacts his crime every year. Warring gods are the province of many poets; African poetry is not unique in this respect. Yet what "Idanre" and other poems in Soyinka's newest book reveal is a quieter, less assertive kind of statement: this African

poetry is lyrical and pained, it is a head bowed not in defeat but in supplication.

One of Soyinka's most beautiful poems, "The Hunchback of Dugbe," may remind some readers of Dylan Thomas' "The Hunchback in the Park." The moods of the poems are similar, the images come from shifting shades of light and darkness: shut out from the beauty of the conventional world, the hunchbacks create their own world of beauty.

Here is Soyinka on the hunchback:

But the bell-tower of his thin
Buttocks rings pure tones on Dugbe
A horse penis loin to crooked knees
Side-slapping on his thighs

At night he prowls, a cask
Of silence; on his lone matrix
Pigeon eggs of light dance in and out
Of dark, and he walks in motley.

Soyinka has other similarities to Thomas: the sharp thrust of sensual imagery, a "perverse impalement" of sexuality, the belief in a regenerative universe, the obsessive awareness of death.

Yet these similarities are not the result of direct influence so much as the shared use of techniques and imagistic insights available to all poets. Indeed, it is probably time to recognize the similarity of African to other poetry. It then becomes more apparent what variety of forms and vast cultural apparatus African poets bring to their work. The two encounters related in Soyinka's poems, "Civilian and Soldier," convey and fuse the dilemmas of Vietnam, of Biafra, of Russia in 1917. The first encounter is between a captured civilian and a soldier. The civilian pleads for his life, arguing that he is not a warrior, he is a part of his land.

. . . and oh I heard the lesson
Of your training sessions, cautioning—
Scorch earth behind you, do not leave
A dubious neutral to the rear.
Reiteration
Of my civilian quandary, burrowing
earth
From the lead festival of your more
eager friends
Worked the worse on your confusion,
and when
You brought the gun to bear on me,
and death
Twitched me gently in the eye, your
plight
And all of you came clear to me.

The second encounter is imaginary. The civilian hopes one day to meet the soldier and shoot him:

. . . No hesitation then
But I shall shoot you clean and fair
With meat and bread, a gourd of wine
A bunch of breasts from either arm,
and that
Lone question—do you, friend, even
now, know
What it is all about?

In the past, Wole Soyinka has been lively, forceful, demonstrative, certainly playful. In this volume he is meditative and understated, willing to contemplate himself as well as grant others their expressions. This quiet dignity is a new center to Soyinka's work.

Soyinka's plays, on one level, are about the conflict between past and present, between tribal beliefs and modern expediency. He was both critical and appreciative of both ways of life. What he was most attached to were those universal features of character that distinguish a man no matter *when* he was born. His work suggests an underlying animism: Soyinka allows for spirit in all things—in trees, in forests, in roads, even in jet planes ("This beast was fashioned well. . . . I am . . . a fine ash in the beast's sudden desiccation when the sun explodes").

In his earlier work he granted vitality and shrewdness to his tribal chieftains and their beliefs in animism and spirit, particularly when they were in opposition to dry Western rationalizations of universal mysteries. He reveled in his peasant showing up the poorly educated African, the pompous schoolman stuffed with British abstractions. In this present volume there is still something of this jollity: "To My First White Hairs" is a mock-praise poem celebrating the coming of his old age. But mostly the poems convey a new quality of acceptance: a lyricism about life has replaced the enthusiasm for it. Even in "Abiku," a poem about those legendary changeling children who die only to return and plague their mothers, the poet's eye is on the *unchanging* quality of pain, the inevitability of suffering and death:

The ripest fruit was saddest;
Where I crept, the warmth was cloying.
In silence of webs, Abiku moans,
shaping
Mounds from the yolk.

It is almost as if Soyinka's expansiveness has contracted. His spirit is not broken, but it has retrenched for watering. Though the poems are not the result of his prison experience, they are prophetic and reflective of it. Until the time of his imprisonment by his fellow Yoruba tribesmen and their powerful allies, the Hausas, he was a free spirit able to jibe and love all comers. Now the love remains but the stimulus for fulfillment, the desire for experience, has diminished.

African literature is not a monolith, a black slab of fixed features and categories. It is changing and vital. Some critics in searching for a "pure" or "representative" African literature may indeed be leading into stereotypes. There are generalities to be made about African

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literature, but the emphasis must remain on the individual writer who, like the Abiku child, returns again and again to plague the belly and mind of his carrier.

Soyinka's poems suggest an ever-evolving shape of African habitations and English literary traditions. Dawn, cockerels, egrets, sunset spears, frangipanes, the Abiku child—they are in his clean, spare, imagistic lines. They are branches into many different fields, not part of one enclosed tradition.

Dreams Without Substance

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE. *By Richard Yates. Alfred A. Knopf. 340 pp. $5.95.*

JOYCE CAROL OATES

Miss Oates is an associate professor of English at the University of Windsor. She is the author, most recently, of Them *(Vanguard) and a collection of poetry,* Anonymous Sins *(Louisiana State University Press).*

In 1961 Richard Yates published a disturbing and prophetic novel, *Revolutionary Road*, which was nominated for the National Book Award. This novel explored various contemporary delusions, one of them being our American tendency to dream and to attribute to our necessary environments certain qualities of failure, impotence, deadliness, which supposedly account for the devastation of our dreams. No matter that we ourselves are underlings: let us blame our families, our husbands or wives, or society, America itself, the age itself! What we cannot and will not face is our own mediocrity.

A Special Providence is a novel about the grayness of lives, gray as the dust jacket of the book, relieved only by the irony of its title—a *special* providence? —and the continual comic antithesis between what the young hero imagines his role should be and what it actually is. Robert Prentice, 18, is shaped partly by his exasperating mother and partly by popular culture, mainly movies; his imagination veers skyward while his uncoordinated body takes him earthward, stumbling around in what seems perpetual confusion in World War II (a war which has been treated often in fiction, and which, in Yates's handling, is as chaotic and meaningless as ever). Whoever has written the scenario for Prentice has not had in mind any classical standards of heroism, or even sanity:

> There was no coherence to the days and nights. . . . There was never a whole night's sleep, and there was never enough to eat. Mile after mile of what was said to be the Ruhr was slowly consumed in the changeless rhythm of walking . . . through a haze of exhaustion the broken towns rose up and divided into broken streets and houses, and the houses divided into rooms; then rooms, houses, streets, and towns closed up and fell behind, and there were more roads, more fields and woods and railroad tracks and factories, with other towns waiting.

Impossible, in such a landscape, to locate one's own identity; and yet, maddening as the war and its marginal activities appear, life in the United States is not much better. Prentice's mother, Alice, has dragged him back and forth across the country, always a little bit ahead of her creditors and the realization that she is a failure as a mother, a woman and an artist. If only she were more obviously a failure, then both she and Prentice might be free of her delusions —but it is the predicament of a certain kind of mediocre human being that he cannot really make sure that he is not superior, that he does not owe the world his labor.

Alice Prentice is a sculptor with a few, a very few, successes. From what we can gather she has an enthusiastic, feminine talent, yet she is not very good —though, given the fluid standards of contemporary art, might she not on the very next page turn out to be immensely successful? After all, this is America. But it never quite happens that way; she ages, she becomes an alcoholic, she hangs onto her son desperately and pathetically, only to lose him at the end to no special providence . . . she simply loses him, abruptly and without much explanation.

The novel's central concern is with the dreary relationship between son and mother. It is a wonder that Prentice turns out as normal as he does; reared by his pseudo-Bohemian mother, who has herself rejected a conventional, plain husband, he is spoiled, self-conscious, a show-off, weak, awkward, doomed to secondary roles, one of the invisible people of life. Indeed, most of Yates's characters, in this novel, in *Revolutionary Road*, and in *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* (a collection of short stories published in 1962) are invisible people, not quite there, unable to assert themselves or to guide their own destinies. They share, vaguely, in the destiny of their society. They seek personal grandeur, based upon ill-considered praise from ignorant judges who in any case do not mean what they say; they seek salvation of a kind, the transcendence of what they imagine to be a world not good enough for them. The only possible hope for them lies in their realizing, at some dismal time in

HACKBERRY

Bark sags in folds from the crotches down
to where the trunk extends delicately, deliberately
to suck water out from under the lawn.
Children know how the knotholes seem to shift
sometimes. (Do gnarled sockets darken
when we walk between it and the young pear?)
Our living room is dark. We wish the tree weren't there.

It's alive with ants; brisk birds creep
upside down on its hide all day, grooming.
Twenty feet up, squirrels, grubs, beetles
hang with thick shade over us, a ceiling,
(tiny breaths, droppings). One dead limb creaks
just over our bench. Wasps dive
sizzling from it. Green leaves fall near us. It's alive.

It never seems to sleep; we hear how it tests
its tether out there, restlessly. All night long
it rubs against the roof. We think it remembers
old years before we were born.
It's killing the grass.
We talk in bed about chain saws, ropes, danger. We take
care not to be heard: it's awake.

NANCY PRICE

their lives, that they deserve no special fate—that they are not heroes in a Hollywood movie, after all.

Having endured the war, having survived a bout of pneumonia and other ugly experiences, Prentice still must "fight it out" with another mediocrity, the two of them seeking to determine who is "yellow" and who is not. They fight. Prentice does not win, but he does not exactly lose. And what is the conclusion? "He didn't think he had proved anything. It was turning out like everything else . . . like the ending of the war itself: no settling of accounts, no resolution, no proof. And what the hell did you expect, Prentice? Quint would have said. Do you think everything's going to work out the way it does in the movies? Aren't you ever going to learn?"

Yates's treatment of ordinary life here stresses the dullness, the lack of pattern, the lack of personal imaginative fulfillment. One feels that his people never have a chance: odd things may happen to them, but they are never odd enough, never tragic and awful enough, to lead to a change of vision. And there is a curious lack of detail in the work, as if it were imagined as a movie; the visual dimension of the Prentices' world is to be supplied by the viewer, automatically, perfunctorily. Perhaps because Alice Prentice moves so often, falls "in love" so often, she cannot establish a solid social environment which we might come to recognize, any more than her son can recognize it, if only to rebel against it. A sad, gray, deathly world—dreams without substance—aging without maturity: this is Yates's world, and it is a disturbing one.

Black Revolutionaries

An important article by Dan Aldridge on the development of black revolutionary consciousness. Also, David Horowitz analyzes the role of giant corporations in the formation of U.S. foreign policy; and the editors write on the significance of the multinational corporation. Send for your free sample copy of the November issue now.

MONTHLY REVIEW

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An American Provincial

MENCKEN. *By Carl Bode. Southern Illinois University Press. 452 pp. $10.*

ROBERT EMMET LONG

Mr. Long teaches English at Queens College. He publishes frequently on American literature.

Carl Bode's new biography, following by approximately a decade Mencken's death in 1956, signals a new wave of interest in Mencken's life and career. At the height of his fame in the 1920s, Mencken was described by Walter Lippmann as "the most powerful personal influence on this whole generation of educated people." The 1930s witnessed the radical decline of Mencken's reputation. His attack upon democracy and the common man and his opposition to liberalism left him without an audience, so that in the 1940s, while continuing to write, he seemed a figure of ghostly remoteness. Photographs of this later period show Mencken covering Presidential nominating conventions, his eyes staring out over spectacles tilted down on his nose with the expression of one who hardly knows where he is. Now, after a lengthy period of eclipse, Mencken is again the subject of interest and reappraisal.

In the last three years a number of books about him have appeared. Carl Dolmetsch's *The Smart Set: A History and Anthology* (1966) was an extensive study of Mencken as editor of one of the most influential magazines ever published in America; it was followed by a study by the French scholar Guy Forgue, *H. L. Mencken, L'Homme, L'Oeuvre, L'Influence* (Paris, 1967), and by Sara Mayfield's *The Constant Circle* (1968), a biography centering upon Mencken's marriage to Sara Haardt.

Bode's study fills in some gaps and shadowy places in Mencken's life. It elaborates on the story of Mencken's marriage and of his last, terrible years after a massive stroke in 1948 left him unable to write or speak clearly, nearly blind, wishing daily that he might die. The story of what happened to Mencken's independence and pride of intellect during a long, humiliating helplessness and infirmity is grim indeed. There is also fresh (if scrappy) information about Mencken's friendships and associations—his newspaper acquaintances and the beer drinking musical evenings of their Saturday Night Club, and his friendship with a number of women (Marion Bloom, Beatrice Wilson, Aileen Pringle, Anita Loos, Sara Haardt, Marcella DuPont) toward whom he acted as a middle-aged knight. Most of all, one sees Mencken in his Baltimore "localness"—in his attachment to the family home, with its Victorian furnishings and the habitualness of life they represented. Still, Bode's account is not greatly different from or significantly more informative than the earlier biographies.

What is most disappointing is Bode's evasion of critical judgment. It is literally impossible from reading the book to know what Bode thinks of Mencken and the nature of his achievement. The biography is marked by the absence of an interpreting mind. The data of Mencken's life is flatly presented. Mencken's mother is touched upon briefly but there is no searching out of implications. One would wish to know more about this woman, the center of the whole web of the Mencken family relationships, and under whose roof Mencken lived as a bachelor until well into middle age. Indeed, only until his mother had been dead five years did Mencken marry Sara Haardt—a mother surrogate who had been given only three years to live! There is a similar failure to find dimension in Bode's sketchy account of Mencken's friendships with Dreiser, Lewis, Fitzgerald and Nathan. Most of all, there is no weighing of Mencken's own writing, no attempt to place his career in perspective. Only indirectly, by the concentration upon Mencken's Baltimore background, by the display of how firmly rooted he was in the American middle class, is there an interesting insight into Mencken's temperament.

Mencken's provinciality shows nowhere more clearly than in his criticism, with its air of cosmopolitan authority and elitism that does not disguise his awkward self-education and the limitations of his mind. One recalls the literary criticism of Poe with its affectation of learning and European cultivation, which has at its core, despite intelligent comment and observation, merely a few narrow, inflexible dicta. The limitations of Mencken's mind

are never more obvious than when he writes about poetry. In one of his weekly columns in *The Smart Set*, he extols a poem, "Tears," by the Baltimore poetess Lizette Woodworth Reese ("When I consider Life and its few years —/ A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun"), which he compares favorably with Keats's great odes. But, he concludes, even so nobly wrought a poem as "Tears" is an escape from reason and reality, as is, he believes, all poetry. This bumptious dismissal is typical of the way Mencken will pronounce on subjects of which he knows little or nothing. He seems at such times like a small-town editor handing down sure opinions to an audience whose culture is even more limited than his own.

Mencken was better equipped as a critic of fiction, and it is to his credit that he recognized and encouraged many of the best young writers of his time; yet even here his judgments were narrow and often inadequate. The genius of Henry James was lost on him, unaware even that James was an initiator of the new realism he advocated; Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne merely illustrated the corseted gentility of post-Puritan New England. He was generous in his praise of the naturalists, but writers of any other tradition did not interest him, and he did not try to understand them. Mencken was a popularizer of a certain school of writing, and even more of a certain view of life. But this concentrated strength was also a measure of the extreme restrictedness of his mind.

Mencken brought his vision to bear upon the whole moral geography of the 1920s, with its unexamined and optimistic faith in religion and democracy. No one ever wrecked more middle-class idols than Mencken, or addressed himself to the common life with such tragicomic exuberance. Mencken's mind was not luminously large and discerning: it was closed to everything but one aspect of life—our national provinciality. But his caricature was so powerful that it still lives. His success is no doubt explained by his own provinciality—his amazing literalness of mind, his obsession with the spectacle of the common life immediately before him. Mencken thought of himself in the tragic tradition of Nietzsche, yet he seems to us today as one of our great and authentic humorists.

Eyewitness to History

PRIME TIME: The Life of Edward R. Murrow. *By Alexander Kendrick. Little, Brown & Co. 548 pp. $8.95.*

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of C.B.S. News.*

The dramatic portrait on the cover of Mr. Kendrick's biography shows Edward R. Murrow wearing an airman's Mae West, a cigarette clamped between thumb and index finger. It sets the scene perfectly for the life and strenuous times of the news broadcaster whose portentous voice over C.B.S. radio and somber presence on C.B.S.-TV came to represent the exact, unshakable truth for millions of Americans throughout the 1940s and 1950s. The Murrow era spanned the Munich crisis of 1938 to the McCarthy nightmare of the 1950s. When I joined the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1952, it was the C.B.S. News service, largely shaped and certainly dominated by Murrow, that represented our ideal of what broadcast journalism should be. For most of us, Edward R. Murrow was the heroic Malraux-like reporter of action who fought off every kind of interference with his story, both from above and from the outside. He gave broadcast journalism size and direction, and largely from his own personal qualities: intelligent curiosity, clarity of thought, the power to transmit experience, and a skepticism when confronted with facile generalizations.

To most Americans he is now but a dim figure from an era of Philco radios and 14-inch black-and-white TV screens. When I mentioned his name at a dinner party recently, the hostess recalled him only as, "that charming man who used to do *Person-to-Person*, and smoked too many cigarettes." So it is good to be reminded of this extraordinary communicator in this first full-length study written by one of Murrow's close associates, C.B.S. correspondent Alexander Kendrick. The book is always interesting, though not invariably convincing, for reasons both of manner and content. It is written in a rather pedestrian style, freighted with touches of heavy irony; and the chronology is not always easy to follow. This is a pity. Mr. Kendrick is an intelligent writer who has, presumably, had complete access to the Murrow papers. What he does here is to detail yet again the sins of commercial television and, particularly, to describe the role of Edward R. Murrow in battling the Establishment. "Describe" is the word. He does not really explain it at all.

To be fair to Mr. Kendrick, Murrow, for all his public visibility, kept pretty much to himself when out of camera range. As a newsman he possessed a ferocious appetite for work. He was pure hard news. Nothing else. He took few vacations, and what little social life he allowed himself was invariably work related. Mr. Kendrick's account of Murrow's working methods makes absorbing reading. As a self-driven reporter, he had a quite extraordinary desire to be a part of whatever he was reporting, and at the same time to be back in New York to present the story in the role of sagacious pundit. Few people can be in two places at once. Murrow often was. He rarely had six hours' straight sleep, smoked too much, sweated profusely from nervous tension.

Murrow's reputation in radio was easily transferable to television. He possessed, as they say, "the right cosmetics." Lean, dark and handsome, his somber good looks and baritone voice attracted audience and sponsors alike. At the height of his career his annual salary was more than $200,000. Yet it's a fair bet that neither money nor acclaim had much to do with Murrow's conscientiousness and diligence; he worked the way he did because he enjoyed asking questions, finding answers, above and beyond all else being an eyewitness to history.

Edward R. Murrow was born in 1908 on a small farm near Greensboro, N.C. His father was a farmer, though not a successful one. Murrow worked his way through Washington State College at all manner of jobs, and spent his vacations working in logging camps. At college he was a straight arrow. He was proud to be pledged to the "best" fraternity on campus, enjoyed drilling in the ROTC, joined the debating society, was featured in college dramatics. The yearbook attributed his success to "an A-plus personality." He became president of the National Student Federation. In 1930 he was graduated. There being no other jobs around he took a full-time (but unpaid) job with the Federation and moved to New York. Two years later he moved to the Carnegie-financed Institute of International Education as its assistant director, and in 1935 joined the Columbia Broadcasting System as head of its newly formed Talks and Special Events department. He was 26 years old. William Paley, the C.B.S. board chairman, "who had an active interest in what his network was doing, especially in the field of public affairs," writes Kendrick, "was first struck by his young talk director's zeal and un-

doubted skills. They saw each other often, and the business relationship began to develop into personal friendship." The rapport between the two men was, of course, the source of much of Murrow's power.

Until the late 1930s there really wasn't a great amount of news programming to be found on radio. Between the wars Americans got most of their news from newspapers. Radio provided a diet of "special events"—Presidential speeches, international music festivals, talks by foreign dignitaries, and so forth. As Kendrick notes, it was not uncommon to hear the announcer say after reading the news headlines, "For further details consult your local newspaper." At the time when Mussolini's troops were invading Ethiopia, C.B.S. put on a concert of native instruments by Ethiopian tribesmen. News values were no different at N.B.C. There, as Nazi bombers brought death and destruction to Guernica, N.B.C.'s chief international contribution was a world-wide Singing Mouse contest.

In 1937 Murrow was sent to London with the title of European director and the job of arranging talks and special events. While Hitler's troops were crossing the Austrian border Murrow found himself in Warsaw arranging a Polish children's program for the C.B.S. American School of the Air. It was Hitler's aerial onslaught on London that firmly established Murrow's reputation as a newsman. By the time America entered the war, Murrow was already a legend with his radio news reports from the British capital. He reported air raids from the burning streets, drove around at the height of the blitz in an open car, and scorned even elementary safety precautions.

When he sailed back to the United States in 1946, Murrow seemed aware that he had hit his high spot emotionally during the war. In a final broadcast over the B.B.C. he summed up his wartime years, and remarked, "You were living a life, not an apology."

He spent eighteen unrewarding months as vice president in charge of news for C.B.S. and found most of the time was spent living an apology not a life. He explained, "It's the big desk with the telephones, the In basket and the Out basket. Conferences, memos, budgets and firing people. Who am I to be firing people, the Almighty Himself?" So Murrow resigned the vice presidency. He never again went back into the executive suite, except to argue. Instead he returned to the microphone and the daily news broadcasts.

Murrow's idealist temperament and upbringing often got him into trouble during the Red scare years of the fifties. The cautions and accommodations which normally accompany a pay check in broadcasting were not for him. With great courage he took it upon himself to help broadcasters who had been "let go" because of liberal or left-wing leanings. Toward the end of his broadcasting career he became a kind of myth figure, a hugely enlarged reality that verged on near fantasy, lauded by after-dinner speakers as, "the conscience of broadcasting." Murrow was the most powerful, and arguably the greatest, news broadcaster in American television, which meant he was not without his bitter enemies inside the industry.

We know now that Murrow left broadcasting a deeply frustrated and angry man. In his final years at C.B.S. he found himself increasingly at odds with the network powers over news policy. This distressed him. He would brood about it, and then he would go and see his old friend and boss, William Paley. When the crisis was papered over he would return to work, but inevitably another crisis would occur and the cycle would begin again.

Kendrick sees Murrow as the victim of a changing concept of broadcasting; C.B.S. which, under the presidency of Dr. Frank Stanton, had mushroomed from a relatively small broadcasting system in the late thirties, emerged as a giant "knowledge" conglomerate in the fifties. Kendrick bitterly quotes a C.B.S. annual report which boasted that the company was "the world's largest advertising medium," and he argues that an earlier philosophy originated by Paley, that of public service, had been abandoned in favor of "servicing the public." In 1959, spent in health, desperately in need of a rest, Edward R. Murrow announced he was taking a sabbatical year. He never returned to C.B.S. Two years later he announced his resignation, after twenty-five years of broadcasting, to become head of the United States Information Agency in the Kennedy administration.

The aspect of Murrow which is most admirable, as Kendrick clearly shows, was his profound commitment to fair-minded reporting. It was his great achievement to raise the public status of broadcast journalism and thus restore a healthier balance to the democratic process. When Murrow began broadcasting, radio was not considered a reliable news source, newspapers suffered from what Harold Ickes called the "arrogance of power." ("The public," a 1939 *Fortune* survey reported, "has a poor opinion of the press's truthfulness about the publishers' personal and political friends, and big advertisers.") Murrow helped restore the public esteem of both broadcasting and newspapers—the first deliberately, the second consequentially.

In his last public speech in October 1964, Murrow cautioned: "The speed of communication is wondrous to behold. It is also true that speed can multiply the distribution of information that we know to be untrue. The most sophisticated satellite has no conscience . . . and in the end the communicator will be confronted with the old problem, of what to say and how to say it." The problem has outlived Ed Murrow.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

A book that broke into the news several years ago was *Games People Play*, in which Eric Berne used the stylish "scenario" method to elucidate a great number of the ploys whereby neurotics attempt to stay one up on their associates. Susan Sontag's *Duet for Cannibals* might be taken as a projection of the book, its players working out literally the little dramas which Dr. Berne's case histories were for the most part staging symbolically. The film is thus lively with aberrant deportment—everything from sudden attacks of vomiting to drawing-room copulation. It is also solidly performed

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

Vol. XIII, No. 4 Fall 1969

JAMES T. ARAKI
Kawabata and His *Snow Country*

G. R. STEVENS
The Sun Is Setting on the Paleface Brave

ALVIN GREENBERG
The Revolt of Objects: The Opposing World in the Modern Novel

EUGENE GOODHEART
Relevance and the Authority of Culture

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POEM

I meet Mother in the street,

she hardly recognizes me;
I have to pull her by the sleeve of her coat.

Then she stops, smiles and says:
I'm so proud of you my son!

LENNART BRUCE

THE ACCIDENT

(To Madelynne)

Dragged upright,
Towed to its hideous graveyard,
My wife's near-hearse
Stands abject among the other wrecks
As if asking forgiveness
For nearly killing her. But a closer look
Shows up the lying trash:
It bristles with lethal splinters
Of glass, malevolent flash-
Es in the sun, those dark dried stains
Were vivid with her blood,
And the world batters me down,
There, among the violent funerals.

But not hers! Not hers!
My heart assures me in its great good luck,
And I think of her untouched mind
Under the long scalp wound,
Her green eyes, puffed and black,
Under the rash of bruises
Nothing hurt or broken. In the light
Of that miracle I leave hurriedly,
Never looking back,
And become instantly fugitive,
Brayed at by funeral horns. . .

Out of sight and sound
Of the killing freeways,
In a sunlit field, cows are grazing,
A light wind stirs the grass. . .

Was it yesterday I saw
How like a cloud the shape of absence is
To fill a world with tears?
It blacks out. Long ago.
And I watch where she will enter the field,
Stopping and looking up,
Assuring herself of the sky,
Of the earth firm underfoot.
Then trusting herself again
To the natural hazards,
To the lifelong frailties of love.

ERIC BARKER

ANCESTRAL SCENES

old crystal a dry
piece of cake
remains
on the plate

also herring scraps
radishes
slice of blackbread
tea-leaves
etc.

the man who farts
likes it
letting his muscles relax

& feels inky
more like a sponge than a man

how alarming, how
vulgar
they said, their way
of speaking

said it

JEROME ROTHENBERG

HOLY GROUND

Sometimes, not to hurt myself,
But because I depend
On the steadfast natural world,
I drive the car down the dirt road
By the creek where we used to go crabbing.
The crabs are still there, blue-claws,
Born fighting, fast, wicked, worthy opponents.
Here is a young green heron
Describing its lean arabesque
On the corner fence post.
Otters melt down their mud slide
The way they always have melted.
Flowers in the ditch are ones we identified,
Boneset and purple loosestrife.

I come at all seasons but oftener in the fall
When lightning wings of the horned lark
Flash for me and its aerial call
Rings in my blood;
When in the flood of afternoon's final hush
Sumac reveals itself as the burning bush.

MARION LINEAWEAVER

by one Italian and three Swedish actors (I have not been told why Miss Sontag chose to make her movie debut in Sweden, but it permits her to supply efficient subtitles in addition to her contributions as writer and director), and well photographed in the deceptively rational Swedish style.

But as narrative or elucidation of character the picture seems to me to have almost no significance at all. That may be because Miss Sontag, though a challenging social critic, is not gifted as a creative writer. She wishes to show, with the clarification conferred by exaggeration, that people in our day have taken to devouring one another, but she lacks the particular kind of imagination that can couch this no doubt accurate observation in credible fiction. Thus the postulates of the film are acceptable enough: Dr. Bauer from Germany is a failed revolutionary, now in retirement; his Italian wife, considerably younger, is a frustrated woman of strong libido; they have chewed on each other so long that they must now seek outside nourishment. But then we come to the active present of the work, and it is much less acceptable that Tomas and his girl friend Ingrid should serve themselves up for the other couple's perverted appetite.

They must do so, of course, because the film's thesis so demands, but it was beyond Miss Sontag's power to suggest that anything other than her own determination was motivating them. Thus, since I could find no ground for agreeing that Tomas and Ingrid would allow the Bauers to use them in the degrading and alarming ways stipulated, I could make sense of the picture only by assuming that the actors were engaged in charades—an assumption made easier by the prominent use of such aids as dark glasses, hats, toy pistols, bandages, closets and abrupt changes of scene. Charades alternately bore and embarrass me and I am no good at ferreting out the hidden word. I was glad when Tomas and Ingrid decided to pack it up, and return to the sanity of their student loft. They looked utterly unchanged by the desperate antics pressed upon them by the doctor and his wife, but I was aware that I had aged by an hour and a half.

Lions Love is also about nothing much, but Agnes Varda has animated it with much more agreeable people, and you can almost slide home safely on the *non sequiturs*. It seems that Shirley Clarke has come to Hollywood to make her first commercial movie, but is denied artistic autonomy by a benevolent tycoon who will not trust his box office gross to the director of *The Connection* and *Jason*. She takes a dose of sleeping pills (as she herself objects, she is not the sort of woman to engage in that kind of nonsense, and Miss Varda, nudged by Pirandello, must step before the camera to show her how it is done), but is saved by Viva, Warhol's star, and Jerome Ragni and James Rado, the begetters of *Hair*. These last are shacked up in a Pop art motel *à trois*, and it is their ingratiating arrogance that keeps the film bouncing. They assume that they are witty and charming on the basis of such slight evidence that the assumption itself conveys wit and charm.

It is a little too much, though—self-satisfaction is not an enduring theatrical spell. But Miss Varda has staged Miss Clarke's near suicide to coincide with the assassination of Robert Kennedy and the attempted murder of Andy Warhol. This coincidence, although greatly drawn out with TV coverage of the Kennedy shooting and its immediate aftermath, puts a burden of significance on the film. The little "in" entertainment, which seems made as much for the amusement of its participants as for public applause, begins to look anxious.

The director is shrewd and so are her performers. They have come up with a plausible definition of the life style of plastic youth: a litter of irresponsibility obscured by a smog of love. For Viva, Ragni and Rado, as they here mock themselves, what you are is the role you play—another day, another part. So naturally nothing gets picked up and no wagers are for keeps. But Kennedy's death imposes itself; it will not absorb into the kaleidoscope of self-absorption. And a mist of undirected love won't obscure that kind of litter.

THEATRE

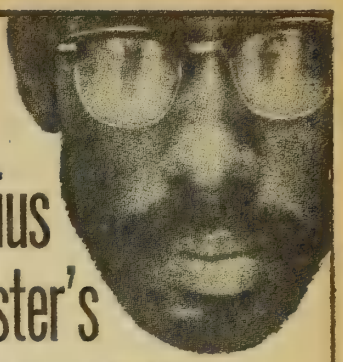
HAROLD CLURMAN

October 16th saw the American première of the Institute of Actor's Research Laboratory Theatre of Wroclaw, Poland, under the direction of Jerzy Grotowski. For those who are particularly keen on the study of fresh trends in the theatre the evening was of great moment. Grotowski's ideas, methods of training and production have already exercised much influence in Europe (on Peter Brook, for instance) and to some extent here.

When I emerged from the Washington Square Methodist Church on West 4th Street—where the event took place—and later at various social occasions where I was asked what I thought of the first Grotowski production, I decided not only to withhold any expression of opinion but not to formulate one even for myself until I had seen the second and third productions scheduled for November and December. One can't be casual about Grotowski; one ought not to be hasty. His art is *something*.

Thus I turn to the many minor but readily accessible stage offerings upon which I have deferred comment. I say "accessible" because the Grotowski evenings are open to no more than 100 persons per performance.

Athol Fugard's *Hello and Goodbye* (Sheridan Square Playhouse) interested me only because it is the work of an author who some time ago wrote a good play, *The Blood Knot*, and because I discerned a sort of parable in it. A young woman returns to a wretched home in a small South African town after fifteen years in England. In the past, she had suffered a bad time with her father, a railroad worker, as well as with her brother. Her return is prompted by the hope that she may share in the insurance money her father, now moribund, had acquired through the loss of



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a leg due to an accident at his work. But there is no money, and the brother fails to tell his sister that the father is already dead. By the time she leaves the shack, we realize that her brother has made himself into the image of his father, to the point of tying up one of his own legs so that he will eventually lose the use of it.

If this story means anything, Fugard is saying that those who cling to the old ways in South Africa (at least), those who harbor a nostalgia for such homes and hope to prolong their "tradition," are doomed to cripple themselves.

But whatever the play's "message," its dramatic body is not at all stimulating. One sits through it with forced patience because one expects poignancy of some kind and because Colleen Dewhurst acts with arresting authority. As her brother, Martin Sheen, for all his effort, is much too wholesome and straightforward a human being to make convincing the muddied mind and soul of the character he plays.

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The Ofay Watcher by Frank Cucci (Stage 73) is a "morality" piece. It says that anyone who wants to solve the problem of racial prejudice by making the black man lose a sense of his nature (and difference) by turning him "white" deserves to have his throat cut—which is exactly what happens in the play.

It begins comically—the black man caricaturing the clever-dumb darkey type—and ends in the murder of both the white fool and his black paramour who actually wants to be turned white. In other words, the play proceeds from burlesque to horror. Some reviewers treated this charade seriously. I can't. As an earnest statement it is silly if not fraudulent; as entertainment it is primitive. What sustains it is an excellent cast: Cleavdon Little, Terry Kiser, Billie Allen.

Salvation by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney (Jan Hus Playhouse) exploits the vein of free-wheeling rock and roll jamboree made familiar by *Hair*. The church is mocked, sex is celebrated, and the kids are happy. All the expected gimmicks are there in little, and a good time is had by all whose sense of fun is juvenile.

A Whistle in the Dark, originally produced by the Long Wharf Theatre Company of New Haven (and now in New York at the Mercury), is very much better than the strong stuff mentioned above. Thomas Murphy, the author, has observed and experienced what he talks about. The play depicts the fundamentally depressed among the poor and uneducated in a small town in Ireland. Its authenticity is unmistakable; its effect pathetic and shocking.

The Carneys are a family tightly knit by ignorance and mutual hate. The father, a retired policeman, is a bully, a ne'er-do-well braggart, obtuse, cowardly, full of inane laughter and stupid pride in the murky grandeur of the native lowly. He has inspired his sons to hard drinking and to feuding with members of another clan. One of his five sons is a pimp whose frustration manifests itself in deliberate violence. Physical prowess constitutes the family's nobility. One of the boys yearns futilely to escape the indignity of the environment and is eager to save his youngest brother from its ordure. The "intellectual" of the family, he is too late to remove the blight which has already begun to corrode the 17-year-old boy. In the end, to defend himself against being beaten by his "baby" brother, egged on by their father and brothers who resent the "superior" member of the family, the older man unwittingly kills the younger. The father protests pitifully that he always tried to do his best.

There is little subtlety in this play; it is funny in a ghoulish way. Its method and content are not new, but I am less concerned with what is new than what is true. Here one is in the midst of life not of fabrication.

The casting and acting are admirable with especially good performances by Stephen Elliot as Carney *père*, Charles Cioffi as the thuggish brother, and Roberta Maxwell as the Cockney girl whom the sober brother has married.

Back on Broadway, *Butterflies Are Free* by Leonard Gershe (Booth Theatre) is in the vein of the slight comedies which are a constant of the world's stages. As such, it is pleasant enough, with cute quips, tolerable human beings, affable nonsense, honorable sentiments in the permissive key of the day. It is slick with acceptably facile commercial craft. The story deals with a blind young man's love affair with a near "hippie" girl, popularly adorable. As pastime, the play will harm no one and will be well liked by many.

What gives the evening savor is, once again, a perfectly chosen cast. Particularly expert is Eileen Heckart as an uptight WASP mother who under the starch of her respectability possesses common sense and a heart of gold. Miss Heckart's long face—to which she knows how to lend an even longer line and an owlish look of imminent disapproval, and from which issues a cool stream of crisp cleverness—is the mask of a thoroughly aware professional.

Blythe Danner is Broadway's newest sweetheart. She is utterly winning and a talented actress. She is entirely relaxed ("natural" is the more usual epithet), delicately funny and in every way, including the corporeal, yummy. Keir Dullea as the blind youth is intelligent, sympathetic and easy; he manages to convey feeling without becoming mawkish.

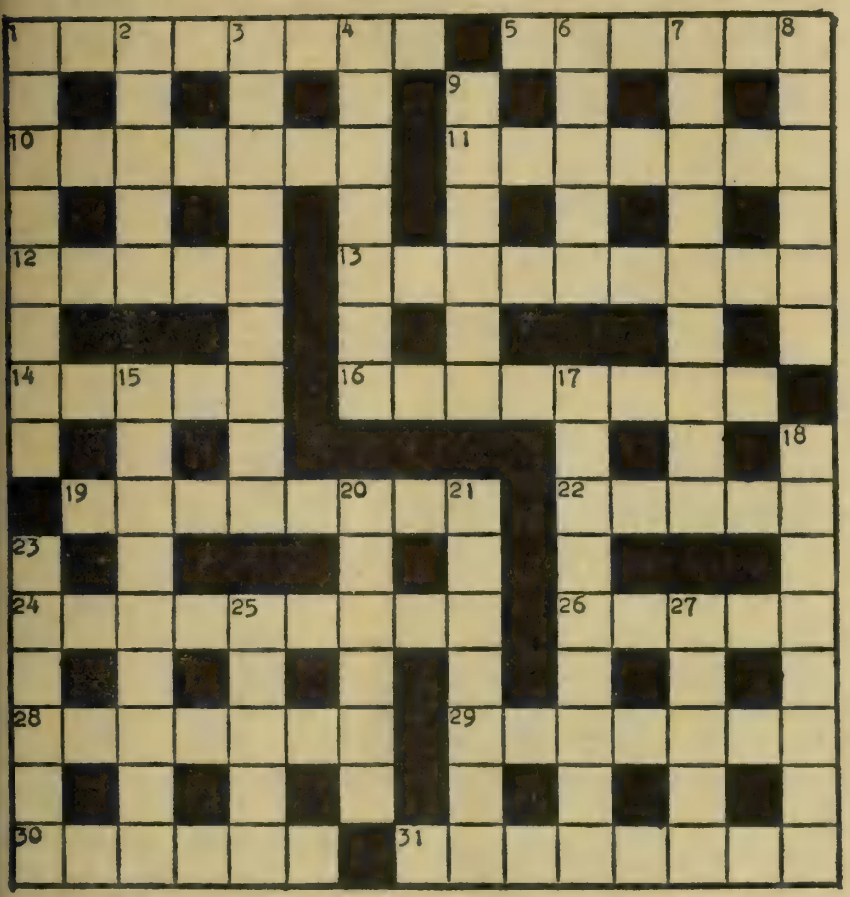
My conclusion after all these shows is that while acting of great scope or significance is still rare among us, the level of acting in general is above that of most of the writing. But why do so few of our actors appear grown-up? I believe the answer lies not only in the conduct of the theatre itself but even more in the realm outside it.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1320

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Does it carry water where the horses might be? (8)
5 Exhaust in part, or excise entirely. (3,3)
10 In return, point out the bad inside, and straightway brighten up. (7)
11 One who swaggers might have an association with St. Nick. (7)
12 Ted's a satisfied sort, obviously. (5)
13 Is an explosion of the sun put off in A-OK manner? (2,2,5)
14 and 25 down Company association? Not with the film star! (5,5)
16 Hold up what's left with a drop of water. (8)
19 A case of poisoning that leaves Doc and I mixed up in a take-it-or-leave-it situation. (8)
22 The fruit of encouragement? (5)
24 Dance team of a balky mule and a fractious nag. (9)
26 Can there be no militia raised without this headdress? (5)
28 The Devil you say? Bruce, otherwise! (6,1)
29 Like the philosophy of Xenophanes, if I elect a substitute. (7)
30 Edna St. Vincent Millay's was born of a little sin. (6)
31 An order of protozoa? Try to successfully serve one! (8)

DOWN

1 and 18 down It might be *un mensaje* —as written by Elbert Hubbard. (1,7,2,6)
2 Implying there may be no match for a French bed! (5)
3 and 4 The watchword of the successful cut-up? (6,3,7)
6 The heights of rural setting? (5)
7 Showing your teeth in opposition? (9)
8 The plant management is economical, evidently. (6)
9 A false step is taken to be instances of ill will. (6)
15 Rock the holder of it, destined for a very special drawer. (9)
17 The type of fever to send to the shelter? (9)
18 See 1 down
20 Fisher perhaps was the ruling descendant of Mohammed. (6)
21 With unequal sides, cleanse the result.
23 Affects a smile when what might be written up annoys one. (6)
25 See 14 across
27 Certainly not a low story told in Greek.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1319

ACROSS: 1 In exchange; 10 Mustang; 11 Intuits; 12 Clipping; 13 Honor; 15 and 24 down Upset price; 17 Vagabonds; 19 Two-handed; 21 Tempe; 23 Nacre; 24 Pebbling; 27 A priori; 28 Upsurge; 29 and 5 Easy-going; 30 Censorship. DOWN: 1 Isms; 2 Ensiles; 3 and 9 Champ at the bit; 4 Aggrieved; 7 Avignon; 8 Distresses; 14 Just in case; 16 Travelog; 18 Gadabouts; 20 Oxcarts; 22 Monarch; 25 Laser; 26 and 6 Deeplaid.

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LETTERS

from Broadway to Alaska

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Harold Clurman's review of the play *Indians* by Arthur Kopit [*The Nation*, Nov. 3] states incisively the case for greater public awareness of our nation's treatment, past and present, of its American Indian people. While Mr. Kopit's play deals with historical events, the issues he raises are as current as the Alaska oil boom.

In Alaska today 60,000 Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts are fighting to protect their lands from expropriation. In 1884 the Congress promised to honor the aboriginal land rights of Alaska's Native people, and for eighty-five years it has failed to act.

The Senate and House committees on Interior and Insular Affairs are now considering proposals to settle Alaska Native land rights.

The Alaska Federation of Natives, representing the three aboriginal ethnic groups, has recommended to Congress what it considers to be fair terms. Their proposals are contained in S.3041 and H.R.14212. These bills call for confirming to the Natives legal title to 40 million acres of land—roughly 10 per cent of the lands to which they have valid claim, cash compensation for the land to which they surrender their claim, and 2 per cent mineral royalty.

Congress is today writing the sequel to Mr. Kopit's play. Let us hope that it has a more fortunate conclusion.

William Byler, Executive Director
Association on American Indian Affairs

paper peril

London

DEAR SIRS: It is really shocking, I think, that Mr. Tertius Chandler, presumably a reader of *The Nation*, should pretend that your country's undeclared war against Vietnam is "to protect the United States from the two huge Communist powers" [letter, Oct. 6]. For the logical corollary of your country's approaching defeat in that war, which even *The Wall Street Journal* has long since (Feb. 23, 1968) pronounced "inevitable," would expose it to the direst peril. Which is absurd, I suggest, since both the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union have repeatedly made it quite clear that they don't want to fight with you (or with any other country), and will do so only if they are attacked.

In the case of the former country, moreover, it is quite obvious that it could not fight with you unless you went over to its side of the Pacific.

Edgar P. Young, Comdr.
Royal Navy (Ret.)

due credit

New York City

DEAR SIRS: B. J. Widick's report on the AFL-CIO convention, "The Isolation of George Meany" [editorial, *The Nation*, Oct. 20], leaves an important point unanswered. He notes that the election of Michael Harrington in Massachusetts represents the new mood of American politics, which is both a repudiation of Meany and an indication of the direction that labor must now take. He might have added that Harrington could not have won without the support of the Committee on Political Education (COPE), the political arm of the AFL-CIO, which financed most of his campaign and contributed valuable manpower. Meany disagreed with Harrington's views on the war, of course, but he liked him in other respects, and I think that liberals who are so quick to dismiss the AFL-CIO might show a similar degree of flexibility.

Carl Gershman

EDITORIALS

Notes on the Election

Of the recent elections, Mayor John V. Lindsay's victory is by far the most significant nationally. It re-establishes Lindsay, after his bad showing in the June primary, more firmly than ever as a "main-eventer" on the national political scene. Bowled over by his victory, many of his recent critics are now saying that he would be an ideal Vice Presidential nominee for the Republicans in 1972. And so he would. The GOP now has governors in all the states of the Northeast, but Nixon is not popular in any of them with the possible exception of New Hampshire. However, a Nixon-Lindsay ticket, which made little real sense—at least from Lindsay's point of view—in 1968, is not likely to make much better sense in 1972. What does make sense is a new coalition of the kind we described some weeks ago when discussing Lindsay's campaign ("Lindsay and the Future," *The Nation*, September 22). The elements clearly exist: young voters, intellectuals, blacks, a sizable section of the labor movement, liberal Democrats, liberal Republicans, independents, Jewish voters, Puerto Ricans, the poor, the better-educated middle class—"a coalition of conscience," concerned with the urgent new issues. These elements may be less attached to parties in New York than elsewhere, but they exist in most of the major cities.

The problem is how to combine them. In New York it was easy because Lindsay had neither major party endorsement and appeared only on the Liberal Party and Independent Party lines. Whether a new coalition emerges and what form it will take if it does, are questions that cannot be answered just yet. But Lindsay is the central figure in national coalition politics. No figure would pull more liberal Republican votes to the Democratic Party as a Presidential or Vice Presidential nominee if he decided to change his registration. Conversely he would be a strong rallying point for liberal Republicans within the party. As we have suggested, he could challenge Nixon in selected primaries, much as McCarthy challenged Johnson. Or he could be a major figure in any independent protest movement or third party. Fortunately he is now free of party obligations and can move in whatever direction he sees fit. Nor should it be forgotten that a kind of *de facto* coalition has existed for quite some time; it is one of the means by which independent voters frustrate the party bosses. In default of the kind of Democratic nominees they like, independent Democrats will readily vote for liberal Republicans and the reverse is also true. For example, if California Democrats should nominate Stanley Mosk—who would first have to resign as a justice of the state supreme court—he would pull liberal Republican votes in volume and would be an odds-on favorite to defeat Sen. George Murphy next year. On the other hand, if former Sen. Thomas Kuchel were to change his registration and then go on to win the Democratic nomination, he could trounce Murphy. In other words, either Mosk or Kuchel would be excellent "coalition" candidates.

As to the other elections, President Nixon is being given

credit for Republican victories in Virginia and New Jersey which he does not deserve. The Republican nominees for governor were the front runners in both states before he decided to campaign for them. Linwood Holton, the Republican nominee in Virginia, had the support of AFL-CIO and the leading Negro voter organization. A vote for Holton was one means of voting against remnants of the Byrd machine.

In New Jersey, the Democrats could hardly escape responsibility for the flourishing Mafia enclaves in the state. Moreover, labor was split and the Hudson County Democratic machine, headed by John V. Kenny, had turned against Meyner. In fact, in this race Cahill, the Republican, had the attributes of a big-city Democrat: Catholic, Irish-American, large family constantly on display, and eccentric diction.

In Pittsburgh, Peter F. Flaherty, a city councilman, who ran against the Democratic machine in the primary, defeated John R. Tabor, the Republican, by a vote of 95,038 to 49,426. A "new politics" type, Flaherty would have nothing to do with the Democratic machine which has been in undisputed control of Pittsburgh for decades. A few days before the election, he published a full account of his campaign expenses and donations; the total came to some $75,000. This forced Tabor to publish a similar statement, which showed contributions of around $450,000 and the list of donors read like the membership of the Duquesne Club. Flaherty's victory is a real upset and will have significant repercussions in the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania.

The Detroit election was close: 257,312 for County Sheriff Roman S. Gribbs and 250,002 for Richard H. Austin, who is a Negro. Both are Democrats, for Detroit elections are conducted on a nonpartisan basis. Detroit is so sharply polarized it is doubtful that any Negro could have been elected, but the size of the Negro vote there and elsewhere is an assurance that Negroes have won a significant role in decision making.

In Cleveland, Carl B. Stokes was re-elected by a narrow margin. In Buffalo, Frank A. Sedita, a Democrat, won re-election for a third term as a Democrat despite an aggressive challenge by Mrs. Alfreda Slominski, a Republican-Conservative "law and order" candidate. A Negro candidate siphoned off 7,000 votes that might otherwise have gone to Sedita, but the bulk of the Negro vote went to him. Nor should it be forgotten that in late October, Sam H. Massell, Jr., with heavy Negro backing, was the first Jew to be elected Mayor of Atlanta, and that Maynard Jackson, a Negro, was elected Vice Mayor. In Birmingham, Arthur D. Shores was the first Negro to be elected to the city council in the history of the city.

Of these elections one can say that the political parties seem to be fragmenting in cities in which there is a heavy Negro vote. It would seem, also, that the greatly blown-up ogre of "Middle America" is to be taken a good deal less seriously than the mass media suggested. The elections do not show a significant swing to the right. If a swing is indicated it is toward what columnist Joseph Kraft has termed "nobody knows what." Political positions in the cities remain, as he puts it, "fluid," with state politics more and more tending to merge with national politics.

IN THIS ISSUE

November 17, 1969

EDITORIALS

522

ARTICLES

527 Labor Against Itself: The Alienated Rank and File — *Al Bilik*

530 Change or Stagnation: Case for Advocacy Journalism — *David Deitch*

532 Portuguese Showcase: New Style of Tyranny — *Loren Jenkins*

535 The Real World Comes to Wyoming — *Steve Murdock*

537 Blacks on Campus: Integration by Evasion — *Robert F. Engs* and *John B. Williams*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

541 Howard: Alone With America — *Charles Molesworth*

542 Goulden: Truth Is the First Casualty — *Richard J. Walton*

543 At My Mother's Grave (poem) — *Raymond Roseliep*

544 Rosenberg: Artworks and Packages — *Lawrence Alloway*

545 Singer: The Estate — *Leonard Kriegel*

546 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

546 Each Autumn (poem) — *Linda Pastan*

548 Lifton's Birds

549 Music — *David Hamilton*

550 Waiting for a Hysterectomy (poem) — *Bill Little*

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THE NATION *Volume 209 No. 17*

The Comedy of the Theories

Mayor John F. Lindsay's "astounding" (but not to us) victory in New York City's mayoralty election has precipitated the flood of theories that usually comes in the wake of a major political upset. How did it happen? Counted out in the June 17 primary, denied the nomination of his own party, the Mayor nevertheless came back to score a great victory over his two opponents. His victory may not be great in terms of the actual vote count—he received fewer votes than in 1965—but great it is in terms of the odds against him and the way he upset the "professionals" who forge most of the theories.

One thing must be said for these theoreticians: they are ingenious. Race track touts, explaining why some overlooked nag took the race, are no more ingenious than New York's "pros," of both parties, in explaining the victory. One learns that Lindsay won re-election because: he hobnobbed with Israeli Premier Golda Meir; he was doused with champagne in the Mets' dugout; he was photographed with the astronauts; he gave a cordial welcome to Bernadette Devlin and the back of his hand to the Rev. Ian Paisley; he carried at least three *yarmulkes* at all times and wore them on frequent visits to synagogues; he had a lot of money to spend; his television spot commercials were well done; Governor Rockefeller refused to support him, thereby earning him a "sympathy" vote; he is physically attractive to many women voters; his wife is a splendid politician; he raised the issue of the war in Vietnam, which he has opposed for some years; Procaccino was an inept candidate badly managed; Arthur Goldberg endorsed Lindsay; he was photographed with U Thant; many well-known actors and actresses campaigned for him; the Sanitation Workers, with whom he had had a celebrated confrontation, finally supported him; William Buckley insisted on muddying the waters by injecting the Conservative Party candidate into the Republican primary, thereby helping his arch-enemy Lindsay in much the same way that he had done in 1965 when he was himself a candidate; he had the support of *The New York Times* and the *New York Post* and most of the electronic media; and so on and on.

No doubt there is a pinch of truth in some, if not all, of these theories. But as usual the pros have missed the central point. Sen. Charles E. Goodell said it simply—the Mayor was re-elected because he is an "honest, decent, dedicated" public servant. Everyone knows this and most New Yorkers, including the Mayor's rivals and enemies, will concede it. But as a theory, it is far too simple to satisfy the professionals.

More to the point, Senator Goodell's "theory" credits the average voter with far more sense and perception than the pros are ever willing to concede. Yet we submit that that was what re-elected Mayor Lindsay. He has had his share of troubles; he has the toughest administrative job in the country (we do not except the Presidency, where the burdens are greater but not the administrative hang-ups), and he is not a good administrator. He needs now, as he has needed from the start, a tough-minded, expert administrator as Deputy Mayor, and we hope he finds one. But he understands New York and New Yorkers—he even loves the city!—and long before he became Mayor he impressed us as being an "honest, decent, dedicated" public servant.

When you find one of those, you cleave to him, you elect and if possible re-elect him, you honor and respect him. The point about Mayor Lindsay is that his possession of these qualities comes through to voters; he is photogenic (but so was Jimmy Walker); the more important point is that he projects the moral qualities and that they are quite real. An upper-class WASP who can win eight of every ten Negro votes in New York City, who can walk anywhere in Harlem without fear of assault or insult, and actually be greeted with respect and affection, is a man who deserves well of the electorate, black and white.

Answering Mr. Nixon

As far as content went, there was no reason for the President's speech of November 3 on Vietnam. Having nothing to say, he filled the vacuum with self-praise and exhortations that, as one of his critics remarked, were an insult to the intelligence of the audience. Nevertheless a substantial political motive lay behind the address. The October moratorium had Mr. Nixon worried, and he was eager to take some of the steam out of it. It was necessary, therefore, to announce the speech before October 15, and yet to set it far enough ahead so that it might disorient the November moratorium. In the interval, Mr. Nixon may have pondered making some concessions to our opponents in Vietnam, but his own hawkish instincts, the advice of his hard-line counselors, and other impulsions tending in the same direction, resulted in a speech in which he simply stood pat, adding nothing to what he—and Lyndon B. Johnson and Dean Rusk before him—had already said. This required a brutal distortion of history so recent that everyone should be able to spot the manipulation, but millions cannot and these millions, whom Mr. Nixon referred to as "the silent majority," were his target.

Even so, the speech merits analysis at several levels. First, we are told that, like the Miami acceptance speech, he wrote this exercise in rhetoric and histrionics entirely on his own. As then, he secluded himself and worked up draft after draft—ten in all before he was satisfied. This speech, then, is pure Nixon. Consistently enough, there is in it not one phrase or sentence that would make a single heart beat faster, except perhaps in anger. It does not even invite rebuttal. At the close, Mr. Nixon declared that he wished especially to speak to students. He then went through some rhetorical motions, and it is a safe surmise that the majority of young people only despise him the more. Nixon cannot speak to the young because he lacks the feeling and respect for principle that could bring him close to persons who take ideas seriously.

Regarded as a performance, the speech was a fiasco. However willing he might be to take instruction, Mr. Nixon would be the despair of any movie or TV director. There is something about this man, unfortunate for himself and more unfortunate for the country, that puts off anyone with normal human feelings. When he smiles, he radiates a forced joviality. When he attempts to be "sincere,"

he succeeds in convincing us of his duplicity. It is only when he threatens that he manages to come through. His threat that he would take "strong" action against the enemy if infiltration from North Vietnam were stepped up again, or if the Vietcong mounted widespread attacks, sounded as if at least for the moment, and conditionally, he meant it. Even this he bungled by the immediate, hackneyed follow-up: "This is not a threat."

Civilized Americans, young and old, who listened to this vacuous address could feel only disgust at such an unrelieved sequence of evasion and misrepresentation. Mr. Nixon patted himself on the back for not taking the easy way of unconditional withdrawal when he took office. If that had been the easy way, one suspects he would have taken it. There is no easy way and delay will not provide one. The fact is that our intervention in the Vietnamese civil war was an error of such magnitude, both morally and militarily, that it cannot be corrected (to the extent that it can be corrected at all) except by measures that, from a conventional nationalistic standpoint, will be painful and humiliating. Mr. Nixon has no stomach for such an ordeal. All that is left, then, for him and for those of like mind, is to continue the war in the hope of making an "honorable" peace, i.e., one that can be camouflaged to look like a victory—or a justification for the blood spilled (Mr. Nixon did not speak of the Vietnamese dead). This necessitates our continuing to support the Thieu government and to identify it with the Vietnamese people, who must be pictured as the agonized victims of conspiratorial communism intent on world conquest. And although Mr. Nixon promised eventual withdrawal of American ground troops, he said nothing about air power, which can continue to be exerted in support of Vietnamese cannon fodder from naval aircraft carriers and bases in Thailand.

Mr. Nixon professed to be concerned about a possible "blood bath" if American troops were withdrawn. He does not appear to be concerned about the blood bath which American intervention has inflicted on the Vietnamese people, first by support of the French colonialists, and then by taking over the war after the French defeat. That this has been a brutal war no one who looks at TV from the combat front can doubt; and that reprisals might follow an American withdrawal is certainly possible. But if Mr. Nixon fears such a development, he might better devote himself to preventive measures, which he could negotiate as part of an agreement for American withdrawal, instead of prolonging the war indefinitely by perpetuating fictions as to its origins and goals. Or let him pull out the prospective victims with his troops.

Never, since the 1952 "Checkers" show which cleared Mr. Nixon for the Vice Presidency, has any candidate for high office resorted to such press agentry as when, the morning after his address, Mr. Nixon called in the reporters and joyfully showed the stacks of approving telegrams he had received from his "silent majority." Few who know Mr. Nixon's record and disagree with him would waste even the price of a telegram to tell him what they think of his policies. While giving lip service to the right to dissent, both Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew have made it plain that they will not be swayed by demonstrations in "the streets." But all that remains to those who see the United States—their country as much as it is Mr. Nixon's—going downhill toward dictatorship, is precisely this form of protest. It would serve Mr. Nixon's purpose if the November chapter of the moratorium were to depart from the peaceful character of its beginnings. That danger is what the peace forces must now guard against.

Latin Millstone

In its June 2 issue *The Nation* published "Mexican Auto Swindle," an exposé by the undersigned of the recently mushrooming auto industry in Mexico and Latin America. The examination posed the inescapable inference that the multiplication of new auto plants, far from developing Latin American industry, was proving a leaden weight to its industrial and economic progress. Now comes Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank, to make the same indictment, only more harshly.

In a speech delivered at the end of September, he said: "Developing nations spent an estimated $2.1 billion in domestic resources in 1965 to manufacture automotive products. These had a world market value of only $800 million." This loss of $1.3 billion in a single year, McNamara pointed out, "approximates the total amount of resources invested in industrial development by the World Bank in its entire twenty-three years of operation."

When McNamara spoke of the auto industry in the developing countries, he was pointing inevitably to Latin America, which in 1965 produced 80 per cent of the automotive product of the "developing" countries. Presumably, therefore, Latin America had a loss of more than $1 billion in 1965. The situation has not grown better; by the end of this year the gross loss since 1965 may amount to $5 billion. This is a burden that the fragile Latin economy cannot possibly bear. And there is every reason to believe that a solid investigation of the farm equipment, electrical appliance and petroleum industries would reveal similar aberrations. Is it any wonder that the Alliance for Progress has been an experimental disaster?

Some time after World War II, when the economies of Western Europe and Japan had fully recovered and their stocks of capital began to pile up, they quietly but insistently demanded their place in the Latin American sun. Apparently the *Lebensraum* had to be granted them in order to forestall a forbidding internecine conflict. Almost without exception, every manufacturer from the developed countries established multiple auto plants in Latin America. The United States, with an annual auto sales potential of one unit for every twenty people, has four auto companies. Mexico, with a sales potential of one unit for every 450 people, has ten immigrant auto corporations from all sections of the globe. And the same situation is duplicated in the rest of Latin America.

In itself this could be less than fatal, but the rub comes with the practical mechanics of a multiplicity of plants supplying a comparative handful of buyers. Free competition among the corporations is obviously impermissible; the only alternative is to assign production quotas. And mini-production quotas mean low-production equip-

ment. And that in turn has meant very high prices and the consequent heavy drain on the national economies.

Robert McNamara, production genius of the auto industry, ought to know this. Instead he turns banker and demographer. He assigns some unintelligible fiscal reasons and then laments the population rise. There is a population explosion, but it has caused no impossible density. With a land area more than twice the size of the United States, Latin America is not overpopulated; it is under-farmed and under-industrialized. And this is the by-product of malevolent cartelist stratagems.

If, in revising its Latin American policy, the United States wants to be helpful, it must adopt a program of genuine assistance in the development of a modern machine-building industry and the other prerequisites of late 20th-century production. Some of the deflated auto plants must be turned into cybernetic units of competitive production. All industry must be permitted to develop at the initiative of the national forces with outside assistance in the form of capital and capital goods.

Is this too much to expect? Probably. But Secretary of State Rogers has explicitly declared that Latin America is for us the most important sector of the world. The impending debacle in Southeast Asia may not really be materially costly. We were only trying there to stake out a claim for the future. But convulsions in Latin America, already forecast by Cuba, Peru and Boliva, could create proliferating explosions during the last third of the 20th century. The benign program offered above could at least bring us safely to the 21st. LEO FENSTER

Pentagon Loyalty

The Pentagon has exhibited its curious interpretation of economy by firing the Air Force efficiency expert who revealed to Congress the procurement shenanigans connected with the $2 billion cost overrun on the giant cargo plane, the Lockheed C5A. Thus by abolishing the $31,000-a-year job of A. Ernest Fitzgerald, who has done more than any single individual to expose the inefficiency and even duplicity of high-ranking Air Force officials, the Pentagon has shut the mouth of one of its most articulate critics. A number of Mr. Fitzgerald's duties have been taken over by the consulting firm of Arthur Young & Co. —which is also Lockheed's auditors.

Fitzgerald not only revealed that the C5A, originally estimated at $3.4 billion, would cost an additional $2 billion, but also that the Air Force had taken measures to hide this overrun. He says now that "concern for cost reduction at the Pentagon is regarded as an anti-social activity." The Pentagon, like that other military elite, the German High Command, regards loyalty to itself above loyalty to country. Fitzgerald, nominated by the Air Force in 1967 for the Defense Department's Distinguished Civilian Service Award, made the fatal error of taking his duties too seriously. The dismissal is a personal tragedy for him; for the country, it has broad implications as to the future handling of Department of Defense budgets. What other Pentagon officials, eager to trim the $80 billion defense budget, will recall the experience of A. E. Fitzgerald and decide to be prudent?

If Secretary Laird really meant to carry out his pledge to cut the Pentagon budget "to the bone," he would scarcely have dismissed one of the Pentagon's best efficiency experts as an economy move. What kind of sense does it make to terminate the job of $31,000-a-year employee who has revealed the mismanagement of billions of dollars? It makes the sense that those who make waves at the Pentagon will surely drown in them.

Courtroom Confrontation

Judge Julius J. Hoffman has at last severed the trial of Bobby Seale from those of the other Conspiracy 8, and set it down for April 23, 1970. But he has also sentenced Seale to four years for contempt of court.

It is important to keep the facts in mind. There can be no doubt whatever that Charles Garry of San Francisco was Bobby Seale's personal attorney. He had been for several years; he represented Huey Newton; he is attorney for the Black Panthers; he is Seale's counsel in a trial pending in Connecticut. On September 9 Garry, as chief trial counsel, picked a pretrial team of attorneys to make preliminary motions and the like. In the meantime, he had started a trial in San Francisco which had to be interrupted for a week while he entered the hospital for examinations and tests for a possible gall bladder operation. His physicians let him return to the pending trial on condition that as soon as it was concluded he would enter the hospital for an operation, which he did.

Affidavits were prepared, setting forth the facts, and a motion was made to continue the trial in Chicago from September 24 to November 24, when Garry would presumably be sufficiently recovered to try the case. Under the circumstances, the request was entirely reasonable, but the motion was denied. When the trial opened, Seale was without counsel. At that time, attorneys for the other defendants said that they would look after his interests, or words to that effect; but Seale never designated substitute counsel, nor did Garry.

If the trial had been postponed or if the severance had been ordered initially, the big fuss about Seale would never have occurred. Seale's behavior in the courtroom, while not exactly decorous or respectful, was certainly understandable; he was insisting on his right to be represented by counsel of his choice or to defend himself. And it cannot be denied that he had this fundamental right or that it was arbitrarily abridged by Judge Hoffman. Seale would still be there, gagged and shackled, in a courtroom scene reminiscent of Nazi "justice," if he had capitulated. But he would not knuckle under to the ruling and Judge Hoffman finally had to acknowledge defeat.

As to the contempt charge, it will be appealed by Mr. Garry and it should be dismissed. Judge Hoffman has also quietly piled up a contempt record against two of the defense counsel and at the conclusion of the trial he will no doubt "throw the book" at them. By and large, trial judges get just about the measure of respect they deserve. Judge Hoffman's conduct invited Seale's unruly behavior. Why doesn't the Department of Justice recognize the travesty that this trial has become and ask for dismissal of indictments which should never have been returned?

THE ALIENATED RANK AND FILE

AL BILIK
Mr. Bilik is director of Ohio Council No. 21, the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFL-CIO).

"Every Monday is *'klassenkampfe'*—'class struggle day,'" explained the Israeli trade union leader. "Each Monday I sit here at the telephone, take calls from our shop committees and members, and listen carefully to all the complaints about the union. This is how I know what the members want."

George Meany, with no class struggle day to help him, assured his Labor Day interviewers that American union leaders have their ways of knowing what the members want. "Somehow, these things filter through to the top."

American trade unionists *are* being heard from, but more and more the voice is that of the wildcat strike, or the hooting down of recommended contract settlements; or the defeat of supposedly entrenched leaders, or—almost routinely now—the rejection of labor-endorsed candidates in the nation's elections.

What goes with the American rank and file? The trade unionist in contemporary America is variously labeled "snob," "bigot," "reactionary" and, by way of explanation or perhaps rationalization, is usually assigned to the affluent middle class. Having allegedy "made it" himself, if not exactly *by* himself, the unionized worker is seen as bent on one thing—the defense to the death of his hard-won perquisites. When George Wallace in 1968 cried, "Don't let them take it away!" the "them" he had in mind were clearly the poor, black minority who threatened the white worker's job, his standard of living, his home and his security in general.

But the same refrain was heard throughout the campaign twenty years earlier—uttered not by George Wallace's forerunner, Strom Thurmond but by Harry Truman. "Don't let them take it away," cried Truman. But the "them" that year was the Republican Party. Like the blacks of 1968, the GOP was accused of wanting to deprive the worker of his job security, his union security and all his other hard-won perquisites.

The average worker in America is not so much affluent as he is eager to become affluent; the average white trade unionist is not so much a bigot as he is a self-protectionist. And he hasn't really changed much over the years. Fifty years ago he wanted social legislation and Chinese exclusion. Because social legislation today seems to be intended only for "them," he appears to be obsessed exclusively by exclusion. And not surprisingly, pleas of the United Fund type by labor's leaders, pleas that the rank and file be its brother's keeper—and to vote that way on Election Day—fall on deaf ears.

Last November, organized labor suffered its worst political defeat in twelve years. Little more than half of the card-carrying union members voted for Humphrey, whereas three out of four unionists had followed their leaders against Goldwater in 1964. Although the leaders held fast to Johnson and his entire program, pollsters warned that the house of labor was as deeply divided as the nation itself. Events tumbled upon one another in rapid succession: Romney, New Hampshire, Kennedy, McCarthy, Rockefeller, Wisconsin—and then, de-escalation, renunciation, assassination, riots. The war uneasily receded as the principal point of focus and friction, giving way to the sharper contrasts of conflict in the cities and on the campuses. It is the domestic crisis that takes on special meaning for the American labor movement, for its stresses test most clearly the ability of organized labor to function effectively in the real world of its members and of those with whom the movement has traditionally been allied.

Union members as early as 1966 had forsaken their leaders. Whether from backlash, boycott or plain boredom, working-class votes switched or stayed home. That was the case again in 1968, despite the investment by labor of vast sums in "register and vote" drives. The international unions cooperated with the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education as never before, yet among those workers who bothered to vote many voted "wrong." Candidates whose record was "right" on poverty, education and civil rights, and who were therefore endorsed by labor's leaders, were rejected by the members at the polls. The heavily unionized states elected governors who were opposed by labor's leadership.

A solution urged by some is better communications. Another is organization in the precincts. Finally, "computerize!" Almost entirely overlooked is the fact that labor has fallen into its present difficulties because it has gradually turned away from its own clearly stated political principles and thus become estranged from its natural allies as well as from its members.

Let's review. The AFL-CIO, if not a revolutionary, has certainly been a resolutionary movement. Conventions have consistently called for national government action on matters of health, education, job and income security and other worker benefits. Resolutions have ringingly demanded these benefits as the right of all Americans and not as charity for some. Progressive tax measures have been urged to pay for such social legislation. How do the major parties respond to the labor challenge?

The Republican Party rejects in principle and in practice the national route, the basic right as opposed to the concept of charity, and the "ability to pay" tax schedule. The Democratic Party, although it still by rote endorses the principle, finds it extremely difficult to deliver in practice. Paradoxically, while the Republican Party nationalizes itself in support of its anti-national doctrine, the Democratic Party, led frequently by conservatives in the Congress and structurally a pick-up-sticks collection of state and local baronies, is incapable of national performance on behalf of its national program. Much has been said about the "Great Society." The lament of the

Left has been: "If only Johnson had avoided Vietnam, his domestic program would have earned him a place in history." But the fact is that Johnson's program of social legislation, even if entirely accomplished, would have fallen far short, not merely quantitatively but qualitatively, of labor's stated social and economic goals. Because the Johnson administration's preoccupation with poverty tended to stigmatize all its domestic efforts as programs for paupers only, the political consequences for the Democratic Party and for the labor movement have been disastrous. The failure to achieve such parochial labor objectives as repeal of 14b and the protection of situs picketing did evoke a "pox on both your houses" from Mr. Meany, but the official position of the AFL-CIO finally emerged as one of great admiration for the Great Society and enthusiastic recommendation of political candidates on the basis of Great Society votes. Labor lobbyists who worked earnestly on Capitol Hill were impressed; the rank and file was not.

And the image of the national government suffered in the process. A Gallup poll in August 1968 revealed that most Americans, union and nonunion alike, considered big government a greater threat than big business or big labor. Only the black and the poor trusted the national government. Ten years ago a similar poll showed that only 14 per cent of Americans viewed big government as the major threat. Another recent poll indicated that only 18 per cent of those interviewed believed that the federal government spends money more wisely than do the states. If conservative candidates have been successful on platforms of "no taxes" and "law and order," Republican proposals to share federal revenues with the states are likely to accelerate the trend. Republicans may now enjoy the best of both worlds: by demanding that a share of federal tax revenues be returned to the states GOP candidates can capitalize on public distrust and fear of the national government, and at the same time take credit for improved state services without running the political risk of imposing new taxes.

Johnson's mistake was that he tried to convert the federal government into a gigantic community chest. A poverty tag and a means test were applied to all merchandise in the federal do-good bag. The Economic Opportunity Act, publicized as a "war against poverty" and touching as it has on health, education, allowances, jobs, housing and related government services, implied that such services were available only to those who could successfully plead poverty. Thus public health today is pauper's health; public housing is pauper's housing; public job training is pauper's job training. Given the current economic and psychological state of the country, poverty as defined both in dollars and social status, is literally not popular. Although the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962 (MDTA) was originally conceived by President Kennedy as a means to guarantee to victims of automation both *income and dignity* while in training for better jobs, and although in theory it remains that today, it has become so enmeshed in the public mind with the subsequent "war on poverty" that it is now dismissed as just another charity operation that hands out income but withholds dignity. MDTA was the logical vehicle through which not only the unemployed but the millions of *under*employed whites and blacks could have received on-the-job or institutional training; it could have become a drive to tap the full potential of a work force vast numbers of which, for financial or other reasons, had been denied timely education and training.

The means test, which labor rejects in principle, has crept into almost every aspect of federal social legislation; it even threatens a public education system that for 150 years has been accepted as a right to be enjoyed by all. The federal school lunch program, a United States Agriculture Department anachronism, has long permitted a pauper's oath to be extracted from parents of children receiving free lunches. Other ancillary services provided in the schools through the poverty program, such as free dental care, are open only to those who plead poverty. Kindergarten, in the school systems that provide it, has traditionally been considered an integral part of the curriculum to be available to all children in the community, regardless of income. The federally financed version, Head Start, is in reality another kindergarten which although administered by local schools is confined to children of poverty-stricken families. The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 also carries a "poverty" tag, implying that this landmark legislation is for poor people only. We are keenly aware that local education has discriminated against the poor for many years and in many ways, and that federal aid is essential if quality education is at last to be available. But must federal aid to education, after the long years of struggle, be cast in the image of pauper's aid?

This gradual erosion of the principle of government services as the right of all the people is not lost on labor's leadership. But instead of making a frontal attack on the problem, labor has further entrapped itself by, for example, seeking to preserve the respectability of Social Security by stressing that workers contribute directly to the system, as do their employers. This makes a distinction between the welfare or poverty handout and the earned benefit and, because of the psychological problem thus raised, advocates of proposals to finance further benefits from the general revenues are stymied. The AFL-CIO Executive Council did recently suggest cautiously that general taxes would eventually have to be tapped to supplement the Social Security fund, but then quickly went on to endorse the traditional formula for increasing benefits through increased contributions—that is, increased taxes.

Having thus slipped by one crucial question of principle, AFL-CIO proceeds to trip clumsily over the tax principle itself. The Social Security tax is an unfair, regressive tax which, like the rapidly proliferating single-rate, no deduction, municipal earnings taxes, hits hardest those least able to pay. Nevertheless, labor, in principle an exponent of progressive, graduated tax systems, continues to support increases in the Social Security tax. By so doing, labor not only violates its own oft-stated principles; it further compounds an already awkward political problem dealing with taxes. It should be noted that even the small Social Security tax increase built into the

Medicare program was met by ominous lack of enthusiasm among rank-and-file unionists whose average age is considerably below the retirement level.

Union members overwhelmingly favor Social Security improvements and indeed, as a Harris poll affirmed, a national health program for all citizens, not just the elderly. What sours the average unionist, plagued as he is by his own pinched income, is the narrowness of the present government programs and the unfair method of paying for them. Lost in our national preoccupation with poverty and affluence are the facts that the average worker, when fully employed, has an annual income of perhaps $7,000; that for a family of four to live without frills in an urban center demands about $9,500 per year; that the cost of higher education and of adequate health protection are beyond his means; that in these vital departments the average worker is in a very real sense "poverty stricken." He resents that only "they" appear to merit his government's concern and aid.

And it used to be *his* government, he recalls. It appears to him that the federal government has begun to scorn him in favor of the black, poor minority. Social legislation, for which he is taxed, is no longer designed to benefit him. He becomes hostile when it is announced that the government is giving compensatory training to the jobless so that, as he sees it, they can more effectively compete for his job. A white local union officer, perhaps 50, rises at a meeting and protests that he completed the 8th grade and "made it by myself." Now the government is helping only "them."

Yet labor today tends to balance its concern over self-interest matters such as 14b repeal with protestations of unselfish devotion to the welfare of the nonmember, the young, the old, the dispossessed, the persecuted. Union members are assumed to have made it. Indeed, the running argument within the labor movement centers on the relative sincerity of the AFL-CIO commitment to the downtrodden. Sincere or insincere, the slogan remains "let's help those who can't help themselves," connoting a charity concept indistinguishable from the community fund campaign, and hardly calculated to stir enthusiasm among trade unionists.



The average unionist is anxious about his job, income and commitments. The growing incidence of wildcat strikes and rejection of recommended contract settlements testify to his uneasiness. He feels left out, and both Wallace and Nixon reminded him that he has been forgotten. If he is permitted to believe that the government has now become his enemy, bent on taking his taxes in order to create new competition for him on the job and in social status, then he sees his own best interests in defensive votes for Nixon, Wallace and assorted "law and order" candidates at the local level. The answer lies not in telling him that "he's never had it so good." It rests in clear-cut recognition that most Americans have serious job, income, health, education and housing problems and that as a practical matter labor's idealism can be best expressed through the determined pursuit of the enlightened self-interest of its rank and file.

The self-interest of the average worker in governmental guarantees of full employment, job training, for the underemployed and the unemployed, free medical care, free higher education and decent housing harmonizes readily with the needs of most citizens, including of course the very poor. Full-scale pursuit by labor of these objectives as a right, not charity, would at once capture the loyalty of union members, the unorganized and the dispossessed. Those who are in greatest need would be benefited, but without means test, without stigma and, equally important, without recrimination among rank-and-file trade unionists. Rather than urge the unionist to be his brother's keeper, ask simply that he be his brother's brother.

If labor suffers politically it is not because it lacks organizing skill. Or because it doesn't know how to communicate. Labor's problem is that it systematically shortchanges itself in the scope, quality and clarity of the political program it presents to its members. For example, the AFL-CIO executive council last year adopted the following positions on the people's health:

> AFL-CIO demands a 50 per cent increase in Social Security benefits, and we believe that some financing from general revenues is necessary and desirable. . . . We endorse the President's proposal to raise benefits by 20 per cent to be financed by higher Social Security rates and . . . we call for AFL-CIO rallies in March in support of the President's position.
>
> AFL-CIO reaffirms labor's long-sought goal of government financed national health insurance as a right of the American people, and we demand that the Congress act now. . . . We endorse the President's recommendations to extend Medicare to the disabled, although we favor the eventual extension of Medicare to all Social Security beneficiaries.

Imagine collective bargaining conducted at the shop level in the above fashion. Local union leadership that gives away the principle of the program even before the bargaining begins would be repudiated by the rank and file, and this is, of course, the fate of labor at the

polls. It is perhaps prophetic that certain of the Social Security rallies were held on the ides of March.

Consistent with its best traditions, organized labor ought to *demand* the full package and apply to that goal all the skills acquired over many years of collective bargaining. If a labor organization calls on the employer to grant across-the-board benefits for all workers in the unit, without means test and regardless of income, the same ought to be required of government. If labor insists that the employer finance out of general income the full cost of pension and health benefits for the worker and his family, then labor should take the same position with government. If labor demands union security of the employer, then labor should insist that government guarantee full employment and job security for the worker. Change the Employment Act of 1946 to the FULL Employment Act of 1970. Convert the President's Council of Economic Advisers to a National Planning Agency. *The New York Times* of May 11 reported from England, "Computers to Fit Workseekers to Jobs." On another page of the same issue, it reported, "United States uses computer to select weapons combinations for tank and mechanized infantry battalions." Labor should demand that government put the computers to work for people and for peace.

A few days before his death, Martin Luther King, Jr., in a speech to the striking sanitation workers of Memphis called for an economic Bill of Rights for all Americans. Organized labor has said it time and again in convention resolutions that need only to have new life breathed into them. It can be formulated as follows:

> Every man has the right to the protection of the labor laws of the land. Every man has the right to be fully and gainfully employed, and to a decent income guarantee when working, when unemployed, when in job training, when sick or disabled, and when retired.
>
> Every man's children have the right to free public education through four or more years of college.
>
> Every man and his family have the right to free, quality medical care.
>
> Every man and his family have the right to live in decent housing.
>
> Every man has the equal right to all such rights.

Labor should demand full government payment for this package; it should press it on the parties (it will make them healthier); play it straight across the political bargaining table and not through the cloakroom. Then every election campaign will take on the excitement of a strike, with every polling place a picket line.

But if labor persists in its present course, politically alienating not only those who share its true interests but even its own members, the solution is simple: get out of politics while there is still time. Save the money and the manpower, and perhaps some political allies. To do otherwise may only continue to reward labor's enemies and punish labor's friends.

CHANGE OR STAGNATION

CASE FOR ADVOCACY JOURNALISM

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The American press is under attack from the Left, the Right and the harassed middle. It needs reform and knows it, but nothing less than profound structural changes will make a qualitative difference sufficient to insure the survival of newspapers as credible agents of information about the society in which they operate.

Structural changes are imperative because the reforms now most often proposed do nothing except increase the existing fantastic level of journalistic self-consciousness. Newspaper managements and editors already get together frequently to discuss the shortcomings of their daily efforts; newspaper men already deliver scathing critiques of their profession. For example, the monthly *Journalism Review* was initiated recently by Chicago journalists who had been unable to print the stories or make the reforms they felt were necessary to the well-being of their dailies. On the national level, a new Washington journal, *Straus Editor's Report*, has been formed to monitor the press.

However, all attempts thus far to accommodate newspapers to the needs of society have failed, and all the evaluations have turned out to be indexes of failure rather than progress toward some satisfactory result. Criticism that does not lead to structural change is simply an exercise in reformist frustration, and the effect has been that the press today is one of the least trusted of the country's national institutions, public or private. Right-wing critics complain that the papers undermine confidence in democratic institutions by striking at the government. The Left insists that, by adhering to so-called balanced reporting, they in fact stabilize the worst features of an inequitable system. The confused middle is rapidly losing its faith in the ability of the daily press to sustain the image of impartiality that newspaper managements—not readers—have demanded.

It thus becomes obvious that the press will not begin to cope with its credibility problem until newspaper managements acknowledge that that mystifying standard, "objectivity," cannot be adequately defined or achieved, that in fact it is pernicious to the society as well as to the institutions of journalism. This neutrality is demanded by newspaper administrators and editors, concerned that the news content remain under tight control; there is no evidence that it serves a public interest.

At a time when people are becoming politically more aware, a newspaper loses credibility when readers

believe themselves to be manipulated and propagandized on behalf of those who dominate the political economy. It makes no difference how they identify those powers, or whether their evaluation is right or stems from the widening circle of paranoia that seems endemic to a highly centralized society. A commitment to the notion of objectivity has in effect become a sign of manipulation, whether newspaper managements like it or not, and the way to deal with it is to admit that the editorial function is inherently biased, that reporters have opinions of their own and that newspapers, like other large institutions, are political entities.

There is nothing new about these concepts. Newspapers no less than universities must be seen as instruments of either social change or stagnation. The European press has known this for a long time. *Le Monde*, widely regarded as one of the world's greatest newspapers, is described by the Paris correspondent of *The New York Times*:

> Unlike the American practice, there is no copy desk and no division of function between copy editing and reporting. Each staff member is a "journalist" in charge of a specialty. He may cover a story directly or rewrite or edit the news agency reports on his subject. Department chiefs check headlines and make space allotments but do not change copy.
>
> As is the rule in European journalism, there is no clear line between reporting and opinion.
>
> "We are proud," said an editor, "not of our objectivity but of our independence." The assumption is that the reader knows the viewpoint of the reporter and expects it to be reflected in his copy. . . .

(See "Our Press and Theirs: The Mask of Objectivity," by Leslie R. Colitt, *The Nation*, June 17, 1968.)

Le Monde makes itself credible by rejecting the myth of objectivity. It exposes all its biases to the reader, who automatically learns the security of reading "news" that is placed in a readily identifiable context. *Le Monde* journalists—the best in the world—have established their reputations over time on a newspaper that has given them their heads. Readers take issue with *Le Monde* journalists, not with *Le Monde,* and do not feel that they are being propagandized by an objective automaton. The context of the news becomes as important as the news itself—indeed the one can never really be divorced from the other—and journalist and reader engage in a relationship similar to that of actor and audience.

The refusal of American newspapers to consider *Le Monde*'s methods is a kind of mistrust of the public that claims management knows best what readers need or want. Hollywood and TV magnates hold similar views. In the press, however, the fact is that many reporters try to make editorial points between the lines of their objectivity, thus inserting surreptitiously what they should be writing candidly. Says one ex-*Newsweek* man: "If you wanted to express an opinion, there was no problem. Insofar as I recall the techniques, you invented a quote and ascribed it to somebody . . . made up a person if necessary. It's very devious, of course, but it's a substitute merely for doing the sensible thing which would have been to write a first-person story in the first place. . . . Newspaper men are always finding ways to get around whatever inhibitions there are to personal journalism."



But the trouble with using a subterfuge—however much it may clarify the point of a story—is that it still leaves the reader wondering how objective the news story is, how responsible the reporter is, what his biases may be.

The notion still prevails among reporters that they should strive to be as objective as possible. It has a nice, clean-cut ring to it, but nobody has been able to tell them how to approach that elusive goal, much less what it really means. Most reporters and newspapers fall back on the idea that the proper solution is a kind of "balance," a presentation of pro and con that lends itself to mathematical analysis: that is, always try to get the other side of the story, even for just a couple of lines.

It is a puzzle why reporters continue to insist that objectivity, or balance, is the key to the good journalistic life, but one explanation may be that it permits a kind of psychological anonymity. A reporter need not reveal what sort of person he is, uncover his biases. More important, by clinging to the myth that he is indeed being as objective as humanly possible, he can evade personal responsiblity for his work; he is only a technician of the news. Advocacy, on the other hand, openly admitted, requires an exposure of self, a willingness to undergo scrutiny, and a commitment to excellence that seems very demanding.

Some reporters are thus afraid of advocacy. Those who don't feel strongly about things see no reason to take sides. Others correctly perceive that they lack the competence to be advocacy reporters, that they do not really know their "beat." A reporter cannot express his convictions about, say, education unless he has made himself an expert on the problems of schools and the theories of learning.

It follows that the opportunity to become an advocate would cause responsive reporters to acquire the background necessary to acquit themselves creditably. The informed reporter would make himself known as competent to act in his new professional capacity, thus raising the general level of the profession. Those who saw the advocacy role as an opportunity to dispense propaganda would be exposed as soon as the public judged their work against the progress of events.

Many newspapers would maintain that they already permit reporters to become advocates—usually on or opposite the editorial page, but occasionally in the news

sections. However, managements inevitably insist that these contributions be identified as "columns" or "news analysis." In the absence of a systematic attempt to orient either the public or reporters to the uses of advocacy journalism, these few columns have done nothing to increase the credibility rating of the profession.

What is to be done? One possible course for an adventurous management would be to experiment with a program that devotes a limited amount of space each day to the opinions of those reporters who have sufficient confidence in their ability. The space would be clearly identified as containing advocacy accounts by the writers involved, and the content would be under the control of those producing it. It would be understood by all concerned that the judgments were those of the reporters, who had acquired the privilege of stating them by demonstrating good sense, knowledge and general competence. If the experiment succeeded, it should cause a re-evaluation of space and assignment priorities.

A new city-room attitude should permit the most talented reporters to realize their capabilities for intellectual and investigative work. The less enterprising would be confined to jobs for which opinion was irrelevant, and those inexperienced but eager to learn would be stimulated by the incentive of new standards of excellence. The corruption, cynicism and apathy that have lost newspapers their standing in the community probably cannot be eradicated until reporters are forced to take personal responsibility for their actions. The advocacy experiment would force reporters to identify themselves to the public, and to show in their jobs how they define themselves as political men.

It would also cause newspaper managements to re-evaluate themselves politically, as they redefined the purpose and public need for the daily newspaper in the context of broadcasting competition. For example, regional newspapers are discovering that it makes less and less sense to compete with *The New York Times* on national and international news coverage, even when the wire services give adequate coverage. Instead, they tend increasingly to run news roundup sections. *The Wall Street Journal*'s front page makes very effective use of the roundup technique, leaving personnel available to report and write three original—and frequently outstanding—stories each day.

Excellent newspaper men are forever complaining that they have no time to do the investigative or interpretive reporting of which they are capable. It is odd that a newspaper will boast that its Statehouse reporter has been on the job for twenty years, but never give the readers the benefit of his opinion on state politics, or about how that construction firm got the big contract. A reporter who knows his beat should be expected to tell readers what's on his mind as a basic part of his job. Those who see themselves as recorders of facts should be confined to factual sections of the newspaper—accidents, sports, births and deaths—and those who want to use facts to expose larger issues should not be burdened with a technician's job. Ideally, an idea man should be paired with a facts man, or two or more frankly biased reporters should be permitted to give different points of view on the same political story. Press releases, if important, might be printed verbatim, just like the text of a speech. Rewriting them is worth no one's time.

The market for objective "facts" has been saturated by TV, as newspaper managements well know. Newspapers must provide something more than a statistical expansion of the eleven o'clock news, but no amount of "reform" discussion will produce a new product; the conditions must change. This requires structural innovation, a radical transformation of the American daily newspaper into a social participant, not a mere observer. Neutrality is conceivable only in a political vacuum and nothing is more political than a newspaper. The public knows this and withholds its belief from journals that venerate objectivity.

The key element in journalism, as in all writing and all art, is risk, sometimes personal risk. Newspapers will never be "ready" for personal journalism, for major changes, for a role in the events around them, until reporters and editors are willing to stick their necks out.

PORTUGUESE SHOWCASE

NEW STYLE OF TYRANNY

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Madrid

During a recent visit by Premier Marcelo Caetano to an impoverished village in Portugal's southern Algarve province, a stooped peasant woman turned to her neighbor and said: "This Salazar is nicer than the other one." The story is being repeated gleefully in the cafés around Lisbon's Rossio Square; better than anything else, it describes the mark Caetano has made in the thirteen months since he succeeded the stroke-crippled Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, Portugal's dictator for more than forty years.

While Salazar lives on in the Premier's Sao Bento Palace, partially paralyzed and still thinking he is in power, Caetano sells himself as a nicer, warmer, more human national leader. To this end, the 63-year-old former Lisbon University professor applies all the modern propaganda skills at his command, from periodic fireside chats on television to highly advertised handshaking tours through the villages of metropolitan Portugal, as well as its guerrilla-besieged African colony of Mozambique.

Everywhere, Caetano presents himself as the nation's all-understanding elder uncle, willing to listen and to observe but rarely willing to alter his ways, except in style.

"The difference between Caetano and Salazar is slight," one well-known opposition leader who had felt the weight of both told me. "Salazar used power and repression gratuitously, just for the sake of it. Caetano is more refined: he uses only as much power and repression as he needs to meet his ends. Salazar was a tyrant. Caetano is not, though he is just as authoritarian."

None of Caetano's embellishments of the *status quo* has been conducted with more hoopla than the National Assembly elections of October 26. To the world—and to his own people—Caetano promised an honest electoral test for the assembly's 130 seats (thirty of which come from the colonies, or "overseas provinces" as the regime prefers to call them, including three seats from the paper colonies of Goa, Damao and Diu, which were seized and incorporated by India in 1961).

To give this vow some credibility, Caetano magnanimously relaxed—but did not abolish—censorship for the twenty-eight days during which the electoral campaign was permitted, and allowed Portugal's long repressed opposition to form "electoral commissions" (but not political parties) to oppose the well-financed National Union, Portugal's only legal party. He also took the ban off the issue of the African colonies, and for the first time allowed the question of Mozambique, Angola and Guinea-Bissau to be openly debated.

The result was the most open election in more than forty years—but after the decades of Salazar-rigged elections, almost anything would have been more open. Despite some relaxation of the traditional controls, the election was neither honest, nor free nor democratic. Its shortcomings in these respects were noted by a seven-member observer commission of the Socialist International (headed by Austrian Secretary-General Hans Janitschek) just hours before Caetano booted them from the country on charges that they were guilty of "intolerable intervention" in Portugal's internal affairs.

Despite all the talk of openness, less than 20 per cent of metropolitan Portugal's 9.5 million citizens were eligible to vote (and, though the government gave no figures, it was reliably reported that the number of voters among the 15 million Portuguese and Africans living in the "overseas provinces" was only slightly more than 1 per cent). All outdoor political meetings or rallies were forbidden and indoor meetings required prior approval from the police, who were also given permission to disband any meeting they deemed an "incitement to subversion or civil disobedience or slandering of authority." And the censors continued to operate, if less rigidly.

The results were predictable and indistinguishable from past Salazar elections: the National Union won all 130 seats with what the government proudly claimed was 85 per cent of the vote. Even Salazar, who again implied to an interviewer that he still thinks he is Premier, was bundled into a black Cadillac limousine and driven to a polling station where he cast his ballot through the car window, while voters gaped in amazement. "The Portuguese people demonstrated in an unequivocal manner their support for Marcelo Caetano's policy of evolution," a triumphant Caetano man, National Union Secretary-General Jose Melo e Castro, proclaimed in an early hint at just how the bespectacled plain-faced Caetano would seek to build the future.

The triumph was as synthetic as the election was crooked. The opposition had conceded total defeat weeks earlier and made no bones about the fact that the polling was a farce, despite Caetano's pretensions to the contrary. Dr. Francisco Pereira de Moura, a 44-year-old university professor who led the mass-based Socialist Democratic Electoral Commission (CDE), was gratified that in many places up to 50 per cent of the voters abstained, and that his twenty-eight-day-old movement made a generally strong showing in most urban areas, and especially in their industrial districts.

The dynamic CDE, forged from young, militant intellectuals, professional men and workers, soundly defeated the more moderate bourgeois opposition Electoral Commission of Democratic Unity (CEUD), led by the well-known Mario Soares, a 44-year-old lawyer whose opposition to Salazar has earned him twelve arrests and two and a half years of jail and exile. The CDE seems assured of killing off the CEUD, which sought a moderate, almost collaborationist, opposition role, as opposed to the active and uncompromising socialism of the CDE.

The irony of this transparently rigged election is that Caetano, in his moment of manipulated victory, may be on the brink of oblivion. He is walking a knife edge between a new, vigorous opposition that gives no sign of post-election eclipse, and an implacable, ultra-nationalist, neo-Fascist fringe in the National Union which fears that the changing style of authoritarianism may ultimately commit them to extinction.

The opposition groups will pose no direct problem to Caetano. The "electoral commissions," formed for the campaign, are by law dissolved now that the election is over. The opposition, once again, is deprived of any right to organize, but their showing at the polls will undoubtedly keep them alive. And their very persistence will be a grave irritant to the ultras who are seeking to manipulate Caetano for their ends—or, if that fails, to push him aside for a more reliable reactionary.

"The government can no longer ignore our existence," de Moura said, speaking in the tumultuous CDE headquarters on election eve, while bearded students cheered and flashed V-for-victory signs. "Whether or not the government wants it, we will continue to exist. They can't do away with us now—we are too many."

That is precisely what alarms the ultras. Conditioned to corporative, neo-Fascist practices during four decades of relentless dictatorship, they are made nervous by even a semblance of relaxation. From the moment Caetano assumed the premiership, the ultras have studied his every word and move.

Composed of the senior military hierarchy, old-guard Salazarists, Fascists, the paramilitary Portuguese Legion and the financial oligarchy, ever solicitous for its in-

vestments in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea, the ultra wing of the party has demanded that Salazar's policies continue unchanged. When Caetano during his much publicized visit to Mozambique last summer hinted at some possible softening of colonial rule (his term was "administrative autonomy"), the danger bells began to clang. When during the campaign a vocal opposition openly called for self-determination for the African territories and, in the case of the CDE, for immediate negotiation with the freedom fighters, the ultras decided that Caetano had gone far enough.

The Premier was obviously advised to return to the gospels. Armed Forces Chief of Staff, Gen. Venancio Deslandes, an old conspirator-*manqué* of the Salazar era, was the first to tip the ultras' hand. As the election campaign began, he pointedly warned that the military, which is amply nourished by the continuing colonial struggle, would remain "vigilant" during the election. This hint was widely interpreted as a threat of intervention should things not go according to the National Union scenario. A sign that Caetano understood this signal came in early October when he assumed the Foreign Ministry, which had been given up in a huff by ultra Alberto Franco Nogueira. In a speech to the diplomatic service, the Premier backed off from his earlier ingratiating ambiguity about Africa, stating that he could not comprehend "Portuguese pretending to make peace with leaders of the terrorist movements, to turn over to them territories where millions of countrymen—white and black—are working, confident in the protection of the common motherland." "Withdrawal," he added, "would endanger for many years what we have done in Africa and Europe."

And though it was Caetano who originally opened up the subject of the African territories for debate, by election day the Premier was toeing the ultra line. In a final pre-election television speech, the moon-faced Caetano said: "The results of the election must make it clear that the Portuguese people are not in favor of the abandonment of the overseas provinces. . . . The homeland cannot be discussed."

A more modern, European-oriented man than the introverted recluse whom he succeeded, Caetano is aware of the expense of the colonial struggle (more than 60 per cent of the nation's budget goes to keeping the guerrillas at bay, so that Portuguese companies can operate). He toyed with adopting a softer policy toward the colonies as a means to lighten this financial load and allow the stagnant metropolitan economy to be developed. (Portugal remains one of the poorest countries in Europe, with a per capita income of $430 a year and one of the highest illiteracy rates on the continent.)

The ultras, however, said No. And though Caetano moved to renovate the National Assembly by seeing to it that 70 per cent of the National Union candidates were younger, more technocratically minded and pro-Caetano men than the past Salazar assembly, the Right succeeded in wresting the initiative from the Premier.

The focal point of the reaction is the 51-year-old former Foreign Minister Alberto Franco Nogueira, a loyal Salazar crony who has been almost obsessive in his international defense of Portugal's "civilizing mission" in Africa. Nogueira is a self-proclaimed xenophobe who sees an American, British, or Soviet plot to unseat Portugal from Africa behind every public pronouncement. The sallow-faced, slickly gray-haired Nogueira openly maintains that Portugal is as much, if not more, an African country than a European one.

"I am not interested in Europe," he told me in his book-lined sixth-floor apartment behind the Overseas Ministry on the outskirts of Lisbon. "We have no vital interests in Europe. We do in Africa and we will defend them. We have no alternatives. I am Portuguese. I want to follow Portuguese policies for Portuguese interests." His line is totally isolationist. For him, world communications and interchanges, ideologies and competitions and interlocking economies have no relevance to Portugal. Portugal for the Portuguese, and much of Africa he considers Portugal.

Though Nogueira states that he resigned from the Foreign Ministry in order to run for the assembly, it is no secret that he quit because he suspected Caetano was moderating colonial policy. Since his resignation, he has become the leader of the ultras and has tried to assemble a pressure group within the party from the mixed bag of extremists, neo-Fascists, ultra-nationalists who have rallied to his banner. Because Caetano remained aloof from the electoral campaign until the last three days, Nogueira assumed party leadership in the campaign by default, easily eclipsing Caetano's personally selected party chief, Jose Melo e Castro.

Indeed it was the emergence of Nogueira as a power to be reckoned with in the National Union structure that prompted Caetano to re-examine some of his earlier stylistic innovations and finally plunge into the campaign. Caetano did not have to stand in the general election, since he serves by appointment of President Americo Thomaz, and he sought to remain above the struggle. Nogueira's success, however, forced him in. As the campaign period was coming to an end, Caetano released a two-day newspaper interview that was splashed across the front pages of the pro-government press; he made a last-minute television appeal to the voters in which he warned that their vote would determine "the peace or an eventual civil war."

Nogueira's threat appears sure to continue. When the new assembly meets on November 25, he is expected to be named assembly president, a power base which he will no doubt use to keep Caetano honest to the principles of Salazarism or, if that fails, as a base from which to depose him. Though the younger officer corps is less than enthusiastic about the eight-year-old jungle wars which have felled more than 3,000 of their troops (by Portuguese count), the older military men appear to be siding with Nogueira who would no doubt emerge as the front man in any military coup against Caetano.

As one astute Western diplomat put it: "The National Union is composed of the conservative reformists of Caetano and the Neanderthals of the old guard. There is bound to be a struggle between these elements and only time will tell who is going to win." Thus it would appear all too probable that the real political contest in Portugal is only just beginning, now that the showcase elections are over.

The Real World Comes to Wyoming

STEVE MURDOCK
Mr. Murdock, a former California political writer, is now on the staff of The Riverton Ranger.

Riverton, Wyo.

Early in September a man sitting in the lobby of the Teton Hotel in Riverton, Wyo., and watching a football game on the lobby television set, declared as part of a discussion that was proceeding along with the game—that the people of Wyoming are "fifty years behind the rest of the country." Fortunately, the remark was not made in a bar and even more fortunately the custom of settling matters of affront with six-guns went out of fashion some time ago, even in Wyoming. Local pride in Wyoming can become a matter of considerable vehemence.

The discussion had been prompted by the fact that three Riverton policemen, including the assistant chief, had announced that they were quitting on October 1 because they considered the pay inadequate and because the force was offered no pension plan. The debate brought out the fact that very few Wyoming cities have any kind of civil service—a reform associated more with the turn of the century than with the space age. That led the man to place Wyoming's outlook a half century off the national pace.

What no one around the television set that Saturday afternoon realized was that manifestations of profound change were about to explode all over Wyoming. Before a month had passed it was clear that, however far Wyoming may have lagged behind the country, some of its citizens were sprinting frantically to catch up. And by the time November had dawned the concept was being considered, at least in some places, that events in Wyoming were a manifestation of a significant change in the structure of thought and feeling across the nation—thought and feeling in relation to the war in Vietnam and other matters as well.

In quick succession an almost heady series of events shook Wyoming, which, although a state of vast distances, is small in population and has an intimate dependence on eight daily newspapers and a chatty network of radio and television stations. The opening move was made by *The Wall Street Journal*, which on October 3 published an account by staff reporter Dennis Farney that became front-page news in all eight dailies and lashed everyone from Gov. Stanley Hathaway to the corner bartender into a fury of hurt pride.

Farney's thesis was that Wyoming, one of four states in the Union to lose population since the 1960 census, had become a faltering society, "dominated culturally and economically by the outer world." His portrayal of the state as a deteriorating sagebrush barony set local reporters to retracing Farney's steps and interviewing again the people to whom he had talked. Each factual error in his story, and there were some, was pounced on as—if not proof of perfidy—at least evidence of reportorial incompetence.

The echoes of *The Wall Street Journal* affair were still bouncing off the by now snowcapped mountain peaks when along came the October 15 moratorium.

To say that it enjoyed a success unexpected in Wyoming is to understate the case. One can hear the incredulity in New York or Los Angeles—"Peace marches in Wyoming?"

Yet, on the cold night of October 15, down Main Street in Riverton (a city of slightly less than 7,000 persons on the Wind River in central Wyoming) came a group of forty young people, mostly Central Wyoming College students. They carried the traditional peace symbols. They purchased candles, lighted them, and marched back up the street to the high school on the hill.

Lorran Minick, the Riverton youth who organized the demonstration, also announced formation of a group called "Students for a Non-Violent Society."

Meanwhile, up the Wind River Valley in the little lumber, hunting and fishing village of Dubois (pop. 800), which sits near the Continental Divide in the Wind River Mountains, Mayor Arden Coad, a service station operator, had already caused a statewide furor. "Somebody's got to support the moratorium," said Coad. "We don't seem to have enough Senators and Congressmen with enough sense to do it."

Coad said he reached his decision after hearing that New York's Mayor Lindsay was supporting the moratorium. "If the mayor of the nation's largest city can back it, the mayor of one of the smallest cities can too."

Coad has three children. One of his sons is serving in the Army in Germany. "I'm not a pacifist," he says. "I'd give anything I have to this country, but this Vietnam War has no meaning." He said he couldn't understand how educated people can pay income taxes to, in effect, have their sons killed. "As long as we pay them, the killing will continue. It's a shame this nation has to have a war economy."

Coad's remarks had no sooner made the papers and the broadcasts than rumors began to fly. There were reports that he had been fired and that the state Veterans of Foreign Wars convention, scheduled for Dubois in January, was being moved elsewhere. Coad put both rumors to rest. He said a lot of people were unhappy with his stand, but they also respected his right to his opinions, and he still had his job. Coad and State VFW Commander Dean Smith of Buffalo both said the convention was not being moved. Smith said, "The 7,000 VFW members feel he earned his right to say what he wants, even though we don't agree with him."

Meanwhile, the moratorium was making itself felt elsewhere in this state, which has slightly more than 300,000 inhabitants. (As *The Wall Street Journal* observed, that is roughly the number of municipal employees in the city of New York.) All across this vast but comparatively unpopulated empire of mountain and sage—this land studded with historic rivers, the Green, the Wind, the Popo Agie, the Big Horn, the Powder, the North Platte, the Sweetwater, the Tongue—something was happening in October that speaks to the national temper.

In Laramie, seat of the University of Wyoming, the

moratorium was given a name—the Day of Propagation of Peace. There was a letter-to-your-Congressman campaign and a march. A resolution that would have given student senate endorsement to the moratorium was defeated by a vote of only fifteen to twenty. Some 550 marched. Others held a twenty-four-hour vigil. Many classes on the day of the moratorium were devoted to discussion of the war.

In Casper a rally of 200 at Washington Park was addressed by Ernest Wilkerson, a supporter of Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and an unsuccessful Democratic candidate for governor in 1966. He denounced "the idiotic expressions which the politicians and the military and the peculiar conglomeration of defense contractors, big labor leaders and others have put together . . ." in support of U.S. intervention in Vietnam "and which they substitute for serious thought."

Two Casper College students, Bill Cole and Mark Ferguson, distributed handbills that read, in part: "This is in coalition with the national Moratorium on the war in Vietnam. The hour is late. Many will die as you are reading this. Please join us. . . ." At Casper College, an open forum on the war was attended by sixty students.

In Cheyenne seven teen-agers asked Governor Hathaway to join them on the steps of the state capitol to read the names of some of the recent war dead in Vietnam. He declined, but the Cheyenne youngsters, lead by a high school senior named John Slough, placed a wreath of red, white and blue carnations, draped in black, in front of the capitol. Names were read from 1:00 P.M. to 7:00 P.M., despite near-freezing temperatures.

The Laramie march—with 550 persons ten abreast—stretched for twenty city blocks. It was led by a banner that said, "Give Peace a Chance."

There were counter demonstrations, but the ever-cautious Associated Press said, "There was no jeering from the sidewalks and the march was without incident." Wilkerson, in his address at Casper, called the war "probably the most dishonorable and disgraceful episode in 20th-century American history," the American Legion and the VFW teamed up for a full-page advertisement in the *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, urging—as the AP put it—"everybody to fly their flags." The AP, with its own talent for understatement, said of the two veterans groups, "Both organizations have been negative toward the Moratorium."

Back in Riverton, someone who identified herself only as "Another Mother for Peace" bought rebutting display advertising space in *The Riverton Ranger* to reproduce the poster, "War is not healthy for children and other living things." Also in Riverton a number of high school students and at least two teachers appeared in school on Moratorium Day wearing black arm bands. One of the teachers, Suzanne Hunsucker, was shortly to become embroiled in still another aspect of Wyoming's awakening.

All of this was treated quite respectfully in the Wyoming press. Journalism in Wyoming has a quality that big city sophisticates would call corny, but it maintains a sober respect for facts—and a peace march or a vigil on a cold October day was a fact, deserving the same accurate reporting as would a barn burning.

Over in Lander, at the base of the Wind River mountains, W. Terry Ward wrote in a column in *The Wyoming State Journal*: "The marchers in the Vietnam Moratorium yesterday, with the exception of a few troublemakers, love this country just as much as their fellow men; it is unfair to say otherwise. They are trying, that is something."

The Riverton Ranger said editorially on October 15 Moratorium Day: "Nixon is in the process of getting the United States out of a war, which, in retrospect, most people realize now we should never have been in." Robert Peck, the *Ranger*'s publisher, wrote on the same day: "We're witnessing today a reverse transmission of knowledge, from the young to the old. Neither group has the answers, but the young see clearly that there's got to be a better way, and most of the older people agree." Two days later, the *Casper Star Tribune* said editorially: "The most salutary effect of the Moratorium Day demonstrations was the evidence that it is possible to conduct a protest movement in the United States without hurling Molotov cocktails, burning buildings, looting stores and resorting to other acts of violence."



Horner, New Statesman

Whistler in the Dark

Debate about Moratorium Day might have continued in Wyoming for some time, had it not been for a new crisis, involving the University of Wyoming's unbeaten football team in which the state takes great pride.

On Saturday, October 18, just three days after the moratorium, Wyoming was to play Brigham Young University. This Mormon school has become to black militants the symbol of the discriminatory attitude of the Mormon Church. (Blacks, in the Mormon view, are the descendants of Cain and hence ineligible for the lay priesthood of the Mormon Church.)

Wyoming has an almost infinitesimal black population and a number of its people harbor strong

prejudices against blacks, Indians and Mexicans. Yet Floyd Eaton, Wyoming's authoritarian and highly successful football coach, has recruited extensively outside the state and has been notably successful in attracting black athletes.

On Friday, October 17, Eaton came face to face with both the black revolution and the revolt against authoritarianism: all fourteen black members of his unbeaten football team, wearing black arm bands, walked into his office to discuss with Eaton their reasons for not wanting to play against Brigham Young the next day. Eaton immediately suspended them from the squad, because by wearing black arm bands they had violated a team rule against participating in demonstrations.

The furor that followed made the comments on the moratorium sound like polite conversation at a pink tea. People in Wyoming, where there is a great tradition for independence and acceptance of the individual for his own worth, are not used to being called racists—but that is what happened to them.

The frontier, which many people in Wyoming hope to preserve as an anachronistic enclave in a moon-age society (some speak of blowing up bridges and blasting pits in the landing strips, if necessary) was an open society that did judge a man, including a black cowboy, by his roping ability, not his pigmentation. Now these advocates of the preservation of the very last frontier were being asked to put their principles to the test in the crisis that faces everyone else in the nation.

And while all of this was going on Mrs. Hunsucker of Riverton High School, who had worn a black arm band while teaching on October 15, was planning a "Love Festival" for her students. The boys and girls were instructed to prepare exhibits concerning love in a variety of concepts.

Alarmed school authorities, egged on by parents, ordered her to take the exhibits down. Mrs. Hunsucker said, "If you want it taken down, take it down yourself."

And so a new crisis came to central Wyoming, hard on the heels of three others—starting with the police crisis in September. Mrs. Hunsucker, 24 years old, blonde and with a Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Southern California, later wrote the school board: "When I left the meeting Friday . . . I felt there was hostility and strong polarization and I accept my share of the burden for that uncompromising situation. With hindsight, I can see that I tend to be unrelenting when my personal worth is being challenged.

"My adrenalin was running full steam. My armor was up and my Irish blood was defending the deeper principles of academic freedom and educational relevance that I felt were the key issues at stake. . . ." When this was written Mrs. Hunsucker had been removed from active classroom teaching, but she was still on the staff.

Any way one looks at the situation, Wyoming seems to be a lot livelier place than *The Wall Street Journal* said it was at the beginning of October. The real world has come to Wyoming.

BLACKS ON CAMPUS

INTEGRATION BY EVASION

ROBERT F. ENGS and JOHN B. WILLIAMS

Mr. Engs and Mr. Williams are both graduates of Princeton University. Mr. Engs, a doctoral candidate at Yale University majoring in Negro history, is currently serving as a field professor to the New Jersey Urban Education Corps. He served as associate director of the Princeton Cooperative School Program in 1966 and was succeeded by Mr. Williams in 1967. Mr. Williams is at present director of Special Programs, New Jersey Urban Education Corps.

The integration of traditionally all-white colleges in this country began ten years ago. But despite the chaos and hullabaloo, despite the black directors and black assistant deans, things haven't changed much since that September in the early sixties when a handful of blacks like ourselves became anomalies on lily-white campuses. As a matter of fact, this very lack of change probably explains the chaos and hullabaloo. White universities, like many other institutions in American society, have been trapped into mistaking changes in appearance for changes in substance, with consequences that have become all too obvious. If this fascinating social drama is not to grow still more strident, it must be given some balance and perspective.

Having gone to a white college and survived, it is difficult for us to work up much sympathy for either the universities or their black students. Both sides are too eager to tinker with machinery rather than to confront the basic principles of education which are really in question. To be fair, however, it seems to have been a lot simpler—though not easier—in our day. For the universities, the implications of admitting Negro students were still undefined, the issues and their possible solutions were still open-ended, and, perhaps, most important, the polarization of blacks and whites outside the universities had not yet become apparent.

That first handful of black students was different, too. One of our professors defined the problem this way: "As representatives of the best in the American tradition of liberal education, we have been woefully negligent in including at our colleges qualified students who are Negroes." And that is what we were—"qualified students who are Negroes." In terms of university requirements, spoken and unspoken, that meant being bright and middle class, with grades and test scores comparable to other students admitted into our class. Our main difference, it seemed to the university—and to us, at first—was one of skin color. We all accepted the idea of integration, at

least to the extent that we had the right and the ability to compete with whites, in their world on their terms. We didn't worry too much about a separate black culture. If we admitted that there was one, we called it a "subculture" and had been taught to look down upon it as inferior to the white culture.

So really, we also ducked the basic questions about the purpose of education. We tried to accept the university as it defined itself and its role; we wanted to be a part of it. The university tried to accept us as being just like all the other students, except darker. In fact, it was hard to find out how many Negroes there were on campus; university officials claimed they didn't keep such records.

Of course, all of this was an exercise in mutual self-deception. The university didn't really believe we were just like the other students; if it had, it wouldn't have felt the need to spend so much time and energy recruiting black students. Black students had not until then been part of the student body, but the university was content to pass that off as an oversight, now corrected. It was more complicated than that and the consequences of such simplistic answers to such complex questions are now clear—armed black students occupying buildings.

For our part, we helped the university maintain its self-deception. Being the first black students at a white university was not easy; we had many difficulties. But we thought of them as specific and individual; nobody seemed to have heard of institutionalized racism. The problem as we saw it was that a few administrators, professors and students were bigots. There was the director of the dormitories whose unstated policy was to put black students together as roommates or to ask incoming white freshmen if they objected to having a black roommate. There was the political science professor whose pronouncements on American politics factored out black people: "Excluding slavery, Americans came closer to achieving their ideal of democracy during the Jacksonian Era than at any time before or since." Or the English professor who spiced his lectures with race jokes. Or the track coach who seemed to believe that anyone with a black skin was a potential Olympian and insisted that we join the team whether we could run or not.

Our fellow students presented tougher problems. We had to live, eat, sleep, go to class with them, but either we were invisible (the jokes about the "niggers in the kitchen" while we sat at the same dinner table), or they were so intrigued by at last meeting a black who wasn't a servant that they couldn't see us as people. "How do Negroes feel about this, that, or the other thing?" And their self-righteous accusation that we were "oversensitive" when we angrily retorted: "I am not the Negro race's representative to Princeton University; why don't you ask me how *I* feel?"

As we tried to solve these problems of relations with the university's white officials and white students, we began to see and feel what those who have followed us call "institutional racism." Individual professors and students were sympathetic to our gripes, but most of them seemed content to ignore the problems and, again, to tell us we were being oversensitive. It was infuriating to be told, after being insulted by student or professor or campus cop, that the problem was with us instead of them. When we pressed the point, we got paternal lectures about the nature of universities, the importance of faculty autonomy, the overall value of our education at the university, and that these little things shouldn't be allowed to interfere.

Usually, we were able to get some satisfaction. The professors cleaned up the most blatant remarks in their lectures and the track coaches at least checked to see if a black was interested in running before drafting him onto the team. On the other hand, changes of behavior or remarks do not necessarily imply changes in the attitudes that originally produced them. No more did finally taking large numbers of black students deal with the reasons why those students had not been admitted or had not applied in the past. It was becoming clear to us that we were asking the university to change in order to cope with us and that the university was unwilling to do so. We could no longer deceive ourselves that the only difference between us and the other students at school was our color. The university, by being unable to resolve the problems we raised, showed us that our difference was something more pervasive and complex. Though the university did not realize it then, and many still do not, its actions were forcing us to redefine ourselves and our relations with our college.

Here again, things were simpler for us than they are for black students now. We had no need to agree as a group on a positive definition of what being black meant. We still conceived of our problems as individual and different for each of us. Mutual problems with the university forced us apart, rather than together. When we made our adjustments to the university, we acted as individuals, not as a group. After all, we had accepted the university's premise that integration was our goal, and, like the university, were slow to change. To act as a group would have been "clannish," a fault that the university was forever warning us to avoid.

Our resolutions of the problem fell into three general categories. A few who felt the infringement upon their style and personalities most strongly, made an entirely honest decision—they left. Others of us managed to so deceive ourselves as to think that our goals and values really were the same as those of the white students and professors. The overwhelming evidence to the contrary was carefully and painfully ignored. The majority of us made compromises between the two courses. None of our compromises were entirely satisfactory, and all were at least partially dishonest. We stayed at the university. We saw ourselves as Negroes (a far more flexible concept than blacks) at a white university. There were certain things about the university which we would not accept, but the value of this particular university degree was too great to permit us to transfer to another college. We chose to stay, but to reject indignantly and emotionally everything about the university we felt infringed on us as Negro students.

It was a disastrous decision—not so much for ourselves as for the universities and the black students who followed us. Our approach was almost entirely negative

and self-serving. We never defined precisely what we felt was wrong with the university, nor did we propose positive alternatives. Of course, we cannot be held entirely to blame. The university, by refusing to solve honestly the problems of race that we confronted, never allowed us to get beyond race in defining our difference from the rest of the student body. More important, the university failed to fulfill its basic responsibility as an educational institution. It never required that we state our question clearly and concisely, nor that we analyze the issues honestly, nor that we propose intellectually valid solutions. Above all, the faculty and administration felt no compulsion themselves to engage in an honest analysis of this very real problem. The university, on the contrary, seemed determined to convince itself that it didn't really have a problem. From this pantomime of self-serving and emotionalism by the black student and stupidity and avoidance of issues by the university, the more recent scenes of complete chaos have been elaborated.

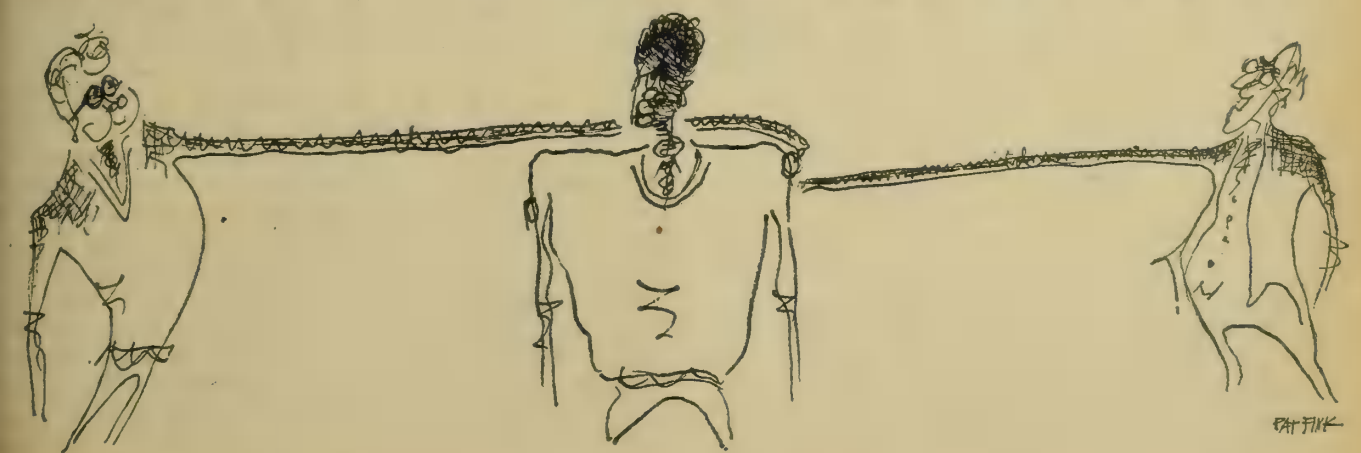
At Princeton the problem came to a focus for us over the organization of Southern (white) students who advocated segregation, which they euphemistically phrased "the Southern point of view on race relations." As many of us were also Southerners (black), we resented the existence of this organization, its exclusive claim to "the Southern point of view," and the university's apparent willingness to tolerate it. We saw an opportunity to strike out against what even we were beginning to call university racism. At least as important, we saw a chance to stop being, as the campus press continually called us, "the one in the class of '65," and one of the "five in the class of '66." We could force recognition of ourselves with names and feelings. So we packed the first meeting of the organization with liberal white friends and got one of us elected vice president. We had a field day; it was all done, we felt, with exceptionally good humor and taste and we got the recognition we sought. We were the darlings of the liberal faculty and students.

Then the campus press editorialized against us for using "neo-Nazi techniques," and President Goheen made some statement about violation of "the Millsian principle of the university as a free market place of ideas." Sure, we asked, but where were you when our ideas were being ignored these past three years? Again there was no real discussion of the educational principles involved. The president had a point, but the Southern conservatives picked it up and beat us over the head with it. The faculty rejected the point because they rejected the segregationists. The question of whether segregation had any validity, of why the organization could be created on our supposedly liberal campus, of why the black students responded to it as they did, of why we chose the destructive techniques that we did, were never raised in contexts where they could be intelligently discussed. These became topics for late-night bull sessions, not for the classroom where all involved might have been required to respond with their minds as well as their emotions.

If nothing else, the take-over of the Southern society forced the university to recognize that it had a problem with its black students. Its response was typical of what it had done in the past and of what helps to sustain the current level of black-white confrontation on campuses across the country. There must, it decided, be something wrong with the black students (not with the university), so it hired a black counselor, unsubtly disguised him as an assistant director of financial aid, and told him to solve our problems for us. It was an impossible task. Our problems, after all, were with the university, not with him and not with ourselves.

Having reached the degree of alienation from the university that then prevailed among us—and for reasons which, even in retrospect, seem entirely valid—we naturally resented being provided with a black father figure. Perhaps we could have overcome that resentment if he had been able to fill the role. But, after all, we knew whom he worked for and so did he. He could not be our advocate with the administration and faculty, because they paid him; nor could he be their spokesman to us, because everyone was smart enough to know we would not put up with that. So he was trapped in the Booker T. Washington role of the "Negro leader"—the mediator and reconciliator. The degree to which that role is irrelevant to the present problems is demonstrated by its complete ineffectiveness in quieting black student dissent across the country.

Our relations with our black counselor were very stormy. The main function he served for the university appeared to be that of lightning rod; we took out our hostilities on him. Perhaps the university was devious



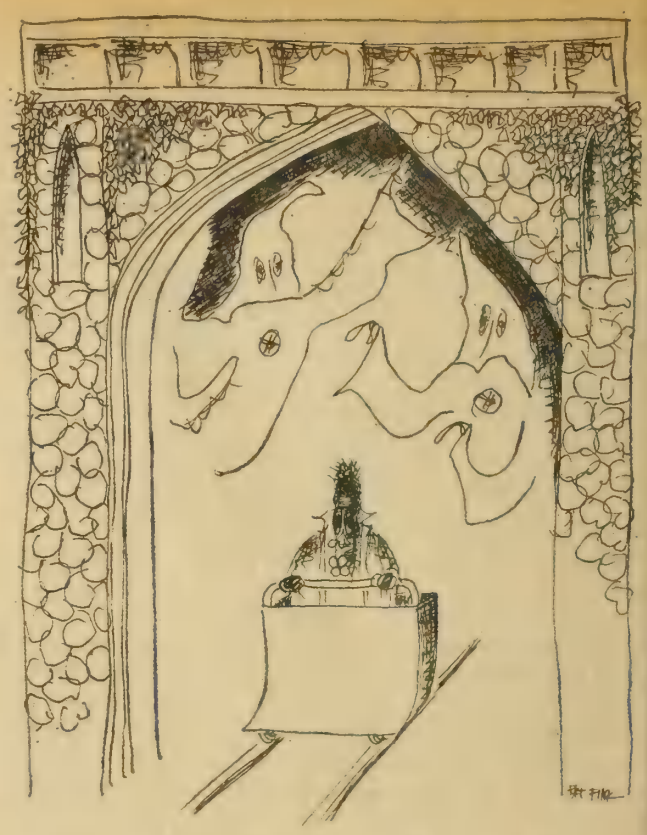
enough to have hired him for just that purpose; white administrators could then get on with their more important tasks. In any case it didn't work. After testing out this new ingredient in the university's response to us, we relapsed into our compromise—we would get our degrees and get out. And we did.

In the years since, we have worked closely with the faculties and administrations of white universities, and with their black students. We have watched the situation grow more complex and more insoluble. Black student emotionalism and self-serving are greater. It was conceivable, after all, that a Negro student could make his peace with a white university and get its degree, but how can a black student do so—especially when he is busy denouncing all about him for not being as black as he is? Universities have carried stupidity, intellectual dishonesty, and avoidance of issues to their logical extremes. If one cannot cope with a handful of black students, why does one energetically recruit hundreds of them? If black students from widely different backgrounds and with different levels of ability continually raise identical objections about the university, and if even white students begin to do the same, shouldn't the university look at itself as well as its students when trying to resolve the problem?

The heart of the problem for the university is that our society is one of conflict and difference. Students, both black and white, are beginning to recognize this reality, but they are ill equipped to handle it, for nothing in their education, nor in ours, prepares students to do so. Universities seem determined to ignore these conflicts and differences, or to treat them as student problems, irrelevant to the learning process which is the business of the university. Because students are not allowed to learn about conflict and how to cope with it in the classroom, it emerges as riots in the dormitory and as occupation of faculty offices.

Our problems as black students on white campuses were but a small part of the total problem of societal conflict. They provided, on the other hand, an excellent opportunity to begin retooling the university so that it could deal with a much better educated and much more aggressive generation of college students. That opportunity was lost and each attempted resolution since then seems to withdraw further from the basic problems. Black studies programs are potentially steps in the right direction, but unless both style of teaching and subject matter change, conflict can also be avoided in a black history course. Unless black students are more willing to hear and debate the opinions of white students in such courses than whites showed themselves to be in "white" history courses, the opportunity to learn to handle conflict and difference will still evade them.

The problem cannot, however, be resolved simply by a change in the academic aspect of university life. Students, particularly black students, need positive relationships with adults who can help them resolve the intellectual and personal conflicts which a college experience creates. College offers a unique opportunity to look at oneself and one's society, but to date colleges have offered no answers to the problems that a student discovers. Rather than making it possible for students to learn from mature faculty members who have found personal, if not universal, solutions to coping with conflict, students are forced back on their own resources at the very time they need the most assistance. Look past the black skin and rhetoric of the "Black House" on any campus and it is difficult to distinguish its students from any other self-selected and self-protective college subgroup. We used to call them fraternities and rejected them as unhealthy and discriminatory. Now, out of fear and confusion, such black groupings are condoned. They are not unhealthy because they are all black but because universities have found no way to insure that they serve a valid educational purpose within the university community. Too often, they have become harbors of anti-intellectualism under the guise of searching for an uncritical definition of black identity.



If a university is truly interested in educating undergraduates, particularly black undergraduates, it must take them as they are upon matriculation. This in no way endangers "standards," for in many ways the young black students are raising questions far more basic than many scholars have lately asked one another. Moreover, until the content of the students' lives is accepted as a valid part of the university learning experience, it will be impossible to teach students the abstract concepts by which they can go about solving their problems and those of the society. This is a most complicated and self-scrutinizing process to ask of any university. But the universities that have begun the process are the ones at which there is a relative degree of racial peace. Those that still persist in tinkering with the machinery will ultimately suffer the breakdown of the institution itself.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Ammons, Ashbery, Bly, Bowers, Corso...

ALONE WITH AMERICA: Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950. *By Richard Howard. Atheneum Publishers. 594 pp. $12.95.*

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Neoterics, Scriblerus, breath-line: these are easy and effective labels for our poets; they enable us to place them without much work, or perhaps make our work *on* them placeable. The taxonomic mystery persists, and only a fool would insist that proper naming of poetic trends or groups, never mind for the moment what they say, is not a legitimate function of criticism at the present time. At the other extreme, we have the fully deployed sensibility, inviolate of ideas or labels, roaming in the fields. At a symposium on criticism some nondiscursive partisan rose to ask, "Why not just admit the best critics of the century are its best novelist and its best poet—Lawrence and Pound." To reply to that is to mark oneself as soulless and tasteless. There you are, either you go around pinning labels on people whose whole life's work is confronting the difficulty of proper naming, or you get yourself born as an artist.

Fortunately, there are other ways to perform the critical task, less stable on the one hand and less glamorous on the other, but necessary and valuable. When the object of scrutiny is poetry, and contemporary American poetry at that, however, various alternatives present difficulties of their own, some self-engendered, others a result of the object itself. Poetry reviewing is scandalous for all the known, obvious reasons: it's always done by other poets, and is little more than an exercise in vicarious self-promotion; or the reviewer is so temperamentally (and, yes, programmatically) opposed to the work at hand that nothing results but exercised frustration and opulent bitchiness. (Consider the recent one-word comment by James Dickey on the total opus of Robert Bly: "disgusting.") And poetry grows more hermetic every day, faction-ridden, elitist, and increasingly removed from the center of attention, though, strange to say, it still matters.

How might a serious poetry reviewer make us pay attention to what he considers important, considering the two extreme methods to be, for all sorts of reasons, unavailable to him? How can he avoid the temptation to overpraise or to reject out of hand? How can he help to create those great audiences Whitman saw as necessary?

Richard Howard, writing here on forty-one contemporary poets, has employed a way he describes like this: "the entire production—prose and verse, translation and criticism—is drawn on, is mined out to forge a free standing *figure* which will suggest not only the monuments but the *career* encompassing them as moments of its course." The metallurgical image, especially when refined into a statuary one, suggests a static, frozen approach; but that is modified by a kinetic sense of the course of each poet's growth.

That conflict between the static, the immutable, the memorable and hence the mythic, on the one hand, and the kinetic, the unique, the quotidian, hence the Adamic on the other, runs throughout Howard's book. Though quick to find it in many poets, he is reluctant to credit its initial formulation to Roy Harvey Pearce in *The Continuity of American Poetry*. (Though in his Foreword he acknowledges not only his but his fellow poets' debt to such critics as Burke, Blackmur, Frye, Wimsatt and Nemerov. He seems not the least scandalized to suggest that poets learn from critics.)

So from A. R. Ammons to James Wright, as the rigid alphabet runs, and from "John Ashbery to Louis Simpson, by way of James Dickey and W. S. Merwin, and Kenneth Koch and Sylvia Plath," as the checkered dust jacket notes, all concern for schools, for groupings, for forces is abjured, and we are left with "free-standing creative figures." Perhaps this is Howard's way of mediating between the labeling impulse and the visionary flight. However, implicit criticism is contained just in his choices and his allotment of space. (Ed Dorn and Charles Olson are excluded, while Richard Hugo and Edgar Bowers, one is compelled to say, sneak in. Allen Ginsberg is given only 6 pages and Denise Levertov 13, while Irving Feldman gets 9 and John Hollander 31! All too often the critic's job has been pre-empted by the publicity machine churning day and night in the hidden sealed world of poetry.)

As for the book's title, it is completely gratuitous. *Alone With America* could hardly be less concerned with America as a geo-political entity, not to mention its status as a cultural myth. Howard does pause to point out that Donald Justice published fifty poems in his first two books, one for each state in the union. Beyond that, he rarely travels in the country itself.

Leaving aside as better unexplored the American aspects of Howard's critical vocabulary, one should not be surprised to find European dicta operating as guides to his formulations. Himself a well-known translator from the French (more than 100 titles), Howard is much more likely to quote Paul Eluard than Edwin Arlington Robinson. In fact, he does quote Eluard in at least three separate essays. Most contemporary American poetry is as intercontinental (if not cosmopolitan) in its accents as that of any other period in literature. Bly and Wright owe much to Trakl, Snodgrass to Rilke, Merwin to Guillén. Since Eliot found Laforgue, a pervasive air of polite smuggling covers the land. The Yale Series of Younger Poets, the Lamont Award, the Pulitzer, Guggenheim travel grants—how often do those honors result in translations!

In many ways, then, Howard's expert knowledge of continental literature places him in an advantageous position. Disposed toward the "academic" tradition of American poetry, he is wise and adroit in his insistence on shunning such an easy label. (I resort to it here only out of necessity. As I said, taxonomy persists.) Academic poetry is not the whole expanse but the area most in the eyes of the professional judges. It owes its sophistication to European models, its prestige to these judges. This is the mode to which Howard's sensibility is most attuned. It is the dominant mode of American poetry perhaps because of critics like Howard.

The essays divide themselves into three main patterns of methodology. First is the rehearsal of the poet's career. This usually proceeds with the mild disclaimer that while the first book was heavily clotted with influences undigested, the third has begun to master poetic areas as yet uncharted. How can it be that of forty-one poets, all forty-one have had second books which advanced over their initial efforts, and third attempts which rectified the flaws caused by the second's too earnest striving to improve the limitations of the first? Still, it happens. In

this category, the Dickey essay is the best; the weakest is the one on James Wright. Now there's a career which needs an explanation of its development—though maybe there is none, beyond Wright's own Protestant pomposity: "Whatever I write from now on will be entirely different . . . I am finished with what I was doing." He has, apparently, put on the Pauline new man.

Then there is the method derived from looking for a poet's central image, theme or statement, and tracing its development and distortions through the paces. This leads Howard to consider weak poems equally with strong ones, an evaluative leveling which he is guilty of in other ways as well. So we find out about Galway Kinnell and fire, Robert Bly and the sea, and so on. Discussing John Ashbery and the notion of *en abyme*, setting one experience or perception inside another, Howard is brilliant. But in discussing how Adrienne Rich learns to become entranced with the "exact premonition," he quotes some very weak lines, making a thin poet appear thinner.

> . . . she creates a voice as exact and premonitory as that of any nurse, as entranced as that of any virgin, as erotic as that of any temple prostitute, all of whom she resumes and restores when she says, at that end where she is most herself:
>
> *For us the work undoes itself over and over;*
> *The grass grows back, the dust collects,*
> *the scar breaks open.*

To use language like this is to give a man a blanket when he needs a lamp. Miss Rich's poetry may suffer from virginal entrancement or even vestal prostitution, but it's hard to guess it from the lines quoted. At this rate of inflation, we should soon have studies of the Platonic elements in Rod McKuen. In fact, Howard's main flaw is this tendency to overinflate second (or third) order poets while leveling those voices and careers which are more engaging and instructive.

The last methodology that Howard derives is evaluation by etymology. The child of Burke and Empson, Howard is often reminding us that *parentage* and *preparation* share the same root, that *glamour* is a Scotch corruption of *grammar*, and so on. Occasionally such historical retentiveness can be useful, such linguistic double-checking profitable. For example, *rip-rap* means not only a "cobble of stones" as Gary Synder tells us himself and as we need to know to begin to appreciate his aesthetic; but, Howard points out, it also means "a kind of firewood that when lighted makes a succession of sharp explosions and jumps." That further clarifies Snyder's poetry for it is in the metaphoric space between those two meanings that his poetry operates. But often these etymological exercises are really not evaluative at all, as when we are reminded many times that *verse* means a turning, or as Howard glosses it, a re-turning to a fixed standard or metric.

Escape from evaluation is, finally, the common flaw of each approach. Each has its advantages, to be sure. The essays on Creeley, Koch and Merwin are all first rate. (This is largely because they are among the best poets considered, but nowhere does Howard maintain that, let alone attempt to demonstrate it.)

Still, in its avoidance of evaluation, Howard's criticism possesses an advantage in dealing with its subject matter. American poetry since 1950 has been blessed and cursed with precious irony, an irony born often of alienation and frustration, trained to balance perfectly the extremes of emotional possibility. In doing so it has often been bereft of real emotional contact, failing to offer that evaluation of experience that the best artists always provide. Howard says that William Meredith's odes to duty "constitute a lamentable genre but a real distinction," and we recall the war poetry of Shapiro and others, remembering, alas, that the distinction is largely one of versification. When we're told that some risky "moments . . . justify, even as they jeopardize" Merrill's gifts, we think of Berryman's Henry and his pathetic jeopardy. When we see Anne Sexton's career as "an excruciating trajectory of self-destruction, so that it is by her failures in her own enterprise that she succeeds, and by her success as an artist that she fails herself," we suddenly realize that Howard is, after all, describing the peculiar nature of American poetry since 1950: it often fails itself through its very successes.

Since criticism performed with either the handy label or the gifted sensibility is too extreme for daily bounds, the criticism of poetry ends up suffering the same fate as its subject. Howard's book is a formidable enterprise, and better by far than anything on the subject. Still, it can be said of critical studies as it can of poems, that "When they become so derivative as to become/ unintelligible,/ the same may be said for all of us, that we/ do not admire what/ we cannot understand." The view is clearer, if not more comfortable, at the poles.

'Suggest Thorough Reconnaissance'

TRUTH IS THE FIRST CASUALTY. *By Joseph C. Goulden. Rand McNally & Co. 285 pp. $6.95.*

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton is the author of The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson *(Coward-McCann). He is now working on a study of the foreign policy of President Kennedy, to be published by Viking Press.*

This account of the Gulf of Tonkin incidents is of the first importance and not only because the Tonkin resolution was—to use Nicholas deB. Katzenbach's now famous phrase—the "functional equivalent" of a declaration of war. Beyond the resolution's enormous significance as the turning point of the Vietnamese War are the deeply serious questions this book poses about the American system of government in the postwar years.

Putting aside these deeper questions for the moment, Goulden's book would be of enduring value even if he had done nothing beyond what he has done so superbly: reconstruct the chaotic events of these first days of August 1964. By now there can be hardly anyone left who puts much credence in the Johnson administration's account of what happened in the Gulf of Tonkin. After reading Goulden's account, carefully assembled from official documents and interviews of participants, one can only conclude that even as American bombers took off for the "retaliatory" attack on North Vietnam, there was considerable doubt on the scene, at Pacific headquarters and in Washington about what actually took place on the stormy seas of the Tonkin Gulf on that pitch-black night of August 4. That is a charitable assessment. Many readers will conclude, as did this one, that the alleged attacks on the destroyers *Maddox* and *C. Turner Joy* simply *did not take place at all.*

One could possibly understand a decision based on faulty, incomplete information if the facts seemed clear then and only later were called into question. But immediately after the supposed naval engagement, Capt. John J. Herrick, commander of the patrol, radioed Pacific headquarters: "Entire action leaves many doubts, except for *apparent* [my emphasis] attempted ambush at beginning. Suggest thorough reconnaissance in daylight by aircraft."

That alone should have been enough at least to postpone action of the magnitude that was soon to take place. But shortly thereafter Herrick sent another message: "Review of action makes re-

ported contacts and torpedoes fired appear doubtful. . . . Freak weather effects and overeager sonarman may have accounted for many reports. No actual visual sightings by *Maddox*. Suggest complete evaluation before any further action." The evidence consisted largely of radar and sonar reports in weather and operational circumstances that made them very unreliable.

Secretary McNamara saw this message and he called on the scrambler telephone Adm. Ulysses Grant Sharp, Jr., Pacific naval commander, and demanded that the engagement be substantiated before the planes were sent over North Vietnam. He soon got that confirmation. Herrick had been bombarded by messages from a whole clutch of admirals and his doubts had now vanished. No one who has ever served in a chain of command, military or civilian, will be surprised. Superiors usually get the reports they want from juniors. Yet the fact was as plain then as it was later that supporting evidence was sketchy and questionable.

Why, in the light of these indisputable facts, Admiral Sharp gave so quick an answer and why McNamara, Rusk and Johnson acted in such haste on so grave a matter are questions only they can answer. It would seem to have been an act of great irresponsibility by the three American officials who should have been most responsible. One must also ask another question of judgment, a question not asked by Goulden. Even if the second Tonkin incident took place, how could it justify a major act of war in response? According to the Johnson administration the total damage to the American ships was caused by one bullet—one bullet—that landed harmlessly on the *Maddox* in the confirmed first incident on August 2. And for that the North Vietnamese paid with three PT boats badly damaged. Sufficient, one would think. The punishment of a series of heavy air strikes certainly did not fit the crime of a minor naval skirmish—even if the crime took place as charged.

Goulden discusses several aspects that put into question the entire patrol: the *Maddox*, for instance, was not on "routine patrol" but was engaged in electronic spying. But beyond the Tonkin incidents themselves lie deeper questions. Was the Tonkin affair a long sought after pretext for a joint resolution that would give Johnson a "blank check" to do what he wanted in Southeast Asia? The evidence suggests it was. And did the administration ram it through in the heat of the moment, refusing amendments on the ground that they would comfort the enemy (an argument we've heard often since), knowing that its specific language went far beyond the intent of Congress which wanted only to show support for the President in a moment of supposed crisis and not authorize an escalation of the conflict?

The Tonkin incidents also raised the frightening question of deception in government. As U Thant observed, "In times of war and of hostilities the first casualty is truth." This was certainly so in the Tonkin affair. The administration misrepresented facts, denied the Senate Foreign Relations Committee pertinent data, and doctored other information. McNamara, when he appeared before the committee, twisted and turned and played with words.

Goulden's fine book also causes a reader to wonder anew about the competence of the military in its own field. Many of us have seriously doubted its competence in global strategy or foreign policy but we assumed that the military was at least technically adept. However, Goulden tells us that another electronic spy ship, the *Liberty*, sunk by Israeli planes during the Six Day War, was ordered out of the danger zone but the messages incredibly went to the Philippines, to Fort Meade, Md., to Asmara, Ethiopia, and to Morocco but not to the *Liberty*. Add to that the *Pueblo* fiasco and the recent incident in which a plane was able to fly from Cuba unchallenged to the airfield where the President's plane stood, and you begin to wonder.

More basic still is the question of Presidential execution of foreign policy. Liberals, who more than anyone else have long championed the increase of Presidential powers, now have to face the consequences of that policy. One President after another has gone far beyond his constitutional powers in committing American troops abroad. These Presidents have steadily usurped the constitutional powers of Congress with the enthusiastic support of most liberals. And look where it has led.

Liberals have not only advocated a form of Presidential dictatorship in for-

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

Goldfinches lift from nowhere,
climb,
dip,
piping per-chic-o-ree
twice at the crest of each wave,
then are gone
from December sun,
leaving me lightfooted
light.

Before April bee
will roar thru my stringtied
violets,
spider bounce
on his homemade trampoline,
ballerina moth
figure my mother's grave,
or wind bring
the coupling clank
of I.C. coal cars
from the valley where
my mother's eyeblue
River eases by,
and things are things again:

I pocket the bone-rattle
of my heads,
catch mortal breath
within sight of my brother's
rococo roses,
candle parched and
incredible as waxen flesh,
and when my breath moves with
a wind moving a tiny
skull of autumn leaf
on checkerboard sod,
I give short shrift
to the boy in me
asking
how do I cope with a ghost.

Before night will touch the fallen
oak with its record of rings,
lower on my mother's grave,
reach me:
I will tend
light.

Filigree twig shadow
stirs like lace
on my hand and withered grass,
like lace in a tintype
for the eyes' appraisal,
sun splinters to
matchwood
in my gathering arms.
My mother relates to the
universe, this Iowa hill
and manchild:
flesh is shattered,
spirit refracted

Fifty trillion
cells of me
rise with the Massbread
dough in my oven at home.
Goldfinches lift from nowhere,
climb,
dip,
lantern the abundant air.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

eign affairs but have fostered elitism, with themselves, of course, as the elite: such liberals, such intellectuals as McNamara and the Bundys and the Rostows and Kissinger. They all believe that only the men around the President have the intelligence (in several senses) to carry out foreign policy. They believe that neither Congress nor the man in the street knows enough to make a valid judgment. And that is still the kind of thing we're hearing from the White House now. Perhaps it is this kind of personal arrogance multiplied many times that has led to the national "arrogance of power."

These are things we need to discuss and Goulden has made a real contribution. He has given us vital facts about one of the crucial events, or nonevents, in American history. Future historians will be grateful.

The Ready-Made Crisis

ARTWORKS AND PACKAGES. *By Harold Rosenberg. Horizon Press. 232 pp. $17.50.*

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The difference between artworks and packages is amplified by other antitheses which Harold Rosenberg discusses, the difference between "the opus and the commodity," between the museum and the market. All evince an us/them polarity in which the enemy is the mass media, a term that Rosenberg applies to almost any public treatment of art outside the studio. Rosenberg's original argument in the early fifties was that the act of creation as a form of knowledge was so potent that it wiped out other forms of knowledge of art. He is less fanatic in his definition of the act now, but he is showing sustained zeal in exposing the false forms of knowledge. "The museum itself is being transformed into a mechanism of mass communication"; "art has entered the media system"; and "the media turn art into media" are characteristic pronouncements.

In contrast to the illusive but deep experience of the artwork, Rosenberg argues, "packaging" is the ultimate vicious form of the mass media. By packaging he means the panoply of supplementary information about art. Exhibition histories, catalogue entries, references and reproductions in journals and books accrue to the work of art in what Rosenberg regards as a network of false commentary, like an advertising campaign. "Cornflakes" or a "retrospective exhibition of the paintings of Jackson Pollock"—it's all packaging according to Rosenberg. (Would not the same hold true of the recent retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art of his friend Willem de Kooning arranged by Tom Hess—to whom this book is dedicated?)

By seeing art as the opposition to (as well as the opposite of) the mass media, Rosenberg is trying to find something useful for art to do. "Art today needs political consciousness in order to free itself from the frivolity of continual insurrections confined to art galleries and museums." It is curious that Rosenberg attaches so little value to the changes in art registered in the places that by definition show art. I find it no more strange than that Rosenberg should urge revolution in *The New Yorker* and celebrate the coonskinner in *Art News*. His suspicion of museums and art galleries could be taken as no more than a writer's professional hostility toward other, rather effective, channels (like newsmen knocking television); but it is clear that Rosenberg is no less critical of art.

In 1952 in his lively but abortive essay, "The American Action Painters," he stated: "the gesture on the canvas was a gesture of liberation, from Value—political, aesthetic, moral." In his new book, however, art is defined very differently, as "symbols of activities of mind that extend beyond the skill involved in their production." The work of art is evidence of value, after all: a position that Rosenberg had to resort to if, as he believes, "politics haunts the art of our time." It seems to haunt one of our art critics. According to him, "Action painting became a mythical substitute for the myths of the American Social Revolution"—a strange explanation of the divergent art of Pollock, Hans Hofmann, and de Kooning, who are mentioned together as Action painters, along with Barnett Newman, described as "very close to being one." (It is interesting to learn that one can be almost an Action painter.)

Rosenberg is forever expanding his once hermetic term *Action* to include, for example, Futurism and Paul Klee, though the argument advanced rests mainly on the term's lack of definition. Rosenberg asserts that since the Futurists, "action had been the pledge" on which all *avant-gardes* flourished. And of Klee he says: "color, line, plane are translated into verbs." His piece on Klee is the most openly affirmative and interesting one in the book, but to claim him for Action via verbs (*doing* words) is case of kidnapping.

Thus Rosenberg in his new book make dual claims for Action painting as simul taneously a mode of political commit ment and a key term of Kenneth Burke like copiousness. He is pretty cool t most of the cool art after Action paint ing (now generally called Abstract Ex pressionism), but he makes one excep tion when he notes that "Action painting or—by the testimony of Allan Kapro —the *idea* of Action painting, led logical ly to the Happening." It is embarrassin that Rosenberg should feel he has to ad vertise in this way, for while it is tru that Kaprow liked the term, his formula tion of the early Happenings was th result of a cluster of influences, not jus one, as Rosenberg implies.

A part of the difficulty I hav with Rosenberg is that he writes as if h were immune to the ironies and pollu tions that he loves to identify in others How did he get above the battle? Wha he has done is translate the Marxist his torical overview into the feigned omnip otence of the literary essayist. Since *Th Tradition of the New* in 1960, Rosenber has moved from criticism toward th essayistic; that is to say, away from tigh argument about particular problems o situations toward general reflections. H writes about the Art Scene rather in th way that Joseph Addison wrote abou The Town, which he set up as a steady state of folly, vice and error. In the 19th century the image of The Town became The Age, a larger unit but one that sup ported a similar stock of moralistic re flections about the failures, dangers an evils of the Present Age as compared with history.

After Town and Age the stock subject of the 20th-century essay is Crisis. It i standard form when writing to announce a crisis, chart its ramifications, and con trovert the fallacies that made it possible This makes for much more thrilling read ing than straight art criticism with ana lytical intentions or with small-scale tar gets. The reader of Crisis-essays gets free glimpses of vast, unargued schemes of history, the human condition, society technology, and of course mass commu nications. There is, therefore, a built-in reassurance to the reader about the rele vance of the essay he is reading. The tactic of the ready-made crisis, as a matter of fact, might be considered one of packaging.

The tone of Rosenberg's recent essays is more urbane than it used to be and he mentions many more artists by name. As a reviewer of current shows, and as a student of the symptoms of crisis, he is forced to write continually about the young or the younger artist, though never with much delight. He is con-

vinced neither by the super-object of literalist art nor by the anti-object of conceptual art. His comments are ironic and derogatory, which is, after all, the standard attitude of the essayist chiding youthful foibles and extravagance, as earlier essayists might have said.

Rosenberg's withdrawal of support from younger artists and new movements, his corrective theory of the mass media, and his attempt to include traditional artworks within the province of his original exaggeration of Action, have a cumulative effect very different from the impact of his early pieces. Once he wrote for or on behalf of artists, usually de Kooning, and poets, himself probably, which gave his work a topical intensity rare in the early 1950s. Now he seems taken up with the defense of his past position and with the imperial spread of his slogan. In terms of the politics by which he seems haunted he is hardly the expected revolutionary. Even his attacks on the mass media sound more like a conservative complaint about the changing world than a speculative play with their possibilities.

Legacy of the Enlightenment

THE ESTATE. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Translated by Joseph Singer, Elaine Gottlieb, Elizabeth Shub. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 374 pp. $6.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel is the author of a forthcoming book on Edmund Wilson. He teaches at the City College of New York.

Through their sense of tradition, the fine of spiritual as well as historical continuity, the novels of Isaac Bashevis Singer challenge our belief in progress. The old, the established, the tested—the triumph lies here. And Singer, writing in Yiddish, not only celebrates *shtetl* life, he celebrates it without sentimentality and without apology.

The Estate, the latest of his novels to be translated into English, is "a sequel to and the conclusion of *The Manor*." It opens with the death of a man of his world, Clara Jacoby's father, Daniel Kaminer, and concludes with the death of Jochanan, the saintly Hasidic Rabbi of Marshinov. Between these deaths, the novel probes the breakup of the *shtetl*, the Jew's struggle to establish a foothold in Poland near the end of the 19th century, and his emergence into a world in which the boundaries are still recognizable but have begun to shift. To go out into the world as a Jew is unsatisfactory, but to go out into the world as a non-Jew is ultimately impossible. Man's estate, at any time and place, is restrictive; paradoxically when it contains new possibilities, restriction becomes constriction.

The Estate is a novel in which ideas are taken seriously because it is about a culture—and about a particular time in that culture's development—which took ideas seriously. Eastern European Jews in the 19th century were bursting with the overflow of the Enlightenment: liberalism, assimilationism, Zionism, socialism—the choices were as real as they were intense. They were debated with passion by people who desired to stake their claim to all of life's possibilities. The ideas in this novel, however dated they may seem, remain surprisingly vital, even the ideas about God. For Singer is one of the few modern writers who takes the idea of God seriously enough to mean it when one of his characters questions divine existence.

Sin and guilt are never far from the surface in Singer's work. In *The Estate*, Ezriel, now established as a doctor in Warsaw, finds himself wishing for the day when his wife, Shaindel, can be sent to an insane asylum so that he can be free to live with Olga Bielikov, his assimilated mistress. But Ezriel, who has chosen the way of Enlightenment over the way of the Hasidim, discovers that he cannot cast aside that which is part of him. To be a Jew is to be. His son, Joziek, emigrates to Palestine in response to Polish anti-Semitism; Shaindel dies in the asylum; Mirale, his sister, sacrifices herself for the Socialist revolution; his daughter, Zina, follows in her aunt's footsteps and becomes a revolutionary; his youngest son, Misha, is left with the Rabbi of Marshinov in order that he may become what Ezriel himself once was, an orthodox Jew; and Ezriel chooses emigration to Palestine, where at least he can feel himself a part of a history that cannot be obliterated.

Ezriel is the character in whom the fate of the Jews is depicted; his assimilation fails because it leaves him, finally, only with Western ennui. "In all the years that Ezriel had studied, had wrangled with himself, he had believed that he was destined for something higher. He had been dazzled by such words as culture, humanity, progress, civilization. Now the awakening had come. He had been left without a

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Each autumn seasons us for death.
We put our leaves in order,
raking, burning, acknowledging
the persistence of time.
We have been dying all our lives,
waiting out the slow seasons
of the blood,
tramping the leaves to dust
under our own forgetting feet.
Only the trees go down in light,
welcoming winter. Listen
to the first snow fall from the ruined branch
with the same sound as earth
thrown into a new grave.

LINDA PASTAN

belief, without an ideal, without hope."

In Ezriel, the estate of the title becomes the specifically Jewish condition, the legacy of Judaism in conflict with the legacy of the Enlightenment. The past not only exists, it remains vibrant. In his letter to Zadok, the revolutionary son of the Rabbi of Marshinov, Ezriel does more than renounce his claim to the products of the Enlightenment; he chooses to reject that which, he sees, will ultimately reject him because it has rejected its own humanity. There are few more effective descriptions of the intellectual's dilemma than this letter: that very knowledge he had trained himself to worship has brought men to the brink of disaster. Unable to believe, Ezriel "cannot stop being a Jew." A brilliantly drawn character, Ezriel brings to mind the late Isaac Deutscher, who chose to embrace completely and consciously that which Ezriel finally rejects.

The Estate is not merely a portrait of the assimilated Jew's disillusionment. It is the portrait of a world as it disintegrates. The Jews at least have their assimilation to which they can look forward. True, it will fail them, but there will be years of illusion before the failure. The Poles in the novel, peasants and noblemen alike, are even worse off: they have little prospect of liberating themselves from the Russians; they have lost their country, find no refuge in religion, and are without prospects or hope. There is no Palestine for them.

Taken together, *The Manor* and *The Estate* chronicle the second half of the 19th century, "an epoch when humanism undertook to practice what it had preached for generations." But for Singer, history is not a progression; its fallibility lies in the very criteria by which we measure it. In *The Manor*, Ezriel abandoned Judaism to follow the path that so many Jews have found attractive since Spinoza (a figure with whom Singer has been having a running argument ever since he began writing). In *The Estate*, the Enlightenment is found wanting, especially when looked at by the orthodox Jew. If history is flux, then Hasidic orthodoxy is permanence. Its attraction lies in its timelessness. Looked at from such a point of view, the modern theologian's struggle for relevance can only be illusory.

Although Singer has criticized Thomas Mann for being an "old-fashioned" didactic novelist, one can see how much he shares with Mann. Beneath the complexity of Mann's fictional textures and Singer's impassioned prose there is an essential pessimism about modern life. Erich Heller described "the deepest source of Thomas Mann's irony" as "a religious imagination and religious conscience in conflict with a skeptical mind." Singer's work is not primarily ironic, but his greatness and his limitations spring out of a similar tension. And just as, for Mann, the past forces us to cast a cold eye on the present, so, for Singer, the reality of Judaism must outlast even the charnel house of Europe. "When one gazes at the Talmudic scholars," Ezriel writes in this novel, "one actually sees eternity. What is Berlin to them? What is Paris? How wonderfully they have isolated themselves amidst all this madness. They do not even know that they are in Europe and that we are at the end of the 'magnificent' and bloody nineteenth century. In their Houses of worship, it is always the beginning."

Singer is one of the major writers of our time. He creates in defiance of language; for his audience, like the world from which he derives, was all but obliterated in the greatest madness of this most progressive of all centuries. What little audience Yiddish writers could claim after the Holocaust has been taken from them—by cultural assimilation in the United States, official repression in the Soviet Union, new waves of anti-Semitism by the latest descendants of the Polish Count Lucian of this novel.

But Singer has survived those horrors to make his art prevail. There are worse fates than to find oneself among Professor Toynbee's fossils. One could, for instance, simply succumb to the natural order of events. But that would be to deny the possibilities of any kind of creation. And the genius of Isaac Bashevis Singer would never permit so easy a way out.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It has nothing directly to do with the matter, but it struck me as I watched Joe Orton's two one-act plays collectively titled *Crimes of Passion* (Astor Place Theatre) that dramatists often foreshadow their own destinies in their writing. Marlowe's special ferocity presages his death by stabbing; Odets' *Golden Boy* points to his eventual creative collapse; Orton's violent end at the age of 34 complements the horror of his comedies.

He had an unmistakable talent. His pungently derisive dialogue captures the guying tone of contemporary London. There is something at once traditionally elegant and nasally obscene about his manner, as if Oxford had produced an irrepressible guttersnipe. If you open your mouth in laughter at an Orton play, a spoonful of acid is dashed into it. His jokes are a preamble to murder.

In "The Ruffian on the Stair," the first of the two one-acters, something like a note of tenderness is introduced. But it is muffled either by technical deficiency in the plotting of the play or by some ambiguity of purpose. On the pretext of wishing to rent a room in their apartment, a certain Mike appears at the door of a truckdriver who lives with a former prostitute. We do not know at the beginning that the intruder is the brother of a young man whom the truckdriver for some unexplained gangster motive has deliberately run over and killed. Mike, the "ruffian on the stair," seems at first to be seeking revenge by harming the truckdriver's girl. That, however, is not his intention: it soon becomes evident that he is a homosexual and that his devotion to his brother was more

than fraternal. What he wants is to be killed by the very person who killed his brother, the only person he cared about. By pretending to have made a successful pass at the truckdriver's girl he succeeds in getting himself shot.

There are in effect two stories here. The first suggests the extreme loneliness of a man bereft of his only beloved and his consequent desire to die. But the greater part of the action concerns itself with the wretched humor of the brutish truckdriver's relation to his blowzy, frightened and fundamentally innocent girl friend. In the end they cling to and protect each other because of their desperate mutual need.

If there is unity here, as on reflection there appears to be, it is in the inference that the world is full of foul folk whose only common trait is their aloneness and their shabby groping toward one another to insulate themselves against the chill of solitude. Yet one can hardly say that Orton finds any saving grace in this, because, except for the "ruffian" and possibly the girl, he sprays everything with a shower of hate-filled mockery. We laugh because Orton writes sharply and can be funny, but the venom scalds. There is no pleasure in the fun.

When Orton turns to thoroughgoing farce, as in the second of his *Crimes*, "The Erpingham Camp" (it takes place in the sort of fun fair now popular in England's smaller towns) he becomes trigger happy, aiming a broadside of buckshot at the entire community, from officialdom and clergy down to the "little people" who frequent such resorts.

The play is too long. It provides moments of acrid entertainment especially through Orton's expert use of the common man's lingo cleverly patterned by his own sophistication—but it all ends by making humanity seem a sorry sell.

The two playlets are done well enough under Michael Kahn's direction by a competent cast of which the ablest are Sasha von Scherler (as the girl in the first play), Richard Dysart as the mucky truckdriver and David Birney as the sacrificial "ruffian."

In *A Scent of Flowers* (Martinique Theatre) James Saunders writes educated prose and feeble drama. It is the story of a young girl whose spineless father—so "fair" that he is never able to take any positive action—and rather rigidly realistic stepmother fail to prevent her from commiting suicide when she finds herself caught in an emotional dilemma.

The girl, isolated in a family which consists (apart from the aforementioned) of her fond but intolerantly atheistic stepbrother, impishly and cynically detached bachelor uncle, a cataleptically silent centenarian grandmother, has an affair with a married man, a teacher at the college she attends. The girl, a still believing Catholic, follows the kindly admonitions of a priest whom she trusts and decides to give up her lover. No one seems to recognize the extreme painfulness of her plight, and when her soul-frustrated uncle, in a baffled attempt to console, gives way to a sudden impulse to possess her, she takes an overdose of sleeping pills.

This rather banal "fable" (somewhat reminiscent of Graham Greene's *The Living Room*) is given the appearance of originality by a special device: the girl is already dead when the play begins and her story is retrospectively enacted around her coffin. The various characters identify and explain themselves directly, and episodes leading up to the suicide are played out in brief flashes. The exposition of the basic situation leads in the third act to the intellectual core of the play—the burial scene in which the entire family, in addition to the gravediggers, appear and converse with the deceased girl.

The import of this scene is that all

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Lifton's Birds



These cartoons are from Robert Jay Lifton's *Birds*. Mr. Lifton, winner of this year's National Book Award in the Sciences for *Death in Life*, is a research professor of psychiatry at Yale University. (Random House. $2.95. Copyright 1969 by Robert Jay Lifton.)

of us are alone in life, forgotten in death, hat nothing really matters, that no one s much to blame, that people cannot help what they are. For all the brightness of our minds, the sincerity of our feelings, the anguish of our experience, our vale of tears is beyond understanding. We are all a closed book o one another.

Perhaps I ought not to describe the play in this vein, for its author (with whose novels I am unacquainted) is clearly a serious person, possessed of literary skill. But I not only cannot abide his philosophy but must even refuse to consider it one—at least in the terms n which he presents it here. Taken at ts word, it should produce total silence, abstinence from all activity including writing or self-immolation. I am reminded of Samuel Butler's reply to he question, "Is life worth living?" "That," he said, "is a question for a foetus, not for a man."

A Scent of Flowers is ably produced. The setting by Ed Wittstein is handsomely sober, the direction by Brian Murray apt and the well-chosen cast wholly in tune. Especially good are Katharine Houghton whose intelligence quickens her sensibility—her prettiness too is marked by refinement—and Carolyn Coates as the stepmother whose thrust of thought serves as a kind of pillar of sanity amid the play's sentimental ruins.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Just why György Ligeti's *Atmosphères* should be one of the very few postwar works to be accorded a second presentation by the New York Philharmonic is not clear, but it turned up on Seiji Ozawa's final group of programs with the orchestra (the previous hearing, under Leonard Bernstein, produced a recording, Columbia MS-6733). Conceivably, the fact that the work, along with others by Ligeti, figured in the sound track of the film *2001* has some bearing on its relative popularity, although the Philharmonic program notes did not mention this. *Atmosphères* is one of the more skillful examples of tone-cluster music, and thereby calls attention to the limitations of this style more conspicuously than do other less consistent efforts.

Ligeti's texture consists of bands of sound, varying in width, density, register and color; these clusters slide around, break off, change in loudness and timbre. Melody and meter are completely abandoned—in fact, there are no major articulations except a few resulting from complete contrasts, as when a high-register cluster is broken off and a low-register one begun. The resulting work is without structure in any conventional sense, and its success depends entirely on the composer's ingenuity in devising sonorous variety to maintain interest over the seven-minute span. I would agree that Ligeti has managed to do that, but the possibilities of the idiom are obviously limited: there are only so many things you can do with the modification of these sonorities, and in actual practice a number of possibilities will turn out to be functionally identical (e.g., the exact width of a cluster does not matter most of the time, since pitch identities from one part of the piece to another are not employed for connective or articulative purposes).

In short, *Atmosphères* is an example of a very limited music, the single-minded exploration of a particular musical device. And, since it uses a device with only minimal possibilities for hierarchical ordering, it is inevitably also a simple-minded piece. The composer deserves considerable credit for his sonorous inventiveness, but one cannot imagine that the work will retain much interest when these ideas have become commonplace, and especially when they have found their way into pieces with a higher level of organization. (Another example of Ligeti's work in this direction is his *Volumina* for organ, which composes out the same kind of textures using an interesting range of nonconventional sound possibilities. It is recorded on Candide CE-31009, along with two entertaining semi-theatrical works, *Aventures* and *Nouvelles Aventures*.)

On the same program, Ozawa offered Scriabin's *Prometheus*, which has a certain reputation as a progenitor of mixed-media music: it was conceived as a work for orchestra and "color organ," a light-projection system controlled by a keyboard. The Philharmonic offered some rather primitive lighting effects, thrown on the walls, ceiling and floor of the stage, but these can have had little to do with what Scriabin had in mind (exact correspondences between pitch-classes and colors). Otherwise, the performance was particularly noteworthy for the brilliant solo piano work of Paul Jacobs. *Prometheus* must have had considerable impact in 1911, but its structural diffusion makes it of limited interest today, when its best ideas have found better homes. (One of those homes was almost certainly not, however, Stravinsky's *Firebird*, as in-

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timated by one of my colleagues, for the latter work was completed nearly a year before the première of *Prometheus*.)

The two recitals by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten (Hunter College, October 23 and 25) were among the most remarkable musical events of this or any other season. Only very rarely in this literature does one encounter the degree of ensemble and balance that these two performers achieve, and their realizations of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and Schubert's *Winterreise* are the most coherent that can be heard today.

One of the most important factors in this coherence is respect for the composers' original key sequences. Both cycles were originally written for tenor voice, and there is no question that they "sound" more satisfactorily in this register; particularly on a modern piano, the accompaniment textures can become very muddy when transposed downward. Furthermore, there is a structural basis to the sequence of keys in these cycles, which the random downward transpositions that most baritones employ—one song down a minor third, the next a major second, etc.—completely obliterate. A final point is especially important with respect to the evening-long *Winterreise*: the relative vocal ranges of individual songs are carefully calculated to provide variety of color throughout the span of the cycle; the usual baritone transpositions negate this by putting every song squarely on the center of the voice.

Although it is clear that Peter Pears's voice is no longer (at age 59) the conventionally beautiful instrument of twenty years ago, he is more than ever a master of vocal technique and color, of verbal projection within the framework of a consistent legato line. If the German diction lacks a final measure of authenticity, the clarity and force of enunciation more than compensate, and by varying the weight and noise content of his consonants Pears can completely alter the effect of a phrase. For all its mastery of detail, on a level that many singers do not even attempt to reach, this singing never loses sight of the overall line.

Britten's playing, too, was full of striking details of execution—again, not in the conventional virtuoso sense but rather in the realization of musical requirements of phrasing, clarity of texture, accentuation, and variation of repeated material. Most important was the unity of the performances, with both musicians seemingly partaking of the same impulse throughout, and the whole moving forward with a spontaneity that belied the manifest thoroughness of preparation. To anyone who did not hear the performances, I cannot recommend too highly the recording of the cycles (London OSA-1261).

The New York City Opera's second new production of the season, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, was, like the *Mefistofele* that preceded it, another questionable enterprise in an area of repertory that demands resources the company does not command. With the shining exception of Beverly Sills's performance in the title role, the singing was generally inadequate, and even the orchestra sounded occasionally at sea in the (to it) unfamiliar score. It is distressing to see this company turning away from the type of opera that it has done well in the past (and still does, if the performances of Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio* and Strauss's *Capriccio* that I saw are any indication). To be sure, Tito Capobianco's production was vastly preferable to the tasteless monstrosity recently on view at the Metropolitan, but is it so important to have another production of *Lucia* rather than, say Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, Weill's *Mahagonny*, or Busoni's *Arlecchino*—to mention just three significant 20th-century works that the City Opera ought to be able to do very well (and that, conversely, the Metropolitan would have no business staging at all)? I am second to none in my admiration for the singing of Beverly Sills, but provincial surroundings are no kind of showcase for her exceptional abilities. Can we not have a rational division of labor—and of performers—between New York's two opera companies? One would have thought that such coordination was a primary purpose of Lincoln Center.

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reading the lips of America
depot cafes
waiting to ride out the night
not even promised

sun glints
off silver steeple
probably aluminum

we reckin
realism
heavy beat &
gravelly voice

"ought to be examined"

where have we hidden
all these children
for the hamburger meat

where have we found
chillblains growing wild
up against the boxcars

two people
shoot off their mouth
shooting pool

two old women
smoke furiously
hoping the train will cure them
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BILL LITTLE

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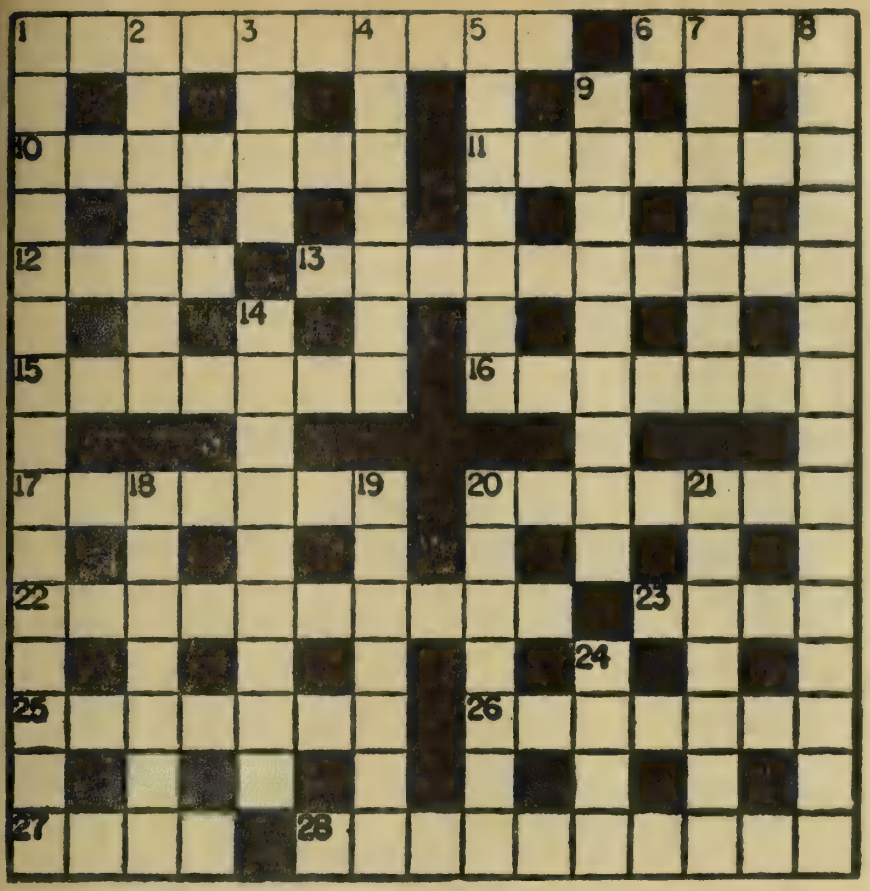
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1321

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What might you do with one of them? Oh, cut it out! (5,5)
6 Quiet morning? Not really! (4)
10 Stated and unstated numbers of players? (At least a couple!) (7)
11 As a writer she obviously makes a buck in having come out on top. (7)
12 The alternative article being port? (4)
13 A wringer sounds like it might describe what goes far from dry on a girl, proving a real leader. (10)
15 Never growing old enough to acquire sea-legs, even though shaky? (7)
16 The sort of dude now found shot, perhaps. (7)
17 They could be beautiful when the chord is resolved. (7)
20 and 27 Secondary Shakespeare title might have to be handled in 2, legally. (4,3,4)
22 What Thomas might have done completely—if with some reservations. (10)
23 What batters like to do in a native state.
25 Lock-keeper. (7)
26 Small type constabulary shows what it does to the law. (7)
28 In the present, it's tenacious! (10)

DOWN

1 A top producer does, but so does a clever faker. (4,2,1,4,4)
2 Re this, one might consider an abandoned one. (7)
3 Bird that can move either forwards or sideways. (4)
4 They might be necessary to make it possible to get at the contents of a pot or a jar. (7)
5 Not a fair description of what might come from a tuba. (3,4)
7 The deck might be so produced and possibly shaded. (7)
8 What a confused teen-ager may have to make—at least to his carburetor. (5,10)
9 It makes such sweetness as can urge revolution. (4,5)
14 Describing part of the filmed epic "Tin Gods"? (9)
18 Involving a supreme decision in the form of a cross. (7)
19 Might hold what you put in the fireplace and sink. (7)
20 Dampens everything inside, and notes the possible contents of them. (7)
21 Bows might have come from it, yet were misshapen. (3,4)
24 Representing one stage of life, they're found in the left side only. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1320

ACROSS: 1 Aqueduct; 5 Cut out; 10 Enliven; 11 Prancer; 12 Sated; 13 Up to snuff; 14 and 25 Greta Garbo; 16 Restrain; 19 Acidosis; 22 Mango; 24 Malaguena; 26 Tiara; 28 Robert I; 29 Eleatic; 30 Sorrow; 31 Testacea. DOWN: 1 and 18 A Message to Garcia; 2 Unlit; 3 and 4 Divide and conquer; 6 Urals; 7 Occlusion; 8 Thrift; 9 Spites; 15 Excalibur; 17 Remittent; 20 Sherif; 21 Scalene; 23 Smirks; 27 Attic.

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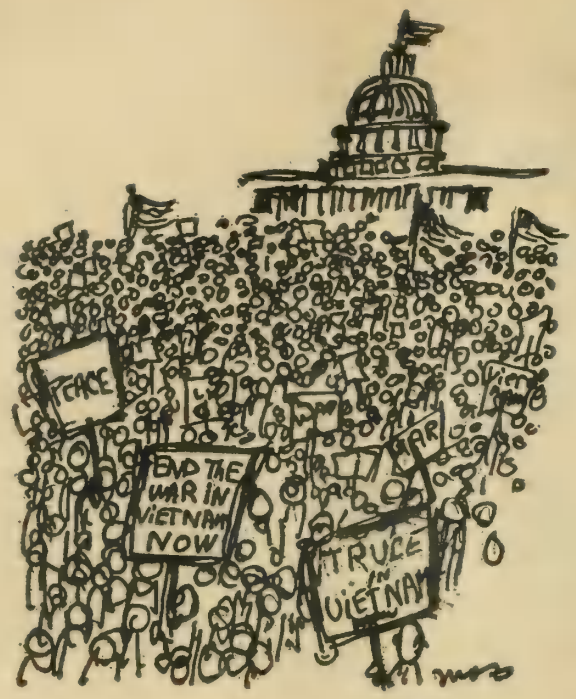
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LETTERS

lost (?) letter

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In his review of two books by Gabriel Kolko [*The Nation*, Oct. 6] Ronald Radosh states in connection with the Soviet request for a postwar loan from the United States: "Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has often asserted that this request was 'lost.' "

The *only* reference I have ever made to this loan request (in an article in *Foreign Affairs*, reprinted in *The Crisis of Confidence*, was in its entirety as follows:

> Washington inexplicably mislaid the request during the transfer of the records of the Foreign Economic Administration to the State Department. It did not turn up again until March 1946. Of course this was impossible for the Russians to believe; it is hard enough even for those acquainted with the capacity of the American government for incompetence to believe; and it only strengthened Soviet suspicions of American purposes. . . . The Russian hope for major western assistance in postwar reconstruction foundered on three events the Kremlin could well have interpreted as deliberate sabotage (the loan request), blackmail (Lend-lease cancellation) and pro-Germanism (reparations).

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., presents a quote, taken out of context from his own *Foreign Affairs* article, which makes it appear that Russian suspicions of U. S. policy were understandable and justified. The quote is intended to show that my statement claiming that Mr. Schlesinger "has often asserted that this request was 'lost' " is false. . . .

Why does Mr. Schlesinger accept what Thomas G. Paterson ["The Abortive American Loan to Russia and the Origins of the Cold War, 1943-1946"; *Journal of American History*, June 1969] calls the "false and bizarre announcement" that the loan request was "inexplicably mislaid"? Repeating this as if it were true is not accidental or inconsequential. . . . The excerpt makes it appear that Schlesinger is merely explaining why the Soviets had solid ground for suspicion of U.S. motives. But his article goes on to argue exactly the opposite point.

Mr. Schlesinger accepts the false official story, because he argues that it is not clear that "satisfying Moscow on any of these financial scores would have made much essential difference." A loan would have strengthened both Soviet doves and hawks, reinforcing "both sides of the Kremlin debate; it would hardly have reversed deeper tendencies toward the deterioration of political relationships. Economic deals were surely subordinate to the quality of mutual political confidence." But as William Appleman Williams already pointed out in his forceful critique of the Schlesinger article [*The Nation*, Nov. 13, 1967], "that judgment completely overlooks the impact which a serious American economic proposal would have made on the 'quality of political confidence.' "

Mr. Schlesinger's entire point, indeed, is that "problems of communication" existed with the Soviet Union, which might have made the Russians "misread our signals." According to Schlesinger, the loan request was such a case. While the Russians might "well have interpreted" its being ignored as "deliberate sabotage," there was no basis in reality for such a suspicion. But the evidence presented by Kolko and Paterson now firmly proves that the response of Soviet officials was accurate and measured: the refusal to discuss the loan request was an attempt to dictate U.S. terms. This is why Schlesinger accepts and repeats the

(Continued on page 571)

EDITORIALS

Peace, Priorities, Politics

The American peace movement is evanescent. It emerges, seemingly out of nowhere, and stages giant demonstrations; then it subsides, even seems to disappear, only to re-emerge suddenly in response to some new threat. The explanation, of course, is that peace is an emotional issue and, therefore, one hard to sustain from one crisis, and one election, to the next. The interest does not abate, but the issue has not been one around which to build a "new politics" capable of attracting new constituencies and sustaining an on-going movement for the redirection of American power and purpose.

Yet the opportunity and the resources now exist to do just that. The rallies are bigger, the support broader, and the issues more sharply focused than at any time in the past. This last year has seen the first systematic attempt not merely to cut back the military budget but to inquire into the strange ways by which it has been put together in the postwar period and to insure against a recurrence of such methods. This movement—led by Sen. William Proxmire—did not succeed in its objectives, but for all that it represents the first significant attempt to launch a frontal assault on the growing militarization of American society. It scored some telling points; more important, it laid the groundwork for future campaigns aimed at the same objectives.

A few facts need to be emphasized about this movement. In the first place, it had no organizational support whatever. The legislative drive for peace had spent itself in the more "glamorous" attempt to defeat the ABM system; it did not carry over into the broader fight to cut the military budget. However, the national press had discovered a large public sentiment against the heavy military spending and began to cater to it. Dozens of papers ran articles on "the military-industrial complex," and gave front-page space to Senator Proxmire's disclosure of waste in military spending. As a result, the flow of letters to Senators and Representatives was impressive.

To this assault the Pentagon made characteristic response. It launched a heavy public relations campaign. It also, when ordering economies to appease public opinion, made cuts that would be certain to cause the most trouble for its Congressional critics. It punished key figures in the exposés; for example, abolishing the post of A. Ernest Fitzgerald, Air Force efficiency expert (see editorial, "Pentagon Loyalty," *The Nation*, November 17). It repeatedly announced specific budget cuts, which were later included in widely publicized general "reductions." The effect was to announce the same retrenchment more than once—in several instances three or four times—thus creating the impression that the Pentagon was really responding to its critics in and out of Congress. The tactic, as Senator Proxmire noted, was "maximum publicity for minimum cuts." By and large it worked: the Pentagon will get not all but most of what it originally requested.

Next year the country elects a new Congress. It will be an off-year election, and that endangers certain

Representatives who voted against phases of the military budget and who also joined in the broad effort to do something about it. Few Congressmen like to stress the fact that they tried to cut arms money; rightly or wrongly, they feel that to do so invites attack from their opposition, especially in the absence of a general, broad-based movement insisting on the importance of such reduction.

If, therefore, some of the conspicuous critics of Pentagon spending are defeated in next year's election, it could have a disastrous effect on the growing movement in Congress to arrest the process of militarization and to stop the military boondoggles. For this reason, the 1970 elections are of decisive importance; the movement which Senator Proxmire and others have initiated can go forward only if it receives impressive popular support.

Today the potential exists for initiating a strong coalition movement in support of peace and a reordering of national priorities. The objective should be not to elect this or that Presidential candidate in 1972, but to extend the peace-and-priorities issue into every Congressional district. No district, however benighted, should be overlooked. A movement in Charleston, S.C. against Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, even if it did not succeed, would have the desired effect. Above all, those Congressmen who compiled a good voting record this year on the military budget should be supported.

The 1970 election will be the occasion to harness the energies of the peace movement to substantive issues of a kind that will not merely sustain it, between crises, but broaden its appeal and bring in new constituencies. Such a movement can tap strong potential support by appealing to groups that have a special concern about such issues as inflation, taxes, ecological waste, consumer rights, the cities, education, housing, transportation, civil rights and civil liberties, and foreign policy per se. All of these issues are involved directly in the struggle for peace and a new ordering of national priorities. If such a political movement is not set in motion, there is a danger that the peace groups will split into different factions, as they have in the past, become involved in disputes about "tactics," be tempted in discouragement to try methods that are likely to narrow the broad appeal which today the issue of peace-and-priorities possesses. The immediate organizational target, then, should be the 1970 Congressional elections.

Can SALT Succeed?

The strategic arms limitations talks (SALT) have begun at Helsinki. These negotiations labor at the outset under all the handicaps of earlier arms-limitation attempts, such as those which came to nought after World War I. The primary difficulty was—and still is—that military planners wish to take no risk at all vis-à-vis a potential enemy. Since that attitude prevails on both sides, arms races continue, with an escalation of risk for both sides.

The present situation is even more complex. Both contestants possess many times the nuclear weapons needed to destroy each other. Moreover, nuclear weapons technology is among the most rapidly advancing of all technologies. Thus a stable balance of terror is difficult

IN THIS ISSUE

JAN 6
APR 7
MAY

November 24, 1969

EDITORIALS

554

ARTICLES

558 The Marxist Romantics: Obituary for SDS — *Larry David Nachman*

561 Agribusiness: Reaping the Subsidies — *Robert G. Sherrill*

566 Northern Ireland: The Coming Winter of Discontent — *Andrew Boyd*

569 The Politics of Pesticides — *Michael D. Green*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

572 Landes: The Unbound Prometheus; Myrdal: Objectivity in Social Research — *Theodore Roszak*

574 Oppen: Of Being Numerous — *L. S. Dembo*

576 Eastlake: The Bamboo Bed — *Beverly Gross*

578 Calder: The People's War — *C. H. Rolph*

579 Theatre in Dublin — *Catharine Hughes*

581 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

582 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

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to achieve and perhaps even more difficult to maintain. Hence the decision to convene SALT, and hence obstacles even greater than those that vexed pre-nuclear arms-limitation negotiators. Conservative military planners on both sides will continue to oppose any significant limitation. On the American side, the Nixon Administration has adopted a somewhat less rigid stance than the Pentagon's; if it had not, there would be little point in entering into negotiations (except for probing purposes and to convince the public of the government's good intentions). But the difference between what the Joint Chiefs of Staff would willingly accept and what the American delegation will present for discussion is not great.

The danger is, then, that the negotiators will merely nibble at the edges of the problem, whereas the weapons in this armament race are so powerful that only radical measures can avail. Thus Morton H. Halperin, a former staff member of the National Security Council and a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense with responsibility for arms control, has written for *The Washington Post* an article captioned "Sparring Won't Do At Helsinki." He urges starting off with the offer of a moratorium on testing of MIRV and postponement of deployment of these devices which, with the ABMs, are the currently crucial factors in the nuclear arms race.

Another expert, Prof. Wolfgang K. H. Panofsky of Stanford University, gave the same advice at a lecture at the University of Chicago on November 10. Panofsky argues that a small step in arms limitation may be "harder to negotiate and be in fact more dangerous" to the security of both the United States and the Soviet Union than far-reaching measures. MIRV and ABM cannot be evaluated separately. Depending on design and mode of deployment, they can be viewed as offensive or defensive weapons. To overwhelm ABM by sheer weight of numbers, MIRV does not need high accuracy. If, on the other hand, it is designed for, and achieves, high accuracy, it is an efficient first-strike device, since it can knock out enough of the emplaced and targeted enemy missiles to reduce the effects of a retaliatory strike to a level which the military consider "acceptable."

Both sides must be prepared to take *some* risk, or there can be no limitation agreement. The purpose should be to reduce the present risk, which by any sane standard must be judged unacceptable. Our military planners seem to have a morbid fear that the Russians will "cheat" on any treaty that is negotiated. But since the United States found out readily about a limited, primitive Soviet ABM system (which according to Halperin has been described publicly by Administration officials as a defense installation against planes, not missiles), is it conceivable that the Soviets could "cheat" on a SALT treaty in the only way that would mean anything—by carrying through undetected the tremendous engineering program required to develop a large-scale ABM system?

Panofsky concludes: "SALT offers a new opportunity to redirect our national priorities from an unproductive and dangerous technological contest to the solution of urgent problems at home. At stake is the survival of civilization on this earth. There is very little time."

Day of Reckoning

Some historian in the future will note an important change in many aspects of American life, coincident more or less with the date when it became common custom to refer to "funding" rather than "financing." Financing means raising money, borrowing it if need be, putting up collateral, amortizing, and other onerous effort. Funding means Santa Claus—getting money from those, mainly foundations or the government, who have it and are willing to donate it for uses they approve. The practice has become so widespread that in some quarters funding has almost displaced financing as a way of life.

But like playing the market, there are times when funding leads to tribulation. It is clear that Dr. James B. Conant of Harvard showed rare insight when in 1948 he said that a university should not accept funds for military research except at a time of serious national emergency, and presumably should terminate it as soon as possible after the emergency is over.

Many officers and faculty members of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology must regret that this advice was not followed at their institution. Now the issue impinges with crushing force on an institution that has grown accustomed to living in the style which generous funding made possible, and that finds it difficult to shift to types of research other than those which a war-oriented government finds of first importance.

At M.I.T. a single research facility, the Instrumentation Laboratory, receives $26 million a year from the Pentagon for research on modern operational weapons, especially nuclear delivery systems. The rest of the facility's $54 million annual budget comes from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, whose interests have possible military side effects. On November 8, leftist students, a type once unknown at M.I.T., besieged I-Labs and were finally routed by the police. The clash caused some anguished faculty members at the scene to weep. Dr. Raymond L. Bisplinghoff, dean of the school of engineering, spoke revealingly to the press.

"The university," Dr. Bisplinghoff said, "has set as policy a deliberate movement from Department of Defense and space research to a different mix: more and more research relevant to societal problems. . . . It's going to take a considerable time to make the transition, however, and if we are going to continue on the same scale of operations here at the laboratories we're going to need lots of time and new money." The difficulty is that money is easily available for military research, but hard to come by for anything useful.

Thus the great splurge of military spending not only created the illusion of affluence and distorted the economy generally; it also debauched the bookkeeping and fiscal policies of a fine institution. M.I.T. must now sober up, but one may commiserate even more with the staff of, for instance, the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, a New York State institution for cancer research. In common with a long list of other medical research organizations and medical schools, cutbacks in federal funding have hit Roswell Park hard. The values of our culture are nowhere more clearly revealed than in the largely token cutbacks in military funding and the serious slashes in medical and nonmilitary scientific research.

There has been some shift in emphasis from military to nonmilitary research among "think tanks" whose managers looked ahead a few years. The RAND Corporation of Santa Monica, Calif., which a few years ago served the Air Force exclusively, has gone up to 20 per cent in the nonmilitary category, and appears to have done useful work for the state of California and the city of New York. The lesson of the present crisis is that while the military Mephistopheles can make life pleasant for a time, in the end he demands his due, simply by withholding a part of what his victim covets.

Tough Questions

A powerful and successful lobby—recently dubbed the "educational-industrial complex"—is pushing through the House a $4 billion education appropriation bill for 1970. That is $1 billion more than the Administration requested.

Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.) warned the House about the power of this lobby: "I am concerned about the education-industrial complex in the United States that is increasing in size and strength. The military budget has $80 billion in it. In the United States today at the federal, state and local levels we are spending about $60 billion on education."

Mrs. Green was reacting to pressure exercised by the Emergency Committee for Full Funding of Educational Programs. This lobby is well endowed, both politically and financially. Its money comes principally from "hardware people"—companies like Litton Industries, General Electric and Xerox, which are interested in selling educational materials.

For too long, the education lobby has justified increased education appropriations on the ground that they would insure better education for the nation's youth. To attack this argument was to attack the very basis of America's liberalism: the support of the public school system and institutions of higher education. However, the time has come to examine the effectiveness of the billions of federal dollars spent on American education. For example, a large chunk of the additional $1 billion will go to the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA) and Impacted Area Aid, whereby extra funds are distributed to school districts having federal facilities. ESEA is touted as the "most significant compensatory educational program" devised to meet the problems of children from poor families, but its usefulness is not that obvious. The Office of Education has not even been able to ascertain how ESEA funds are used. The effectiveness of Impacted Area Aid is even more dubious. Although a pet of the Congress, it has been cut from the education legislation proposed under Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon.

Two points should be kept in mind: First, an educational-industrial complex is indeed growing up around and within the education and poverty industries, and it acts and reacts in ways strangely similar to those of the military-industrial complex. That is not necessarily bad, for education should certainly be at the top of America's agenda and should get strong national support. In fact, the complex is probably inevitable. What is essential, however, is that it should be recognized for what it is. It exists for profit, not for children, and every step should be taken to safeguard the national interest.

Second, the strong believers in federal aid to education should not go soft and support programs out of ignorance and political expediency. We must not let education, with its new-found power, drift into a closed, inexplicit budget environment similar to that of the military. This is the time to ask the tough questions.

What are the objectives of these programs? What evidence do we have that the objectives are being met? What alternatives have been tried? The answers can be embarrassing or disillusioning.

Bigot Victory

Talk-shows in Portland, Ore., as well as in many other American cities, have been popular radio fare for several years. Since the spring of 1966, the leading talk station in Portland has been KLIQ. At the close of October, it had eight moderators, each with his own show. Then KLIQ canceled its talk-show format and switched to Country Music, Western Style.

In a policy statement delivered several times over the air, KLIQ's general manager, David J. Jack, gave the reason in detail:

> A considerable number of narrow-minded bigots felt that any idea that was contrary to their beliefs was at the least socialistic, and at the worst, communistic-inspired.
>
> We even welcomed these people as speakers. We felt that they too had the right to be heard. And they were heard. But that didn't satisfy them. Freedom of expression on the air wasn't good enough for them. They wanted and demanded more. They wanted moderators fired. They wanted programs canceled. They wanted advertisers off the air. My children were intimidated. My wife was insulted. Our moderators were threatened and advertisers on KLIQ were subjected to hate mail and telephone-call campaigns.
>
> For years we have put up with this type of abuse because we truly felt that KLIQ was fulfilling a community need, and that if we ignored these attacks they would go away. But we were wrong, so very wrong. For the attacks continued. They not only continue, but they seem to grow with every month that passes. And so, reluctantly, we are throwing in the towel. We don't like to, in fact we hate to, but to face another five or ten years of this type of abuse would be intolerable.

None of the eight moderators could, by any rational standards, be classified as radical. One was an outspoken supporter of George Wallace and strident hawk on Vietnam. A few were liberals, quite mild. Four opposed the war in Vietnam, and for this they were smeared as traitors. One man, who opposed both the war and hunting, became a special target. He received death threats, and had to broadcast with police protection.

Views which generated the most intense bigotry were: opposition to the war in Vietnam, support of gun-control legislation, support of sex education in the schools, support of fluoridation, opposition to racism, and a distaste for hunting. Almost without exception the telephone calls and letters came from persons who refused to give or sign their names.

OBITUARY FOR SDS

LARRY DAVID NACHMAN
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On the long weekend of October 8 to 11, several hundred members of the "Weatherman" faction of SDS engaged in sporadic street fights with the Chicago police. By the end of the weekend, scores of "urban guerrillas" had been arrested and some will presumably be indicted on various felony charges up to and including attempted murder. This event, whose result in personal terms may be that a number of young men and women will spend the rest of their youth in the obscurity of Illinois prisons, may mark in political terms the end of SDS as a national force. Since for a time that force was considerable, one naturally looks back to discover what brought SDS to the position it took on the streets of Chicago.

From its inception SDS was part of the student movement, and it must be understood in terms of its relationship to that movement as a whole. The civil rights movement of the early sixties created large numbers of student activists who went out from their colleges into projects or demonstrations in the South and in their local communities. Two points should be noted about these activities. First, they were rarely directed against the university or college from which the activists were drawn. Second, the student activists saw their role as one of detached involvement in the struggle for freedom of an oppressed group. That is to say, the students tended to accept the image of themselves that was held by society as a whole. They were the overindulged beneficiaries of middle-class affluence; they had no personal grievances against the political and social system, but were acting on behalf of those less fortunate than themselves.

The Berkeley free speech movement changed all that. Its significance was that for the first time students were using the political skills and techniques they had developed in the civil rights movement for a direct attack on the university as an institution and the students' place in it. The university was attacked as a bureaucratic instrument of political socialization. No matter how great the value of the scholarship and education carried on there, the social function of the university was to train the new technical and managerial class. And to many students the university seemed to reproduce the atmosphere and the imperatives of the corporation: the campus was dehumanized by large lecture halls, absentee teachers, standardized courses, standardized exams and the standardized programs of study.

And yet, at the same time, one of the major sources of student discontent lay in the fact that for masses of Americans college provided an insight into what a liberated life might be like. The student was freed from monotonous labor and was, by comparison with other groups in the population, free to concern himself with self-development. He was in a community where highly civilized activities such as politics and culture could be carried on effectively. For all its problems and inadequacies, life in college seemed to many of the students infinitely richer than the workaday lives that society offered them after college. This is why the cultural revolution is so important among disaffected youth. It stands for experimentation in new social forms and the rejection of a middle-class value system that gives the central position to work and career. After Berkeley, political radicalism and cultural radicalism were united.

When the war in Vietnam became the dominant political issue for college students, their position became significantly different from what it had been during the drive for civil rights. The students attacked the war as an issue in which they did have a personal interest. In the first place, young men were in agony over the draft. By the thousands, they brooded over their alternatives: to become a murderer, an exile or a convict. In the second place, the universities were seen to be participating in the war, through ROTC, defense contracts, etc.

It is often said that the students chose to attack the university because it was incapable of defending itself, but this misses the central point that the university was the students' own community. For some time the Left had been discussing the principle of participatory democracy, the right of people to exercise some measure of control over the institutions and communities in which they spent a significant part of their lives. Now students who were enraged over the government's policy in Vietnam found that their own community was part of the horror: they felt that they were themselves being drawn into the web of complicity. For the student, the issue was enfranchisement. He was asserting his right to have his moral position taken seriously in his own community.

How, then, did SDS function in the midst of this burgeoning political movement? One must begin by rejecting the answer that is most often given by the press and the politicians, and sometimes by SDS itself—that SDS radicalized political opinion on campus. The creator of a radical American campus was not SDS but the government of the United States. The press has consistently reported a division within the student opposition where none existed. The "moderate" anti-war student, so often praised in editorials, shared with the "militants" a conviction that American political institutions were bankrupt and that the war was an immoral aggression against the people of Vietnam. The same person could move without internal contradiction from the occupation of a building to a Kennedy or McCarthy campaign.

SDS did not radicalize the student movement; it politicized it. In the midst of a moral attack on the war, defense spending, racism at home, SDS posed questions: Who made these policies? What are the sources of power of the policy makers? Who profits from these policies? And SDS also asked the thorniest question of all: If you oppose the war, how do you get the power to stop it?

SDS was a highly decentralized organization. Indeed, it was more a state of mind than an organization. For all intents and purposes, the local chapters were autonomous. This flexibility encouraged the development of projects directed toward locally relevant issues. Students did not join SDS because it constituted a more radical alternative to other organizations or because it offered a coherent ideology. They joined SDS to oppose the war *actively*. I recall an incident that occurred at a meeting of Columbia students and faculty shortly after the police had brought the campus "under control." A professor of philosophy demanded of the students that they consider the moral consequences of their actions. In reply a student rose and asked, "Has the faculty considered the moral consequences of its inaction?" SDS was the activist tip of the radical iceberg, and it was this for a generation that cannot understand a disjunction between having political ideas and acting politically.

The activity of SDS on campus was intensely political. It challenged the proposition that the university was autonomous and neutral, and it exposed the financial and institutional connections between the university and the government. It tested the assertion that the university was governed internally by rational persuasion. It demonstrated that only a community of political equals can be said to be governed by rational persuasion, and held that, because the universities were unwilling to admit their students to political equality, the universities had to rule despotically. SDS's most spectacular action revealed that the "free rational community" of Columbia University rested on police power.

In short, the substratum of campus opposition to the war was discontent over the structure and policies of the universities themselves. Because the students in SDS were accustomed to think in terms of politics and power, SDS became a useful vehicle for turning generalized dissent over the war to concrete opposition to particular university policies. Whether or not a serious disruption occurred on a given campus tended to depend less on the extent and intensity of anti-war feeling than on the responsiveness of the administration and faculty to the issues raised by the students. Indeed, it frequently happened that in the wake of a disruption administrators and faculty admitted that there were valid grounds for discontent and a need for reform of the university structure.

SDS, by itself, could not produce a major disruption. That required a spontaneous action by relatively large numbers of students. SDS could set the stage by testing the willingness of a university to permit its students a share in decision making, but SDS always remained a fraction of the anti-war students on campus. The strength of SDS depended on its working closely and sensitively with that larger mass. However, beginning in the fall of 1968, SDS began, consciously and deliberately, to separate itself from the student movement.

On the night of Friday the 13th of September, 1968, Columbia SDS held a meeting in the auditorium of Earl Hall, the religious center of Columbia University. This meeting brought into the open the strains, problems and downright stupidity that, in less than a year, would tear SDS into a number of impotent squabbling factions. The purpose was to decide strategy for the coming academic year. The 200 to 300 participants who packed the auditorium were almost all veterans of the occupation of the previous spring. These were the people who a few months before had brought the normal operations of the university to a halt and caused thousands of members of the Columbia community to pause to consider the questions of its involvement in the political life of the nation and in the Harlem community on which it abutted. They had by their action created a broad agreement at Columbia that basic university reform was needed and that both the students and the faculty would have to be given more power in university affairs. The question now was where SDS should go from there.

The discussion that night was dominated by a debate between the two groups that were to split SDS the following June. On the one hand, the "Labor Committee" was a faction within SDS whose political orientation was the orthodox Marxist-Leninism of the Progressive Labor (P.L.) Party. On the other hand, Mark Rudd was the principal spokesman for the "New Left" position that one normally associated with SDS.

P.L. shared with many Americans a simple incapacity to take the student movement seriously. To the students assembled in Earl Hall, to students who had faced expulsion, policemen's clubs and criminal indictments, P.L.



Noonan

set forth the position that students could not by themselves be genuinely radical; a student movement was merely a student interest group. In a society that was increasingly dependent upon universities to provide its scientists and managers, P.L. argued that the university was of marginal concern. Amidst the ferment at Columbia, P.L. was persuaded that it was impossible to reform the university without first transforming the whole of society. In a nation whose expanding technology had reduced its workers to hangers-on who fearfully organized and fought to retain obsolete jobs, P.L. sought to view the working class as intrinsically revolutionary and the bearers of a future society. P.L.'s conclusion was that the Columbia students should abandon their demands for changes at Columbia and ally themselves with the working class. In short, P.L. was continuing the historic mission of Marxist-Leninist parties in the West—the destruction of all vital radical movements.

There was a strange quality to Mark Rudd's response to the P.L. position. He appeared to accept a common theoretical and analytical ground and argued on purely tactical matters. He asserted that student actions served as positive examples to the oppressed groups, including the working class. He agreed that students should not organize on behalf of their own interests and conceded that the university was not a central concern. Throughout his remarks, he drew on traditional Marxist categories and, of course, he was no match for those whose grounding in Marxism was far more extensive than his. The debate that should have been between the old and the New Left never materialized that night.

I think there are several reasons for the failure of Mark Rudd and his allies to join the issue with P.L. In the first place, they were now paying the penalty for not having done their homework. They were generally well-informed on matters of contemporary politics and they had a flair for muckraking. But what they needed now was a political theory that was drawn from and relevant to the political experiences of the sixties. They needed a theory on which to base a coherent vision of politics and the human condition, so that they could understand where they had been and where they ought to go. Lacking that solid intellectual base, they took what was accessible, a third-hand version of Marxist thought.

In fairness, it should be said that SDS was not entirely to blame for not having an adequate intellectual base. From whom, after all, were they to receive the word? A sufficient number of intellectuals had so compromised their position as to undermine the students' respect for the role of intellect in politics. Some social scientists had subordinated the critical and investigative functions of their disciplines to the imperatives of policy making. Then there were the political aesthetes, whose awe and admiration of the complexity of institutions made them suspicious, even contemptuous, of any political criticism save that voiced by the "technical experts." An influential group of American philosophers had for a generation turned the investigation of moral and political questions into an elegant word game. And there were the grants men, whose appreciation of the autonomy and neutrality of the university vanished at first sight of Defense Department stipends. The "anti-intellectualism" of the students was at least in part a reaction against teachers who had not engaged in detached, serious, intellectual inquiry.

Moreover, they were genuinely troubled by the charge that they were degenerating into a student interest group. As a result of the rise of Black Power, white activists had been cut off from direct participation in political actions on behalf of the blacks. From 1965 on, white activists were repeatedly taunted by black militants, who charged that they were merely playing at revolution, that their commitment was superficial, that at the first sign of real danger they would run back to the suburbs. In this connection, it is well to remember that during the occupation at Columbia the black students had forced the whites to leave Hamilton Hall because the blacks did not believe that the whites were sufficiently committed to the issues. This kind of goading placed a persistent psychological pressure upon white radicals who, indeed, had self-doubts and an urgent need to test the depths of their courage and commitment.

After thousands of young men had gone into exile or to prison as draft resisters, after the Pentagon, Chicago and Columbia itself, one would have thought that the courage and commitment of the student Left would no longer have been an issue. Indeed, a case could be made to show that the criticisms raised by the students were inherently more radical than the criticisms raised by the blacks. As Herbert Marcuse has put it: "The abolition of material poverty is a possibility within the *status quo;* peace, joy, and the abolition of labor are not." But Rudd could take the student movement no more seriously than could P.L.; it was middle class and hence fundamentally unreliable. It must be tested again and again and again. And students should not concern themselves with university matters. They must go out to the people. Like the social revolutionaries of 19th-century Russia, Rudd was moving toward a position that was a mixture of "back to the peasants" and terrorism.

The result of the meeting that night was that the two major factions of SDS, each for its own reasons, turned their backs on the university communities, which are the only large radical constituency in this country. In April 1968, hundreds of students had occupied buildings at Columbia; hundreds of others had demonstrated in support of them. In the spring of 1969, the two factions at Columbia, on separate occasions, engaged in abortive occupations. On both occasions, they were alone.

During the academic year of 1968-69, P.L. intensified its criticism of the student movement. At two successive national conferences of SDS, it brought in resolutions condemning the use of marijuana. For the American college student, the drug laws symbolize society's unwillingness to recognize the individual's right to enjoy himself in this world. But for P.L. this was another instance of the bourgeois nature of student radicalism.

During the same year, Mark Rudd and other prominent members of SDS turned increasingly for inspiration toward Third World guerrillas like Che Guevara. Disregarding the differences between an underdeveloped

society and a post-industrial society, they adopted a vocabulary and a style that can best be described as Marxist-Romantic. Their urgent, passionate desire to act annihilated what political sanity remained in them. Ultimately, they were attracted to pure violence as the most direct and personal form of political action. The result was Weatherman. During that Chicago weekend, a member of Weatherman said, "The most important lesson we have learned is that we can fight too—that we have a role—that's a tremendous lesson."

Neither faction, including the Revolutionary Youth Movement II, which split off from the Ruddites, can be expected to have much further influence on American campuses. But though SDS went its own way, the student movement still exists. This movement is not an organization, not an ideology, but an overwhelming political fact. That fact is that hundreds of thousands of college students who would normally have been expected to enter into the technical and managerial elite not only have refused to do so but are fundamentally critical of the whole structure of society, of its policies and performances. Coming behind them are God knows how many high school students who are now living as internal *émigrés*, biding their time until they are free to make their feelings known. Out of the heart of American affluence, a generation has arisen which has been promised the best that America can offer and has judged that that best is not good enough. The real political struggle of the future will not be over poverty and economic oppression. As Marcuse suggests, those ills can be eliminated without a fundamental change in the political and social life. The real struggle will be over the quality of human life which society permits and affords. And in that struggle, which will be fought entirely *within* the middle class, today's radical students and their successors will be a major factor for years to come.

AGRIBUSINESS

REAPING THE SUBSIDIES

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

It still isn't clear what the total legacy of his eight-year career as Secretary of Agriculture will amount to, but at least Orville Freeman left behind a sound description of farming in this country: "a miracle and a mess."

On the one hand, modern farming techniques can in a single season not only glut the market but also fill every available warehouse and storage bin with unneeded crops. To keep that miraculous power under control, the government, on the other hand, distributes money to the farmer by way of crop supports, land retirement payments and other largess in such a messy and seemingly senseless fashion that it offends a great bloc of the public.

Every year the U.S. Department of Agriculture pays more than $3 billion for nonwork (leaving land idle) and to support the price of crops that would otherwise have a rough time competing on the world market. About half this money is pocketed by the farmers who need it least—those in the top 15 per cent income bracket. This has been going on in one form or another for thirty-five years, and if the handouts have done much good, they obviously have had other effects as well.

During the same thirty-five years there has been a sharp trend toward domination of the food market by large commercial and corporate firms, while half the medium-sized producers have been squeezed out of business, and the really small farmers—almost untouched by the bounty—have slipped deeper into peonage.

The support programs are being opposed in Congress this year with more intensity than has been seen before in this bitter debate that rolls around almost as regularly as the seasons. Critics of the big subsidies are attempting once again to place a ceiling—proposals vary from $20,000 to $45,000—on any one payment made by the USDA. (Outside Congress the debate is marked by its usual inconsistencies and confusion, perfectly illustrated by the American Farm Bureau Federation's alleged opposition to the subsidy ceiling because it is in principle against *any* subsidies, restricted or otherwise.)

If not imminent, the end of the big subsidies seems inevitable. Most key USDA officials in the Johnson administration—except for Secretary Freeman and Horace Godfrey, the administrator of the subsidy programs and now a lobbyist for the cane sugar growers—reportedly favored a ceiling. Most members of the House also voted that way this year—no surprise, since fewer than sixty Representatives come from districts which have more than 15 per cent farm population. However, the Senate, whose farm-state members are in powerful positions to wheel and deal, turned back the 1969 reform movement, and its legislative future is uncertain.

The ceiling advocates, armed with stacks of dramatic statistics, push ahead with their argument that only by setting some limits can the government ever make its subsidies other than a bonanza for wealthy farmers—an argument shored up most impressively by the fact that every year the top twenty farmers in the nation take more booty from the Department of Agriculture than do the bottom 350,000 farmers put together.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to think that big subsidies are without their defenders. Many highly placed and knowledgeable people believe the programs are working splendidly. One hears no complaints, for example, from the owners of the J.G. Boswell Company of Kings County, Calif., who last year were paid $3,010,042 in government subsidies—the largest payment made to any one farm. In fact, Boswell received nearly three

times as much in federal handouts as did all of New York's farmers combined.

Nor has anyone heard Sir Frank Kearton criticize the USDA's generosity. Sir Frank is chairman of Courtald Corporation of Manchester, England, which is the world's largest producer of man-made fabrics and which also has vast foreign holdings of timber and cotton land. Among its possessions is the Delta and Pine Company of Bolivar County, Miss., the world's largest experimental cotton plantation (38,000 acres—nearly 60 square miles—broken into fifteen smaller plantations; it owns one town, Scott, of 323 citizens). Courtald Corporation is not exactly hard up. It is capitalized at $1.5 billion and, according to the British Embassy in Washington, has an annual sales turnover of about $100 million. But the U.S. Government pays more than $600,000 in cotton subsidies each year to Delta and Pine.

Sir Frank's proxy neighbor, Sen. James O. Eastland, got $117,000 in direct payments from the government last year, more than anyone else in Sunflower County. Eastland and his relatives own more than 6,000 acres of rich Mississippi land which grows for them $158,000 in subsidies each year.

And Kenneth E. Frick, administrator of the USDA's Agricultural Stabilization and Commodities Service, which oversees the subsidy handouts, does not deplore the system. There may be reasons, aside from loyalty, for this tolerance. Frick and a variety of relatives, including an uncle and a nephew, have reaped roughly $340,000 from cotton subsidies relating to their California farms in the last couple of years. Frick owns 2,089 acres in Kern County.

Another important man who appears content with the farm programs is George Mahon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, which approves the money that goes into the subsidies. USDA records show that Mahon's brother, Durward, of Lubbock, Tex., received $26,978 last year. But doubtless more important to Mahon than these fraternal ties is the fact that Texas farmers benefit from the farm support programs far more than do those of any other state. In his district alone, more than 1,200 farmers receive annual subsidy checks of $20,000 and up. One-fifth of the nation's farmers who got more than $5,000 from the government last year are Texans.

One thing becomes clear at once from the list of $20,000-and-up payments: when it comes to the fat payoffs, the USDA's support program is national in name only. Last year, the New England states got no big payments; New York had only two. The most favored region for $20,000-and-up subsidies is the cotton belt of the Deep South and of Arizona and California. The land of cotton received nine out of ten of the big payments.

Of course, middle-sized and small farmers do receive price support and acreage diversion payments, and they help. Often the payments delay disaster. Wheat and corn are predominantly crops for the medium and small farmer. Of the 2,389 South Dakota farmers who received subsidy checks of more than $5,000 last year, only thirty-five got more than $20,000; of the 4,549 checks of more than $5,000 that went to North Dakota, only fifty-nine were for more than $20,000. Congress could set a subsidy ceiling of $10,000 and affect only 10 per cent of the wheat acreage.

But even in the line-up of big corn and wheat commodity payments, the fifth leading state is Texas. One may assume that William Robert Poage of Texas, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, was thinking of the nearly half-billion-dollar payments the home folks receive from the USDA—not merely of the subsidy-eligible feed grain crops he raises on his own two farms—when he wrote a Waco newspaper recently, defending the largess with the argument that "virtually every segment of the economy other than agriculture has received subsidies in either direct or indirect form. Railroads, steamships and airlines long have enjoyed subsidies. Tariffs and quotas which protect American manufacturers from ruinous competition of foreign-made equipment are an indirect subsidy and clearly increase the cost of things farmers must buy."

He is quite correct. The subsidization of the food production processes cannot be considered either radical or illogical in the controlled U.S. economy. It is simply another way of trying to match supply with demand. Farmers have one thing in common with, say, steel industrialists and oil men: they can produce too much for their own or for the nation's good.

But the problems are different in that there are a great many more farmers than there are steel or oil producers. It is an easy matter for a few companies to get together in a clubby way and say, O.K., we'll produce at 60 to 65 per cent capacity and keep the price up. But among 3 million farmers, most of whom think of themselves as flaming individualists, the problem of getting agreement on anything is formidable. That's where the government comes in, coaxing the farmers into a controlled situation. If he wants protection, the farmer must give up independence. It is all done in the mystic name of "parity," which is supposed to guarantee that the prices a farmer gets for his produce keep pace with his costs.

Not all farmers are coaxable. Beef and pork producers have always resisted government controls and they get no subsidies because they don't want them. But although they like to talk about their independence from government help, they aren't bashful about demanding rigid embargoes on foreign meat; and, when the price of beef and pork begins to fall, these ranchers suddenly become the most vociferous advocates of government lunch programs, food aid to the needy, and a higher protein diet for servicemen.

Vegetable and poultry farmers used to get government subsidies, but a few years ago, after the government wound up owning a great quantity of rotten eggs and potatoes, everyone agreed that the storage of perishable foods was an insurmountable problem, and these commodities were knocked off the subsidy list. Instead, their growers get help from the government in the supervision of marketing agreements. The producers of, say, grapes get together and decide that they want the government to control the marketing of their crop. After the government marketing board decides that there will probably be a crop of 500,000 tons of grapes, but that only 400,000 tons are needed, producers are allowed to market only

80 per cent of their crop. By voting their approval of the marketing order, the grape farmers bind themselves, and if a farmer doesn't comply he is subject to penalties.

A similar mandatory agreement applies to one of the big subsidy crops—cotton—but it does not apply to its twin colossus, wheat. If cotton farmers vote to accept the total national quota—in 1969 it was 16 million acres—then they agree to hold their individual production to fit that pattern, and in return they are assured of government price support and sometimes of acreage diversion payments. Wheat farmers operate in roughly the same fashion, except that they accept government subsidies on a voluntary basis. If they want to ignore the government program, they can do so without penalties, but are required to sell on the world market, which right now is risky.

Next year the national wheat crop will be planted on 45.5 million acres. A wheat farmer with 1,000 acres goes into his county Agriculture Stabilization and Commodities Service office to sign up for his share. The government experts stick their fingers up and guess at the weather, then they analyze market conditions, and decide that the right amount for him to cultivate is maybe 500 acres. So they pay him to leave 500 acres idle and guarantee him a certain price for the wheat produced on the remaining 500.

In a scheme of such massive scope, there is no way to guard against the farmer who fudges on the spirit of the law: renting the stoniest part of his farm to the government while he pours the fertilizer to the rest of acreage and comes up with almost as big a crop as he would have had if the government hadn't tried to buy him off. And there will always be the gentleman grafter, such as the Midwest banker with no interest in farming but much desire for land, who bought a farm for the sole purpose of getting a government nonproduction pay-off.



Noonan

None of the crop control schemes is guaranteed to work perfectly. They can be critically thrown out of balance by variables ranging from the climate on other continents to the antagonism of the Secretary of Agriculture to the programs. In 1967, there was great pressure on Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman to open up on wheat. The Food for Peace Program had been expanded; some panicky experts in this country said we might have a wheat shortage; India had suffered one of its periodic famines, and everyone was urging him to let the American wheat farmer rush to the rescue. So Freeman increased the wheat acreage. The weather was favorable, and the American wheat farmer got a bumper crop. But the weather was also favorable in other countries, including India. The upshot was that the extra production was not needed and our surplus wheat stocks shot up from a 400-million-bushel carry-over to 700 million bushels. One reason why wheat quotas have been sliced this year is that the USDA is trying to wipe out this philanthropic miscalculation.

Grotesque messes occur when the Secretary of Agriculture does not fully use the controls at hand. This happened under President Eisenhower's secretary, Ezra Taft Benson, who was trying to get rid of the government programs. In the final year of his term, production went wild and resulted in the nightmare of 1961 when the government became the unhappy possessor of more than $6 billion worth of commodities and, as John Scott, Master of the National Grange, recalls, "Storage was a national scandal, costing taxpayers more than $1 million a day." Even hundreds of Liberty ships in the bone yard up the Hudson River were called into service as storage facilities. And when there was no more room in the bin, the wheat was dumped onto the ground by the millions of bushels for rats and birds to eat. It was the kind of waste that bred corruption, and it was in that period that Billy Sol Estes, Texas' fertilizer king who now resides in prison, began to tap the USDA's pipeline of easy money.

However, the government's manipulation of subsidized crops is no more heavy-handed than the farmer's own juggling of such unsubsidized commodities as beef, pork, poultry, eggs, vegetables and fruits. If the public has a hard time understanding million-dollar payments to millionaires, it probably has equal trouble accepting the destruction of thousands of acres of potatoes, as is now being done across the country, in an effort to keep up prices (one Oregon farmer conceded that the 2 acres of potatoes he destroyed would have fed 600 people for a year); or the destruction of pigs, or the dumping of milk—other recent maneuvers by farm organizations to sustain prices, usually with little market impact.

Compared to these methods, subsidization looks pretty good, and anyway, as Poage says, unless the theory of subsidy is wrong in every corner of the economy, it can have a justified place in agriculture. The trouble really begins when the USDA tries to peddle its subsidization as a humanitarian project. The department loves to say

that its primary concern is for "family farmers." But a more accurate description of the department's subsidy programs comes from Ben Stong, who used to be Sen. George McGovern's farm expert and is now administrative aid to Montana's new Congressman, John Melcher:

> Sure, the small farmer benefits from subsidies in that he's at least able to market 75 per cent of his potential crop at a small margin per yield, whereas if everyone produced at 100 per cent and loaded the market, the price would undoubtedly go below his production costs.
>
> The system breaks down on the small farmer in that he hasn't enough production capacity to make a living. This guy in the Ozarks with 160 acres of 40-bushel corn land simply can't produce enough at *any* price. . . .
>
> If the government won't help him expand the size of his farm, if it won't train him in farm management skills, or train him for a part-time non-farm job, it's going to be just a matter of time before he falls by the wayside.

The top 3 per cent of the nation's farmers produce more than the bottom 75 per cent. In terms of manipulating the market, the government can justify its payoffs to these farmers; if its objective is to keep land out of production, it must cut in the biggest landholders. But when the government alleges that it is thinking in terms of a corrective income supplement for the struggling farmer, the pretense gets a bit sour. One can argue whether the quality of American life will be improved or degraded by the disappearance of the independent farmer, but the point here is that the subsidy program ignores the question: it is a slide-rule response to a chronic supply and demand problem.

On the eve of his departure from government, Secretary Freeman—a fanatical defender of subsidies—was seized by a sudden attack of candor. Conceding that there are more than a million farmers who gross less than $5,000 a year and are therefore true welfare problems, he went on to say: "Unfortunately, most politicians and writers tend to lump all farmers together when they talk about the so-called farm program, and so the public is misled. The idea gets around: 'Well, here is this expensive farm program, and it isn't doing anything for the little farmer.' The fact of the matter is that these commodity farm programs I've been talking about were never meant to solve the problems of the little farmer with a substandard size of operation."

Once, just once during the Johnson administration, the White House said that the agriculture program of the future would have room for no more than 2 million farmers. (Which means that 2 million farmers would have to drop out.) The men who have shaped farm policy aren't often that open. Usually they will avoid admitting that they see farming only in terms of the big operator and that they are industry-oriented, not people-oriented.

Nothing new ever happens in agriculture. With South-dominated farm committees controlling the USDA, time stands still. There has been a constant seesaw between plunder and poverty from the beginning of the subsidy era in 1933, when the government paid farmers to plow under 10 million acres of cotton and kill 6 million pigs—to save prices. It did indeed save the big landowners, and it saved, for a few years at least, many middle-sized farms, but the tenant farmers were progressively ruined by the Roosevelt programs, and many of them, and their children, were driven off the land and are now the sullen inhabitants of Los Angeles and Chicago and Harlem. The very first year gave signs of what was coming: while Bolivar County, Miss., received the biggest handout for crop retirement in 1933-34 ($380,394, which went to 2 per cent of the population), the amount spent on relief in the county increased from $1,300 to $48,300. The tenants were obviously being wiped out. And when a program was set up for keeping the tenants alive and working—this was the resettlement program whereby several large plantations were purchased with federal money, cut up into small farms and resold to the displaced tenants on easy terms—it wasn't long before Congress, though it had seen nothing socialistic about subsidizing the plantation owners, judged tenant resettlement to be downright communistic and ended the program.

The inequities of the New Deal approach to the farmers—which, in modified form, is still the basis of the USDA's operation—can be criticized severely today, but so desperate was the American farmer in the 1930s that it is almost beside the point to criticize the programs in the context of their formation period. Something—however lopsidedly administered, however leaky—something had to be done or, as Edward O'Neal, the legendary leader of the American Farm Bureau, warned Congress: "We will have revolution in the countryside within less than twelve months."

From the crash of the stock market in 1929 to the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt as President in 1933, the gross income of the cotton farmer fell by two-thirds. The "average" farmer who had earned $735 in 1929, was earning $216 in 1932. Hunger was commonplace, even among what had once been the middle class.

The agriculture programs of the Roosevelt era came pouring into this abyss. In the first year, the Roosevelt administration handed out more than $175 million in crop support and land retirement payments and for reimbursing farmers for killing hogs—an impressive sum for those days—and about 65 per cent of it went into the South where the margin for survival was narrowest. Briefly it looked as if the USDA was going to change its emphasis... and that any administration willing to take radical action for the top half of the farm population might be willing to take radical action to save the bottom half. But it never quite happened.

Some of the old hands in the USDA can remember when their exciting plans for a people's agriculture were slowly buried. One of them, an official at a moderately high level, recently ticked off the decades like this:

> Take the thirties. In the beginning the bright young lawyers in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration tried to work out a program that would wrest control of agriculture from the plantation owners and the even then all-powerful agribusiness types. But they failed. . . .
>
> Every time a new agency was set up to help the underprivileged farmer, it was stripped of its power, denied money by Congress, and eventually shuffled into something else.
>
> And all the way down the years, the poor farmers

were betrayed or ignored. Henry Wallace didn't give a damn about the poor farmers, nor did Clinton Anderson. Charles Brannan had the right instincts but he had his hands full fighting other fights. And then came the fifties and Ezra Taft Benson, who was a throwback. Then came the sixties and Orville Freeman. He left too much to his aides. Toward the end of his regime Freeman visited the South, saw the poverty there and became interested, but then it was too late. I don't mean to imply that Freeman wasn't sympathetic. He thought of himself as a great liberal, and perhaps he was, but he listened to the wrong people in the beginning and he was irritated by the militants at the end. He never sorted out the alternatives. He had a great opportunity to marshal all of the forces of the Agriculture Department in a massive attack upon poverty and he blew it.

But the Congressional farm committees weren't blowing it. They were concocting and solidifying the fat-cat subsidy programs. It was done in a very harmonious fashion, for the membership of the Congressional committees is largely drawn from cotton and wheat states. Of the seven Democrats on the Senate Agriculture Committee, six are from the Southern Cotton Belt; on the Republican side, four of the six members are from Midwest wheat and grain states. Of the thirteen committeemen, only two are from east of the Mississippi River and north of the Mason-Dixon line.

On the House farm committee, fourteen of the thirty-three members are from Old Confederacy states; only four are from the Northeast, and that includes the very urban and very bored Allard Lowenstein of New York, who was assigned to the Agriculture Committee, it is generally assumed, as a kind of banishment.

In fact, so entrenched are the farm programs and so resistant to new theories, that more and more Congressmen, even those from farming states, have come to look upon the farm committees as banishment. Since the game is a monotonous ping-ponging between the special interests of big wheat and big cotton, few Congressmen with ambition and imagination want to get involved. Few sharp legislators willingly join a committee that automatically backs big subsidies for cotton, for example, when anyone capable of reading the market page knows that cotton planters should not be encouraged to continue growing anything like the present quantities of their quaintly antiquated fiber.

Some of the data from the National Cotton Council's own files would indicate that the crop from which Dixie historically has spun out its economic fate is today scarcely more pertinent to the basic needs of the nation than, say, the bicycle. Dabney Welford, economist for the Cotton Council, is quite straightforward about the cotton slippage and the reasons for it. In 1956, he says, the market consumed 9.1 million bales of cotton, about 600,000 bales more than were consumed last year. "During the past eighteen months there have been some tremendous market losses," he said, "partly because the price of cotton went up to a level that was not competitive with blend fabrics that rely mostly on man-made fibers, and partly because these latter have become much more wrinkle-proof than they were a few years ago."

For some time U.S. cotton farmers have been unable to compete with the price of foreign cotton; to defend them on that point the government has thrown up a total embargo against cotton imports. This, of course, would seem to put domestic textile mills at a disadvantage. So to make things square with the mill owners, the government pays them a third of $1 billion a year to compensate for having to buy the cotton whose price the government inflated in the first place. Thus the consumer is stuck with financing two subsidies *plus* the higher retail price that these subsidies bring about.

It's this kind of subsidization, especially, that is arousing heavy pressure for change. "It has become clear," said Rep. Odin Langen of Minnesota, one of the few members of Congress representing districts which have more than 25 per cent of the people living on farms, "that the public will no longer accept farm programs that rely primarily on government subsidy payments to farmers."

But this tremendous public concentration on one defect could create an unreasonably hostile atmosphere in which, in the name of reform, actions are taken that help only the farmers who need it least.

It could happen all the easier because the farm bloc in Congress has shriveled with its constituency. There were 6.8 million farm families in 1937; today there are fewer than 3 million, and the liquidation continues at a steady pace of about 90,000 families a year. Thirty years ago farmers were 20 per cent of the population; today they are less than 6 per cent.

The farmers who survive are so splintered in their own views, and so overwhelmingly outnumbered by city folks that the generic, overalled, tractor-driving red-faced son of the boondocks no longer swings much weight in Washington. Not long ago 400 farmers from Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Pennsylvania rode into Washington on their tractors and pickup trucks carrying signs like "Parity Not Charity," but they received scant attention from their Congressmen and little more from the press.

As a lobby that gets prompt and obsequious service in the capital, the family farmer has been replaced by the sophisticated agribusinessman—the middleman processor, textile mill owner, the meat packer, the canner, the chain grocery store executive, the feeder: big businessmen, big money men, big corporation men who already control the poultry market from the chicken coop to the market, who control most of the cotton (especially in Arizona and California) just as thoroughly, and who are well on their way to controlling most beef from conception to the meat counter. The tightness of their grip on agriculture will be limited only to the extent that it is difficult, if not really impossible, to hold 3 million farmers in line. But if this number were reduced to, say, 1 million and if that million were the biggest and most sympathetic to the profit motives of agribusiness—who knows what fine lock could be put on the industry?

That is what worries many farmers who now hear the American Farm Bureau Federation (AFBF) and Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin and a coterie of Senators, led until recently by the late Everett Dirksen of Illinois, propose the "retirement" of 50 million acres of farm land. Instead of being kept idle from year to year

through subsidies, this land would be permanently leased out of circulation. The current leader of the $20,000 ceiling movement, Paul Findley of Illinois, has tied land retirement into his own bill. It would not set aside pieces of farms, as with the present "acreage diversion" but would abolish whole farms, and these would be the medium to small family farms.

The Farm Bureau and its friends in Congress hold that the trend away from family farming is inevitable, and that the large commercial farms will bring more efficiency,* less waste, reduced subsidy and a more reliable balance between production and demand. But the proposal to retire 50 million acres is, at best, a dubious expedient; various programs now in effect have already removed that much land from production and yet the surpluses pile up at the slightest tip of the market. With his new fertilizers and production techniques the American farmer is a man hard to keep in line. One group of advisers has told Secretary Hardin that the cost of retiring the acreage will run $2 billion to $2.5 billion above previous estimates and that, to maintain prices at the 1967 levels, he will have to remove 80 million to 90 million acres, rather than 50 million. It is uncertain where the retirement plan would end, but it is certain that there would never again be nearly as many farmers.

Roger Fleming, secretary-treasurer of the AFBF, does not like to interpret the massive land retirement proposal as chasing anyone off the farm, but there is a tone of corporate bookkeeping in his reference to "premiumizing inefficiency—that's what you get when you go down the road of supporting individual farmers." There is some question, however, whether this reflects grass-roots sentiment. Although the AFBF is the largest farm organization in the country, about half of its members are not farmers at all but insurance men, bankers, real estate dealers and the like; furthermore, the AFBF's president, Charles B. Shuman, has also been president of the National Food Conference Association, whose membership includes meat packers, cereal manufacturers, flour millers, chain stores and grocery manufacturers—most of whom could hardly be considered the economic ally of the farmer.

The AFBF works closely with the National Association of Manufacturers and with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and its ultraconservative political and economic theories can seldom be differentiated from theirs. On one memorable occasion, the AFBF's general counsel, testifying before the House Agriculture Committee, suggested that the farm support plans were the handiwork of Communists. Although Chairman Poage could hardly be classified as a liberal, much less a Red, this was too much for him and he promptly gaveled the session to adjournment, shouting at the AFBF lawyer: "We'll not go further into this up here! But if you want to discuss it further I'll meet you in the alley!"

More than differences of theory as to supply and demand, the old Left-Right passions and inter-organizational rivalries (AFBF versus the comparatively liberal alliance of such organizations as the National Farmers Union, the National Farmers Organization, the Grange, etc.) will determine the course of the debate as it continues among the farm organizations. And these passions are certainly not guaranteed to give accurate guidance. There may be excellent reasons to support Congressman Findley's $20,000 ceiling, but some who would otherwise do so will shy away because the Illinois AFBF once used its address plates to circulate election material on his behalf. Many of the quarter-million members of the National Farmers Union, for example, will conclude that a friend of the AFBF is no friend of theirs. And conversely, many AFBF members will not listen to the NFU's counter-proposals because AFBF officials have so often hung the "pink" tag on the union. Because important priorities of agriculture have been neglected for so long, the arguments have deteriorated to that kind of sniping.

* If this is true—and there is no evidence that it is true—the Internal Revenue Service should be concerned that in one recent year, of the 103 millionaires involved in farming, eighty-eight showed a net loss; of the 228 in the $500,000 to $1 million income bracket, 201 claimed a net loss. These tax-loss "hayseeds," who don't care about commodity prices, make it all the rougher on the family farmer.

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Coming Winter of Discontent

ANDREW BOYD

Mr. Boyd writes on politics and economics for the New Statesman, Tribune, The Economist, Spectator, *and widely in the Irish press on both sides of the border. He also broadcasts frequently on television and radio in Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland. His* Holy War in Belfast, *published in Ireland on September 1, has become a best seller.*

Belfast

Northern Ireland has the formal appearance of a democracy. Elections are held; the ballot is secret; people vote for the candidates of their choice (the choice is often and lamentably limited); members of Parliament are paid. And yet Northern Ireland is not a democracy. Republican organizations are banned by law, probably because the Republicans are the most militant opponents of the Unionist Party. Political censorship, exercised under the Special Powers Act, a notorious statute, curtails the publication of Republican views. The possession of any banned Republican newspaper, leaflet or placard is an offense punishable by imprisonment. The Minister of Home Affairs has the authority—under the Special Powers Act, the Public Order Act and the Flags and Emblems (Display) Act—to ban meetings, parades and demon-

strations, to imprison "political suspects" without trial, to suspend *habeas corpus*, abolish inquests, seize property and enter private premises at any hour of the day or night.

Furthermore, the Parliament of Northern Ireland, though it may formally engage in debate and pass bills, is not the ultimate authority. Power lies in the Orange Order and in the Ulster Unionist Council. Decisions of Parliament, even though its Unionist members outnumber the opposition by three to one, can be, and often are, vetoed by the Orange Order and the Unionist Council. For instance, Terence O'Neill, who was Prime Minister from 1963 until May of this year, was told by the Orange Order that he could make no arrangements to meet the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic without first consulting the ruling body in the order, the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland. O'Neill was eventually undermined by the Unionist Council and forced to resign. His successor, James Chichester-Clark, the present Premier, has had to satisfy the council on certain reforms which Parliament accepted in September.

Together, the Orange Order and the Unionist Council constitute a state within a state. They are, consequently, a negation of democracy. Moreover, the Orange Order can influence the selection of Unionist candidates for Parliament. All Unionist MPs and all members of the Northern Ireland cabinet, apart from two or three who have recently left or been expelled from the order, are Orangemen.

The Orange Order, the Unionist Council and the Parliamentary Unionist Party are so closely interlaced that it is impossible to say where the influence of one ends and that of another begins. But in the opinion of some Unionists the wishes of the Orange Order are more important than the decisions of Parliament. Membership in the Orange Order is common to enlightened Unionists like Terence O'Neill and to convicted Protestant fanatics like the three murderers who are serving life sentences for crimes committed in the summer of 1966. And the Orange Order has not only made Cabinet Ministers and MPs; it has deposed them when its members felt the need to do so. In the summer of 1969 the Unionist MP for South Antrim left the Orange Order and was immediately repudiated by the Unionist association that had promoted his career in politics.

The Unionist Party started in 1886 as a coalition of Irish Tories, Liberal-Conservatives and Orange extremists in opposition to Gladstone's scheme for Irish Home Rule. They formed an alliance with the British Conservatives to depose Gladstone on the ground that he was undermining the unity of the British Empire. Thus the Unionist Party began as an organ of resistance, refusing to compromise in anything that threatened to reduce the power of the Protestant ruling cliques in Ireland, and it has changed little in more than eighty years. Today some of the more intransigent Unionist leaders are again threatening rebellion and a Rhodesia-type declaration of independence if Britain insists on reforms that will benefit the Catholics.

The 1920 Government of Ireland Act was, therefore, a measure of appeasement. It excluded Northern Ireland



Trog, London Daily Mail

It's Just as Well They Believe in the Same God

from the jurisdiction of the independent Irish Government in Dublin. It also gave the government and Parliament of Northern Ireland the right to make locally effective laws on local security, health and social welfare, agricultural and industrial development, labor affairs and education. But these were merely transferred powers. The government and Parliament in London remained supreme and retained control over foreign affairs, external trade, customs and excise, the major part of taxation and, by *Clause 75* of the act, "ultimate control over all persons, matters and things in Northern Ireland." Mr. James Callaghan, the British Home Secretary, exercised his authority under this part of the act when he pressed extensive reforms upon a reluctant Unionist government in September.

These reforms are now being rushed through the Northern Ireland Parliament. Ironically, they are far more drastic than anything the more enlightened Unionists like Terence O'Neill were willing to concede at the beginning of 1969, and more revolutionary than what the Northern Ireland civil rights movement had been campaigning for since 1966. Callaghan, acting on a report from Lord Hunt and two senior British police officers, has disarmed and reorganized Northern Ireland's regular police force, the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and, in terms that cannot be refused, has asked the Northern Ireland Government to abolish its irregular force, the Ulster Special Constabulary.

The new system of security in Northern Ireland will start with the British Army, which is expected to be in occupation for at least five years. The general officer commanding the army will be responsible for raising a part-time, unpaid militia to be mobilized in emergencies and armed at his discretion. This militia will replace the Special Constabulary. Meanwhile the regular police force, the RUC, will become a civilian force but will have a reserve, the Special Patrol Group, for crowd control during political demonstrations and similar occasions.

The Special Constabulary, upward of 11,000 in strength and costing $1.25 million a year, has reacted against this plan and has been getting the support of several Unionist MPs. The Special Constabulary is an exclusively Protestant body and, according to the Cameron Commission, is, "particularly among Catholics, a partisan and

paramilitary force." Most of the special constables, if not every one of them, are members of the Orange Order; many belong to the militant Protestant organizations that comprise the Paisley front; some have been identified as taking part in unlawful attacks on civil rights demonstrators.

Callaghan's other reforms include the appointment of a government minister to be responsible for improving community relations, and a Community Relations Board, made up of Catholics and Protestants in equal numbers, which will have power to order the prosecution of anyone whom the evidence indicates is guilty of discrimination.

A communiqué signed by the Northern Ireland cabinet and by Mr. Callaghan at the end of August affirmed that every citizen was entitled to equality of opportunity in public employment, protection against the incitement of religious hatred; fairness in the allocation of public-authority-built houses, effective means for the investigation of grievances against public bodies, and proper representation, on all elected bodies, to be assured by completely fair electoral law, boundaries and practices.

Later, when setting out in detail what these reforms meant, Callaghan told the Northern Ireland Government that the right to build houses should be taken from local authorities and that in future all houses—apart from those built and offered for sale by private firms—would be provided by a government-controlled central housing authority. This reform abolishes the corrupt Unionist system of providing council-built houses for their Protestant followers while allowing Catholics to exist in overcrowded and often condemned slums.

Discrimination in housing was seen at its worst in the summer of 1968 when the Unionists on a local council in County Tyrone gave the tenancy of a new house, in the village of Caledon, to an unmarried teen-age girl whose brother was a constable in the RUC and whose employer was a local Unionist politician. Before the young woman could take possession, civil rights leaders seized the house and installed a needy Catholic family.



Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)
"One Does What One Can"

The Caledon occupation brought Northern Ireland's entire civil rights movement into the streets. They marched in Dungannon, Derry, Belfast, Newry, Armagh and in other towns, and they were joined by Republicans, Socialists, trade unionists, Protestants who abhorred the practices of the Unionist Party. The civil rights campaign—despite attacks by police and armed civilian Protestant militants, and despite outbreaks of arson and murder in Derry on August 12 and in Belfast two days later—culminated in Callaghan's reforms.

Since the Caledon affair, and particularly since October 5, 1968, when the armed RUC attacked a civil rights march in Derry, Northern Ireland has suffered material damage to the extent of more than $60 million. At least twenty-five people have been killed, thousands made homeless, hundreds injured and scores thrown into prison.

During the last months of his premiership Terence O'Neill tried to turn back the violence. He could see that Northern Ireland was doomed if the demands of the Catholics were not met and so offered cautiously limited concessions after October 5 and appealed to reasonable men to let themselves be heard. In February 1969 he called a general election, hoping that the moderate opinion he relied upon would endorse his reforms; but his strategy failed. The election, tragically, confirmed the strength of the Unionist right wing and O'Neill was driven from the premiership on April 28.

The forces against him ranged from members and ex-members of his own cabinet, the Parliamentary Unionist Party, most of the Orange lodges and local Unionist associations, and all the militant Paisleyite Protestants, including the Ulster Volunteer Force which O'Neil had outlawed under the Special Powers Act in 1966.

To hurry O'Neill out of office the UVF carried out several major acts of sabotage in which electricity-generating and water mains were wrecked. Since the August reforms they have attempted to destroy a large hydroelectric station belonging to the government of the Irish Republic. They have bombed the Irish Radio and Television Center in Dublin, desecrated the grave of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Protestant founder of Irish Republicanism, and, early in November, set fire to the Belfast gasworks in the hope, no doubt, that the flames and exploding gas would envelop a thickly populated Catholic part of the town nearby.

The UVF sees terror and sabotage as the one way to force Britain to leave the Ulster Unionists alone. In this they are merely following a basic Unionist strategy, for as far back as 1893 Unionist militants were making bullets in back rooms and plotting to kidnap the British Premier, W. E. Gladstone. UVF terror is also directed against Northern Ireland's Catholics. Three members of this force are now serving life sentences for political murders committed in the summer of 1966. Their comrades, assisted by members of the Ulster Special Constabulary,

mounted a murderous surprise attack on unprotected Catholics and destroyed 100 houses with gasoline bombs.

Today the situation in Northern Ireland, politically and militarily, is distressingly complicated. The British Army is in the streets, patrolling around the clock. Army barricades are erected as darkness falls, and checkpoints are manned on the main roads into the Catholic and Protestant parts of Derry and Belfast. The soldiers, most of them young, short-service volunteers, face the prospect of an icy hard winter, with often only empty factories as sleeping quarters.

All around them arms and explosives are accumulating in the hands of fanatical civilians and, as is suspected, the illegal transport of weapons into Northern Ireland, across the land border with the Irish Republic and by sea into some of the smaller ports around the coast, is increasing, though, so far, intensive searches by naval vessels in the Irish Sea and by troops on land have uncovered few guns. Catholic militants are also armed, though the greater weight of weapons is undoubtedly on the Protestant side.

The political situation is also confused. The Unionist Party is split but has not yet fallen apart. The moderates who supported O'Neill during the February election are coalescing into local "parliamentary associations" and into the rapidly growing New Ulster Movement. Some middle-class Catholics have joined them, some liberals and a few people from the Northern Ireland Labour Party.

The Unionist irreconcilables are very active. They address meetings arranged by those members of the Special Constabulary who seem determined not to accept Callaghan's plan for their dispersal. They speak at Unionist gatherings every night. On weekends, they appear in Orange lodges and call for repudiation of reform. They demand Unionist independence, an end to London's dictates and interference. They forecast rebellion and bloodshed if their demands are not satisfied.

And in all this the Northern Ireland Parliament appears to be hopelessly irrelevant. Even the reforms which Mr. Callaghan imposed so ruthlessly upon the Unionist administration seem unimportant. What is now required—and the army and police chiefs know it—is the disarming of the Protestant militants, the arrest of the UVF and the dispersal of all anti-reform organizations by force, if that should be necessary. But how long will that take—months or years—and will Northern Ireland be anything but an economic wilderness when it is over?

THE POLITICS OF PESTICIDES

MICHAEL D. GREEN
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Washington

The Delaney clause has been part of the federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act for eleven years, but it was not applied in an issue of really major concern until Robert H. Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, invoked it to ban cyclamates. The clause, named for its sponsor, Rep. James J. Delaney (D., N.Y.), provides that no food additive "shall be deemed safe if it is found to induce cancer when ingested by man *or* animal. . . ." (Emphasis added.)

In 1959, the Food and Drug Administration seized a large quantity of New Jersey cranberries that had been sprayed with aminotriazole, found to have caused cancer in laboratory animals. The Delaney clause was cited again by federal officials when they banned safrole, a flavoring that had been used in some root beers. But the effects of both actions were minor when compared with the industry alarm, public confusion and Capitol Hill restiveness that followed Finch's move against cyclamates. His action made him something of a consumer hero, but the applause from some quarters was hesitant. Finch appeared to be on edge when he announced the decision; he even snapped a public rebuke at an FDA research scientist whom, mistakenly, he charged with leaking results of cyclamate studies to the press before passing them on to her superiors.

Finch was at pains to point out that he was banning cyclamates because the law left him no choice. He threw in a few words about following "a prudent course" in matters concerning public health, but his heart did not seem in it. One can understand why: Diet food and drink is a $1-billion-a-year industry, and the decision disconcerted millions of weight-conscious Americans. Thus rumblings are being heard in some quarters, including some scientific ones, to the effect that the ban on cyclamates may represent *too* prudent concern for public health.

Dr. Frederick Coulston, director of the Institute of Experimental Pathology and Toxicology at Albany Medical College of Union University in New York, said: "This is a terrible clause. Almost anything could form a tumor under some circumstances. The clause removes a good scientific approach and reasonableness of interpretation." His view was shared by other scientists, most notably by Dr. Michael Sveda, the discoverer of cyclamates. On the other hand, the cyclamates ban was hailed, quite naturally, by Representative Delaney, who urged Finch to study hundreds of other additives, whose safety "had not been established to the satisfaction of the FDA and many other groups concerned with the health and safety of the public." He particularly asked for a close look at saccharin, the major artificial sweetener remaining to the diet industry now that cyclamates are unavailable.

The next real test of the willingness of HEW and FDA officials to enforce the Delaney stipulation came, however, from an unexpected quarter. Environmental

scientists, biologists and others concerned with the effect of pesticide residues on food, as well as with general pesticide and other contamination of the biosphere, challenged the federal officials to set at zero the tolerance level for DDT residues in or on foods, including meat. It is virtually impossible to eliminate every trace of DDT from foodstuffs, and the effect sought was to force the growers to abandon it. The petition, addressed to FDA, was filed early in October, before Finch made his cyclamate decision, by five attorneys for California Rural Legal Assistance, an OEO agency, and the Environmental Defense Fund, Inc., a nonprofit group of biologists and ecologists located at Stony Brook, N.Y. The petition was given slight press notice at the time, but the action against the sweetener made it of major importance. The argument used by CRLA and EDF was identical to that advanced by Finch: DDT has been found to cause cancer in animals and must, under the Delaney provision, be eliminated from food products.

In an attempt to speed the process, a wider coalition, including EDF, the CRLA lawyers, former Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall and three leading conservation groups, filed a petition with Finch on October 31 asking him to set the tolerance level on DDT at zero without waiting for FDA action. A separate petition, filed with Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin, asked that the official registration of DDT as a licensed pesticide be canceled. The groups included the Sierra Club, Audubon Society and West Michigan Environmental Council, backed by the Izaak Walton League and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC). When the Agriculture Department was confronted with a similar, recent decision in the same area, Hardin banned use of the herbicide 2,4,5-T under the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act as representing an "imminent" danger to public health.

Ultimately, it was not these efforts which moved Finch to act, but the long-awaited report of the Special Pesticide Task Force Study headed by Dr. Emil Mrak, former chancellor of the University of California, at Davis, appointed by Finch last April.



Norris, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

"I'd Like Half a Pound of Anything You Have That Doesn't Contain Tars, Resins, Pesticide Residues, Polysupersaturated Fats, Artificial Sweeteners, Softeners, Foaming Agents or Chemical Additives."

Rejecting the request contained in the conservationists' petition to set the tolerance level for DDT at zero, Finch embraced the Mrak Commission's recommendation that DDT be restricted within two years to "essential" uses—not yet defined. In doing so, he pointedly avoided citing the Delaney clause as reason for his action. He announced instead that he would ask Congress to strike the law that foods with additives found to produce cancer in laboratory animals must be withdrawn from market. He is thus also asking that the law that caused him to ban cyclamates be removed. Finch argues that he needs more flexibility than is given him when he must ban an additive that causes cancer in mice, but which may not endanger human beings. The plausibility of the argument breaks down in Finch's own admission that no one really knows how hazardous such substances may be to human beings. The significant and major impact that weakening the Delaney amendment could have will perhaps be seen when Finch considers scores of other pesticides which are awaiting review and which, unlike DDT, play an increasingly important economic role. Until he acts on these, many observers will continue to eye him skeptically.

The reasons for this uncertainty are for the most part political and Finch is a highly political man. A general assault on current pesticide techniques may promise a storm far exceeding the cyclamate flurry. For one thing, diet manufacturers could absorb part of the temporary losses in highly diversified and profitable operations involving nondiet foods and drinks. Moreover, other sugar substitutes are available to take the place of cyclamates. Thus the political consequences of Finch's decision—and the pressures on him—were less intense.

But the same cannot be said of the impact on agriculture of a ban on a variety of now standard pesticides, or of the political response, in Congress and out. The power in Congress, at least in its Appropriations and Agriculture Committees, resides in senior members attuned to the interests of growers and chemical manufacturers rather than to those of consumers. They angrily regard attacks on pesticide usage as assaults on agricultural profits. Farm lobbies will be no less reluctant to put their weight on Finch in this issue.

That politics and pesticides have already mixed was made evident by the Senate's swift retaliation against the California Rural Legal Assistance when its lawyers filed their DDT petition. It also became obvious that the issue of pesticide control has become identified in conservative minds with the stormy, four-year-old nationwide table grape boycott led by Cesar Chavez, head of the UFWOC. [See "Poisons, Profits and Politics" by Ruth Harmer, *The Nation*, August 25.]

Several months ago, the union raised the issue of chemically contaminated California table grapes before the Senate subcommittee on migratory labor, chaired by

Sen. Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.). Chavz had lately made pesticide control one of the central issues of his organizing effort, charging that growers are using "the wrong kinds of chemicals, in the wrong amounts, and in the wrong places" in reckless disregard of the health of farm workers and consumers alike.

At this time, legislation to extend the life of OEO by two years was under consideration, and Sen. George Murphy (R., Calif.) introduced an amendment that would, in effect, make CRLA subject to Governor Reagan by providing that governors may exercise an item-by-item veto of OEO legal projects, a veto that may not be overruled by the director. At present governors may choose to accept or reject OEO legal services only in their entirety, and they may be overruled by the director.

The board of governors of the American Bar Association immediately denounced the provision as an "oppressive interference with the freedom of the lawyer and the citizen." They were soon joined by the U.S. Judicial Conference headed by Chief Justice Warren Burger, and by the National Legal Aid and Defender Association.

The amendment caught Senate liberals napping and passed 45 to 40. In a belated move to salvage what they could, the liberals waited until Murphy had left the chamber to catch a plane for California and then won Senate agreement to another amendment that would allow the President personally to overrule a governor's veto. But the victory was hollow. Southern Senators wrung a promise from the liberals that they would agree to drop their amendment in conference if Murphy, when he returned, deemed it unacceptable. He promptly did so. There was still a slim chance that Murphy's amendment would be defeated by the Congress.

Murphy made it evident that pique over the pesticide brief filed by CRLA was his chief motivation for offering the amendment. The CRLA lawyers have been a thorn in the side of the Reagan administration and of California's large growers for some time. The legal aid agency forced Reagan to restore $16 million he had cut from the state's Medicaid program, halted the flow of braceros across the border for use as strikebreakers against the UFWOC, and forced reluctant counties to adopt food programs for the needy.

Conceding that the petition to FDA was brought not on behalf of the UFWOC but of several California residents, Murphy nonetheless pointed to the link with the UFWOC's campaign. "Who is representing these petitioners?" he asked. "None other than the California Rural Legal Assistance . . . the same California Rural Legal Assistance [that] issued a press release announcing that it was representing farm workers who have filed six major lawsuits and workmen's compensation complaints concerning recurring pesticide injuries against allegedly negligent growers."

Thus the CRLA—"a tax-supported organization"—was, Murphy said, being "employed for political gain by a private group." If the logic seemed thin as justification for turning the entire project over to the control of Reagan, it did not appear to bother a majority of Senators voting that afternoon. The implications for OEO legal aid agencies located in Southern states were also clear.

The vote represented a startling lack of confidence in Donald Rumsfeld, the new OEO director. But Finch, who hopes one day to return to Republican politics in California and who would like the cooperation of Reagan and Murphy when he does so, can also read it as a political sign of the times on pesticide control.

His problem has been that he could not, like Murphy, dismiss the CRLA petition as being merely a UFWOC tactic to frighten consumers away from buying table grapes and reanimate the union's allegedly "lagging" boycott. The scientific evidence cited in the CRLA brief, including studies by the National Cancer Institute and even a 1947 study by the Food and Drug Administration itself, has been substantial. Results of a five-year study by the National Cancer Institute, not yet fully revealed, indicate that some fifty out of 130 widely used pesticides, herbicides and related chemical compounds have carcinogenic properties (*Medical World News*, March 14). Part of the study dealing specifically with DDT and reported in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*, indicated that DDT caused cancer in mice. The results are being re-evaluated.

Cited research by Hungarian scientists showed that leukemia developed in 124 of 1,000 mice when three parts per million of DDT was added to their diets. CRLA lawyers also pointed to an FDA study showing an increased incidence of liver tumors in rats fed DDT and another study showing the formation of hepatomas in rainbow trout when DDT was introduced.

Study of the possible human implications has hardly begun, but tests at the University of Miami School of Medicine have indicated that terminal cancer victims had more than twice as much DDT in their fat as did victims of accidental death.

The problem still facing Finch is tough, and how he handles it may provide as good an indication as any of the general direction the Nixon Administration will follow on issues of consumer health. There are those who fear that for practical and political reasons he may, in implementing the Mrak Commission's recommendations on pesticide regulation in general, avoid the hard decisions that many scientists believe are required.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 554)*

State Department lie: *only if one accepts the false story can one argue that refusal to discuss the loan was not economic pressure.* Schlesinger understands that this "was impossible for the Russians to believe." Again Williams has answered him; Schlesinger's explanation "does not speak to the point of how the leaders could forget the request even if they lost the document."

But evidence exists that the leaders themselves knew the request had not been lost. As George Kennan stated at the Princeton seminar on the cold war (Feb. 15, 1968), "There've been a lot of statements that we lost the paper . . . it was not lost. It was always there in the files." At the time, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes admitted that he frankly had no desire to deal with the loan request. "I had it placed in the 'Forgotten File,'" Byrnes wrote, "as I felt sure that Fred Vinson, the new Secretary of the Treasury would not press it." *Ronald Radosh*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Politics of Objectivity

THE UNBOUND PROMETHEUS: Technological Change and Industrial Development in Western Europe from 1750 to the Present. *By David S. Landes. Cambridge University Press. 566 pp. $8.50. Paper $2.95.*

OBJECTIVITY IN SOCIAL RESEARCH. *By Gunnar Myrdal. Pantheon Books. 111 pp. $1.95 paper.*

THEODORE ROSZAK

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It would require a deal of space simply to list the virtues of Professor Landes' history of Western European industrial development. If the study offered nothing more, its deft synthesis of monographic and learned journal material, its résumés of the technical aspects of invention and industrial organization, and its marshaling of intelligently selected statistical data would make it an indispensable reference guide.

But the book offers a very great deal more. With impressive authority, it covers a wide range of most important interpretive emphases on and insights into modern economic thought and scholarship. The business cycle and monetary theorists, the school of entrepreneurial studies, outstanding thinkers like Weber, Schumpeter and Keynes are all passed in review. Marxist criticism—while never presented with depth or great discrimination among its many varieties—is acknowledged at numerous points.

Further, the more technical features of industrialization are treated by Landes with admirable breadth: the context of social and political history is never lost from sight in the often detailed discussion of machines, techniques and organizational forms. In this respect, Landes' opening chapter is as densely thoughtful an introduction to the origins of the industrial revolution as one is apt to find anywhere. It extends—as the subject demands—from the sociology of the European bourgeoisie to deep reflections upon the psychology of Western man, his penchant for secular rationality and his "Faustian sense of mastery over man and nature."

Most significantly, Landes has attempted to assimilate the whole of Western industrialism to the study of economic growth in general. In so doing, he links his history to the most timely and hotly debated topic in contemporary economics. In a world more and more torn between developed and underdeveloped societies, growth is the prize of gold for which hosts of ideologues and theorists contend. Landes enters this battle zone, however, not as a theorist but as a workmanlike historian: one who seeks to embed the economics of growth in the thick of the Western historical record. Even W. W. Rostow's theory of "staged" development receives a coolly negative response from Landes, despite the schema's concession to real historical experience. Landes' commitment is to judge all theory against the stubborn fact and massed detail of the past to match doctrine with experience. The most he will claim for such an approach is that it leads to "a small number of middle-range conclusions" or "limited inductive analyses." As I will suggest, Landes' professed modesty in this respect is not to be taken seriously; but he has nonetheless produced a history of such authority and critical substance, that it fully deserves the place it is bound to hold for the next generation or more as a standard comparative study of industrial development in England, Germany, France and (to a lesser extent) America.

For all its many virtues, however, there is a naïveté at the heart of this highly sophisticated work. That soft center is Landes' pretense of total objectivity in his exploration of the most explosively controversial ground in the whole of modern history. The stance he affects is that of the disinterested scholar, one who practices "the historian's customary prudence" and whose research is "an effort to see things as they are," to see the past as a vast complexity allowing of no simple doctrinaire judgments. "Complexity" is a theme continually sounded throughout the study. Again and again, we are reminded that the past follows no rules, no laws, no obvious pattern; there can never be—as the ideologues insist—a single cause or a single effect. Instead, there is always "a whole array of special circumstances" surrounding great events which make "ambitious universal abstractions" and simple evaluations impossible.

> How much more agreeable it would be to reduce everything to a handful of aspects and explain these by a handful of causes! And how comforting it would be to be able to draw unambiguous lessons from this rich tapestry of human experience and present them for the guidance of the industrializers today. . . .

But these are pleasures of simplification the historian must banish.

Now, in fact, this ponderously rationalized caution on Landes' part is so much excess baggage in his book. For he has not come within hailing distance of writing an objective history of industrialization—a project that is, in any case, neither desirable nor possible. It is difficult to believe that anyone could come away from his book without recognizing that its author shows a very marked and prominent political persuasion and has allowed that viewpoint to function as his interpretive touchstone. Here is the work of an Establishment liberal, one who comes down on the side of continued, though responsibly planned technological elaboration within the existing capitalist order. While that order is seen to have its imperfections, Landes views its record as substantially commendable—the best a reasonable man could expect—and its promise undimmed. If the system's prospects are shadowed at all, it is due to the pressure of newer, Socialist economies which threaten disaster because "their economic efforts are directed not to the pursuit of wealth . . . but to the pursuit of power"—an obscure conclusion which, insofar as can be made sensible, seems to require that we forget what society it was that invented the concept of *Machtpolitik* in the first place.

As Landes would have it, where capitalist industrialism has led Western society into war or agonizing dislocation, these have been in the nature of "difficult adjustment," "the growing pains of a system in process of germination." Where it has led to depression, this has been the natural balkiness of "an overworked engine vigorously stoked. . . ." And even so, Landes reminds us—as if the observation purchased perfect indulgence—the capitalist economies did continue to *grow* throughout and despite the depression of the thirties: "The system was far from healthy: but change was built into it and more than outweighed the deleterious effects of uncertainty, periodic crises and harmful medication."

In brief, Landes is the sort of scholar one would expect to discover in

service on the Council of Economic Advisers, or heading up a blue-ribbon committee to formulate more sophisticated guidelines for military-industrial research and development, or perhaps providing historical background for the cogitations of the Harvard Program on Technology and Society with which he has been associated. He is one who believes in *responsible* advice and the infinite possibilities of internal adjustments. Thus he is, at last, the essential conservative all Establishment liberals turn out to be: for they *will* play the game.

This does not in any sense disqualify Landes as an authority in his field or impugn the potential value of his judgments. It is only to say that he misleads us—and perhaps himself—to the degree that he assumes Establishment liberalism to be an apolitical position whose conclusions wear the costume of indubitable fact. Landes' brand of politics does indeed blend unobtrusively into the landscape of the *status quo*; but its low visibility hardly renders it nonexistent.

Some forty years ago, Sir John Clapham set about writing just such an objective history of early industrialism in Great Britain. The ponderous tomes he produced remain immensely useful in any number of ways; but it has not required much effort on the part of left-wing economic historians like E. P. Thompson and Eric Hobsbawm to reveal the essentially conservative politics that underlies such purported detachment. Landes' history, while vastly more readable, much resembles Clapham's work. There is the same heavy use of statistics, the same skirting and playing down of working-class hardships, the same softening of issues of social justice by way of invoking historical necessity, the long-term trends and the eventual high productivity of the system.

There is, too, the same arbitrary waving aside of basic, but troublesome questions. Confronted with the much debated issues of social dislocation and human misery in early industrial England, Landes identifies them as a continuing "matter of controversy" among rival schools of thought, and assures us that "this is not the place to assess these judgments." Confronted with the all-important question of whether the advent of industrialism has improved or weakened our cultural health, he decides "there is no point in arguing here whether the change is for the better or worse. The question is one of ends more than means and has its place in moral philosophy not economic history."

But of course such lines of intellectual demarcation are no more real than any scholar cares to make them. It is not professional law but personal choice that licenses Landes to write a history of technological development which ignores the work of those (like Lewis Mumford, Jacques Ellul, Siegfried Giedion and Roderick Seidenberg) who have challenged our society's facile and orthodox optimism regarding industrialism. And the result of such neglect is not objectivity but interpretation.

Terminology alone reveals Landes' predilections. Preindustrial social structures are referred to as "sluggish" and a "handicap"; their removal is a "liberation" which allows an economy to "advance" toward "maturity." Increase of industrialization is always seen as "progress." The fullness of industrialism is designated as a state of "rationality," despite the fact that, as Landes recognizes, the pursuit of industrial supremacy has turned into "a race without a finishing line," rather like the Caucus Race in *Alice in Wonderland*. But Landes' sequestered bias shows up no place more notably than in the final portions of his study where he identifies technological research and development as the probably inexhaustible new investment frontier which has carried us out of the doldrums of the thirties into an era of unprecedented growth, especially in the United States. Research and development were, as Landes puts it, "the silent, steady work" beneath the surface of the depression's apparent disaster. Those who first perceived this shining horizon were the "visionaries" of their generation, for they saw the promise hidden within a line of economic advance that then "seemed to rest on the pathological foundation of war and preparation for war." "Seemed"—as if it did not still.

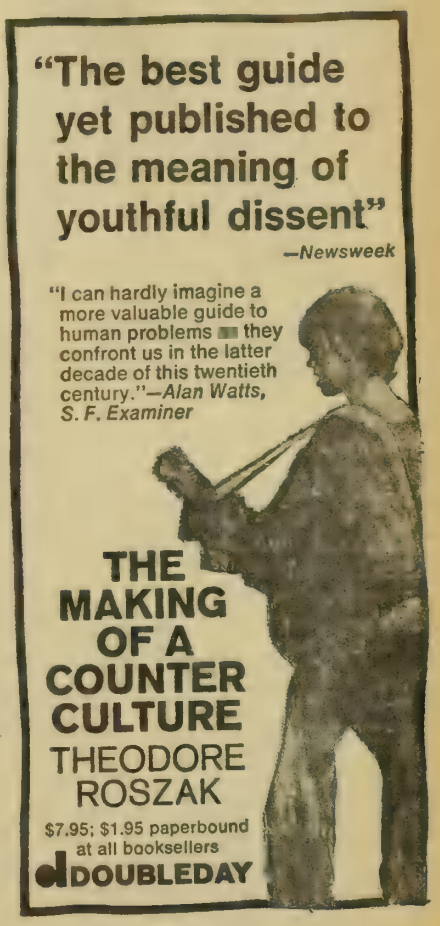
The argument that much of the so-called growth we have known since World War II is but a statistical figment conjured up out of profit-bearing waste, disposable and nondisposable junk, ecological blight, careerist research mongering, and military boondoggling does not significantly figure in Landes' analysis. Provided it registers in the GNP, growth is its own justification. Nor does he acknowledge the relationship of this high-industrial "race without a finish line," along with the technological congestion it yields, to the development in our midst of a social system beholden to elitist expertise monopolized by industry, the military and the state. With these factors slighted or ignored, it is little wonder that Landes can provide his study with a brightly upbeat finish. He quotes from *Fortune* magazine:

> . . . capitalism as a whole is *not* subject to a ceiling of diminishing returns; innovation is *not* a self-exhausting process; the era of radical change we now experience is *not* headed toward a new "point of rest"; all the buffalo on the plains of progress have *not* been shot—indeed, they are breeding faster and faster.

The optimism of this conclusion will be lost upon those of us who begin to feel more and more like the buffalo on that fateful and bloody plain.

What we have in Landes' history, therefore, is a celebration of capitalist industrialism, of its ingenuity, its dynamism, its Promethean *élan*. No reader could miss the author's admiration for the system's daring and munificence, or his eager anticipation of its exciting and productive future. And, to be sure, there is no reason why economic history should not be written from that ethical perspective, since it also has insights to offer. That is why it is so amusing for Landes to parade a quaintly Rankean historicism across his pages, and to knock the left wingers so often for their bad habit of simplifying the vast complexity of the past. If radical economists and scholars have thinned the historical shrubbery, it has been to reveal the rascals that hide therein. Those who replace the bushes are not being more objective; they are only practicing a different sort of politics.

The gist of the criticism I make here is well set forth in Gunnar Myrdal's



extended essay, *Objectivity in Social Research*, now available in a paperback issue that should enjoy widespread use on the campuses.

> No social science or particular branch of social research [Myrdal tells us] can pretend to be "amoral" or "apolitical." No social science can ever be "neutral" or simply "factual," indeed not "objective" in the traditional meaning of these terms. Research is always and by logical necessity based on moral and political valuations, and the researcher should be obliged to account for them explicitly.

Myrdal takes rather a long time saying not very much more than this in the essay. But he says it with mighty conviction. And it is a truth that continues to bear much repetition.

Individuality and Numerosity

OF BEING NUMEROUS. *By George Oppen. New Directions. 64 pp. $4.25.*

L. S. DEMBO

Mr. Dembo is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin and the editor of Contemporary Literature. *He is the author, among other books, of* Conceptions of Reality in Modern American Poetry *(University of California Press).*

When George Oppen stopped writing poetry in the mid-1930s, he had behind him only a small volume of imagistic poems, hardly enough to mark him for the stature he has achieved today. His efflorescence, after twenty-five years of silence, is remarkable. It would be irrelevant to speculate on what Oppen might have done had he been writing steadily, just as it would be sentimental to lament his silence. The four volumes that he has completed are in themselves an impressive contribution to American poetry.

There is nothing in his first volume, *Discrete Series*, to suggest that Oppen's social consciousness was strong enough to lead him to abandon poetry and commit himself fully to political activism. Yet that is exactly what he did. He and his wife joined the Communist Party in 1935, not for philosophic reasons, says Oppen, but out of the desire to do something about mass hunger. That this decision was not foreshadowed in *Discrete Series* is characteristic of Oppen's whole way of viewing his art. He never believed that politics could be made into poetry or, conversely, that poetry could have any effect on social conditions. When a poet could no longer tolerate what he saw before his eyes, Oppen felt, poetry was a luxury.

The following two and a half decades were years of activism, military service and exile. Harassed by the McCarthy committee in 1950, faced with the prospect of informing on friends or going to jail, he fled to Mexico with his wife and child and did not return until 1958, after McCarthy's death. By this time he had been working on some new poems. This opened his most creative period. In 1962 New Directions/*San Francisco Review* published *The Materials* and in 1965, *This in Which*. This year, his stature finally recognized beyond a small group of poets and critics, he won the Pulitzer Prize for *Of Being Numerous*.

Just as Oppen's involvement in political activities marked a divorce from poetry, so his return to poetry marked an exhaustion with politics. Unsurprisingly, the latter poems proceed from the same "objectivist" impulse as the earlier, even though they are, of course, broader in subject and more profound. While Louis Zukofsky, Charles Reznikoff, and Oppen himself have all denied the existence of a coherent movement called "Objectivism," the label remains useful. It is unimportant, for example, that Zukofsky's manifesto in the February 1931 issue of *Poetry* was as baffling to Reznikoff, whose poetry Zukofsky used to exemplify his theory, as to Oppen and many of the magazine's readers. More important is that each of the poets had a notion of what he himself meant by "objectivist"; and Oppen's interpretation is the key to all his work.

Objectivism begins for Oppen as an attempt to "construct a method of thought from the imagist technique of poetry—from the imagist intensity of vision." He called it a test of sincerity, based on the idea "that there is a moment, an actual time, when you believe something to be true, and you construct a meaning from these moments of conviction." "Imagist thought," first embodied in *Discrete Series*, is a form of nominalism in which appreciation of the existence of an object, in its tangibility or luminosity, is the primary poetic feeling. The moment of conviction is aesthetic, not philosophic or ethical:

> *the thing*
> *Happening, filling our eyesight*
> *Out to the horizon—I remember the sky*
> *And the moving sea.*

The world that is impenetrable to th "power and weight of the mind" reveal itself, in its own way, to the man wh is capable "of that emotion/Whic causes/To see"; that is, to the man wh can experience "a lyric reaction to th world." Poetry, then, ought not to hav a social or moral intention, any more tha the poet should be what Oppen calle a "medical pragmatist" offering remedies What matters is the "sense of the poet' self among things," not a display o "right thinking and right sentiment, which could not "substantiate themselve in the concrete material of the poem."

The aesthetic qualities of objects o events—apprehended not in terms o their associations or conventional mean ing but in terms of their form or mo tion—were considered by Oppen to b "empirical." They nonetheless depend o the point of view of the perceiver. Th chief interest in *Discrete Series* is no so much what is observed but how i is observed or experienced. For instance here is how a woman appears to nominalist sexually aroused:

> *She lies, hip high,*
> *On a flat bed*
> *While the after—*
> *Sun passes.*
>
> *Plant, I breathe—*
> *O Clearly*
> *Eyes legs arms hands fingers,*
> *Simple legs in silk.*

The subject of the poem is not the lad but the poet who, Oppen explains regards her as though he were a plan closed in on himself. As a matter o fact, the lady is perceived not as person but as a set of particulars o visual sensations; such constitutes he greatest "reality" for the speaker.

In the later poems Oppen's phe nomenological bent becomes un mistakable. "Thought leaps upon u because we are here," he writes i "World, World" (*This in Which*). Stil rigorously reporting only what he ha "seen" or truly sensed, he begins t describe a world of alienation and loss— a world lethal and unknowable yet of fering moments of intense aesthetic vision. In poems like "The Return," which reflect (but never declare) Op pen's profound sense of estrangement on his return to New York from Mexico "Resort," in which he views himself a though he were an alien object; o "Tourist's Eye," in which he vainly tries to penetrate beyond the "mineral fact" of the city, and the sheer "numerosity" of men, to a vision of "humanity" and a sense of continuity, Oppen reveals the human, if stark, struggle that underlies the perceptions of the objectivist Nonetheless, he could still say—and say characteristically—that "we want to be

here" and that he himself lived not from lack of courage to commit suicide but in affirmation of life. Again, what redeemed the world for Oppen was the "lyric valuable."

Poetry thus became for Oppen the language of faith in the material world and the means for expressing its ultimate mystery. Commenting on "Psalm," he argued that in uttering small words like "sun" and "shade" one implied an entire cosmos. "It's a tremendous structure," he said, "to have built out of a few small nouns." The noun is the central part of speech in Oppen's universe, since it signifies the existence of an object but provides no knowledge about it:

There are words that mean nothing
But there is something to mean,
Not a declaration which is truth
But a thing
Which is.

That reality—as epitomized, for example, by the islands in the polar mist of "Narrative"—can inspire the poet with dread and the sense of *Néant*, as well as with joy and the sense of Being, points up the profound ambivalence in Oppen's view of the world. The "life of the mind," which Oppen believes to be the only life for humanity, coexists with *Angst*, boredom and despair. Yet underlying these opposing responses is the idea that reality in all its manifestations must be respected as truth. Nontruth is represented by the invented ethic, detached from actual feeling, or in objects, by the hollow decorations of an affluent civilization.

Of Being Numerous, with the title poem and its sequel, "Route," gathers up the themes of the preceding volumes into a coherent meditation. Both are major poems which mingle autobiography and metaphysics in an objectivist style that is anything but confessional. Investigating the philosophic implications of his own experiences and, conversely, the experiential basis of his philosophic generalizations, Oppen reveals little of himself except his proclivity to avoid soul searching. Furthermore, if "Of Being Numerous" and "Route" can be called meditative poems, they are meditative according to the logic of "imagistic thought." That is, each is a mosaic of observations that might justly be considered a discrete series; they are phenomenological rather than psychological renditions of the poet's consciousness, as the opening lines of "Of Being Numerous" indicate:

There are things
We live among "and to see them
Is to know ourselves."

"Of Being Numerous" is concerned with individuality and "numerosity." One of the important, if obscure, questions it raises is, Is there such a thing as "humanity," a vital whole that might be its own justification for living, or are men simply numerous, part of a meaningless, "infinite series"? The poem begins with an inquiry into the nature of men's lives in the city. (Many of the sections are taken from "A Language of New York" in *This in Which*.) The things we live among are "sad marvels," the "mineral facts" of skyscrapers, that can be seen but not comprehended. The city merely exists; it has no meaningful or recoverable past; life is pure "occurrence"; the poet finds himself incapable of living in any time but the present.

Frozen in the moonlight
In the frozen air over the footpath,
consciousness

Which has nothing to gain, which
awaits nothing,
Which loves itself

The poet is aware of his own individuality, but it is an awareness made possible only by the sense of isolation. Undoubtedly Oppen's actual exile lies behind this universal appraisal, and a personal sense of shipwreck gives force to the abstraction:

The isolated man is dead, his world
around him exhausted

And he fails! He fails, that meditative
man!

• ■ •

Obsessed, bewildered

By the shipwreck
Of the singular

We have chosen the meaning
Of being numerous.

The Singular Man had the power of seeing intensely but not of communicating; the shipwreck of the singular is really the failure of the poet to reach a community.

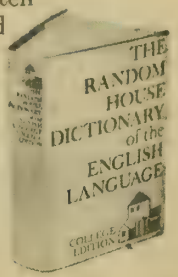
Underlying all the tensions of the poem is a crisis of faith in which Oppen posits an idea of humanity but cannot consistently believe in the metaphysic that will transform the infinite series of single lives into continuity and community, "the metaphysic/On which rest/The boundaries/Of our distances." Generations succeed one another, Oppen implies, only to be lost in "the great mineral silence . . . a process/Completing itself." The poem accordingly ends with a quotation from Whitman in which the capitol dome at sunset is described: "it dazzles and glistens like a big star: it looks quite . . . curious. . . ."

"At the end of a very long poem," Oppen remarked, "I couldn't find anything more positive to say than that."

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The "first eyes" of the poet can be bedazzled but all they can *know* is "the noon's/Own vacuity." The anticlimactic comment marks the totality of the poet's knowledge of what he beholds. Aesthetic vision must be its own excuse for being, for there is nothing beyond it.

No less intense a poem than "Of Being Numerous," "Route" reflects the profound determinism that marks the whole range of Oppen's work. It has a vision of love, but love understood as a biological phenomenon. A matter of chromosomes and genes, it "occurs," no less unknowable an event than any other natural phenomenon. "Route" sees aesthetic clarity as the sum of knowledge:

One man could not understand me
because I was saying
simple things; it seemed to him that
nothing was being
said. I was saying: there is a mountain,
there is a lake. . . .

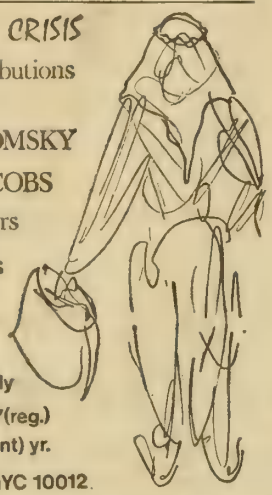
The poem tells a pathetic story, from real life, about Alsatian men who hid themselves in holes to avoid conscription by the Nazis. But the story is presented in understated irony and in a casual tone, as part of the poet's "reportage" of the way men behave and the way things occur. Characteristically, Oppen does not comment on the horrors of war; his real subject in this section is the strength of authentic feelings, the psychological realities that are prior to all intellectual constructions, ethics included:

Wars that are just? A simpler question:
In the event,
will you or will you not want to kill a
German. Because
in the event, if you do not want to,
you won't.

Consistent with his biological and psychological determinism, Oppen does not see war as a form of evil but rather of insanity. And if the genes do not produce love, "we will produce no s[ome] man again."

Oppen is not the kind of man to [call] attention to himself; he is unpretenti[ous], soft-spoken and, above all, mod[est]. These perhaps are the personal quali[ties] that lie behind his impersonal st[yle], which is never strident, but gener[ates] its own kind of power. In his sta[rk], chiseled idiom he frequently achieve[s] "limited, limiting clarity." His [only] poetic ideal is that of the existential m[an] in general whose integrity compels h[im] to face down an absurd universe a[nd] whose lucidity keeps him from desp[air]. Behind Oppen's impersonal "reporta[ge]" there is all the intensity of perso[nal] conviction, unjeopardized by [sen]mentality and romantic egoism. Opp[en] has realized the full potential of [his] objectivist allegiance: he has becom[e a] poet of the first order.

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Comic Surrealism

THE BAMBOO BED. *By William Eastlake. Simon & Schuster. 350 pp. $6.50.*

BEVERLY GROSS

The Bamboo Bed is the nickname of a helicopter belonging to the Search and Rescue Squad which swoops high over the Vietnamese jungle during battle supposedly in search of the wounded and the lost. Manning the Bamboo Bed, far from the controls, indifferent to where they may be floating, Captain Knightbridge makes love to Nurse Jane. No one ever gets saved by the Bamboo Bed, except perhaps the lovemakers. An image of suspended indifference, the Bamboo Bed captivates everyone's imagination and serves as a fitting emblem for this novel.

The title has a multiplicity of meanings. The dead and dying have their own bamboo bed: the thick underbrush of the jungle floor is a natural bier. The comic absurdity of William Eastlake's novel does not diminish, in fact depends upon, the impact of wanton, illimitable human destruction. On Hill 904, along with the "gin bottles, marijuana wrappers . . . autographs of Hubert Horatio Humphrey and the movie stars who visited the Hill on a calm day" are "millions of gallons of red blood as though it had been sprayed there by defoliation mission, all of a year's output of something from a chemical company for which the stockholders received a supplemental year's-end dividend and caused the stock to jump up three and five eighths."

Mme. Dieudonné has a large circular bamboo bed in her underground v[illa] ("very difficult to believe unless y[ou] have tried to live on top in Vietnam"). Mme. Dieudonné is the widow of [the] owner of a large rubber plantation whe[re] crop gets exported to France for [the] manufacture of the world's finest co[n]doms. Like everyone else in the no[vel] she is indifferent to the struggle, [is] concerned about the progress of the w[ar] (everyone believes, perhaps rightly, th[at] it will last forever). The war, wh[ich] destroys her lover, touches her not [at] all. She abides at the end of the no[vel] as she is likely to abide at the end [of] the war, whatever its outcome.

The Bamboo Bed is not a politi[cal] novel, hardly even a war novel. It [is] neither realistic nor (in the ordina[ry] sense of the term) hard-hitting. A br[il]liant, strange, wondrous perfor[m]ance: it is the kind of feather th[at] knocks you over. It has something [of] the black humor of *Catch-22* which [it] superficially resembles. But Eastla[ke] has done something more than spaw[n] a sequel to Joseph Heller's novel. *Catch-22* is set in World War II—*set in*: a[n] conflagration could have been used [as] the backdrop to its madness. *The Bamboo Bed is* the war in Vietnam.

The novel is about destruction, sudd[en] and slow. Almost everyone gets kille[d]. Clancy, the Captain of A for Alp[ha] Company, the lover of Mme. Dieudonn[é] is lost in the jungle slowly dying fro[m] his battle wounds. Captain Clancy is th[e] hero in this novel (not the hero *of* i[t]. *The Bamboo Bed* has no heroes in th[e] sense). Clancy is a war hero, scarr[ed]

om battle, a more or less honorable an, who is responsible for some vic- ries and for one terrible defeat, the ttle at Ridge Red Boy when the whole A for Alpha Company was wiped out. ancy's life is regarded as worth pre- rving by people who are not bent preserving anything much any more: ey want to save him for his symbolic lue.

There has never been a band of such mbol hunters since the Middle Ages. is as though the characters are bent denying reality by their random, surd, contradictory symbolizing. It is eir way of leveling things, people, the ar itself; their way of endowing the eaningless with something resembling nificance.

That meaninglessness is the comic sur- ce, the horrifying subsurface of East- ke's narrative. The war has no mean- g, it is fought for no issues: none ever mentioned, none ever thought of. ne Viet Cong is simply the Unfriendlies. ne men see themselves engaged in a ntest between the Friendlies (us) and e Unfriendlies (Victor Charlie). If ere is heroism and nobility, it is for asons having nothing to do with out- le commitments. Weintraub, the draft sister who was vengefully singled out his local draft board, turns out to the straightest shooter in the com- ny. "If they hadn't drafted you you'd ll be in the peace marches," Clancy ls him. "You'd never know what a ller you are." The war is fought on ch places as Hill 904, alternately Ours d Theirs. ("Up the Hill 904 the nericans went. Down the Hill 904 the mericans came. . . . The Americans d this again and again and again and ain. Why? Because it was a habit now. ne Americans were hooked on Hill 04.")

The peculiar quality of this book comes rgely from the way such oddities are ken so easily for granted. No one is uch struck by the presence of two wer children, a guitar-playing deserter d his girl friend wearing an "I HAVE DREAM" button, who sit in the jungle nging *Where Have All the Flowers one*. Colonel Yvor, armless (although is later confirmed that he has had s arms pinioned to his chest under plaster cast—for aesthetic reasons), ho in his claim never to have read book is deemed the real spirit of the ietnamese War. Three Orientals at- ched to the company, Karl Marx, Ho i Minh and The Naked Chinaman, are e only ones who know how to repair e helicopter. Oliver and Elgar, the mpany WASPs, negotiate the sale of bridge to the Viet Cong ("It was our tra bridge we had coming into the wn. There were two so we sold one. was 'extra.'") It all seems normal everyone.

"You're not going crazy, Weintraub," Appelfinger said.

"Sure?"

"Yes. I know enough about evolution to know that man adapts."

"You mean if he adapts to insanity he's not going crazy?"

"Yes," Appelfinger said.

"But he's crazy if he doesn't become crazy? If everyone else is crazy?"

"Yes."

"Why is that?"

"Because we have to set a norm," Appelfinger said. "Even if that norm is crazy. It's called a mean."

"And you never went to college?"

"No. I studied evolution on my own."

The impact of *The Bamboo Bed* comes from its peculiar disjointedness. It is comic surrealism: the sudden shifting between hilarity and outrage; recognizable reality giving way to the symbolic, the mythic, the gothic, the absurd.

> Now the jungle made sounds. The awful silence had given way to the noises that usually accompany an American motion picture. The cry of gaudy birds seemed fake. The complaints of small animals, distant, remote, like some sound track that had blurred, some other mix for a different cinema, so that you . . . expected that the next reel would announce the mistake, that this war would have to start all over again. . . .

The dialogue is the same sort of mixture. Alternately serious and nonsensical, the exchanges between characters shift radically through impossible spheres. They speak in crisp *non sequiturs* which have the feel of soldier talk, but the movement of an animated Magritte.

> "It's a beautiful Vietnamese day, isn't it?"
>
> "It sure is, sir."
>
> "Billy Joe, why do you wear that Confederate flag in your buttonhole?"
>
> "I don't know, sir."
>
> "Billy Joe, what are you doing in this war?"
>
> "Driving the chopper."
>
> "Answer me."
>
> "Stopping the Communists."
>
> Colonel Yvor thought about this while watching the green monsoon sky above the dark jungle below.
>
> "Very well, Billy Joe, you may place the cigar in my mouth."

The war in Vietnam may seem startling material for comic surrealism. World War II had been two decades behind us before we were confronted with *Catch-22*. But to feel the surrealism of our involvement (as the commentators term it) in Vietnam may not require the perspective of time. Especially when

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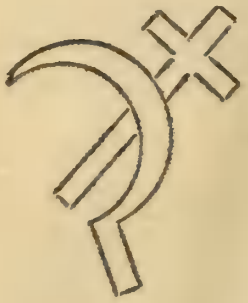
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we are so amply conditioned by such announcements as Richard Nixon's tongue-twisted explanation, in his Election Eve address, of why the United States is going to continue its present war policy: "I believe it will succeed. If it does not succeed, what the critics say now won't matter. Or if it does succeed, what the critics say now won't matter. If it does not succeed, anything I say won't matter." He sounds like someone speaking in *The Bamboo B* Eastlake's army of oddballs is given certain verisimilitude by our Presiden

A myth is a fiction that makes possible to deal with the ineffable. So myths are pernicious, which is why, Mailer tells us, we are in Vietnam. *The Bamboo Bed*, a mythic exercise in own right, deflates the myth behind involvement in Vietnam by mytholog ing that war out of existence.

Their Finest Hour

THE PEOPLE'S WAR: Britain, 1939-1945. *By Angus Calder. Pantheon Books. 640 pp. $8.95.*

C. H. ROLPH

Mr. Rolph is the legal correspondent for the New Statesman. *He is the author of many books, including* The Trial of Lady Chatterley *(Penguin) and, most recently,* Law and the Common Man *(C. C. Thomas). He was former Chief Inspector of the City of London Police.*

Almost everyone who was an adult in wartime Britain will find in Dr. Angus Calder's monumental book many sources of riveting interest. He has assembled a wealth of social, political and gossipy detail that most of us previously knew nothing of. But having been there, one might also discover some odd gaps in what Dr. Calder has provided (I think, for instance, that he overlooks the role of the police during the blitz; many of them died in "heavy rescue" operations and a good many of them lived permanently in public shelters because their homes were blitzed). His history does contain some errors of fact and inference. The errors in so vast a scrapbook are remarkably few and usually unimportant: but it's a kind of testimony to the vividness of the narrative that one is concerned with such details.

Churchill did not, as president of the Board of Trade in 1909, "introduce Labour Exchanges in Britain." They were then more than twenty years old, and his government merely recognized and adopted them. In June 1940 we didn't get, "each morning," news that "more and more troops had been brought out of Dunkirk"; we got only rumors. Officially there was a deafening silence until the operation was all over. The air raid wardens did not "appear to the working class to be no more than lackeys of the police, a traditional enemy." They were a bit of a bore about blackout curtains and about hand torches not properly dimmed, but in the poorest districts of East London (to take an example I happen to know about) the warden beca everybody's friend. And "in a peri which spawned ominous clusters of itials . . . the soldiers added an unof cial one of their own: 'P.B.I.,' p bloody infantry." That christening tually dates from 1916 and Passch daele, where the infantry were sent o in expendable waves and died useles by the tens of thousands.

But it comes as a genuine surprise learn that in London only 4 per cent the people slept in the underground s tions, for as Calder says, "some accou of the blitz make it sound as if alm everyone took to the tubes." Incidenta he faithfully records the half-guilty h ror with which the normal Londo gazed upon the Neanderthal faces some of those unexpected fellow citize Nor did I know that in the passive fense period of 1939 the millions of c fins made ready for us were of papi mâché; or that the snakes in the Lond zoo were put to death, "to the manif sorrow of their keepers." I never hea of the priceless Lancashire magistr who said: "This is a people's war as w as ours." Calder's many references Churchill addressing "his" people on t wireless suggest that he sometimes p ceives the same essential attitude Churchill as in the Lancashire J.P. don't think many of us knew that Beav brook wanted to oust Churchill as P mier, though in this book the eviden is clear enough. I think our blood wou have run even colder if we had kno *that*. And I didn't know, and can st hardly believe, that Sir Herbert Read, all people, had "produced the suggesti that there should be official war poets

Calder gives a merciless close-u of Churchill, the warts touched in fait fully with care. But this huge and absor ing tome, vivid history written by a m who is too young to have seen it happe read by one who had an uncomfortab bit part in it, perfectly understan Churchill's uniqueness:

Churchill's famous phrases—"blood,

sweat, toil and tears," "their finest hour," "we shall never surrender," did express something inarticulate, perhaps dormant but perhaps not, in the hearts and minds of his countrymen of most classes. They achieved their effect by a heroic yet very simple expression of the will to resist ("we shall fight them in the hills"), and by invoking the naive sense of nationhood and history which most of his literate subjects shared with him. Undoubtedly the middle classes at least, hearing his perorations, felt that they stood with Churchill on the heroic landscape of his imagination, and that the spirits of Alfred the Great and Nelson were with them. No other politician had the literary equipment and physical presence to give that kind of lead.

That is absolutely true, and (if you leave out the reference to Churchill's "subjects" which, I repeat, is going a bit too far), it has never been better expressed.

The book produces some enchanting antitheses, some of which (you may feel) must have been thoughtfully worked out. "*The Daily Mirror*," Calder says in his account of V-E Day, "fulfilling a faith long held in the fighting services, rejoiced by disrobing completely the hitherto tantalising 'Jane' [the comic strip heroine who was always losing some one of her essential garments]. Crowds massed, on the other hand, at St. Paul's Cathedral which was packed with worshippers all day." Those words—"on the other hand"—do an important job there. And when the two sides of a question get separated by several hundred pages, some unintentional *gaffes* are produced. Early in the book, there is a defense of "Bomber Harris," who is said to have been "unfairly blamed as a bloodthirsty ogre" for organizing those fearful air attacks on German cities; 300 pages later we learn that he was allowed at the end of the war "to follow his own whim" to "the point of manifest lunacy"—this was when he destroyed the beautiful city of Dresden in the hope of ending the war quickly by shattering German morale. (I'm told in Germany that German morale knew nothing about Dresden for many weeks.)

A marvelous book, nevertheless. There is another whole volume of information buried in the end notes. I relived the London war in these pages. And I salute a man who can combine the industry, the eclecticism and the literary grace to make one read compulsorily more than a quarter of a million words almost nonstop.

Theatre in Dublin

CATHARINE HUGHES

Miss Hughes is the American theatre critic for Plays and Players *(London) and contributes regularly to* Show Business *and* America. *Her* Madame Lafayette *was produced Off-Broadway several seasons ago.*

The indignation of the Irish press notwithstanding, it was only appropriate that the greatest stir at this year's Dublin Theatre Festival was created not by plays but by Playboy bunnies. Or, to be more accurate, by Playboy bunnies who never were, but who someone thought should have been, if only to rescue the limping Festival Club, in earlier years the center for late night gossip and Guinness.

As for the plays themselves—eighteen in twelve days—I would have been hard put to come up with a negative response for the cheerful Irishman who inquired, "Are they as bad as ever this year?" With a few exceptions, they sadly were, and even the exceptions were generally more interesting for what they had to say politically than for what they demonstrated artistically.

"Free Stevie Doherty" proclaimed the handbills passed out to the audience at the end of the first act of John Boyd's *The Assassin*. "We defend entirely the action of our brother Stephen Doherty. When he pulled the trigger in an attempt to free our country from the fascist tyranny of Col. Luther Lamb and all his followers, he struck a blow not for himself, not for personal gain, but for Ulster and for freedom." And, just in case the message needed underlining, there were signs demanding "Civil and Religious Liberty FOR ALL," "One Man, One Vote," "No Pope Here," "Up King Billy!", and voices singing *We Shall Overcome* in the background.

It couldn't have been more topical: the Londonderry demonstrations that brought Northern Ireland's explosive civil rights question out into the streets had occurred exactly a year earlier, and the bloodiest fighting yet was to occur in Belfast exactly a week later.

Actually, Boyd's play, although billed as a world première, was an updated version of one produced in Belfast in substantially milder form a few years ago. His Belfast is grim, fearful, torn by conflict—though perhaps not quite so grim or fearful as I found it as I walked along the Shankill Road a week later. And his central figure, the fanatic Rev. Col. Luther A. Lamb, though he contains elements of other Ulster demagogues, is so obviously Ian Paisley (even to a marked

AN INSIDE VIEW OF OUR NATIONAL MILITARY ACADEMIES

By RAY HILL
Associated Press Writer

"The Brass Factories" by J. Arthur Heise (Public Affairs Press) is "inside stuff" on the nation's three military academies.

It is an inside look at the beginnings of the nation's military-industrial complex and at a system of higher learning, so steeped in history, that it just may be out of whack with what's going on at every other campus in the U.S.

As Heise sees it, "The fact is that the men from West Point and Annapolis, with those from Colorado Springs only a few steps behind, have what is nearly a monopoly on the brass hats of the military-industrial complex. This domination makes the first level of the uniformed military hierarchy—the three service academies—crucially important."

The author didn't start out to deal with the military-industrial complex, nor with comparisons between the military campuses and other institutions of higher learning, but the book's appearance now proves to be very timely.

Heise, a reporter for the Buffalo Evening News, who in 1962-1965 was a member of the faculty at the Air Force Academy, was assigned as a newsman to look into the 1967 cheating scandal in Colorado.

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resemblance on the part of the actor who portrays him) that a defending attorney in a libel suit—if libel there be—would find it difficult to suppress a wink. There are "Lambites" instead of Paisleyites, and even an American college president from the Bible Belt (for which, presumably, one may read the Rev. Bob Jones, who by coincidence was visiting Paisley in Belfast that very week).

The Assassin opens with a rally celebrating the Reverend Lamb's election to Parliament and his shooting by a young lapsed Catholic member of the People's Democracy. The critically wounded cleric is taken to the hospital where, in a nicely ironic touch, he is nursed by a Roman Catholic nun ("If he woke up and found himself in a popish hospital . . ." moans his election agent).

In the flash-backs that follow, Boyd traces Lamb's career from his boyhood, where he acquires his initiation in bigotry from an aunt and uncle, through a first job which in time sends him to "the great Protestant U.S.A.," where he perfects his inclinations and is encouraged to emulate Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech—"the technique only"—a recording of which is played at some length, and thence to "Go home and sell the Lord." Returning to Ulster, he takes up his demagogic role, proclaiming: "There will be no surrender to Rome," forming the Evangelical Party, and providing bayonet lessons for his followers ("Remember, you're doing this for the Lord. . . . This is a holy and a righteous war. . . . God is on our side").

For all its considerable theatricality—its simulated civil rights rally, RUC men in the aisles and armed troops and barricades confronting the audience—*The Assassin* is far from as effective as one suspects it might have been. Its characters are plucked from the front pages and television screens, with little effort to flesh them out or explore their motivations, and its rambling, episodic structure prevents it from achieving either focus or impact. Boyd is decidedly on the side of the angels, his message being the futility of violence, whether by the exploiters or the exploited. And when his Colonel Lamb dies at the play's end there can be no disputing the "You fool, you've made him a martyr," which a warder utters to his assassin. Words very like them were to be spoken—mistakenly as it turned out—only a few feet away from me some nine days later in Belfast. But the streets of Belfast are one thing and the stalls of a theatre in Dublin quite another. There are plays to be written on the turmoil that is Northern Ireland today, but I cannot help feeling they are more likely to be found in the faces one sees in the Bogside or Shankill Road than in the headlines of the *Belfast Telegraph*—or, for that matter, of Dublin's *Evening Press* or *The New York Times*.

If only because its central figure is Biblical—at least ostensibly—Conor Cruise O'Brien's *King Herod Explains* is on safer ground. Not that it is really any less topical, if one accepts the idea that leaders are the product of the led, their culpability our culpability. "On whose hands is there not blood?" asks Hilton Edwards in one of the focal questions of an hourlong monologue which is at least as much a triumph for the actor as it is an impressive playwriting debut for the author. (*Murderous Angels*, O'Brien's play about Dag Hammarskjöld's role in the death of Patrice Lumumba, although written earlier, will not have its première until next February, at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles.)

Herod comes on stage in evening dress, dons an ornate robe and, puffing a large cigar, proceeds to indict the press—notably St. Matthew—for circulating the erroneous idea that it was he who was responsible for the Massacre of the Innocents. No, it was not he, Herod, King of the Jews, but Herod the Tetrarch of Galilee. *He* merely liquidated his own family; for reasons of state, of course, the peace of his kingdom. Any other ruler—Kennedy, Churchill, Stalin, De Valera—would have done the same, political necessity dictating. Kennedy, [illegible] reminds a planted heckler, was involv[ed] in the Bay of Pigs. There was Vietna[m] . . . Why should he, Herod, feel guil[t]? Why should *he* be indicted for the s[in] of political pragmatism that goes on [all] the time?

The questions are not dissimilar [to] those raised in *Murderous Angels*, w[hich] its exploration of ends and means, pr[in]ciple and expediency. Where the new play differs most markedly—apart fr[om] the controversy quotient—is in the [ex]tent to which the audience is implica[ted] and found wanting. The topicality is o[c]casionally forced ("These Pharisees [are] they were rather like your New Le[ft] prickly"), but essentially Dr. O'Br[ien] makes his case, scores his debate[r] points, with considerable skill. And sin[ce] the "foe" he scores them off is rea[l] the audience—whose secret wishes, [he] suggests, are the stuff of the politicia[n]'s overt actions—what emerges is, in t[he] end, more than a simple fantasy of se[lf] justification. When, however, Herod hea[rs] the off-stage cry of a child in the nig[ht] his confidence and sense of irony des[ert] him: we are, after all, responsible f[or] the human consequences of our actio[ns] and "There are no politics at thr[ee] o'clock in the morning."

For the rest—or at least that pa[rt] attainable to someone who could be [in] only one theatre at one time—there w[as] less to be said. The "names" disappointe[d] Sir Tyrone Guthrie, for example, bei[ng] represented with a frequently static ove[r] production of *Swift*, a new play by E[u]gene McCabe.

Swift is one of those diffuse, episod[ic] theatre chronicles which attempts, wi[th] flash-backs, to explore and explain th[e] behavior of a Great Man. Its maj[or] premise seems to be that Swift w[as] scarred for life when abandoned in ear[ly] childhood by his mother, and that th[is] bore fruit in his later relationships wi[th] Stella and Vanessa, neither of whom h[e] married, both of whom, along with h[is] mother and other figures from the pas[t] emerge in his nightmare.

Seventy-year-old Micheál MacLian[n]moir (who, with Hilton Edwards, h[is] partner of forty years, has just been give[n] a government grant to take over onc[e] more the Gate Theatre, which the tw[o] men founded in 1928) portrays Swif[t] and portrays him to the hilt, with hunche[d] shoulders, sonorous rhetoric and no litt[le] relish. One of the London critics re[-] marked, with condescension, that if [he] hadn't been in Dublin, "you'd call [him] ham." Though I greatly admire Mac[-] Liammoir, I'd still have to call it a trifl[e] melodramatic.

The Festival's other major event, a[t] least on paper, was *The Barracks*, adapte[d]

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from John McGahern's fine novel by Hugh Leonard (*Stephen D*, etc.), who seems to be turning into the Festival's resident adapter. It is a plodding, melodramatic effort at best, capturing little of the atmosphere or poignance of the original. Set in a Garda (police) station in the west of Ireland, it tells of a sergeant, gentle, well-meaning, a widower with three children, and his second, considerably younger wife, who develops breast cancer, is successfully operated on, but dies shortly thereafter of a heart condition. Interspersed are intrusive, badly handled flash-backs to her earlier life and love in London, terminated by the lover's death in an auto accident.

Perhaps the novel is one not suited to a transition to the stage. Whatever the case, Leonard failed not only to re-create the oppressive sense of stagnation and isolation that would have made it a successful stage work on that level but to give it sufficient momentum or focus. It had moments, to be sure, but they were more extraneous than integral—entertaining performances by two of the police officers and three engaging, believable child actors. But at the core, where there would seem to have been the possibility for genuinely moving drama, there was only sentimentality.

All in all, then, this year's Festival turned out more adventurous politically than it was successful artistically. Which, in one sense, may be a step forward for Dublin, but certainly cannot be considered one for the theatre. Not in a country which likes to boast of its O'Caseys, Joyces, Behans and Becketts. There were no new O'Caseys on view in Dublin, merely an old one: yet another revival of *Juno and the Paycock* at the Abbey. As an image, it will do.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

I have written about William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* so many times that I would almost have preferred to note summarily that it is surely one of the best plays the American theatre has produced and to have that opinion stand by itself. But certain reactions to its revival at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center provoke me to say something more.

The Time of Your Life is not "dated"; it is a folk tale. It is not merely a play of the 1930s' depression, although its surface associations pin it down in time. It catches something permanently benevolent, gusty, zestful in the American ethos. It is as native to us as *Huckleberry Finn*, with greater contemporary relevance.

When in the fifties I spoke of the play I said that it was pre-beatnick. Today I would say it is pre-hippie. What was and is salutary in these trends is their resistance to the fierce aggressiveness which springs from the very mechanism of our industrial civilization. Those who are strong and mature seek by active political and cultural means to lift the burden of evil attendant on our success-crazy society; the more innocent drift toward a passivity which consists chiefly of nonparticipation in the drive toward noisy achievement. Unconsciously, this withdrawal from the mad push is something like a religious phenomenon. It is the way of both the saintly and the pure in heart among humble folk.

A corresponding sentiment lies deeply rooted in our people ever since we have become *big*. Hence the fascination with the hobo: it is a sort of nostalgia, almost envy. Secretly we harbor an irrepressible affection for the person who invites his soul, dreams, laughs, talks with quiet compassion to his fellow man and hurts no one. There is a certain strength in this. Many among today's youth are in accord with this spirit. It is no less important and valuable for being deficient in "logic."

The tone of Saroyan's play is one of lyric anarchism. It is sentimental in a way that one should be ashamed not to be. Saroyan, it has never been sufficiently realized, writes beautifully, without any trace of affectation. His language is robust, juicy, colorful—true Americana with no vulgarity or recourse to current smart talk. It is lightened by warm laughter. It is loose but not limp. There is a wonderful freedom in it. It will for a long time remain representative of what is most attractive in us. In every respect *The Time of Your Life* rises head and shoulders above most of the new young dramatists whose work is too often imitative in style, petty in feeling, frivolously ambitious, shrilly pretentious.

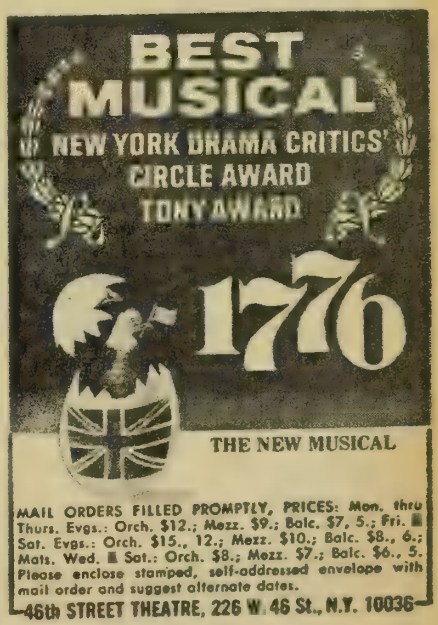
The play has always been staged as if it were realism. It is real, but not "realistic." Its characters are painted in tender "clown" pigments; the world they float in is delicately inebriate, harmlessly "psychedelic." When Robert Lewis first attempted its direction for the Theatre Guild in 1939 he was aware of this aspect of the play and tried, with the support of Boris Aronson setting, to embody its locale as a sort of modest dream palace, a realm apart from the main drag, an essential San Francisco in which different ethnic strains blended in the soft air of that still gracious town, as if all were bathed in a shimmering mist.

Saroyan insisted at the time that the saloon in which the action takes place be literally rendered as a drab and crumby little joint. The play came to New York in that guise, with an excellent cast but with the other elements of production indifferent—the whole sufficient to carry the play's "message."

Saroyan may have been right. But I have always hoped to see the play done poetically, with its fancy made visible, and with more song in its total expression. Alas, no one has as yet had the imagination, courage and skill to do so. The production at the Repertory Theater under John Hirsch's direction is adequate on the level of a conventional reading. The setting is as ugly as anyone would have such a place be. It is, moreover, so huge that the play's intimacy is entirely lost.

The cast contains several good actors, but they are all directed prosily; the result is pedestrian and rather heavy. There is hardly a lift in the lot, except for Robert Symonds as the delightfully mendacious soothsayer Kit Carson. That part in itself is one of the play's triumphs and Symonds lets it fly him high in the atmosphere to which the entire evening should soar.

Despite my regret that its production is not pitched in its proper key, I recommend your seeing *The Time of Your Life* (especially if you have never seen it before) and congratulate the organization at Lincoln Center for having undertaken its revival.



ART / Lawrence Alloway

The exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art called "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" has caused some agitation about who's in and who's out. This was generated mainly by the friends and supporters of artists who were passed over, and then fanned by those critics who welcome any mischief they can stir up in New York art circles. The discontent (it is a good deal short of controversy) seems to me off the point because the exhibition is not a historical one. It is a string of beads. Taken as an anthology of forty-three one-man shows, not as one big show, it makes sense. Nobody who knows the career of Henry Geldzahler, the curator who staged the shows, could have expected a proportionate or causal presentation. Taken hedonistically, however, these exhibitions are a marvelous suite, a Versailles of *avant-gardes*, that you are free to perambulate in any order.

That makes two big *un*historical shows of recent American art this season. First was "The New American Painting: the First Generation" at the Museum of Modern Art, which was unrepresentative because the museum's own collection is not complete. As the scope of the collection was, in effect, the show's subject, the lacunas were legitimate and supposedly temporary. Mr. Geldzahler's gala suspends historical fact in favor of visual pleasure. He gives no attention to priorities or dependencies and has not tried to emphasize initiating or pivotal works. However gratitude is appropriate, if not admiration, for the assembling of these more than 400 works.

Essentially it is a show of familiar works, either of paintings often seen in New York, or of pieces typical of the great moments and famous themes of various artists (squares, stars and stripes, Campbell soup cans, Cubis and elegies, for instance). In the absence of a supportive argument or a historical purpose, it presents itself as a bouquet of taste. The exercise of connoisseurship which the forty-three shows elicit is rewarding, for the level of sophistication and of performance revealed by these works has no equal in the world. Their strength in terms of sensuous display is extraordinary. Such a chain of shows is to be enjoyed mainly in terms of the connoisseurship of art at an authoritative and imperial stage. That is not, it is true, the level of American art's most interesting achievements but, given this compilation, it emerges as the only common denominator. That is why disagreements about the cast are irrelevant. If the show had specific aims, some of the exclusions would matter, as would some of the overshowings. As it is, we need do no more than count the beads and our blessings which are numerous.

To view American art in terms of connoisseurship, that is to say in terms of refined visual judgment, runs against one's habit. When American painting was newly articulate and very *postwar* it was defined by its rare supporters in terms of freedom from convention and praised for its toughness and innocence. In line with a preoccupation of the period, American art was regarded as poor but honest by comparison with the skills and sneaky enchantments of European art. It is hard to recall this feeling, surrounded at the Met by such incontestably glowing bits of *Art*, but the criticism of twenty years ago attests to its existence. Now, however, it is certain that American art of the period 1940-69 has changed one's view of earlier modern art. One of the reasons why Picasso seems so coarsely schematic to my eyes, I take it, is that I was raised on Abstract Expressionist color.

Frederick Jackson Turner's history o America as an endless frontier, so dea to the mythological imagination, is no decisively inappropriate (as it was whe President Eisenhower opened the Genera Motors Technical Center by invoking it) The Met demonstrates what it feels lik to be not at the edge but on top. Ameri can art has become the world's or thodoxy. An orthodoxy is not a academy, not a reactionary group, bu simply the working group that know a subject best, whether it is electronic or acrylic paints. It is the professiona group that sets, by its achievement, th level of knowledge and the direction o research in its field. From the ex perience of orthodoxy (dominant an productive) American art derives it confidence and scale. We are now a the point where a style previously cele brated for its abrasive and revolutionar poverty must be recognized securely a art. The paintings in the Met set a stand ard of vivacity and consistency tha European art of the same period know little of.

These reflections on connoisseu ship and orthodoxy arise from the nee to supply an explanation for the pleasur and the detachment one feels at th exhibition. It must be stressed that am speaking of the cumulative effec of all those grand, original, rich an well-made pieces. What one of the artis looks like, out of the context of affluen peers, can be seen by going to th Museum of Modern Art for the Cla Oldenburg retrospective. In the Met h half dozen pieces are handsome, pe fectly fit members of the super show In his retrospective he looks very di ferent, not just because he is seen i depth but because he is out of the cu tural shop winow.

One of the beauties of Oldenburg work is that it comes out of new cla sificatory systems and embodies them i subtle objects. He is never engaged i distortion as is Picasso, for exampl when he takes an existing pictorial fo mat, such as the seated woman a defined by Baroque portraiture, and the twists it and knocks it about. Older burg's forms are analogues of city an body; he initiates affinities betwee hardware and software, turning the of man-machine contact into a big so kiss. His writing gives clues to the proli erating homologies of his art, as whe he lists a chain of transformation "Earrings—airplane wheels—brassiere-breasts." "Orphic Annie" is a cha acteristic phrase and this is a characte istic observation: "the lipstick did strong flirt with the bullet." His wor is continually metamorphic while beir absolutely full and solid as an obje in view.

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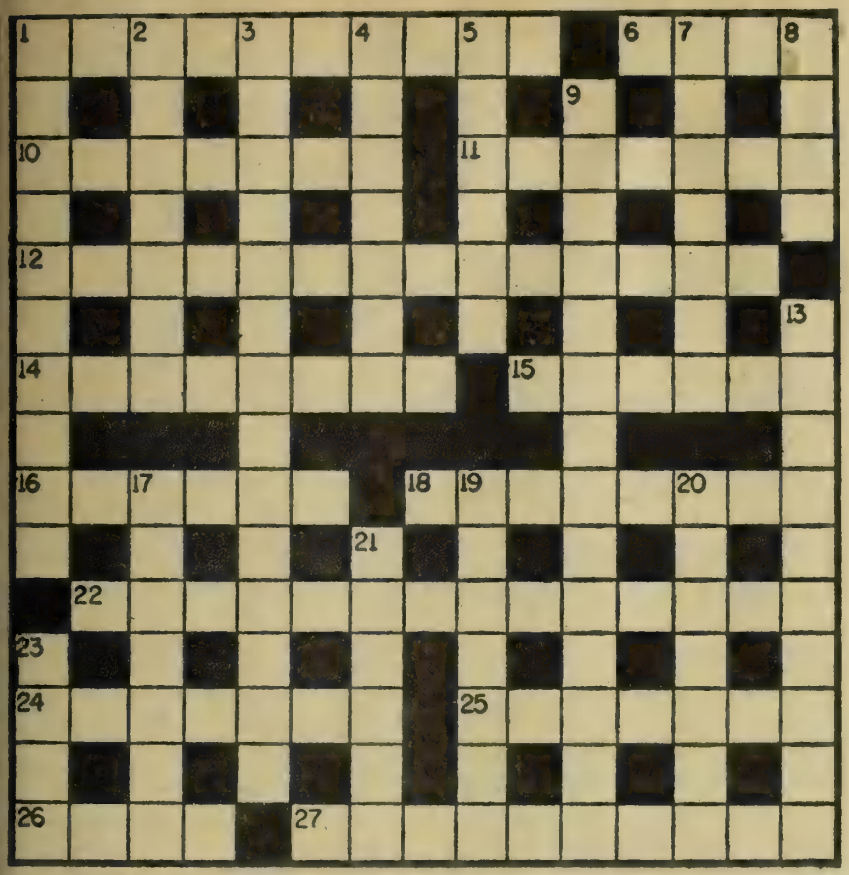
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1322

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What agricultural researchers do, as some saw things. (5-5)
6 Proving it's no good rising to the top! (4)
10 Do they offer encouragement for such as pigs? (7)
11 Sinkers, hopefully—or those who just set. (7)
12 Dante must enter in a make-up that is traditionally British. (14)
14 Seven has to be, to be scalene. (8)
15 There might be a projection on one to check the character. (6)
16 Broken down in two directions, but gives quality. (6)
18 Things that you can count or recount should be. (8)
22 Clear profit, as they say. (You can show it on your own account.) (5,2,3,4)
24 Grumbled because increase came first? (4)
25 Board that shows the reverse of skill in a certain number. (7)
26 It might be stuffed in your engagement book. (4)
27 With not enough scolding to be like some sleepers? (10)

DOWN

1 Crated with nothing in it, except the carpet inside, which is all wrinkled. (10)
2 What you expect to be delivered may be to show how the soldier stops. (2,5)
3 Big-shot directors, or the ones you take in front seats? (8,6)
4 To steer in the right formation might imply you deserve a medal. (7)
5 Attribute. (6)
7 Macbeth wanted to the suff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart. (7)
8 and 23 down Needed, by the sound of it, the main body ripened. (8)
9 Some of the things you might lick, he's interested in saving. (5,9)
13 Not 18, possibly, and even not thought of. (10)
17 Proud to make one showing a certain lack of attendance? (4-3)
19 The first or the last term. (7)
20 Spenser coined the word to describe the bleating herds. (7)
21 Refuse, in a way, to do something other than brighten up the study. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1321

ACROSS: 1 Paper dolls; 6 Sham; 10 Twosome; 11 Wharton; 12 Oran; 13 Bellwether; 15 Ageless; 16 Wounded; 17 Orchids; 20 and 27 What You Will; 22 Doubtfully; 23 Swat; 25 Hairnet; 26 Enforce; 28 Persistent. DOWN: 1 Puts on a good show; 2 Probate; 3 Rook; 4 Openers; 5 Low blow; 7 Hatched; 8 Minor adjustment; 9 Cane sugar; 14 Depicting; 18 Crucial; 19 Scuttle; 20 Wallets; 21 Yew tree; 24 Efts.

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'IVE PEACE A CHANCE'

On Pilgrimage to Washington

KENNETH G. GROSS

RETOOLING A PARTY

The Democrats Confront 1970

reports from

California
Ohio
Illinois
New York
Michigan
Pennsylvania

OIL / Robert Engler

Harold Clurman on Meyerhold

LETTERS

many thanks

New York City

DEAR SIRS: A possible explanation of the pile of letters on Mr. Nixon's desk the day after his speech may lie in what happened to my letter. I wrote deploring the speech in very definite terms. No one who read the letter could think I support him. Last week I received an engraved card thanking me for my support and happy that so many like me believe in the President's aims!

From now on I will believe the more sophisticated young people who said to me: "Don't write. It's useless." This time it was more than useless, it was used.

Ruth K. Goldberg

target

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Thank you very much for sending me the copy of *The Nation* containing William D. Phelan's article, "Nixon's 'Southern Strategy': The Authoritarian Prescription" [Nov. 3]. It is pretty frightening, but I think it is right on target.

George Wald

correction

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: In my article, "Man in Nature: Model for a New Radicalism" [*The Nation*, Nov. 10] I quoted from a letter by Dr. Gordon S. Livingston, medical officer returned from Vietnam, and mistakenly gave his name as George. I regret this error.

Catherine Riegger Harris

code for sorcerers

Leeds, England

DEAR SIRS: In "Modern Biology: A Terrifying Power" by S. E. Luria [*The Nation*, Oct. 20] Professor Luria presents the problem honestly. If his solution is pitifully inadequate, it is through no personal failing of his but because of an outdated conception of the moral problems and responsibilities of science. In effect, he tells us that civilization had better catch up quickly, lest it be unable to cope with the knowledge that he and his colleagues are determined to create.

A moratorium on research is for him "the least rational and least effective" approach, since "the human enterprise depends on freedom of inquiry." But he should know that moratoriums on research are imposed daily, whenever one application for a research grant is passed over in favor of another. The usual criterion for rejection is roughly that the cost/benefit ratio is too high in comparison with other competing projects. Costs are now assessed in money and manpower; there is no reason in principle why they should not include social and ecological dangers. They would then be incapable of assessment in quantitative terms, but scientific benefits are similarly nonquantifiable.

"Free inquiry" in science has been a straightforward principle only since the time when inquiry into nature has been considered a straightforward process, producing knowledge and power in a manageable measure. Up to the 17th century . . . "knowledge too powerful to be revealed" was believed to exist, and practitioners of the magical arts had a severe code of sharing secrets only with tested initiates. It is noteworthy that even Francis Bacon, who believed that natural knowledge was a revelation of God's works and so inherently good, had the scientists of "Solomon's House" taking an oath of secrecy, and collectively deciding what to reveal to the state and what to suppress. Norbert Wiener

(Continued on page 604)

EDITORIALS

Freedom To Cheer

Several conclusions may be drawn about Vice President Agnew's ominous Des Moines speech. It is now clear, if there was ever any doubt, that Agnew's pursuit of "the tough line" has been at Nixon's instigation. The Des Moines media speech admittedly reflects White House "concerns"; if it was not written, it was "developed" there. It was from there that the "invite Agnew" message was unexpectedly flashed to the Republican faithful in Des Moines. It was the White House that asked Dean Burch, formerly chairman of the Republican National Committee and now Chairman of the FCC, to request transcripts of TV commentaries on Nixon's Vietnam speech—just to underscore the threat to the networks. The timing of the speech in relation to the Washington demonstrations leaves no doubt that it was intended to put the networks off stride on November 15. At Des Moines, the voice was Agnew's but the ideas were Nixon's. As Senator McCarthy said, Agnew is "Nixon's Nixon."

Agnew's speech was not designed to criticize the networks; on the contrary the purpose was to suppress network criticism. Many aspects of network news coverage and commentary are indeed vulnerable, but Agnew was not urging improvement, he was threatening interference. Henceforth the networks must be "positive" in what they say about the Administration, notably in relation to Vietnam—"or else."

Nixon boasts that his speech on Vietnam was warmly received by the people and the Congress, and the networks brought it to them. Why, then, did he zero in on the networks? He acted as he did because, despite all those telegrams, he panicked. His canny political sense told him that the general reaction was negative, even though the polls indicated "support for the President." The Administration was also determined to minimize the effect of the Washington demonstrations and, to this end, it demanded network cooperation.

It was not the networks alone that were attacked. A week after his Des Moines speech, Mr. Agnew let fly at the nation's press, particularly *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. (His platform, the Alabama Chamber of Commerce in Montgomery, was well chosen for a display of fist-shaking at the "Eastern Establishment.") Newspapers like these do not frighten as easily as networks, nor do they operate by government license, and the Vice President was careful to avoid covert threats. He also displayed a sorry ignorance of newspaper practice, excoriating the *Times* for ignoring a story which it in fact covered in detail—but not in time for the early edition he had read in Washington.

As in Des Moines, Mr. Agnew opened from a valid position: that the reduction of newspapers in the country over the past decade or so is regrettable (*The New York Times*, like other papers, has frequently deplored it.) But he soon got around to the point that the real fault of the press is that it does not invariably share his views as to what the facts are or how they should be handled. And yet his attempt to equate dissent with violence—in the face of the superb discipline shown in Washington on

November 15 (see page 591)—is but another example of his almost total (indeed almost totalitarian) contempt for the truth.

We have heard such charges before, including the conspiratorial references to "a gaggle of commentators," "a handful of men," and the rest of it. What Agnew wants, what the President wants, is subservient media, as Nixon made clear in his "farewell" tongue-lashing of the press in California in 1962. President Johnson was not above trying to whip the networks into line, and President Kennedy tried his hand at "coordinating" the press, but never before have we had the threat to the media stated with such unmistakable directness. Those who fail to read the dangers implicit in it should not be heard to complain when, in the future, the squeeze catches them.

Agnew told his audience that they could read his speech in the next day's edition of the Des Moines *Register*. What they actually read in those fine pages was a first-rate account of the origins and purposes of the speech. As a postscript, we note that it remains to be seen how well the networks will stand up to Nixon's threat. Their first reactions were fairly good; but if they behave according to old habit, the network executives will begin to "reassess" their position and "sweeten" their coverage. They will deny doing so, but they will toe the line. So we predict, hoping to be proved wrong.

The Disaffection Spreads

Although the evidence is impressionistic and sketchy, there is good reason to believe that disaffection with the war has spread farther in area and involved far more people than at any time in the past. The real grass roots have now begun to show signs of disillusion, as in Wyoming (*The Nation*, November 17), and in the Ozarks (as *The New York Times* reports), and in historically belligerent Dodge City, Kan., where the Mayor recently told *The Wall Street Journal*: "This thing has made a complete turn-around. People here feel that all we're doing is sending our people over there for a useless cause—and with no end in sight."

The ferment has also spread into the once-quiet campus of Denison College, in Granville, Ohio (*Wall Street Journal*, October 24); and from Stevens Point, Wis., Anthony Lewis describes in *The New York Times* (October 29) a "Change in the Heartland." But more important is a report, in the *Times* of November 16, that San Diego, a city directly dependent on military spending, is now sharply divided over the war. This study indicates that much of the discontent is found in individuals who are *against the protesters* but also against the war.

It is symptomatic that whereas hawks become doves, one does not read of doves who turn hawk. A Gallup poll of November 12 detects a dramatic shift from hawk to dove category since 1967. Attempts to whip up sentiment for the war have been pathetic; counter-rallies in New Jersey and New York have not been successful. The fact seems to be that very few groups are *for the war*; if Mr. Nixon has a majority silently backing him, it seems to be made up of those who support him because they believe

IN THIS ISSUE

December 1, 1969

EDITORIALS

586

ARTICLES

591 On Pilgrimage to Washington: "Give Peace a Chance" — *Kenneth G. Gross*

Retooling a Party: The Democrats Confront 1970

594 California — *Phil Kerby*
595 Illinois — *Don Rose* and *David S. Canter*
597 New York — *Jerome Wilson*
598 Michigan — *Douglas Crase*
599 Ohio — *Gene I. Maeroff*
600 Pennsylvania — *A. Stephen Boyan, Jr.*

602 Rockefeller Reports: Half Right on Latin America — *Richard O'Mara*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

605 Tanzer: The Political Economy of International Oil and the Underdeveloped Countries — *Robert Engler*
606 To Find (poem) — *James L. Weil*
607 Rahv: Literature and the Sixth Sense — *Mark L. Krupnick*
608 Braun (editor): Meyerhold on Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
609 Oates: Them *and* Anonymous Sins and Other Poems — *Calvin Bedient*
610 Poem — *Clayton Eshleman*
611 Philadelphia Street Players — *Joe Adcock*
612 Films — *Robert Hatch*
612 A Game (poem) — *Toby Olson*
613 Records — *David Hamilton*
614 Letter to the Resistance (poem) — *Jonathan Schwartz*

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that he is trying to end the war. In the absence of deeds, that faith will not endure.

It is significant, too, that anti-war sentiment is now to be heard among business executives, white-collar workers, and also in the blue-collar sectors. On the West Coast, where employment in the aerospace industry has dropped sharply, most aerospace executives "believe an end to the war in Vietnam would prove a boon to their industry as deferred programs were funded by the Department of Defense" (*The New York Times,* November 16).

Sketchy as this evidence is, it does indicate that President Nixon is under greater pressure than he supposes. The majority endorse his promises; he has borrowed this support on a moral IOU, and time ran out on that loan when Vietnam became Nixon's war.

Private Line

There is considerably less—and more—than meets the eye in AT&T's recent $150 million reduction in long-distance rates. At first glance, $150 million is a substantial sum. Actually, it is only a shade more than 1 per cent of AT&T's 1968 operating revenues of $14.4 billion—and it is $25 million *less* than the local rate increases Bell is seeking in New York State alone (in the nation, Bell wants another $202 million in higher local rates).

More important, the reduction package will result in tacit abandonment of the 7-to-7.5 per cent return which the FCC found "appropriate" for AT&T after its 1965-67 rate case: it will increase AT&T's authorized profit to at least 8.5 per cent. Each hike of 0.1 per cent takes another $24 million from phone users' pockets, and the difference between a return of 7 and 8.5 per cent is $360 million. That is a lot of windfall profit even for AT&T.

The 1965-67 rate case was important because it marked the first time since the FCC's founding in 1934 that it had conducted a public inquiry into phone pricing, with outside parties given a chance to challenge Bell's financial policies, and with Bell required to justify them.

But men act behind closed doors as they would not in public. By early 1969, AT&T's swelling volume of business and advancing technology had driven its profits to at least 8.5 per cent, and a 9 per cent return was projected for 1970. So Bell huddled with FCC members and staff for a curious ritual known as "continuous surveillance." The issues were whether to cut Bell back to 7.5 per cent or raise the limit; and what reductions were necessary to blunt the steady rise in profits.

FCC member Nicholas Johnson describes what happened: "Virtually all the information was selected, packaged and presented by Bell—there was no direct case from our staff or outside representatives. . . . The negotiating process depends on the skill and dedication of the negotiators—and a company with a single position faces a multi-member commission with a variety of positions. There are no limits on the lobbying effort by the company—to staff or commissioners—since *ex parte* rules do not apply."

With only Johnson dissenting, the FCC gave Bell the higher return, cutting rates only far enough to hold Bell to the new 8.5 per cent ceiling. Further, states Johnson, "the content of the FCC majority's press release announcing the 'reduction' was negotiated with Bell officials, who are clearly concerned as much with publicity as with profits."

Johnson calls the decision a "*de facto* modification without hearing of the commission's 1967 order." Courts have held that no legal redress is available for decisions reached under the "continuous surveillance" system, since there are no adversary parties. But, as Johnson suggests, "the fact that the commission recently made an on-the-record determination, and now changes it without hearing, may present a different legal situation." Representative Bingham (D., N.Y.) is looking into possible legal action to block implementation of an agreement he calls an "outrageous deception."

In other words, the time is ripe for an outside party—such as the New York City Consumer Affairs Department, which is well staffed and well financed, and which was denied an opportunity to participate in the 1969 closed-door meetings—to go into court and demand that the FCC set phone rates in public, and not in cozy privacy with AT&T officials.

Bombs, Bombs Everywhere

The United States is pockmarked with bombs and missile warheads. The TNT variety was bad enough, but old-fashioned "high" explosives are used nowadays only in little wars like the one in Vietnam. By all indications some 40,000 *nuclear* bombs are stored or deployed in the territorial United States alone. Despite Pentagon reassurances, this awesome arsenal presents a clear and present danger not only to the nations on whose cities and atomic plants the missiles are targeted but to the people of the United States. That is one more reason for hoping that the SALT negotiations may succeed in curbing the nuclear arms race.

The facts are detailed in an article in the December *True*: "Is There an A-Bomb in Your Backyard?" by Stuart Loory of the *Los Angeles Times* bureau in Washington. Loory made a cross-country tour, studied the unclassified literature, and interviewed armed service and Atomic Energy Commission public-information officers who, as one would expect, gave him precious little information. He came up with a count of at least 100 localities in this country where nuclear weapons are made, stored, maintained, tested or deployed. At one of these, the Manzano storage depot just outside Albuquerque, Loory believes there are enough nuclear explosives to annihilate all life on the planet. At Goose Creek, S.C., near Charleston, an accidental explosion would take out not only all of South Carolina but also portions of North Carolina and Georgia. If the Earle Naval Ammunition Depot in New Jersey went up, nothing much would be left of metropolitan New York. The situation is the same for most of the other centers of population and industry.

The Pentagon would have us believe that the risk of accidental explosion is "essentially nil." It is true that while there have been a good many accidents involving nuclear devices, the nuclear material has never been detonated unintentionally. From this record, however, one

cannot assume that the hazard is of the order of one chance in a billion, a million, or even one in ten thousand. Back in 1960, some members of the Mershon Center for Education in National Security at Ohio State University published a carefully researched monograph: "Accidental Wars: Some Dangers in the 1960s." They concluded that the chance of an accidental nuclear explosion in the ensuing decade was approximately 1 per cent. Those odds have been good enough to date, but will they continue so into the 1970s, with ever more bombs being added to the arsenal? The risk of accidental explosion of one of our bombs may be greater than that of enemy attack.

An aspect of this insanity that Loory does not discuss is that much of the activity is completely useless. For instance, the Army is proud of the fact that its Nike-Hercules system, involving seventy-five sites with a total of hundreds of missiles, is on a full wartime footing twenty-four hours a day, 365 days in the year. Each missile carries or can carry a warhead of Hiroshima size. But this is an anti-*aircraft* system, and the chances of China or the Soviet Union launching aircraft against us really are "essentially nil."

Six Bomarc missile sites, likewise for defense against aircraft, are located near military bases and at two civilian airports. A Bomarc started to launch itself in 1960 while the crew were eating. The men were able to reach the missile in time to abort the launch. It was later conjectured by an informed observer that a combination of passing police cars and a tune played by a local disk jockey had combined into an electronic jumble that fed into the Bomarc's computer as a firing signal.

A bomber carrying two 24-megaton nuclear bombs crashed near Goldsboro, N.C., after jettisoning one of the bombs, which was equipped with the usual six safety locks. After the impact, four of these were found to be in the "go" position. Ralph Lapp, an expert on nuclear weapons, says that five were actually in the "go" position. If so, only a single safety lock stood between the people of North Carolina and catastrophe.

The secrecy surrounding nuclear weaponry is an insult to journalists and to all sensible men. The Atomic Energy Commission spends some $2 billion a year producing nuclear weapons, yet all information regarding the storage depots is supposedly classified; it is even denied that the depots exist. Everybody in Albuquerque knows about the Manzano base, but it was still on the top secret list when Loory was working on his story. And now we are on the way to building another dangerous, fearfully expensive ABM system to supplant or complement Nike-Hercules; there will be more secrecy and more danger.

Poison Bullets–For What?

According to a *New York Times* story (October 31) by Robert M. Smith, the Army has stockpiled at Pine Bluff Arsenal in Arkansas 20,000 bullets containing the toxin which produces the highly fatal disease, botulism. Rep. Richard D. McCarthy of New York, a specialist in chemical and biological warfare policy, is quoted as saying that in some instances, instead of botulism, bullets stockpiled by the Army will cause anthrax, tularemia, Q-fever and equine encephalitis. Obviously such bullets must have a special purpose. Some two years ago, Latin American publications suggested that the purpose was an improved means of assassination.

That is only a theory, since the whole subject of chemical and biological warfare is shrouded in secrecy, but it is plausible. Both the Vietcong and the U.S. Special Forces in Vietnam are believed to resort to assassination. Our Army press officers and civilian reporters and feature writers tell us this is so of the Vietcong. They do not tell us of the assassinations *we* perpetrate, but war being war, that would be too much to expect. It is a fact, however, that the first references to U.S. production of poison bullets occurred in 1965, the year in which American combat forces increased by about 800 per cent.

Officially, the Army sternly forbids the use of poison in warfare, but neither does it officially countenance assassination, torture, or the gang-style killing of intelligence agents. For purposes of assassination, disease-bearing bullets would have outstanding advantages. Botulism contracted in the normal way, by ingestion of contaminated food, has a 65 per cent mortality rate in the United States. Introduced via a bullet wound, however slight, the rate might be 100 per cent.

There is no evidence that disease-bearing bullets have as yet been used in Vietnam or anywhere else. But such a weapon would be useful in future Vietnams which, if we are to credit Governor Rockefeller's prognostications, await us in Latin America. To quiet such suspicions, if possible, the Army should tell the American public what use is intended for those 20,000 botulism rounds at Pine Bluff. It probably won't do anything of the kind, but in that case it should not feel aggrieved if people speculate.

One Small Gain

In Washington, D.C., Judge Gerhard A. Gesell has ruled against legal limitation of the right of a woman to obtain an abortion from a licensed doctor. The 68-year-old law was held by the U.S. District Court judge to be too vague in its stipulation that the doctor must prove the woman's health or life to be at stake. Judge Gesell found such a requirement could not survive constitutional scrutiny, and concluded that a defendant could not properly defend himself under it.

Anti-abortion laws, like those which heretofore have forbidden dissemination of birth-control information or devices, had their origins in the doctrinal teaching of powerful religious groups. Under the Constitution, the adherent of any religious faith may expect that the law will not interfere with the performance of his conscientious duties, but it is emphatically not his privilege to demand that the law require those of other faiths, or of none, to observe his particular prohibitions. A woman, as an individual, must enjoy under the law full dominion over her own body. The law has the duty to defend the integrity of the person, not to circumscribe or abridge it.

The worst aspect of the anti-abortion laws is that they operate as class legislation. The well-to-do have always been able to evade or avoid such inroads on their personal freedom: a flight to England where abortion is free, or a psychiatrist's services to bear expert witness to an

impending threat to mental health. The woman who is poor, to whom another child may pose a threat of economic as well as physical disaster, is forced to patronize her local quack, operating in septic secrecy. Thousands die each year from such ministrations.

It is long past time that these laws, medieval in their philosophical roots and unconstitutional by nature, be stricken down. Judge Gesell has done what he could, by invalidating them in the District of Columbia and by encouraging appeal to the Supreme Court.

The Disadvantage of Being Poor

The "disadvantaged" is one of our mealy-mouthed euphemisms for the poor. One reason why the poor remain poor is that federal appropriations earmarked for them are often diverted to other uses more to the liking of the bureaucrats involved.

A striking example is the misuse of federal education funds under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Since the act was passed in 1965, Congress has appropriated $4.3 billion under Title I for special assistance to school systems having high concentrations of low-income children. Some educators have challenged the effectiveness of compensatory education, but there is a question whether it has ever been given a fair trial. After a six-month study, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, and the Washington Research Project of the Southern Center for Studies in Public Policy, assert that the funds have largely been "misused, wasted or diverted from the poor in many areas throughout the nation." These charges are contained in an article by John Herbers in the November 9 *New York Times*.

The allegations are convincing. To begin with, the Office of Education is a timid, old-line organization. Its function is to transfer the funds to state school systems, since Congress has a fetish about "local control" of education. The Office of Education is responsible for checking on the disposition the states make of the funds entrusted to them, but apparently the audits have been so feeble that the states, local boards of education and school officials could get away with almost anything, and they have not been backward in taking advantage of their freedom.

In Jackson, Miss., Title I funds were allocated to an all-white high school to set up a symphony orchestra. In Fresno, Calif., several school districts transferred about $930,000 in Title I funds to build a television system that presumably assisted all the children in the county, when the intent of Title I was specifically to benefit the poor children. In South Carolina and other Southern states Title I money was used to construct buildings and buy equipment that ostensibly would make schools for blacks comparable to those for whites—expenditures that should have come from other sources. Chicago has made a practice of spreading Title I money around to every school having a poverty area, instead of concentrating it in schools having a high degree of poverty. Mrs. Ruby Martin, former director of the Office for Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and now a member of the research project staff, remarked in a press conference: "The number of color television sets in superintendents and principals' offices in Mississippi is outrageous."

It all recalls the situation in California (editorial, "To Him That Hath . . ." *The Nation*, July 7) where school districts used poverty funds to reduce the price of all school lunches, thereby benefiting middle-class children and their families, but leaving the poor children, who had no money at all, as hungry as they were before the funds were received.

The report presented some thirteen recommendations. The one that should receive top priority is action to recover funds used for purposes other than those clearly falling within the scope of Title I.

Entente Carolina

A lovely alliance between West Germany and South Carolina is described in *Strom Thurmond Reports to the People* (October 20, Vol. XV, No. 35). The Senator from South Carolina describes a visit from "one of the West's most distinguished statesmen," none other than Dr. Franz Josef Strauss, lame duck finance minister of West Germany. The two eminent statesmen did not come together by accident. Hearing that the University of South Carolina was seeking a speaker of international reputation for the dedication of its new $9 million Coliseum, Senator (also Major General) Thurmond played social secretary. But before that—no doubt again with Senator Thurmond's assistance—South Carolina and West Germany were locked in an embrace which, though as public as a movie star's elopement, has attracted little attention outside the state.

The affection of West Germany for South Carolina, and vice versa, is solidly based. As Mr. Thurmond says, until recently "our state did not receive its due attention on the world scene, but now our merit is recognized." German industry has invested at least $500 million in South Carolina, and by 1976 the sum is expected to rise to $700 million. Chemicals, dyestuffs, steel and metal working are among German-financed industries. At a news conference, Dr. Strauss described the attraction that South Carolina holds for new industry: "the good industrial climate, the fine attitude of the people, and the close cooperation of the leaders." More specifically, cheap labor, freedom from union interference and low taxes.

Dr. Strauss also briefed his South Carolina friends on the necessity of continuing the cold war. The Soviets, he explained, want a divided Europe under their control. To counter the rising Russian menace, the West European nations must unite, so that they can stand as equal partners with the United States. Although the visiting statesman apparently did not mention the Hon. L. Mendel Rivers, such words must have been sweet in his ears.

Presumably the West German-South Carolinian entente has the blessing of the Nixon Administration. Or has Senator Thurmond set up his own state department? Some enterprising reporter might raise that question at the President's next press conference.

'GIVE PEACE A CHANCE'

KENNETH G. GROSS

Mr. Gross, formerly of the New York Post, *is the author, with Bernard Lefkowitz, of* The Victims *(Putnam's), and has completed a new novel,* The Reporter, *which will be published soon by Harper & Row.*



Washington

It was a restless, bone-cold crowd circling and searching for a warm dry spot to rest in the heatless sun beneath the Washington Monument; it was a saintly patient congregation, waiting hours without complaint; it was a bored audience, enduring the labored rote of droning politicians with the same stoic shrug with which they accepted the heartless wind; it was children sharing their last sandwich with a shivering, white-haired couple, then tucking away the older pair within their own blanket; it was hand-lettered placards fighting the breeze: "Vietnam: Love It or Leave It"; "What's A Gnew?"; it was a Maoist, Ho Chi Minh, Che-ite crowd of young students who stepped on American flags with no memory of guilt earlier than Saigon, who flew a huge North Vietnamese flag from one of the poles of the states under the Washington Monument and yet were peculiarly American in their passions.

Sitting too long in the cold sun, under the incessant mash of helicopters, there were ominous rumblings from an incendiary pack of Mad Dogs, Running Dogs, Crazies, Yippies, Weathermen. And then Pete Seeger brought us all together. He had walked from Arlington to the Capitol, past the White House, he told them, carrying on his chest the weight of one dead soldier. He carried it as did the other 40,000 on a cardboard sign strung around his neck. And now he wanted to say something that kept running through his head all through that walk. Of course, when he says "say," he means "sing."

"All we are saying," he sang, "is give peace a chance."

The voice, boosted by the loud-speaker system, jolted the huge crowd silent. They stopped whatever it was they were doing and sat and stood silent. "All we are saying," he sang again and again, "is give peace a chance."

Each time he sang it, it was picked up by more and more people, until it was no longer a song but a common emotion. The great haunting sob broke from half a million throats. There was no one within sight or sound who did not join, holding arms outstretched until they tapered into twin Vs for peace, swaying.

No one sang loud because it was not a loud thing to sing. It was too deeply felt and they were too much on the edge of tears. That poignant, mournful cry, so thunderously hushed, broke through the crustiest defenses and even the numbed reporters and hostile photographers added their voices.

Pete Seeger had discovered why we had all come to Washington. We had all come to sob our hearts out about the war. Half a million voices, no less (the official estimate of a quarter million was too small to be even momentarily credible), and the wind was a terrible sob: "All we are saying, is give peace a chance." Five hundred thousand bodies, like a field of live wheat, swayed in thousands of directions.

It went on for about eight minutes. No one wanted it to stop. The angry Weathermen and their attack force had been surrounded by an anti-body of marshals, who had locked arms for protection but were now swept away by the song; even the Crazies and revolutionaries were prisoners of that song.

"All we are saying, is give peace a chance." It was a pure, crystal moment, and then it was over. And some were ashamed, as some are always ashamed of showing emotion.

The sad, lovely John Lennon tune ended the New Mobilization march, even if there were speeches and scattered incidents thereafter. Couples drifted out of the park still listening to the poignant melody, still marching to the mournful cadence. They wore the sweet, sad smile of people who had nodded at a truth.

It began on Thursday in the rain with the March Against Death. A man appeared at the tent where they were distributing the names and asked for a particular sign. He walked slowly to the darkened White House where he shouted the name. When he reached the Capitol and threw the cardboard bearing the name into the coffin, he said: "That's the last of my son." On Friday, the first violence occurred. A group of militants announced that they were going to serve eviction notice on the South

Vietnamese Embassy. A blocking force of police met the few hundred militants at DuPont Circle. The crowd was told to disperse. A single police officer with a bull horn was drowned out when he ordered the group to disperse. And so the police and National Guard began to lob tear gas into the crowd. If there was advance warning, it was lost in the noise.

The kids scattered, choking on the burning gas. A group sought shelter in a nearby hotel. "Shit," said one black youth in a group of half a dozen. "I came all this way and I can't find a jewelry store."

Some of the demonstrators had taken refuge in the circle. Patrolman David Sydney parked his cruiser and started to walk toward the leader. His car was quickly surrounded by hundreds of militants. Sydney calmly asked someone if he could "take out any of the injured."

"Let's kill the pig," someone called. "Let's wreck the police car," urged someone else. Surrounded and trapped in the mass, Sydney listened for half an hour while anarchists debated with Marxists and Weathermen about whether it would be better to kill him or to destroy his cruiser.

Sydney did not appear worried. "O.K.," said the anarchist finally, "you don't want to kill him, you don't have to kill him." So Sydney went back on duty.

The children slept in frozen packs in parks, in cars, in crash pads. Pete Hamill, the *New York Post* columnist, found nine kids in his hotel room on Saturday morning. One reporter was thrown out of his room by a hotel manager.

On Saturday, the groups began converging on the mall across from the Capitol by daybreak. The marshals began forming by seven and the lines, like spokes, threaded toward the hub of the mall. They were mostly young. But other generations were present. In some groups were veterans of the 1963 March on Washington and of every peace demonstration since. In most, it was the first trip to Washington and the kids were sight-seeing as they went.

Police presence was scattered and not unfriendly. All over Washington, people stirred that morning as if to join a great battle. Breakfasts were gulped down as each side bundled against the day. An army colonel watched the forming crowds with professional concern. "That's a lot of people," he said.

But the colonel had been looking at only one leg of the star and when a reporter nudged him and the officer turned around and saw the main body assembling on the center mall, he was staggered. "Holy shit," he said. And he left to pass along his alarm. The monster crowd began to sense its muscle and it had an exhilarating effect on them.

"Bob," cried someone running across the lawn. There were reunions all across the grounds. The marshals assembling at Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues were firm and determined to avoid violence. Sorry, they told reporters trying to crash the lines. The reporters would bristle and bluster and the marshals would smile and say politely that they were terribly sorry, but they could not make any exceptions and no reporter had ever seen any cop so effective and so pleasant.

Eugene McCarthy made a speech, Mayor Washington paid his respects, and the great march sputtered and started. Muffled drums set the pace, recalling, as was intended, the dreadful funeral of John Kennedy. Silent marchers, listening to the drum rolls, huge rivers of people flowing into the tail, city police awed by the dignity and control. They had lined up hundreds of buses to block off the White House against any impulsive charge. But the marchers drummed by and only the obscene bitching of the press corps intruded. And the television crews covered lightly, as if it were a Fourth of July march, now that they had been chastened by Spiro.

By the time the march reached the Washington Monument grounds, thousands were already waiting. The line of marchers, thirty abreast, moved along and up and reached the rise and sighted the waiting crowds. It was a



recognition between two great armies. The chests leaped at seeing each other. The marchers came across the grounds in unbroken ranks, holding their banners and heads high. The field was bracketed by helicopters. Police and army helicopters made low repeated passes and some of the youths saluted with a modified V, using only the single middle finger.

The first contingents arrived at about 11:30, and it took three hours for the rest of the crowds to enter. At first, one would look around and see that the crowd had reached a low hill 100 yards away and that was impressive. Then, one looked around and the Washington Monument had been surrounded. It dwarfed Woodstock or any past memory.

Button salesmen gave up trying to hawk. The crowds were too thick to walk among. They carried signs: Junkies for Peace"; "Let's Beat Nixon into a Ploughshare"; "Spiro My Hero." A young man shared a bottle of wine and a piece of cheese with a young girl. A couple made love under a thick blanket. A child became lost and was passed lovingly to a recovery area. A voice from the loud-speaker tower down in the valley: "Children, stay with your parents or come up here to Dr. Spock."

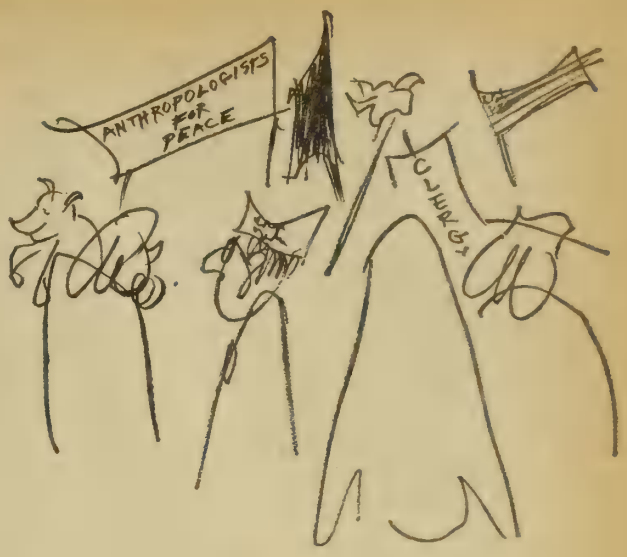
The crowds never shouted their impatience. "Peace Now," they chanted at one point. The lines outside the Johnny-on-the-spot portable toilets were patient and full of humor. "That line's gotten shorter," a husband told his wife, who had waited an hour outside one toilet. "O.K.," she replied, "I'll go again."

A youth came along carrying a sign supporting Nixon. "Oh, my God," he said, seeing the size of the crowd and threw away his sign. David Stringer, 22, a service station attendant, carried his sign supporting Nixon unmolested. "I'm surprised at the gentleness," he said. "Yes, frankly, I'm surprised."

Seeing him talking to a reporter, a group of demonstrators surrounded the reporter. "Sure, he eats that stuff up," one youth said. "The press looks for one lone dissenter and eats that stuff up." And the dissident dissidents did not recognize the strange similarity between their position and Agnew's.

In the afternoon, when the breath had gone out of the assembly at the Washington Monument, some drifted toward shopping areas. Troops were stashed in a dozen buildings along the way and the passers-by peered through the closed gates at the exhibit within. The Smithsonian Institution, however, became a temporary crash pad. The dull, sterile halls were filled with noisy, laughing kids, exploring exhibits. Antiseptic guards stared in astonishment as the youngsters camped out in the hallways, on the stairs, eating sandwiches, enjoying one another.

Across the street, tension was growing at the Justice Department building, target of David Dellinger and other militants. Down Constitution Avenue came a marching army of 5,000 yelling, "Free Huey Newton, free Bobby Seale." They carried Vietcong flags, banners, celebrations to Mao, clenched Black Power fists. They came east as far as Ninth Street, where a string of a dozen white-helmeted cops barred the way. An inspector, in a soft Southern drawl explained that here was where the parade



permit ended. So now the militants had to decide if they were going to crash the line. O.K., said the cop, you can go on if you want, and the appearance of victory obscured the fact that the militants had been had, for the cops were eager to have them continue east and dissipate their anger in endless marching.

But the real militants were not fooled. They stayed and soon were joined by a main group carrying 8-foot plaster replicas of Agnew and Nixon and Attorney General Mitchell. Those Washington cops just watched it grow. Chief of Police Jerry Wilson walked with the crowd circling the Justice Department. He is tall and bobbed above the shorter demonstrators. He carried a walkie-talkie and when the voice at the other end kept asking if he needed help, cool Jerry Wilson said no thanks, things were all right.

A few demonstrators lowered the American flag outside the Justice Department. They had half raised a Viet-



cong flag in its place when a black police lieutenant led a squad of six men through thousands of hostile militants. The lieutenant, his face a fury of outrage, held off the militants while his men replaced the American flag.

Then rocks and bottles started flying. "Oh, no," cried a marshal. Soon, dozens of protest marshals stood on a low wall outside the Justice Department, their arms raised in living crucifix poses, their fingers stabbing into a peace V.

One or two of the marshals were struck by missiles but remained at their posts, bleeding from head wounds, still trying to halt the barrage with their bodies. "Peace. Peace. Peace," they chanted.

A young girl wearing a scarf over her nose and mouth came charging up and threw a Coke bottle at the champing marshals. "You've been selling that shit for three days," she yelled. One bloodied marshal began to sing: "All we are saying, is give peace a chance." His voice was drowned.

"We're gonna kill you," one clenched-fisted militant screamed into the face of Police Chief Wilson, who blandly turned away. Wilson walked back and forth, trailed by a pack of reporters and television crews, staring somewhere in the distance, past the threatening militants and microphones.

Perhaps 100 implacable extremists in the crowd were throwing things. The others would not endanger their marshals.

Jerry Wilson, hit with mud, kept urging the demonstrators to stop throwing missiles or they would be dispersed, but again the words were shouted into a wall of wind. Finally, Wilson had had enough and he lobbed a tear-gas canister. Soon, other police were lobbing tear gas. And the crowds lost their fight.

There was scattered looting and window smashing throughout Washington that night. But that was the work of only the handful of militants. The others went home listening to the memory of Pete Seeger and their own voices, a force more potent than anything unleashed by the militants.

RETOOLING A PARTY

The Democrats Confront 1970

CALIFORNIA

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

If the New Politics in California can be defined at all at the end of the 1960s, it must be as a politics of unhappiness and sullen apprehension. With not much of anything resembling an organization or leadership, New Politics is an impulse—nothing more—but it is a potentially powerful force awaiting a leader to mobilize the disaffected in this state of nearly 20 million.

The big city ghettos are smoldering, the Mexican-Americans are rapidly moving toward assertive political consciousness, and white workers living on the edges of the ghettos are fearful and angry. The white poor sense that they are forgotten, students and intellectuals are alienated, and middle America, where the power lies, is caught between high taxes and inflation, and feels surrounded and trapped. Only the rich and their managers and the professionals are happy; they should be, for the country is being run their way.

An exaggeration? Perhaps; but not much.

For the New Politics to take hold in California, its leaders, whenever they appear, must offer a plausible redefinition of society's goals and a workable program for restructuring private and public institutions that have not responded to obvious needs. But first, or simultaneously, the venom that is poisoning all the political processes in this country must be removed. President Nixon's speech of November 3, the very model of the old politics, is guaranteed to inflame the entire anti-war movement—whatever support it wins from the "silent Americans." The depth of bitter sentiment which the President's devious presentation of the Vietnamese problem aroused in California is suggested by the comment of the state's moderately liberal Sen. Alan Cranston: "The end of American bleeding and dying in Vietnam is not in sight."

When the war is ended, the fever in the country will decline, but the problems that have accumulated since 1945 will not dissolve, and new approaches, under whatever name, will be required. California will offer as good a chance for the New Politics to catch on as will any state in the country. Thoroughly defeated by Ronald Reagan in 1966 and by Nixon last year, the Democratic Party seems generally receptive to new ideas. Edmund G. Brown, the former governor, talks of "the new political leadership that is necessary to reconcile America to changes that have to come. Robert Kennedy got the steelworkers, the farmers, the blacks and the young to vote for him, but nobody else seems able to achieve this." Brown is working with an organization of young voters called "The Wild Ones," and has encountered the usual suspicion. "Anyone over 30," he says, "who has been in politics is not only old but, by definition to most of these youngsters, is 'old and corrupt.' "

Paul Posner, the Democratic chairman of Los Angeles County, would like to bring all the "dissidents" into the party. "I have been trying to locate the New Politics but," he confesses, "I can find neither the movement nor

its leaders." Stephen Reinhardt, Democratic national committeeman, suggests that the "movement" may remain outside the scope of electoral politics, operating instead as a pressure group on the parties. Many activists believe that party politics is dead, that the politics of confrontation is more important. Who can say they are altogether wrong? "They tried it at the Democratic convention," Reinhardt says, "and while they lost there, they really won in the country. Everybody is against the war now. Maybe next year the kids will be picketing the automobile plants against smog."

Martin Stone, a young businessman who was active in Eugene McCarthy's campaign, welcomes the New Politics. He feels that "California Democrats are moving to the left. The vast majority of activists, those people not holding any title in the party, are on the liberal side, and the anti-war sentiment is so strong that Johnson couldn't get 5 per cent of a primary vote in this state today." Stone added optimistically: "California is not a reactionary state. Reagan and Sen. George Murphy won, but they won because they came across on television as moderates."

Of the state's political leaders in office, Jess Unruh, former Speaker of the state Assembly and now Assembly minority leader, may be the first candidate with a New Politics appeal. Since last spring's primaries, when he supported Robert Kennedy, and especially since the Chicago convention, where he led the anti-Humphrey-Johnson, anti-war California delegation, Unruh has been steadily shedding his old image as the pragmatic political boss. In theory and practice, he probably is the most competent officeholder in California today and, at 47, is itching to take on the 58-year-old Reagan next year. Writing in *The Nation* (February 17), Unruh said: "The ability to inspire confidence, and to justify it by dealing openly and honestly, free of commitments and traditional doctrine, is at the heart of that amorphous body of theory, the New Politics."

If Unruh runs against Reagan, that "amorphous body of theory" will get its biggest test in the nation's biggest state. Many elements of the New Politics supported the attempt by City Councilman Tom Bradley to unseat Mayor Sam Yorty last spring in Los Angeles. The effort failed, but it was successful enough to lay the groundwork for future campaigns with similar goals.

A hint, but no more than that, of the New Politics surfaced at a recent session of Democratic Party leaders in Fresno. A black and brown caucus demanded a large role in party affairs and sought 30 per cent of the state central committee's annual budget "to establish and maintain a continuous political operation." In contrast to similar conferences during the Johnson years, no justification of the war in Vietnam came from any quarter at Fresno.

Democrats met at Fresno to try to devise ways of regaining control of the state legislature, now narrowly held by the Republicans. The issue is important enough. The party that controls the legislature in 1970 will reapportion the state, and the new political boundary lines will go far toward setting the political balance in California for the next decade.

Some proponents of the New Politics, with their apocalyptic visions or their fascination with charismatic political leaders, totally reject or disdain the drudgery and boredom that make up so large a part of practical politics. If proponents of the New Politics aren't prepared for the long haul of a decade or more, their visions of a new society will become daydreams. If they persist in seeing no difference between Pat Brown and Ronald Reagan, they may find a gulf between them and youngsters of college age in California next year. University of California administrators have closed enrollment at UCLA for the 1970 fall term, and the state college system announces that 10,000 to 25,000 students may have to be turned away next year. That is a difference.

ILLINOIS

DON ROSE and DAVID S. CANTER

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Chicago

The fledgling Democratic reform movement in Illinois, which a year ago looked as though it might get off the ground, is dying of suffocation in the warm, fleshy, jovial embrace of Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago. Cooptation is what it is called, and it is a game played extremely well by the Mayor and one of his chief tempters, University of Chicago history Prof. Richard C. Wade.

Wade is Daley's oar in liberal waters. He does a splendid job of keeping independent-minded Democrats inside the party, preventing some campaigns from becoming too strongly anti-Daley and, where he can, avoiding Daley *gaffes*. However, Wade would not be so seductive, if there were not those within the reform Democratic movement ready to be seduced. Moreover, with the exception of the long-established Independent Voters of Illinois (IVI), the reform groups suffer from political inexperience and have made a couple of big mistakes to offset recent "instant politics" successes. They are, nevertheless, a vital movement at the grass roots, increasing both in numbers and in the tough, unglamorous doorbell-pushing activity. They understand how to win elections, as demonstrated by six stunning victories in the November 18 Constitutional Convention election.

The reformist groupings represent several tendencies —not all of which are influenced by Wade, a Kennedy-McGovern operative. In fact, Wade is trying to block the attempt of State Treasurer Adlai E. Stevenson III to gain Daley's endorsement in the race for the Senate seat of the late Everett Dirksen. Stevenson appears to be the reform favorite, although he recently outraged many of his back-

ers by supporting the Chicago police force and by toadying shamelessly for Daley's support.

Stevenson, who cannot succeed himself as state treasurer, became a hero to the liberal-reform forces in recent years by criticizing the party and its ruler as "feudal," endorsing a few independent aldermanic candidates, and aiding the black movement here through Operation Breadbasket. He has been considered the focal point for opposition to Daley, who failed to sell other party leaders on Stevenson for the Senate in 1968, because of some mild statements the latter made in opposition to the Vietnamese War.

But Stevenson has been strangely reluctant really to challenge the Mayor—hoping, no doubt, that Daley will support him against even more hostile forces within the machine. Stevenson was the first respectable liberal to come out for Humphrey before the convention last year—preceding and perhaps anticipating Daley's move. It is said that he was driven to act precipitously in reaction to the nagging of Wade, who was pushing hard for Robert Kennedy at that point. Wade now supports former Atty. Gen. William Clark for the Dirksen seat. Clark was the 1968 candidate against the late Republican, running surprisingly well and on an even more surprising anti-war platform. A young man of the old school, Clark had been generally regarded as a hack, but became a leading dove during the convention and split with Daley to endorse Sen. George McGovern for the Presidency. Wade, a good McGovern man, is repaying the favor.

Wade also set up a visit Daley made to a party thrown on the Stevenson Libertyville, Ill., farm several months ago. The event, now known widely as the Libertyville Love-In—and to some as the independents' Appomattox—was sponsored by the Committee on Illinois Government (CIG), a reform group often mildly at odds with Daley.

McGovern was the main speaker, and the big question beforehand was whether Daley would show up. The odds were considered long. But show up he did, with a Wade-written call for unity, saying that the party was big enough for everybody. That was the first big public hint of the seduction of Adlai III. For the Love-In call for unity overlooked any question of justice—or any consideration that genuine issues separated Daley and his machine from liberals, progressives, the young, the black and the poor.

Despite a few demurring press releases, the Independent Democratic Coalition (IDC), local affiliate of the national New Democratic Coalition, came out in support of Stevenson's Senatorial bid, and was really trapped when Adlai III extolled the police, sidled up to the Mayor, and hinted that the party should forgo an open primary and support him.

Interviews with the IDC and conversations with officers and rank-and-filers of the CIG and IVI produced heavy vituperation of Stevenson, charges of "sell-out" and others less printable. He was also chastised at his own campaign committee meetings. But these groups will certainly continue to support him because, as they have said so many times in the past, they have no one else.

Another serious contender for the Senate seat—even stronger than Clark—is a young downstate Illinois Senator, Alan Dixon, who would have fine liberal credentials under most circumstances. But Dixon, who has in the past split with Daley's legislative program, is the candidate of Secretary of State Paul Powell, the second most powerful Democrat in Illinois and anathema to reformers. The Powell-Dixon bid could succeed, because Stevenson is not popular with the thousands of cogs in the patronage machine, and Daley may have a hard time putting him across. Also mentioned for the seat—after a recent "non-political" visit with Daley—is Ambassador R. Sargent Shriver, who still retains a Chicago voting address.

There is also a slim chance that an "open primary" will be held, with the machine making no endorsement. The slate makers were to meet late in November to make a decision. In any event, Illinois will have a fairly liberal Democratic candidate who can be expected to buck Daley—slightly—at times. Stevenson or Shriver could beat the incumbent appointee, Ralph Smith; Dixon would be less likely to do so.

The primary elections offer a few other possibilities for independent reformers who are less in need of Daley's tender loving care. The militant Gus Savage, a black newspaper publisher, might defeat the machine choice for the seat being vacated by 71-year-old Rep. William Murphy in the increasingly black Southwest Chicago 3rd Congressional District. Savage, who was badly beaten by Murphy last year, suffered from inadequate organization and a very low black turn-out in the period of demoralization following the King and Kennedy killings. He has spent the past eighteen months rebuilding his organization. The Democrats will probably replace Murphy with another white, fearing that if a black were put up he would lose the district in the general election.

That district is fascinating, from black poverty areas to mid-income black home owners, from the most racist white working-class wards to elegant upper-middle-class neighborhoods and suburbs. One unusual circumstance is that it may disappear after the 1970 reapportionment, and Daley may just decide to permit an open primary in response to black demands.

There could also be a reform bid in the 1st Congressional District, bastion of the aging, ailing Rep. William Dawson, long-time black boss of the city. The old man has announced his retirement and will probably be replaced by one or another of the Uncle Tom aldermen. A reform bid by one of the independent black aldermen, such as Fred Hubbard or A. A. "Sammy" Rayner, both of whom have challenged Dawson before and lost, will again be doomed to failure. The necessary political groundwork has not been done and only if there is a split in the black machine—an outside chance—could an independent squeak through.

In sum, despite increased interest, especially on the North Lakefront, the reformist element is not likely to make much headway in the coming year. Savage and Rayner, along with a handful of black and white aldermen and state representatives, are genuine independents who will not let ambition compromise them, but too many of the others are willing to cuddle up to Daley—or permit themselves to be seduced and guided by persons such as

Wade, who hold out the Mayor's endorsement to those who don't fight too hard.

A state representative seat on the North Side may fall to a reformer in the 1970 primary, and some aldermanic seats will be won in 1971, as we wrote in these pages in September. But the reform thrust in Illinois, which is lively at the grass-roots level only in Chicago, is stymied by lack of genuine leadership, coupled with deft castrations performed by the surgeons of the old politics.

NEW YORK

JEROME WILSON
Mr. Wilson is state correspondent for WCBS-TV News and reports on state and city politics in New York.

New York City

The Lindsay victory has smashed the Democratic Party in New York State. Even before Procaccino's defeat, the party had been split—old line versus reform—but the two wings were still elements of a single party. Robert Wagner had brought them together in his last term, and in 1965, when Lindsay first ran, reform Democrats paid at least lip service to the party's regular nominee, Abraham Beame.

But so many reform Democrats endorsed the Mayor during his second-term campaign that the news was those who didn't. Even Wagner, a perennial fence straddler, came out for Lindsay—characteristically, on Election Day. Not only the party elite deserted the ragged Procaccino cause—Mrs. Lehman, for example, and the group that had been close to Robert Kennedy—but also whole components of the city's basic Democratic vote. Black voters have very strong Democratic voting habits; in 1965, even despite his identification with civil rights, John Lindsay attracted only 38 per cent of the vote in sample black districts, and that was considered an achievement. This year, Procaccino polled 13 per cent in black districts,* and Lindsay walked off with a staggering 80 per cent.

If anything, party loyalty among Puerto Ricans is still greater; local Democratic candidates in Puerto Rican areas consistently win by 10-to-1 margins. But even though he was endorsed by the city's leading Spanish daily, Procaccino could take only 27 per cent of that vote, Lindsay receiving 64 per cent. Among Italian-Americans, a group becoming increasingly distant from city Democrats, Procaccino scrambled for a 40-to-43 per cent split with Republican-Conservative candidate John Marchi, and he ran a 44-to-44 per cent dead heat with Lindsay in Jewish districts. Only in the lower-income Jewish areas did the Democratic candidate match Abraham Beame's record of four years ago.

The day after election, confessing his true ideological position, Procaccino charged that Marchi had been the "spoiler," that the Republican-Conservative had robbed him of the vote that was rightfully his. Many observers felt, however, that Procaccino lost because of his dismal showing among blacks and Puerto Ricans, because he never reached out for the majority that voted for other candidates in the Democratic primary, and because the Kennedy and McCarthy Democrats rejected him.

All of this provides the Democrats in New York with something less than a springboard to glory. The party hasn't elected a New York governor since Averell Harriman in 1954; it hasn't sent a Senator to Washington since Robert Kennedy in 1964; it has lost the last two city elections in a row. Nevertheless, it must find a candidate for governor and for U.S. Senator next year.

One of its first problems is leadership. The ranking city official in the party is comptroller-elect Abraham Beame. At the state level is comptroller Arthur Levitt, who was Carmine DeSapio's candidate for mayor back in 1961, and who since his defeat by Wagner, has busied himself with state fiscal affairs. Beame is expected to follow the Levitt example of alloting little time to party politics.

Both the Democratic minority leaders of the state legislature endorsed Procaccino, and it is doubtful that either will be looked to for statewide leadership, although the Assembly minority leader, Stanley Steingut, does have *de facto* command of the one county organization that "delivered" for the candidate.

Then should Lindsay run the state Democratic Party? For the present, at least, he prefers to remain a Republican. Even so, Democratic State Chairman John Burns acknowledged recently that the Mayor will have a say as to whom the Democrats nominate for governor and Senator. Furthermore, should former UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg run for governor, he might even get the endosement of the fusion mayor. Goldberg, after all, endorsed Lindsay at a crucial time in the campaign, while Republican Governor Rockefeller said nothing on the Mayor's behalf after he lost the Republican primary.

If Mr. Goldberg does aim for Albany (there has been much talk about his running for the Senate), then by the traditional standards of ticket balancing, a non-Jewish, non-New York City candidate would be preferred for the Senate. The party's 1968 Senate nominee, Paul O'Dwyer, has the first qualification, but he is definitely of the city. Rep. Jonathan Bingham of the Bronx is in the same boat, and Rep. Richard Ottinger, the conservation spokesman from Westchester, misses on the religious score.

So where might the Democrats find a likely Senatorial candidate if Goldberg runs for the big power job, the governorship? One suggestion, outlandish on its face, is the present Republican U.S. Sen. Charles Goodell. Except that he is registered in the wrong party, Goodell has many of the credentials. He is from upstate (with the added advantage that he is saying what city Democrats who supported Lindsay want to hear on the war, the ABM and the cities), he is a Protestant, he endorsed John Lindsay after the Republican primary voters rejected him and could anticipate a Lindsay favor in return. And a crucial factor in speculation about a new political home for Goodell is that his own party rejects him, as it did Lindsay.

That, then, is the condition of New York's devastated

* All percentages based on the WCBS-TV News Election Estimate, November 4, 1969.

Democratic Party. Its strongest choice for governor—Goldberg—descends from the national scene. One possibility for the Senate—Goodell—isn't even registered in the party. Finally, New York City's Liberal-Independent Mayor has what amounts to a veto power over both designations. The strength of this veto stems both from Lindsay's shattering inroads into traditional Democratic voting strength, making him a major factor in his own right in the Democratic Party, and from the fact that any Democrat running statewide next year must have the co-nomination of the state's Liberal Party to win. Lindsay won reelection with more than 800,000 votes on the Liberal line, and the Mayor and the Liberals will be thinking as one.

The above considerations, if they are indeed recognized by the state's Democrats, would finally put an end to the Tammany principle that a politician must work his way up through the ranks of the party, as did Procaccino—and Al Smith, Robert Wagner, Sr., and, one might add, Jimmy Walker, before him. If this old road is at last abandoned, if the Procaccino candidacy was the last of its kind, the Democrats will perhaps have a chance to challenge the Republican hegemony, and create a two-party system once again in New York.

MICHIGAN

DOUGLAS CRASE

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Ann Arbor

Just two years ago Zolton Ferency resigned as chairman of the Michigan Democratic Party, following his anti-war statements, and his suggestion that Lyndon Johnson be replaced as the party's nominee. Now the portraits of Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey which hang in the offices of the current state chairman, James McNeely, look down on stacks of blue and white bumper stickers left over from the moratorium—"Work for Peace: October 15."

With Nixon in the White House a lot of Democratic regulars here recovered their liberalism without the slightest memory of 1968 to embarrass them. But the scores of McCarthy insurgents, who last year swept into control of some 30 per cent of the votes at state party conventions, are less eager to forget 1968. There is now the potential for a strong, even controlling liberal-Left coalition in the Michigan party. What happens next depends on the willingness of liberal regulars (largely Kennedy supporters) and last year's insurgents (mostly McCarthy supporters and now members of Michigan's New Democratic Coalition, NDC) to educate each other about 1968 without ego feuds that serve no political purpose.

The Detroit election in November indicates the internal state of the party. The vote did not show, as some are saying, that racism will no longer cast the winning ballots in Detroit. Roman Gribbs, son of Polish immigrants and sheriff of uptight Wayne County, gently law and ordered his way past Richard Austin, black county auditor, to become mayor of this racially polarized city. The election seemed to rise above racism because Gribbs so nearly lost, outpolling his black rival by about 7,500 of the more than half a million votes cast. The real point, however, is that the sheriff beat an opponent whose qualifications, aside from color, were so obviously superior. The Alliance for Labor Action (UAW and Teamsters) campaigned mightily for Austin; the Detroit *Free Press* urged his election. Even Mayor Orville Hubbard of neighboring Dearborn, one of the most guarded of America's all-white communities, endorsed Detroit's first black candidate for mayor. Sheriff Gribbs, said Hubbard, did not come close to matching Austin's qualifications for the job. The deciding factor was race.

But, as Austin later said, the election was "not an inglorious defeat." It demonstrated what a broadly based liberal coalition might do in Michigan, even in the face of racism. An alliance among some local Democratic organizations, the UAW, local NDC chapters, the slowly unified black community and Democratic officeholders nearly won the campaign. Rep. John Conyers, Jr., an NDC member, owes his office to a bitter 1964 primary victory over Austin, backed by the UAW. Conyers campaigned for Austin throughout the mayoralty campaign, and persuaded Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., to come to Detroit on the candidate's behalf. The UAW worked so effectively with white union men that Austin took nearly one-fifth the white vote, twice the 9 per cent he won in the September primary. Voter turn-out, 68 per cent, was the highest in city election history. The average in black precincts was 70 per cent, surpassed only in 1964's defeat of Barry Goldwater.

The real victories came in the citywide elections for the nine-man Common Council. Voters swept in a 6-to-3 liberal (nonpartisan) majority, gave the five highest totals to (Democratic) liberals, and elected three black councilmen—one of whom became the first black to win more than 50 per cent of the votes in any Detroit city election. In these less symbolic campaigns, where the spotlight was not on color, the liberal coalition worked.

However, Detroit illustrates the dilemma of the Michigan NDC. It is difficult to maintain an insurgent liberalism when many party regulars suddenly stop acting like the party of death. Party Chairman McNeely chaired the Michigan Stop ABM Committee this year. During the moratorium, NDC leaders had to share campus platforms with regular officeholders who in times past were scandalized by dissent. Organization liberals also responded quickly to insurgent pressures for internal party reform. The Democratic Central Committee created a reform group, the Haber Commission, whose November report (not released at this writing) is expected to recommend sweeping changes in party structure, election laws and Presidential nominating procedures.

With its enemies refusing to fight, the NDC is in serious

trouble. The Coalition has been somewhat schizophrenic from the beginning, a composite of activists indigenous to New Politics movements, and leaders who were often former regulars harboring grudges against an organization that had disappointed their ambitions. As a result, the Coalition could never make up its mind—was it a liberal pressure group, whose purpose was to educate a new constituency and force the party to the left? Or was it the new Democratic Party, whose object was to kick all the rascals out and honor the issues from a position of power? When the issue was Vietnam, and the regular party was intransigent, there was no conflict between the two objectives. Now, however, the requirements may be quite different.

With increasing frequency, NDC activities are little more than intra-party maneuvers indistinguishable from those of any other faction. Without issues for cement, the Coalition is having trouble holding itself together in the power game. Opposing factions proposed separate slates for the new NDC posts on the state party's board, and split the Coalition's vote for state party chairman at the spring Democratic convention. Otto Feinstein, former McCarthy chairman and executive secretary of the NDC, disappeared from state politics after another leadership squabble which left Al Fishman and others from the old Michigan Conference of Concerned Democrats in control. In 1970, there are likely to be at least two gubernatorial candidates with Coalition ties. The most prominent are Zolton Ferency and state Sen. Roger Craig, with former Detroit Mayor Jerome Cavanagh a possibility. As of now, there is no way that an NDC convention could endorse any one of these names without tearing itself part.

The greatest danger to the NDC is that its leaders cannot play the power game without making decisions in the old politics manner. Gubernatorial candidate Craig, for example, identified himself early this year with a campaign for a district Presidential primary in Michigan. NDC chiefs, eager to boost Craig's candidacy, won endorsement of the district primary idea from a poorly attended and totally unprepared meeting of the state Coalition. The action was premature, since several prominent NDC members were serving on the Haber Commission which was considering a primary much more advantageous to minorities. Many members were offended by the way their organization had been publicly boxed in, and the district primary never caught the enthusiasm of the public or Coalition members themselves.

The Coalition's voting strength in the party could be used to force liberal regulars into progressive alliances on many crucial issues without destroying NDC autonomy. This is especially possible because the old guard is deserting the party's moderate-liberal leadership. Many conservative Detroit Democrats supported Gribbs. They largely boycotted the Haber Reform Commission, the success of whose recommendations now depends on a coalition of NDC and regular liberals. Secretary of State James Hare, a long-time Democratic hack, recently withheld $50,000 in patronage funds from party Chairman McNeely. The liberal regulars are discovering that they need the NDC Left, but the Coalition leadership, engaged in a power struggle with all Democratic regulars, may prove too inflexible to take advantage of the new situation they helped to create.

The real test will come in the 1970 campaign for governor. Republican Gov. William Milliken is not invincible. A strong Democratic ticket (U.S. Sen. Philip Hart will also be running for re-election) could carry the state, and must do so to prevent a Republican legislature from controlling the decennial Congressional and legislative redistricting. However, a divisive Democratic primary is in prospect. Of six possible candidates, four—Cavanagh, Craig, Ferency and state Senate Minority Leader Sandy Levin—are from the liberal-left wing of the party. Levin and Cavanagh were Kennedy supporters last year; Craig and Ferency, both closely tied to NDC, were for McCarthy. The fifth, state Atty. Gen. Frank Kelley, a Kennedy supporter who voted for Humphrey, is the favorite but prefers to wait and run for the U.S. Senate in 1972. The sixth is Wayne County prosecutor William Cahalan, an outside chance who would appeal to the party's old guard.

The most likely primary contest will pit Levin against Craig or Cavanagh, or both, and it could be a disaster for Michigan's liberals. Any of the three, Craig, Cavanagh or Levin, should provide a satisfactory campaign around which to rally liberals, as Austin's campaign did in Detroit. But liberal regulars and New Democrats alike have failed to learn the lessons of 1968 that liberal constituencies across the state care little for the party's internal struggles and factional jealousies. Unless that lesson sinks home by 1970, the possibility of a new liberalism in Michigan is sure to be destroyed in the recriminations about who did what in 1968, and who supported whom, when.

OHIO

GENE I. MAEROFF
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Cleveland

Ohio's Democratic Party makes up in diversity for what it lacks in strength. In what other state are a millionaire businessman, a former college English professor and a retired astronaut vying for favor? The 1970 stakes include the governorship and a seat in the United States Senate.

Howard M. Metzenbaum, who made a fortune from a string of parking lots, was the campaign manager for Sen. Stephen M. Young in both of his successful races. He thinks he should now be given a chance to succeed the 80-year-old veteran, who has announced his retirement. John J. Gilligan, who would like to give speeches in the U.S. Senate rather than teach poetry at Xavier University, became known around the state during an unsuccessful bid for the Senate last year. He wants to try again. John Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth,

is the best known of the Democrats who want the job, but he has the fewest backers and the least money behind him. He admits that his candidacy is in danger of dying well before the May primary.

Were there a strong central party organization in Ohio it could perhaps dictate who should be the Democratic nominee. But the party is weak, not having put a governor in office since 1958 and having lost a seat in the Senate to the Republicans last year, and control is somewhere in transition between the old guard and the new. The state chairman, Eugene P. O'Grady, has managed to keep a foot in each camp, but the dexterity does not guarantee harmony because the new guard is split between McCarthyites and Kennedyites.

Metzenbaum, age 52, is a former state legislator with impeccable liberal credentials. An early Robert Kennedy backer, he switched after the assassination to George S. McGovern. The small but active Democratic faction that supported McCarthy has never forgiven him. Their darling is Gilligan, who also has a staunch ally in O'Grady. The chairman convinced the party and labor to invest huge sums in Gilligan's unsuccessful attempt to wrest the nomination from Frank J. Lausche last year.

A number of minor characters are mentioned as possibilities for the gubernatorial nomination. One of them is former Gov. Michael V. DiSalle, now a Washington lawyer, who wants desperately to get back into Ohio politics. Another is Lausche, five times governor before he entered the Senate. And there is always the possibility that one of the front runners for the Senate nomination —especially Gilligan—will decide to shift into the race for governor.

Finally, Carl Stokes cannot be dismissed. Were he white, Stokes would be a leading contender for either post, but it would be risky for a Negro to run on a statewide ticket in Ohio. Even Metzenbaum, who is Jewish, faces an uphill struggle against prejudice.

Whatever the final Democratic alignment, there are two Republicans who would be tough for any Democrat to beat: Gov. James A. Rhodes and Rep. Robert A. Taft. But it could happen—much to the delight of the Democrats—that they will decide to fight it out for Senate nomination. Rhodes has already declared and Taft is making similar noises.

A kind of GOP Lyndon Johnson with a Midwest twang, Rhodes is a champion vote getter who is completing his second term and is prohibited from running next time. Until last April it was assumed that he would be unopposed for the Senatorial nomination and that no Democrat could beat him. Then a story in *Life* linked the Governor to a Mafia figure and accused him of dipping into campaign slush funds and finally being nailed by the Internal Revenue Service. Rhodes is now vulnerable—to both Republicans and Democrats.

The day before announcing his candidacy for the Senate, he broke his silence on the *Life* charges and released a statement purporting to detail his net worth (about $65,000). He also denied any wrongdoing in commuting the sentence of an imprisoned Mafia leader. Full-page advertisements in newspapers throughout Ohio carried Rhodes's statement.

In a rare display of bickering between Republicans, Taft called a news conference to question the propriety of the state Republican organization paying for these ads. "It seems to me you can't take this out of the context of the upcoming campaign," Taft said. He did not announce his candidacy, but it is clear that he yearns to follow his father into the Senate. Republican officials are still trying to convince Taft to run for governor, thus providing the dream ticket of Rhodes and Taft and avoiding a primary battle. Even with the *Life* affair hanging over his head, Rhodes would be formidable.

At least two other Republicans appear available, if a place can be found for them on the ticket. Donald E. (Buzz) Lukens, 38, of Middletown, is a Goldwater conservative who may have no qualms about challenging Rhodes. State auditor Roger Cloud, a former speaker of the Ohio house, owes his job to Rhodes and he would be a leading contender for governor if Taft steps into the Senate race.

Thus 1970 could be a year of rebirth for the Democratic Party in Ohio. But a better organized Republican organization that has been vastly more successful in statewide elections is not about to let the Democrats win any position without a battle. The Republicans have the soldiers and they have the gold.

PENNSYLVANIA

A. STEPHEN BOYAN, Jr.
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University Park

It is still too early to know whether significant reform of the Democratic Party can be achieved soon in Pennsylvania. One group actively encouraging it is the New Democratic Coalition (NDC), born out of the frustrations of the McCarthy campaign. McCarthy polled more than 400,000 votes, the highest ever given anyone in a Pennsylvania preferential primary, only to have the party leadership push through a delegate endorsement of Humphrey. That endorsement, and the tactics used to get it—anti-Humphrey delegates told to "sit down and shut up," the state committee "losing" the papers of delegates pledged to vote for the victor of the primary on the first ballot, etc.—convinced the McCarthy forces that the Democratic Party was in critical need of a shake-up. Not only would liberals have to lobby for rules changes before party councils but the party would have to be taken over, precinct by precinct, by a political leadership responsive to the needs of an electoral majority.

NDC conceives of itself as the organizing device for this new political leadership. It has formed more than thirty-three political clubs in the state, with five more in

the process of affiliation. It has taken positions against the war in Vietnam, the ABM and the present ordering of national priorities, and has drawn up an extensive and detailed platform for Pennsylvania. Among other things, that platform calls for a graduated state income tax, the substantial elimination of real estate taxation, the regulation of medical and hospital fees by an elected state agency, landlord and tenant courts, "no fault" automobile insurance and repeal of the fair-trade laws. It advocates eventual public ownership of utilities and the use of their profits for public services. The NDC favors tuition-free higher education for all Pennsylvanians, and would abolish academic accreditation for ROTC. It wants the abortion law repealed. In short, the platform calls for adoption of virtually every proposal on the agenda of contemporary political liberalism.

But it is in part because of this program that many regular party leaders feel they can safely ignore the coalition. NDC plays no role in party affairs comparable, for example, to that of the state AFL-CIO. One party official (innocently) paraphrasing Stalin's question about the Pope, asked, "How many votes does the NDC have?" He doubted that it would ever gain much strength outside the upper middle-class suburbanites, the academic community or among Jewish voters. It is evident, moreover, that the NDC organization has made little headway in the many small cities around the state. Against that background, NDC's immediate prospects for reform leadership in the state party would not seem bright.

On the other hand, wide support appears to be developing for another kind of party reform. That is the movement to democratize the Democratic Party and end its years of domination by old-style machine politicians. On paper, the party is already superbly democratic. It is ruled in principle by an elected state committee whose members run from Senatorial districts at the spring primary election in each even-numbered year. In fact, however, the policies of the state committee are determined by the state "policy committee," a body dominated by county chairmen from areas that roll up large Democratic majorities, along with leading elected Democrats. The result is that the party leaders of Allegheny and Philadelphia Counties dominate the committee. When they can unite on a candidate or policy, they can usually win support from the other committee members.

One reason for this cooperation is that no Democrat can win statewide office without party support in Allegheny and Philadelphia Counties. Then, too, 40,000 patronage jobs are controlled by Democratic officeholders, who can also assign state contracts or confer other favors. Through such devices former Mayor Barr of Pittsburgh, head of the Allegheny Democratic organization, and Mayor Tate of Philadelphta, *de facto* head of the Philadelphia organization, have maintained absolute control over the Pennsylvania state party in recent years. In 1966, for example, when Robert Casey, the organization-backed candidate for governor, lost in the state primary election to Milton Shapp, a liberal, the organization "cut" Shapp and he was beaten in the election.

But changes have occurred in the party since 1966 and the result next time may be different. In Pittsburgh this spring a reform, issue-oriented, NDC-backed candidate, "Pete" Flaherty, handily defeated the organization candidate for the Democratic mayoral nomination, Mayor Barr having retired. This fall, still shunning organization support, and relying on labor, youth and liberal reform elements, Flaherty scored a stunning success at the polls, obtaining a greater percentage of votes than did Barr as the organization candidate in 1965. In Philadelphia, meanwhile, the electorate dealt the Democratic organization of Mayor Tate an even more serious blow. It defeated the Tate-picked, Tate-backed candidates for district attorney and city controller by the greatest margins that Republicans have achieved in Philadelphia elections since 1931. The message in both cities seemed to be that old-style organization politics will no longer assure success—that the electorate today responds to issues and candidates. William Green, Philadelphia County chairman, saw it that way: "The Democratic Party has not been sufficiently responsive to independent thinking. . . . We have got to open the doors."

This shift in voter motivation should have two immediate effects on state politics. First, even before the election, state party officials had revived a committee to look into the party's rules. This Rules Committee has held public hearings and met at least half a dozen times. It seems to be leaning toward a proposal to reconstitute the policy committee into a "nominating committee" (party leaders and all state committee members) that would endorse candidates only after hearing their views at a public meeting. Whether this proves to be a genuine reform remains to be seen; unless the vote is secret, for example, state party leaders might still dictate endorsements. But with the Allegheny and Tate-controlled organizations in at least partial eclipse, it is likely that their representatives will be less able to crack the whip.

Second, the election results suggest that aspirants for statewide office can afford to be more independent of the organization. If a candidate can generate a substantial popular appeal, the organization may need him far more than he needs the organization. Robert Casey, long identified with the Pennsylvania party regulars, may be especially affected by their decline in public favor. People close to him report that his true political views are considerably more liberal than what he has thus far expressed publicly. Pennsylvania Democrats will now watch closely for signs of a liberal trend in Casey's policy statements as he seeks the gubernatorial nomination next year.

The Casey-Shapp fight, if its occurs, could be a donnybrook. As early as 1966, when he ran for governor, Shapp opposed escalation of the war in Vietnam. He also formed a "Democratic Study Group," an organization of liberal Democrats that has been putting out position papers on many issues facing the state. In 1968 he backed Robert Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, then Edward Kennedy. He has been outspoken on many state and national issues and has close ties to the NDC. He is contemptuous of the old-style politics, and the old-style organization returns the feeling. It believes Shapp's anti-organizational posture to be a sham, an opportunistic device to give him visibility with the electorate. Other prominent Democrats, especially

in labor, are angry with Shapp for supporting McCarthy last year, when they were vigorously behind Hubert Humphrey. Hugh Carcella and I.W. Abel of the powerful United Steelworkers are believed already to have rejected him.

Casey ran strong in 1968, leading the ticket in winning the office of state auditor general. He expresses views on few state or national issues, preferring to concentrate on the auditor general's responsibilities and to please the county leaders with carefully assigned patronage. Some dismiss him as a machine "hack," cloaked in a "modern" image. Others point to his anti-Vietnamese war position and his strong stand for party reform at both state and national levels. Few liberals are impressed. NDC people, though they do not dislike Casey, believe that only a Shapp victory can advance liberal policies and genuine reforms in the party structure.

The question is whether Casey will move enough to the left to blunt Shapp's appeal, or whether Shapp can find enough support in his liberal, anti-organizational constituency to take over the party and then win the governorship. Shapp can only be encouraged by the election returns from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

ROCKEFELLER REPORTS

HALF RIGHT ON LATIN AMERICA

RICHARD O'MARA
Mr. O'Mara, who formerly reported from Latin America, is an editorial writer on the Baltimore Evening Sun.

In 1958 Dr. Milton Eisenhower journeyed to Latin America at the behest of his brother the President. Vice President Nixon, on an earlier visit, had been spat upon in Caracas and roughly treated in various other capitals. Understandably, President Eisenhower wanted to know what was wrong down there.

Dr. Eisenhower, a studious and concerned man, went through Central America and returned home somewhat unsettled. His impression was that relations between the United States and Latin America had indeed deteriorated, and that a major reason for it was the increase of Soviet propaganda. A few months later William P. Snow, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, told Congress that not only were the Russians out-propagandizing us in Latin America; they were by their technical assistance program subverting the historical "special relationship" between the two halves of the hemisphere.

There were other alarm ringers at the time, and not all of them at home. In April 1960, Colombian President Alberto Lleras Camargo warned that if the United States did not begin to take an active interest in Latin America's social and economic development, the whole continent might be convulsed by a Communist revolution. President Eisenhower was not deaf to all this: he formed a committee to look into the matter and then returned to bickering with the upstart revolutionary regime just establishing itself in Cuba.

I recall all this not so much as a refresher course in recent history as to demonstrate the seeming immutability of Washington's attitude toward Latin America. The play has been altered slightly; the characters have changed; essentially the plot is the same. The leitmotiv remains: action-reaction.

Several months before President Nixon moved into the White House, the Peruvian Government of Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado seized the American-owned International Petroleum Company. The General also refused to pay for it. That was the action. Mr. Nixon's reaction was like that of his Presidential mentor. He decided to find out what was going on down there by dispatching Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller on a fact-finding tour.

Mr. Rockefeller's journey was even more tumultuous than Nixon's had been eleven years earlier. The facts he found were even more disturbing than those uncovered by Dr. Eisenhower: the revolution had crept closer; relations between the United States and Latin America were worse than ever; the "special relationship" was on the rocks.

The Rockefeller report correctly identifies the economic sore spots in Latin America, as well as the other sources of discontent—the rapid expansion in communications technology, the world's fastest population growth, urbanization, nationalism and the disproportionate number of young people in the population. At the same time, the Governor's findings are politically regressive.

The area's economic ills had been carefully diagnosed even before he set off on tour. They were contained in a document drafted by economic representatives of nineteen Latin countries at Viña del Mar. This consensus of Viña del Mar requested more direct United States aid for Latin America, specifically aid with no strings attached. It asked that the United States grant preferential treatment for Latin American primary products, finished goods and processed foods. It requested that President Nixon resist any attempts by special-interest groups to erect new tariff walls against such products.

Most important from the Latins' standpoint was the request for trade preferences. "Trade, Not Aid" became the slogan of the Punta del Este summit conference of American Presidents in the spring of 1967. In his report, Governor Rockefeller specifically urged that Washington first try to win agreement from other industrial nations to grant trade preferences to products from all developing countries. Failing this, he recommended that the United States grant preferences only to the Latin countries. President Nixon has agreed to go along.

To grasp how important this is, one must understand the peculiarly painful position of the Latin American countries in the arena of world trade. The United Kingdom grants tariff preferences to goods from its common-

wealth partners. Products from the French-speaking African countries have free access to the European Common Market. The nations of Latin America form the only bloc of developing countries that do not enjoy preferences anywhere. The United States, they argue, should be their special customer.

But instead of becoming more receptive, the Latins have complained, the United States market gets tougher to crack. Venezuela, for instance, is perpetually upset over its diminishing share of the United States' oil import quota. The Brazilian Government is still smarting over the recent successful campaign by large American food companies to reduce the importation into the United States of Brazilian instant coffee.

The Latin American countries have always viewed direct government-to-government aid as a useful tool of development. But in recent years aid funds under the Alliance for Progress have diminished while, at the same time, Congress has laid on new restrictions which make the available money harder to get. Some of these restrictions are blatantly insulting; one even states that, before a government receives assistance, the Secretary of State must have determined that it is not controlled by the "international Communist movement." The most well-known and troublesome is the Hickenlooper amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act. It is a punitive measure, requiring that the United States cut off aid funds to any government that expropriates United States property and does not "take appropriate steps" toward compensation within six months.

The Rockefeller report suggests that those restrictions be removed which "interfere with the process of development or impugn the sovereignty of other countries." So far, possibly because he fears that the expropriations which began in Peru and Bolivia might be encouraged, the President does not seem ready to press for the repeal of the Hickenlooper amendment.

Mr. Nixon has followed a few of the report's recommendations for improving the aid program. Mr. Rockefeller had urged that the specific restriction that all aid loan money be spent in the United States be relaxed, and that the Latins be permitted to spend that money anywhere in the hemisphere. President Nixon did not go that far: speaking before the Inter-American Press Association on October 31, he said: "I am now ordering that, effective November 1, loan dollars sent to Latin America under AID be freed to allow purchases not only here but anywhere in Latin America." He thus excluded Canada.

It was a concession, but not much of one. Aid loans had not been untied, just loosened a little. The fact is, not much in the way of development material (tractors, earth-moving machinery, industrial plants, railroad cars, etc.) is available in Latin America. The countries must continue to do most of their shopping in the United States, where these items are considerably more expensive than, say, in Japan.

Mr. Rockefeller also asked for repeal of the provision that requires half of the goods financed by American aid funds to be transported in United States ships (which are expensive). Mr. Nixon disregarded this recommendation, but did agree to give the Inter-American Committee for Alliance for Progress (CIAP) "an increasing share of responsibility for development assistance decisions." And he met the New York Governor halfway by promoting Charles Meyer, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs to Under Secretary of State. Mr. Rockefeller had advised that Meyer, or someone else, be given full Cabinet rank. Most observers viewed this as a bureaucratic concession which amounts to little.

The Rockefeller report's analysis of subversion and revolution in Latin America is startling, for it recalls the fears of earlier days. One can almost hear echoing through its pages John Foster Dulles ranting against the international Communist conspiracy, the ponderous warnings by Dr. Eisenhower of Soviet penetration in Latin America, the ringing phrases of John F. Kennedy on the Alliance for Progress, which barely concealed his apprehension



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

over the growing influence of Fidel Castro in Latin America.

Now Mr. Rockefeller has pumped up Fidel Castro once again as a major threat to the hemisphere's stability. He offers what seems on the surface a practical rule of thumb by which the United States might conduct relations with the Latin governments—that is, equal treatment of all *de facto* governments, be they democracy or dictatorship. Here Mr. Nixon followed his envoy's advice, for on October 31 he announced that "on the diplomatic level we must deal realistically with governments in the inter-American system as they are." (Apparently Mr. Nixon's views have changed since he was Vice President and around the time of Dr. Eisenhower's trip, for he then favored giving an *abrazo* to the democracies while maintaining a cold shoulder for the dictatorships.) This implies nonintervention, and if adhered to strictly, would be an eminently sensible policy.

But nonintervention was far from Mr. Rockefeller's mind when he compiled his report. While in Latin America dodging rocks and sniffing tear gas, Mr. Rockefeller must have become convinced that the revolution had already arrived and that he was caught right in the middle of it. His report tells of Communist infiltration into student groups, labor organizations, the Church, even certain segments of the military. The elements he describes are the contemporary forces for change in Latin America, but Mr. Rockefeller, rattling the bones of international subversion, interpreted them as the forces of destruction.

Accordingly, he has urged that the United States increase its military assistance to help existing Latin American governments fight this rising tide of subversion. In his report he laments that military assistance to Latin America has dwindled from $80.7 million in 1960 (President Eisenhower's last year) to $21.4 million for fiscal 1970.

If the President follows Rockefeller's advice he will be leading the United States back to the cold-war years, the days of the mutual security pacts. One thing Milton Eisenhower learned was that a major reason why so many Latin Americans resented the United States was their conviction that Washington was much more pleased by the neatness and enforced stability of dictatorships (a more appropriate climate for investment) than by the sometimes unruly and rambunctious atmosphere of a Latin democracy. (President Eisenhower pinned medals on Latin dictators and threw lavish receptions for them in the White House.) And generous amounts of military hardware to the dictatorships certainly helped many of them stay on top.

President Nixon does not seem ready to start laying out American money to prop up military governments in Latin America. Perhaps he learned during his years as Vice President that this is a dead-end route. And so far he has not publicly mentioned Mr. Rockefeller's suggestion that a Western Hemisphere Security Council be set up as a planning body to counter subversion in Latin America. But the President has accepted Rockefeller's contention that Cuba is a generator of revolution in Latin America, and continues to support the ostracism of that country from the normal flow of hemispheric relations.

Several years ago, to be sure, the regime of Fidel Castro was abetting revolutionaries in Venezuela and Bolivia. Since then Cuba's outward reach has been withdrawn and it has turned in on itself, perhaps in recognition that its revolutionary activity was futile and expensive. In any event, Cuba is not the direct threat to the hemisphere it once was (if it ever was). But Castro's example has stirred revolutionary fervor in Latin America, and has touched all the elements of Latin society of which Rockefeller spoke.

In this first year of the Nixon Administration Latin America is not suffering continent-wide upheaval, but there is enough revolutionary action in certain countries to justify concern for the future. The United States has been the target of much of this action because large numbers of people in Latin America have come to resent the influence this country exercises in Latin American political and economic affairs—what Rockefeller describes as our "disproportionately visible role."

General Velasco in Peru and General Ovanda in Bolivia are not making war on the Standard and Gulf Oil companies. They are responding to long-held resentments among their people. The supermarket bombings in Argentina (all stores in the Rockefeller Minimax chain), the kidnapping of the American Ambassador in Brazil, the threats to nationalize the copper industry in Chile, these are all manifestations of a deeper discontent. The Latin Americans are not upset because they have been neglected by the United States. Rather, more and more of them have decided that, despite the Good Neighbor Policy and the Alliance for Progress, the United States has consistently taken more out of Latin America than it has put in.

"Thus," the Rockefeller report notes, "the rising drive for self-identification is naturally and inevitably leading many nations to seek greater independence from U.S. influence and power." But the so-called "special relationship" that Rockefeller would have the Nixon Administration improve has always been viewed by the Latin Americans as a one-way street, running north. Mr. Nixon has not indicated he means to reverse the direction, but he did meet some of the demands of the consensus of Viña del Mar, and he did accept some of the better suggestions in the Rockefeller report for improving United States-Latin American economic relations. That, at least, is a start.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 586)*

has reminded us that sorcery is again a real category. . . .

The establishment of the scientific bases of biogenetic engineering requires more than cash: it also needs men of talent and drive. There are plenty of other problems of scientific interest and of immediate human benefit to which a biologist can devote himself: Professor Luria has listed some of them. From these, we can easily identify the "major change of attitude" which he sees to be necessary in scientists: *not* to stick to an enjoyable line of research when its probable consequences are horrendous. . . .

Jerome R. Ravetz, Senior Lecturer in The History and Philosophy of Science University of Leeds

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Priming the Pump

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF INTERNATIONAL OIL AND THE UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES. *By Michael Tanzer. Beacon Press. 435 pp. $12.50.*

ROBERT ENGLER

Mr. Engler is professor of political science at the City University of New York. He is the author of The Politics of Oil: A Study of Private Power and Democratic Directions *(University of Chicago Press).*

"We have received the definite impression that most low-income countries would welcome a larger flow of foreign investment, sharing our belief that such flows would contribute to their faster growth. How can that flow be stimulated?

"There is probably very little more that needs to be done to encourage the flow of foreign capital into extractive sectors. By its very nature, such investment will be attracted to ore bodies and oil deposits. Investment climate plays some part in this decision, but there are probably not more than a handful of countries in the world where that climate is bad enough to deter investment in a really attractive mineral project. What can be hoped for is perhaps that countries with rich natural resources will be able to use their resultant bargaining power to increase foreign investment in internationally competitive processing and/or fabricating facilities.

"How can direct investment in other sectors be fostered? . . . Improving the position of the private sector as a whole is the most important single step to improving the climate for foreign investment in developing countries. We therefore recommend that developing countries take immediate steps, where consistent with legitimate national objectives, to identify and remove disincentives to domestic private investment."

From World Bank Commission on International Development, Partners in Development, 1969

Thus do portions of the recent Pearson Commission report echo conventional wisdom as to the virtues of a greater private investment flow for emerging nations. In most of the literature on this problem, the development of resources such as oil is seen as too costly financially and too advanced technologically to be undertaken by these nations themselves. Nonproducing countries are encouraged to import their petroleum needs, both crude and finished. This view, of obvious self-interest to the private forces controlling most of the petroleum industry and presumably of comparable benefit to the Western countries where these corporations have their headquarters, has received vigorous support from the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the United Nations, and a range of studies by academics and private consultants. Against this preponderance of expertise, the challenges to the private prerogatives of the international petroleum corporations in such countries as Indonesia, Iran, Chile, India, Venezuela, Argentina, Peru and most recently Bolivia, emerge as the irrational or conspiratorial acts of ungrateful and deluded nationalists of the Left and the Right.

In this setting Michael Tanzer's book is a timely primer on the political economy of international oil and on the operations of the brotherhood of merchants who control this basic energy resource. Its special value lies in its instructive appraisal of the social costs for the developing nations' reliance upon privately produced and refined oil. The vantage point is that of an underdeveloped country seeking to combine rapid development with the maximum possible economic and political independence. Tanzer's ideological orientation is anti-capitalist (in the modern corporate sense). But a critical reader will have to deal with the substantial data set forth by the author and not simply with his interpretations. Tanzer is a knowledgeable writer who combines advanced academic training in economics with experience working for Esso Standard Eastern, an Asian-African affiliate of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

The author recognizes how central the role of oil is to the economic lives of the new nations. Tanzer regards energy as the fourth factor of production, to be added to the classic ones of land, labor and capital. He is highly sensitive to the relationship between economics and politics:

> Of all the commodities moving in international trade, oil is undoubtedly the supremely political one. Because most oil moves internationally, because the trade is of enormous monetary value, because huge profits are to be made, because it is a vital necessity to most oil-importing countries, because it is of crucial importance to the economics of the oil-exporting countries and the balance of payments of the developed countries—for all these reasons, the ordinary day-to-day flows of international oil trade are the resultants of enormous and conflicting political pressures among the companies, governments and international organisations.

To Tanzer this is an industry where the "economics" are simple and the "politics" complicated, where the focus, if one is to understand what is going on, must be upon the critical power relationships. In an area where so much of the writing is either narrowly technical or general and vague at the crucial junctures (and often subsidized by the industry), his study provides hardheaded documentation and a useful analytic frame for understanding the dilemmas of the developing nations and for weighing basic public policy alternatives.

Tanzer succinctly describes the structure of the industry and its method of exercising economic power. He sees the major corporations' high degree of vertical integration as the principal mechanism for maintaining monopolistic control over the world's low-cost crude oil. The ownership of affiliated refining and marketing companies in various oil importing countries provides essentially noncompetitive outlets for the highly profitable crude oil. "Of all the major commodities involved in international trade, crude oil has by far the largest gap between the average cost of production and the price."

The exporting countries are generally in relatively weak bargaining positions. No one source dominates the world supply. Each of the international corporations has holdings in at least several countries. The underdeveloped nations are highly dependent upon export revenues, and their leadership has done little to bring oil more centrally into their economic life by broadening the internal demand. The countries of the Middle East, North Africa and Latin America are not united in their dealings with the corporations. The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has limited effectiveness; and even where it has been able to increase the incomes of its members, the individual governments remain as "essentially passive tax collectors."

In comparable fashion, the interests of the underdeveloped importing countries are subordinated to the profit-

maximization objectives of the international companies. The local marketing affiliates have little incentive to explore for petroleum since so much of the profit comes from their imported oil. (Only fools or affiliates pay the posted prices.) Nor are they often eager to build new refineries within the importing country.

Underdeveloped countries are quite vulnerable to the economic boycotts which the corporations can invoke. They are also mindful of their general dependence upon the military, political and economic good graces of the Western powers, where corporations are closely linked to the public government. In the United States and Great Britain the international oil companies as a group are the most important single concentration of economic power. Petroleum investments account for 40 per cent of all direct U.S. investment and 60 per cent of all U.S. earnings in underdeveloped countries. This economic power has been accompanied by the political penetration of agencies for public policy formulation. A shared commitment to the blessings of "technology," to "free enterprise" and to "anti-communism" are also powerful factors in cementing the public-private alliance.

The leadership of the underdeveloped countries is quite aware of the serious drain upon their scarce foreign exchange and of the less tangible social costs of these unequal relationships. But the leaders are generally not very knowledgeable about the technical problems of oil and of the ramifications of the integrated corporate structure. The industry, in turn, does everything it can to perpetuate the *mystique* about the complexities of oil.

Tanzer is at his best in dealing with the arguments advanced against the alternative of a publicly owned and controlled industry. Through a general analysis and then specific case studies, the most detailed of which is India, he builds an impressive case for public investment in oil development. He debunks the twin myths of the prohibitive risk and great expense involved in oil exploration. He makes perfectly clear that the heavy investments which the corporations always emphasize should more properly be seen as an expectation of heavy profit.

> The question, then, of whether a country should "go it alone" cannot be solved *a priori* but only in the light of the specific possibilities and resources facing the underdeveloped country. There should be no presumption that oil exploration is beyond the means of a country nor that if the government does not undertake it private companies will. To the contrary, the presumption should be that an underdeveloped country cannot afford not to undertake an oil exploration program. This is because, viewed in the light of a social rate of return on investment analysis, oil exploration has uniquely attractive features for economic development.

The real cost of producing oil is relatively low; and, thanks to the current high prices maintained through the monopolistic control of the corporate giants, potentially 90 per cent of the value of the crude oil produced can be used for reinvestment in the economy.

Tanzer's case for publicly built refineries is persuasive. Such refineries would have the freedom to seek the lowest cost crude oil—regardless of corporate or national origins—on terms most favorable to the countries' broader financial needs. The refineries could be located and operated in harmony with the countries' own overall plans for development rather than those which fit into the worldwide private planning of the industry. Returns could be earmarked, at least in part, for investment in those economic activities which in turn would heighten the demand for oil.

Tanzer is fully aware of the political consequences of his economic recommendations. His case studies of India, Mexico, Cuba and Iraq indicate the complexities and pressures involved in developing such policies. Within the underdeveloped countries, reformers and planners must be prepared to meet the resistance of those propertied elements who have a stake in the *status quo*, that is, in underdevelopment. And there will be little sympathy from the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the United Nations.

The author is not sanguine about the prospects for these countries' gaining full control of their energy situations. But he does see a number of hopeful signs. Rivalries within the industry sparked by the pressures of the newer overseas companies, the growth of oil consumption in the new importing nations, patterns of cooperation among underdeveloped nations in such areas as fertilizer production, the easing of cold-war tensions, and a general nationalist restiveness in Socialist and non-Socialist countries all make for more maneuverability in mounting an effective resistance movement. As a closing political note, he hopes that a coalition of underdeveloped nations, oil exporters and importers, will pressure the United Nations General Assembly to play a positive role in developing oil projects.

Certain premises and illustrations could be amplified. Do the current headlines about oil take-overs in Latin America indicate that Tanzer has overstated the effectiveness of the deterrents to nationalization? What are the implications for the private planning of the industry and the public planning of underdeveloped nations when such actions come from the Right rather than the Left? (Edith Penrose of London University has speculated that the international companies conceivably might come to accept "voluntary nationalization" and prefer contracts to ownership if they were to conclude that the demands of the producing countries could become too costly, unpredictable or threatening to their worldwide private arrangements.) If what some oil experts have seen as the "stabilizing weight" of the major corporations in keeping crude prices high is effectively challenged by a combination of factors (including political militancy and new reserve discoveries), what bearing will this have on Tanzer's argument that a public oil industry could carry much of the cost of an economy's development?

A full-blown study of public planning for energy is beyond Tanzer's scope. His prescription on how an underdeveloped country can embark upon harnessing its own indigenous resources needs further discussion. When he says that "this can

TO FIND

Well, what, you ask, did you expect to find
there? Nothing, I say, nothing at all really,
probably less: dust, just dust—splintered
splendor, and not even its own or ours
at that. Moonshine!—ah, those Kentuck Billys,
good greeks, had the word for it. Later,
sooner than later, our final Feds will find
our hideout out, ourselves, the light years
and dark years before we find each other.
What else is there to find, any where?
You say that's not much. No, not much
maybe. Then say what else there is, at all.

JAMES L. WEIL

be done particularly by using unemployed and underemployed labor and natural resources, and by increasing the savings rate so that a greater proportion of output can be invested," and that "such a policy does not necessarily imply greater autarchy, since part of the increased output can be channeled into exports to pay for importing foreign technology and goods," he provokes a range of political as well as economic questions. A startling and not unfamiliar one concerns the kinds of social and political controls required for such planning. To be exercised by whom? Over whom?

If Tanzer's book is not a blueprint for revolutionaries abroad neither is it a strategy for domestic critics of American directions. But the implications for a reappraisal of American foreign policy and the social forces that have helped to shape it are devastating. They suggest how far cherished notions about aid, trade and private investment, masked by our good feelings about our beneficence and by the god of national security, have contributed, in the short run, to making the underdeveloped world safe for corporate profits and to heightening the tensions between rich and poor, powerful and powerless.

A Partisan and Public Man

LITERATURE AND THE SIXTH SENSE. *By Philip Rahv. Houghton Mifflin Co. 445 pp. $10.*

MARK L. KRUPNICK

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Philip Rahv is one of the best of that distinguished generation of literary critics —including Lionel Trilling, F. W. Dupee, Allen Tate and the late R. P. Blackmur —which emerged fully on the scene in the 1930s, and still influences the way most of us think about modernist writing. Rahv's best pieces—on Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Kafka, and on Hawthorne, Henry James and "The Cult of Experience in American Writing"—are among the most rereadable essays of our time.

The present volume gathers together forty-four full-length essays and shorter sketches, written during the last three decades. All the writers discussed in *Literature and the Sixth Sense* belong to the last 100 years or so; there are novelists and critics but no poets. The main areas of interest are European novelists, especially the Russians (Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Chekhov); American literature (including shorter pieces on Henry Miller, Bellow and Mailer); and critics and critical theory. Sad to say, the valuable discussions of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Possessed* have not been reprinted here: they are to appear as chapters in a projected longer study of Dostoevsky.

Rahv is best known as an editor, since its founding in 1934, of *Partisan Review*. These are very much the writings of a partisan and public man who is as much concerned about influencing cultural debate as in elucidating texts. So this is literary criticism of a special kind: the essay as position paper, as a tactical exercise in a continuing war of ideas. Rahv acknowledges the influence of psychoanalysis, existentialism and anthropology, and he uses all of these resources of modern criticism to good effect; but his method depends basically on Marxism, with its stress on the social determinants of literature, the art object as it exists in the dimension of time. The modern consciousness of time, the sense of history, is the "sixth sense" of Rahv's title.

In cleaving to the Marxist critique of literature and society, Rahv has been almost a lone holdout among the critics of his generation, but the precise content of his radicalism seems to me problematic. As with other Marxist critics of the thirties, Rahv began with the dilemma of reconciling a revolutionary politics with an admiration for modernist writers of a decidedly illiberal political tendency. His solution has been to ignore the professed beliefs of these writers, as in the review of *Murder in the Cathedral*, where the play's "dessicated pattern" of original sin and theological salvation is detached from T. S. Eliot's radical critique of a dying civilization (ours, not Thomas Becket's). Or, as Rahv makes the distinction in an essay on Dostoevsky: "Reactionary in its abstract content, in its aspect of a system of ideas, his art is radical in sensibility and subversive in performance."

The solution to the discrepancy between the critic's politics and his aesthetics was found in the idea of the artist's "creative contradictions," the gap between the professed ideas and enacted meaning of a work. For this concept Rahv draws on Freud's distinction between latent and manifest content in dreams, and agrees with D. H. Lawrence: "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale." His general view of the modern imagination is summarized in one of the essays on Henry James: "In modern literature . . . it is above all the creativity, the depth and quality of the contradictions that a writer unites within himself, that gives us the truest measure of his achievement. And this is not primarily a matter of the solutions . . . but of his force and integrity in reproducing these contradictions as felt experience."

There are other ways of thinking about imagination. My own tendency is to think of James and Proust, and Wordsworth as well, in terms of the psychology of loss and restitution. Art is a mode of recovery—of the past, of "the lost stuff of consciousness," in James's phrase. This view places a higher valuation on imagination than Rahv will admit, with his antagonism toward a primarily aesthetic appropriation of reality. But in criticism, metaphors matter less than their application; and Rahv's dialectical method succeeds remarkably in practice.

I admire especially the first of the Hawthorne essays (1941), with its epigrammatic concision and wit, and its cogency of argument. Divided between a longing for experience and a dread of sin, Hawthorne "was haunted," Rahv writes, "not only by the guilt of his desires but also by the guilt of his denial of them." Noting Hawthorne's ambivalence toward the dark ladies of his tales, Rahv notes aptly that it is their beauty that Hawthorne cannot forgive. They must be condemned because they coerce his imagination. It is remarkable how much of importance Rahv gets said about Hawthorne and, generally, about the timidities of 19th-century American culture in this synoptic performance of 20 pages.

The wit and vivacity of these early essays are a reminder how much good criticism is like good talk, how much it depends on a community of interest and the free flow of ideas. In the years of the Moscow trials, the Spanish Civil War, and America's entry into World War II, Rahv was able to derive as much from ideologically conservative critics like Eliot, Tate and Yvor Winters as he had earlier from Trotsky. In the writings of all of them the problem of belief holds a central place. Thus the Hawthorne essay concludes with one of Rahv's excellent codas, in which he contrasts Hawthorne's religious imagination with Dostoevsky's, denying to the American writer the profundity of the Russian's consciousness of sin and evil, which "flows from a mighty effort to regain a metaphysical and religious consciousness" in a disintegrating society suffering —unlike Hawthorne's America—from a chaos of experience and a derangement of values.

This Augustinian protest against the city of man appears also in the coda

to "The Heiress of All the Ages" (1943), in which the emblem of Henry James's worldliness—the American heroine's imperial dream of conquering the Old World—is contrasted with Proust's less idealized vision of the "great world," and his overcoming of it in art. James's Americans, in Rahv's view, have arrived so belatedly at their conversion to experience that they cannot afford the spiritual luxury of looking beyond it, of challenging its authority.

These large literary-historical generalizations are the most stimulating aspect of Rahv's work, providing a conceptual frame for the close studies of texture and formal design of most American criticism. But his pleasure in literary ideas accounts for a certain impatience with most American writing, in which private sensibility and experience count for more than general ideas. Rahv appears most at home with continental literature, and he defines his own critical preoccupations and methods most clearly in essays on two European men of letters, Arthur Koestler ("Homeless Radicalism," 1946) and Arnold Hauser (whose *Social History of Art* is reviewed in "Art and the Historical Imagination," 1952).

The most brilliant of the European essays are the two on Kafka, which—together with Austin Warren's study of Kafka's form—provide the best available short introduction to this difficult writer. "I have powerfully assumed the negativity of my times," Kafka wrote in his diary. In Rahv's essays the prophet is justified. His work is powerfully apprehended as that of the artist in whose very flesh modern history has inscribed its cruel meaning. Rahv summarizes Kafka's "nuclear fable" about a victim of an unknowable and unappeasable power, and is most interesting on Kafka's insight into modern man's alienation from his own nature and his intuition of the historic depletion of the modern ego. In his essay on Koestler, Rahv writes, "Nothing is ultimately so enervating as unreal positiveness," and he praises those ideas which "help, in Kierkegaard's phrase, 'to keep the wound of the negative open.'" Certainly few critical essays are as relentless as these on Kafka in probing that wound.

The closest Rahv gets to a positive statement of belief is in the portrait of Tolstoy ("The Green Twig and the Black Trunk," 1946) as "the last of the unalienated artists." He contrasts Tolstoy's Apollonian sanity—his wholeness, his objectivity, his rationality—with the "fetishism of art" of later novelists, with their mystifications and morbidity. Above all, Rahv's Tolstoy is the artist of the normal, a writer who derived his world view from the secular and skeptical 18th century and was immune to the various appeals of Romanticism. The young Tolstoy is even likened to Benjamin Franklin, with his program for self-improvement and his belief in a secular and wholly rational salvation.

The neo-classical preferences revealed in this essay make for the very solid strengths of Rahv's theoretical writings on the 1950s, cold-war documents on the insipid religiosity of that decade and attacks on the confusion of modes in critical discourse. "Fiction and the Criticism of Fiction" (1956), for example, very usefully notes the failure to distinguish adequately between the function of language in poetry and fiction in recent comment on the novel. But Rahv's distrust of Romanticism and what he elsewhere refers to as "the motley strivings of the inner self" leads in more recent pieces to an inflexible and punitive manner, as in the humorless scolding of Leslie Fiedler and especially in his vendetta against Norman Mailer.

In the most recent essay in this collection, Rahv notes of T. S. Eliot that there existed in him "an empirical critic of genius . . . as well as a fretful ar conscience-ridden Christian preceptor There is nothing of the true believer Philip Rahv's make-up, but of late the has been all too much of the precepto He now seems trapped by a narrow ar reflexive moralism wholly absent fro his earlier work. His feeling for decoru has hardened to the degree that he ca describe as "sensible" Eliot's *ex cathed* dismissal of Lawrence. And Mailer discussed not as a writer but as the syn bol for everything Rahv detests in ou present cultural situation.

But jeremiads do not take the plac of concrete historical and literary analy sis. In his attacks on neo-primitivism pornography, narcissism and other her sies of contemporary Romanticism, Rah begins to sound like Irving Babbitt strug gling against the modernist flood in th twenties. The perverse subjectivity c recent fiction has its historical cause and a doctrinaire pessimism is no bette way of understanding them than a cor tentless religiosity. The fact is, indulge in long enough, saying no can also be come a kind of religion.

Doctor Dapertutto

MEYERHOLD ON THEATRE. *Translated and Edited with a Critical Commentary by Edward Braun. Hill and Wang. 336 pp. $8.50.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

Meyerhold on Theatre is an important, many-faceted book. Meyerhold was a great director—the greatest in my experience as a playgoer. His theories and work anticipate many of the catchwords associated with *avant-garde* practices today. "If the theatre is finally to rediscover its dynamic essence, it must cease to be 'theatre' in the sense of mere 'spectacle.' We intend not merely to observe, but to participate in a *corporate* creative act." This call for what we would now deem "total theatre" was written in 1907.

When I saw some ten or eleven Meyerhold productions in Moscow and Leningrad (1934 and 1935) his career was approaching its end. He had begun as an actor in 1898 in the role of Treplev in the Moscow Art Theatre production of *The Sea Gull* and was also the first Tusenbach in *The Three Sisters*. Because of his campaign against naturalism, Meyerhold came to be regarded as an aesthete and even a "decadent" in the years before the First World War. But in 1918 he joined the Communist Party. He was then assigned Chief of the Theatrical Department for the entire Soviet Union.

On all occasions he spoke as a dedi cated champion of the workers' revolu tion, even to the point of echoing o occasion the shibboleth of "Socialis realism" when that doctrine was intro duced as integral to Soviet ideology i 1936. But his productions had very littl to do with "Socialist realism." In 193 *Pravda* published an article denouncin Meyerhold's theatre as "stylized, mystical formalist." At a conference during tha year Meyerhold was expected to admi that "his false political and artistic poli cies had led his theatre to total disaster.' Instead he reaffirmed his theatrical credo His theatre was liquidated in 1938.

Stanislavsky attempted to save him b appointing Meyerhold assistant at hi opera studio. But with Stanislavsky' death in 1938 Meyerhold was arrested It is commonly believed that he was sho in a Moscow prison in 1940. During the Khrushchev "thaw" Meyerhold was "re habilitated" and it was possible for Sovie theatre people again to speak of him with respect.

In *Meyerhold on Theatre*, Edward Braun has collected the various essays. lectures, notes which Meyerhold had published from 1902 on. These papers have not been previously anthologized (in English). Braun, who has devoted

re years to the study of Meyerhold's e and work, has so edited the Meyerold papers that one can follow the urse of his career in the context of e social scene before and after the evolution. Braun has thus rendered the ld of theatre knowledge an invaluable rvice.

It might be said of Meyerhold, what casso said of himself, that he did not ek but discovered. Meyerhold's work as nearly always fresh and new. It was t "experimental" for he was a master. ke Picasso, Meyerhold always struck it on new tracks, in apparent contradicn to his previous "manner."

Constant from the outset in Meyerld's productions was the refusal to adre to the "slavish portrayal of real life." e regarded the actor as the principal ment in the theatre. The spectator was ways to be aware that the actor was *rforming* before an audience. Hence eyerhold's defense of the *cabotin*, the ummer, the mime, the stage virtuoso, e divine "clown." He was opposed to e theatre as the "servant of literature." n order to make a dramatist out of a ory-teller," Meyerhold suggested, "it ould be a good idea to make him write few pantomimes. . . . The writer will allowed to put words into the actors' ouths, but first he must produce a *enario of movement*." At a later time wrote, "The role of movement is more portant than that of any other theatri- l element."

As with Craig, Brecht, Artaud and rotowski, Meyerhold's pronouncements e to a considerable degree hyperbole. e finally admitted as much in quasi-traction of his boldest statements. Invators in the arts often indulge in lemics, paradox and metaphors which y more (or less) than they mean. Such the strategy of the vanguard. Thus eyerhold, always an admirer of Stanavsky whose productions were at the posite pole from his own, ended by firming that Stanislavsky was not the alist he had always been held to be. ill Meyerhold's initial championship of decisively stylized theatre is typical of m. His theories planted the seeds of nat has inaccurately come to be known the nonverbal theatre.

He proceeded by way of Maeterlinck symbolism. He then went on to proictions of Lermontov and Molière—quisite, dynamically decorative and her sardonically romantic or obliquely storted in the direction of a conjuror's iticism of the societies which produced em. These tendencies—brilliantly origil and captivating—gave way to the nstructivism of the early years after e Bolshevik Revolution. Except for his asterpieces in the mounting of Ostrovy's *The Forest* and Gogol's *The Inspecr General* (the latter largely rearranged and somewhat altered in the writing) Meyerhold in his later period had little to work with in the way of sound dramatic literature. Yet he made some mighty fine plays out of exceedingly skimpy texts.

Some of these were propaganda pieces, but they were propaganda with a difference—I particularly remember one with a scene which gave me a greater sense of what it is to be caught in the midst of a battle then anything I've ever seen in the most elaborate of war films. There was such consummate skill and imagination in them that one felt oneself in the presence of epic drama.

Most of what I have described concerns only surface style, not content. The great director doesn't simply "do" plays supremely well; he has, like all true artists, a face of his own. No parallel between Meyerhold and the other notable men of his day or our own quite defines his quality.

It is not enough to say that it was compact with dash, irony, physical prowess, grace and a perpetually compelling vivacity. (Meyerhold fashioned a form of body training for the actors which he called "biomechanism.") Beyond and above all there was in his productions an aura of mystery and magic very nearly demonic. It gave everything he did a special glamour.

In his early articles Meyerhold repeatedly refers to the pre-eminence of Fate, that sense of life from which he believed the greatest art forms of the past emerged. In all his productions, lighthearted or grave, there was always something weird, menacing, which made all the dazzling display of the play's actions appear at once splendidly brave and tragic. He himself called this note of strangeness the grotesque.

He loved the nightmare world of E.T.A. Hoffmann, and chose "Doctor Dapertutto" (literally Doctor Everywhere), a character from one of Hoffmann's tales, as a pseudonym. Meyerhold was a masked man who with crafty artifices lured us to hellish realms which seemed to promise glory. He leaped from one enticingly dangerous peak to another. No wonder the proletariat on whose behalf he believed himself to be striving were suspicious of him; no wonder bureaucracy feared him and decided to destroy him. There was a Mephistophelean mockery in him, a challenge to complacency, to the doctrinaire, the academic, the momentarily fashionable.

This arch-sorcerer also rebelled against his apprentices saying that they were suffering from "Meyerholditis." At every crossroad he left them lagging in the dust behind. The Soviet establishment called his theatre "alien" and indeed it was, as every truly original art must for a time appear to be. It was therefore entirely characteristic of him when bid, in the Bolshevik mode, to devote a speech to self-criticism to begin by saying: "My entire career, all my productions, have been nothing but self-criticism. I never approach a new production without first shaking myself from the previous one."

Vivid and Dazzling

THEM. *By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press. 508 pp. $6.95.*

ANONYMOUS SINS AND OTHER POEMS. *By Joyce Carol Oates. Louisiana State University Press. 79 pp. $4.50.*

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches in the English Department at the University of California, Los Angeles.

In 1966, a former student of Joyce Carol Oates wrote to tell her how much she hated her, envied her too, for her control in the classroom, for being "filled in" where the human ache should be, and for "knowing so much that never happened," for believing—so academically, so ignorantly—in literature and its "perfect form," when in reality the world is crazy and out of control. "I lived my life but there is no form to it," she challenged. "You write books. What do you know?"

Them is the story of this girl, here named Maureen Wendall, and of her brother Jules and her mother Loretta. Set in Detroit—that "hole with a horizon"—in the last three decades, it is, in part, a story of the crush of family life among the urban poor and, more deeply, of the radical anguish of all human relationships. *Them* is also a story of the folly and cruelty and, for the poor, the desperate necessity of the American dream of betterment. The book drills through almost immediately to that nerve of anxiety that forms part of all human beings simply by virtue of their being alive, subject to change, unsafe. And to Americans, especially, the Wendalls—so vulnerable in their self-conceited dreams of the future, so prone to defeat—will seem frighteningly familiar, nightmare versions of their own worst fears.

As the book opens, Loretta—16, pretty, naive, a child of the movies—exults that

"anything might happen." Alas, only too true; impulsively, she invites a boy into her bedroom, and near dawn, while both are sleeping, her older brother shoots him in the temple, then runs off. Loretta wakens, screaming, to an explosion near her ear—and this book of disasters has begun. Fleeing out into the streets, she happens, at length, upon Howard Wendall, a young policeman whom she has known for years, and returns with him to the apartment. Howard, "agitated, red-faced, very strange," saves her. The price is marriage.

Sixteen years and three children later, when Howard is still climbing on top of her—"that fat bastard"—Loretta will lie about during the day puffy-faced in her soiled bathrobe, resting her can of beer on her belly; but like a hardy weed she'll still be hoping, in her own eyes pretty and 16 forever: "I want to get dressed and walk down the street and know something important will happen," she will say to her children, "like this man who was killed because of me . . . I wasn't meant to be like this—I mean, stuck here."

Her daughter Maureen, cold and intent, knows that at least *she* is meant for better things: in the 9th grade, feeling "nothing at all" like her mother at 16, she sells herself and hides her earnings in a book of poetry, living for the day that she can make her escape. Before this can happen, however, her mother's second husband spots her in a stranger's car, finds her money, awaits her return, bloodies her with his fists. Regardless, at least a part of Maureen *will* be free, will not be stopped—the part that soon thereafter steps down to the curb and "becomes vivid and dazzling, standing on the sidewalk with her head turned back at a painful angle, looking at Maureen on the bus, her face guilty and wild."

Even from this point, Maureen has far to go; and meanwhile her brother Jules—though more lively, charming, quick—fares no better. Every prize he reaches for comes down on his hand, a clamp; and of these the most binding is the rich girl he loves, who teaches him—what Maureen has also learned—how good it is to close one's spirit and go to sleep. Jules will wake again, and so will Maureen: testifying, possibly, to the stupidity, but also to the resilience, the heartbreaking heroism, of the human spirit.

POEM

I pressed the red
leaf you gave me between
"It is dark
& the door is open to the depths"
At some time to awaken
from this autumn's earth's sleep.

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

Them has the historical validity and something of the factual discipline and verbatim reportage of a documentary—but how much more rare and deep it is than this black-and-white, shopworn term can suggest. For what *Them* really amounts to is an almost uncanny act of dramatic self-transmutation: it is not so much a literary performance as the compulsive product of a possession. Except for a few paragraphs of direct address—in which Joyce Carol Oates, that irrelevant personage, sounds quite outside her subject and unequal to it—the novelist, as such, does not exist in her novel. Neither stylist, architect, judge nor philosopher, she is simply, and astonishingly, *them*.

Had "Maureen" actually read her teacher's "books," she would have known that precisely such indifference to "perfect form," to wrought sentences, verbal tapestries, consoling symmetries of design, has been the risk and virtue of all Miss Oates's published work. The striking quality of this writer's imagination has always been its kinetic aspect of grip and gland, its way of entering her characters and grappling out their lives with them, its instant access to the psyche's confused and impossible needs, to the pain both of being connected and of standing apart. Above all, the pain of connection; for Miss Oates's characters almost always move in a thick, downdragging element of human relationships, exposed, gasping, embattled, yet now and then surprised by their own cunning or violence, as if by some monstrous stranger in themselves who is yet more themselves than any conscious self they have known.

The history of the Wendalls thus came to Miss Oates as virtually an extension of her own imagination, like a novel that, terribly and unwittingly, she had somehow thought into actual life. So immediate, so relentless an imagination, is obviously limiting; it has no distance, no "order," no leisure for disporting with ideas or for making words couple wi the alarming jolt of joining railw cars—no mind for tricks or patterns any of the cross-word paraphernalia sophisticated modern fiction. On t other hand, a novel like *Them* mak one realize how predictable and tiresor the artful novel has become, how caters to both the novelist and t reader's pride in his own ingenuity, hc merely life-dabbling it tends to be. *The* reduces "literature" to virtually t dramatic level alone, but at that lev it is so emotionally demanding and su cessful, so "hot" with life, so imposin that, brought within its range, phil sophical or aesthetic schemes, no matt how profound or elaborate, would shriv at once, unable to bear the temperatur

This is not to say, however, that *The* is a book without form. For Miss Oate student was wrong: though her life w "endless," as she insisted, it did inde have at least a narrative form, and Mi Oates not only adeptly makes h chapters rise to a climax, to still anoth fumble or recovery in the Wendal lives, but with great naturalness a surprise suddenly brings her novel rou to what feels like a "close"—to a fragi tender, shared moment of reprieve the lives of Jules and Maureen.

When Miss Oates's potent, i gripping imagination and her skill narrative are conjoined, as they are p eminently in *Them*, she is a prodigio writer, one of the best we now ha But she is not often at her best, a has perhaps published too much, t quickly, been too little self-critical. S seems not to know when one or the oth of her powers has gone dead. What mu be said of *Anonymous Sins*, her fi collection of poems, which has just cor out in a handsome volume, is that t most important of her gifts, her drama ic imagination, seems shut off. Thou about emotional experience, the poer do not connect with it but lie on top it, curious inorganic aggregates of word

We in love are a series of sleep
like ridges of rock moulded to the
soft convulsions of the brain.

Unfortunately, there is neither music n sense here, and poetry must have o or the other.

The truth would seem to be that, born novelist, Miss Oates needs t distance of objective characters—th distance which she so astonishing overcomes—in order to get her powerl imagination off the ground. And th how greatly her words take hold a matter, colorless though they may in themselves. So it is with the wor in some of the short stories, in pa of one of the earlier novels, *A Gard of Earthly Delights*, and above all a very wonderfully in *Them*.

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'

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Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon

The role played by *The Nation* in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, reprinted from the *Columbia University Forum*.

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Certainly there are faults in this latest the novels—but the book is written a level so high above what mere everness or literary flair could reach their own, that it could afford far ore and far worse faults than it has. this large, life-containing novel, Joyce Carol Oates definitely arrives, writing sustainedly at the top of her bent and with so much humanizing impact that a merely literary judgment comes to seem immaterial, though of such judgment the novel need stand in no fear at all.

Philadelphia Street Players

DE ADCOCK

r. Adcock, who spent last year in Palo to studying on a Stanford University pro- ssional journalism fellowship, has returned the Philadelphia Bulletin *as a feature iter and reviewer of films and plays.*

theatre relevant? Next thing you know, welers and fashion designers are going want to be relevant.

As far as many theatre people are now ncerned, "relevant" means relevant to eir own discontents. Witness the Living heatre with its *Paradise Now*, The Per- rmance Group with *Dionysus in '69*, e Free Store with *Che*. A theatrical action against discontents is often a vel show, full of thrills and titillation r the bourgeois theatre's jaded sugar ddy, old reliable audience—the $3, $4, , $10, $15-a-seat distraction seekers.

There's another kind of relevance ing, however: Street Theatre. It harks ck to a really old version of relevance, at of the classical Greek theatre or edieval churchyard plays.

Number one, it's free. Number two, s designed to edify, to instruct, to fire the audience with a few ideals. Num- r three, it's satirical. Number four, it's ght in the neighborhood, within walking stance, not off in some strange place here you sit elbow to elbow with stran- rs. In fact you don't sit at all. You nd.

Street theatre is going on in several ies, New York and San Francisco hong others, but I live in Philadelphia here I know it best. Philadelphia's So- ety Hill Playhouse Street Theatre comes aring into hundreds of red-brick-with- hite-stone-step row house neighborhoods ery year. The advance man has put sters on telephone poles and in stores ar the chosen intersection. Folks are pecting the show.

The troupe travels on a stake-body ck—their stage. Rock music announces eir arrival. "A little magic, a little ndness. . . ." Aretha carols. The cast of n, hanging over the truck's sides, shouts ree show! free show!" to pedestrians, op sitters and corner kids as they pull .

This time they're pulling up to, say, ed and Bouvier Streets in a black ghetto. A crowd gathers. The block association women are already out with a pot of boiled hot dogs. They're raising money to hire a bus to take the kids to Valley Forge for a picnic.

The first skit is *The Magicians*. The cast is integrated with perfect symmetry. There are four villagers, two white and two black, and two magicians, one white and one black. The all-black audience takes in the actors' easy interracial camaraderie. "That there's a white boy," one woman in the street says softly to another, nodding toward an actor who plays the husband of a black actress. The two women purse their lips for a moment and hold their counsel.

The Magicians is an allegory about the arms race in which sophisticated sorcerers (military technologists) talk innocent villagers into defending their security with increasingly dangerous weapons. Finally there's an accident and everyone is killed by a creepy, crawly miasma of greenish vapor. Like many of the troupe's pieces, *The Magicians* is performed in pantomime, while a narrator, on tape, tells the story.

Leaping out of the death scene, the master of ceremonies tells a dazed-looking audience that the foregoing drama is not a true story. "But it could happen," he says. He picks out a wide-eyed 3-year-old in the front row, points, and adds, "*To you!*" The players exit amid giggles and applause.

The next act is about a spunky ghetto lady named Madame Alberta K. Johnson. Rhea Wilkerson plays Mme. Johnson. Miss Wilkerson, who is a Get Set teacher by morning, has added a red fox scarf, a pink hat with a big flounce on top and a pink parasol to her basic black costume. She comes on very colored. The audience shows its delight at every pause—"All *right*!" "Tell it, honey!"

The lines, by Langston Hughes, include these about paying rent:

. . . Before I pay
I'd go to hell and rot away.
The sink is broke, the water don't run.
You ain't done a thing you promised to'v' done.
. . . The kitchen floor squeaks, there's rats in the cellar and the attic leaks.

Next comes an anti-war skit. On the sound track a normal, optimistic American recruit reads a letter home in which he says things aren't so bad, he misses mom's cooking, thanks for the cookies. On stage there's a slapstick mime of the bullying of basic training. Oriental music comes on the tape. The boy is shipped overseas. He finally gets killed. Phil Ochs's voice, singing, has the last word: rather than serving "your country in her suicide . . . treason might be worth a try. . . ."

"Yes, we get complaints," the street theatre's director, Mrs. Deen Kogan, admits. "People are sensitive. Lots of them have boys in Vietnam. But this isn't an anti-Vietnam play," she says without blinking. "It's an anti-war play. And after I've talked to outraged complainers on the phone for a while, we can usually agree that war is bad and we're both against it."

After the "anti-war play" there's a frenetic farce, set to nickelodeon music, about purse snatching, whimsical law enforcement, and citizens who don't want to get involved. The big moment for most of the audience came when the sweet, pigeon-feeding old lady socked it to the cowardly thief with her hefty handbag. Children squealed and women called, "All right! All right!" It seems obvious that purse snatchers are the object of a lively loathing around Reed and Bouvier Streets.

Then comes the finale. A gushing orchestral rendition of *America the Beautiful* is transformed into head-wracking electronic music in which cuckoo calls are a recurrent motif. On stage a farmer, a housewife, a factory worker, a cowboy and a "pretty stenographer at work in the city" are transformed into regimented zombies. Finally the zombies break out of their trance as the cast of *Hair* takes over the sound track, singing ecstatically "Let the sun shine in!"

After the people on stage and those on the street bugaloo a while, the M. C. thanks the audience. Hats, masks and bits of finery are thrown into gray plastic barrels. Costumes go onto a portable rack. Everything is heaved back onto the truck by the troupe itself and by two young assistants—a black boy with a copy of *Julius Caesar* sticking out of his hip pocket and a white girl wearing a Germantown Friends School jacket. In five minutes the street theatre players are off for another performance. That evening, after a delicatessen supper, there are two more shows.

The actors are paid $10 for each show; as much sometimes as $70 a week. They're what you might call "experienced amateurs." Most of them have other

jobs. One works for the gas company, another is a jazz drummer, another is a lawyer. One of the women, a doctor's wife, is a housewife and mother, another is a model, a third is a secretary.

The group improvises its material. Money comes from the city, a foundation grant and private patrons. The pitch in fund raising is something like: "Street theatre makes the city a more pleasant place in which to live. It cheers the folks up." To city officials that means: "It cools, it soothes, it maybe makes riots less likely."

So is street theatre just circuses for the populace, contrived to keep things quiet? To the city council, maybe yes. Not however to the players themselves. Guerrilla theatre they admitted they're not. They don't go for confrontations. They feel friendly toward their audiences. But they are radicals by Philadelphia standards. They just like to think their propaganda is a pleasure to imbibe.

Only once have they run into censorship. In one skit they have a drunken, corrupt judge. "Horrors!" cried the local bar association. "You can't show the judge being bribed! What will that do to respect for law amongst your *hoi polloi* audiences!"

"Revise," said the city in response to bar pressure, without specifying how to revise. So the troupe put the bribe money in an envelope, rather than having it naked. "Revision of Skit Secured" gloated the bar association newsletter, and that was the end of that.

Most of Mrs. Kogan's mail and phone calls are of the "Thanks for the show, come back again" variety. Some audiences obviously resist the troupe's anti-war, anti-racism message. A man in a clerical collar was about the only person applauding at a water-front neighborhood where Ukrainian and Polish are still widely spoken. The crew-cut men, the teased-hair women, the whey-faced children just stared uneasily.

But the South Philadelphia Italians are something else. They go for anything that has style. The men—plasterers, tile setters, masons, with long hair and handle-bar mustaches—come home and change from spattered coveralls to bell bottoms and body shirts. Then they may stroll up the block to check out a street theatre performance.

Right next to the truck-stage is a weathered Wallace poster, tacked to a telephone pole. Applause and laughter punctuate the production, however, and when the show is over several young matrons in dazzling muumuus, a couple of them pregnant, jump up from their beach chairs and bugaloo with the cast. Their long, loose hair swings and hops.

As the players leave the stage, they flash the V-sign as usual. The audience flashes it right back.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

It is as well for the husband (Michel Bouquet) in Claude Chabrol's *La Femme Infidèle* that the police catch him out in the murder of his wife's lover. Moments earlier she had stumbled on evidence of his guilt, and as the police arrive she is walking down the garden to join him, with a spring in her step and the ghost of a smile on her lips that suggest she has found a delicious new way to be appreciated as a woman. I swallowed at the thought of the homicidal career that could be in store for this honorable man, intoxicated, as so many cuckolds are, by love for his beautiful wife.

This gives it away, I know, but I have no compunction on that score; Chabrol is not presenting a suspense entertainment, but a deft and appalling comedy of domestic interplay. On the surface, the family is elegant bourgeois, self-indulgent but restrained by taste, with manners so solicitous that they become a ritual of tact. The wife (Stephane Audran) is an admirable partner of her successful, cultivated, businessman husband. She is amused by their young son and devoted to his nurture; she presides over a serene home, is alert to her husband's needs, and warmly appreciative of his gifts and gallantries.

It is just that she has this need to lie with other men. It is not stated that she had been unfaithful before, but I think it. Her adultery is so divorced from her licit life, so driving and absorbing in an isolated segment of her character, as to suggest a compulsion verging on insanity. It would appear that her husband has not been a successful mate; he is quite man enough, but perhaps too constrained adoration. I doubt, however, that a husband could have kept her within t precincts of matrimony. With her, i fidelity is not a weakness but an appeti

The quality of Mr. Chabrol's film defined partly by the fact that almo none of this is stated. It progresses on cushion of propriety, with handsome pe ple moving easily through habitual for and duties. The revelations spring fro words unsaid, gestures interrupted; t lunacy is in the normalcy.

For the husband, of course, is as u balanced as the wife. His aberration control. He pays what must be called courtesy call on the lover—himself well-bred, considerate man—and th conversation is a miracle of embarra ment made tolerable by form. It is accident of sentiment that precipitates t killing, there being nothing more spo taneously lethal than a man in perfe control of his feelings.

Chabrol's film is a splendid piece maturity amid the current adolesce clamor. The acting is a gratificatio Bouquet twitching with amiability; Ml Audran so well-behaved that her ero cism passes for poise. The film pays t audience the compliment of supposi that it will appreciate the grotesque an atmosphere of decorum, will measu the truth of this extreme situation by re erence to less drastic experiences of own. *La Femme Infidèle* makes dram out of life instead of treating life as show, and if it does not match, it least calls to mind Chekhov's unblinki compassion.

A GAME

I am the people's Konrad Lorenz
from a window on 7th Avenue
Fabre of the day-time hours

but
that's BULL says my wife
don't stand naked in front'a the windows
the rapists are everywhere
and also our friends might walk by
(I love those strange inductions)

She means it's the girls in the mini-skirts I think
Can't see *me up here I say*

but that IS Bull , it's
simple exhibitionism.

I pretend jealousy in my wife
it's a great diversion
and makes me happy.

TOBY OLSON

With Milton Ginsberg's *Coming Apart* we are back in the world of the m's concern with itself. I won't say at its content is insignificant, but it a significance invented to be filmed. nd that trickily. A hidden camera, we e to suppose, has been set up to face sofa at a distance of about 5 feet. Im-ediately behind this furniture is a mir-r that fills the entire space. So, except hen the participants are on the sofa elf, we see them in a reflected room, hich looks, however, like space beyond e sofa. Through the looking glass.

Or, considering the material, at a peep ow. Joe Glazer (Rip Torn) is a psy-oanalyst who is coming apart, and ho has determined to record his dis-tegration via the hidden camera. It is t clear whether this device had been rt of his professional apparatus, but e dexterity with which he adjusts it, detected by his visitors, suggests long age. This sort of thing could give psy-oanalysis a bad name. Nor is it ap-rent what besets Glazer, but I would ess satyriasis coupled—as frequently—ith libidinal inadequacy. (If Mr. Gins-rg can play at psychiatry, so can I.)

In any case, stripped of its camera-ithin-a-camera-in-a-mirror dodge, the ring of episodes plays changes on the andard fantasy of pornography. That , the ladies arrive upon the sofa in a ate of garment-rending lust, or become immediately upon being addressed by r. Glazer. He is avid but relatively pine. So go all dreams of the hungry ale. There is also an orgy, which will ve that sort of enterprise a bad name: nly at gala nights on shipboard have I en people work so hard at revelry. nd there are a couple of episodes in hich, obscurely, Glazer's chickens come me to roost.

The trouble with this picture, again ke pornography, is that you know noth-g, and therefore care nothing, about e people on hand. That state of af-irs is made worse because the perform-s seem to have been hired less for their lent than for their lack of inhibitions. he camera-mirror business is entertain-g for ten minutes; then one settles down a long grind of distressing behavior by a crowd of unpromising strangers. An audience will take quite a lot of exhibitionism if it knows what the stakes are; lacking that data, the temptation is to cross the street and avoid the mess. I was never sure whether Glazer was really breaking up; it is as plausible to assume that he had shifted his occupation from therapy to stag movies. The trap in writing for the camera instead of for the audience is that this sort of ambiguity seems not worth resolving.

N.B.: Lest any of the above give readers ideas, I should add that *Coming Apart* is not explicitly a very dirty picture by present standards (implicitly, by innuendo, it is dirty enough). The line of vision is fixed and most of the grunting takes place off camera. One scene, in which Sally Kirkland rides Torn's knee, may recall seamy days in the nursery, but otherwise one gets a good deal of display and not much action.

In the end, Miss Kirkland heaves, I think, an ash tray into the mirror and the drama is resolved. Cripes.

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RECORDS / David Hamilton

BERLIOZ: *Te Deum*. Franco Tagliavini, tenor. Wandsworth School Boys' Choir. London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Nicolas Kynaston, organ. Colin Davis, cond. Philips SAL 3724. $5.98.

Irlande, Op. 2. *Le trébuchet*, Op. 13. *La mort d'Ophélie*; *Chant de la fête de paques*. Soloists; Monteverdi Choir. Viola Tunnard, piano. John Eliot Gardiner, cond. Oiseau-Lyre SOL-305. $5.95.

La mort de Cléopâtre; *Sara la baigneuse*, Op. 11. *Méditation religieuse*, Op. 18. No. 1: *La mort d'Ophélie*, Op. 18. No. 2. Anne Pashley, soprano; St. Anthony Singers. English Chamber Orchestra. Colin Davis, cond. Oiseau-Lyre SOL-304. $5.95.

Berlioz spoke of the *Te Deum* as one of his "architectural" works, and made use therein of some of his most audacious structural ideas—notably in the *Dignare*, in which the overall harmonic motion is laid out according to an arbitrary, nontonal plan, although the short-range motion is quite traditional. The similarity to the organization of the opening pages of Boito's *Mefistofele* is striking, and—given the other evidence of Boito's debt to Berlioz—almost certainly not coincidental. The "architecture" is almost audibly present from the opening bars, with their alternating orchestra and organ chords (strictly speaking, Berlioz wanted the organ to be at the audience's rear), which seem to test and define the limits of the space to be filled with sound; eventually, the opposite limits of audibility are also examined. For all that his motivation often seems more literary than musical, the success with which Berlioz carries off even his most arbitrary ideas affirms his great aural sensitivity. The new Davis recording is immeasurably superior to the foggy old Beecham version (the engineers' fault, not Beecham's), except for a weak tenor soloist, and the sonic problems are well solved by the excellent recording.

The other two discs fill in a number of gaps in the recorded Berlioz literature. SOL-305 is less interesting, for the *Irlande* song series is neither skillfully made nor well performed, and the sensitive setting for voice and piano of a French version of Ophelia's death does not spring to life until one hears the chorus-and-orchestra version on SOL-304—the pallid piano tremolos and wispy refrain do not "sound" until transferred to strings and winds. The solo cantata

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Cleopatra's death lost Berlioz the Prix de Rome in 1829, but not for the reasons that it now seems flawed (e.g., an excessively stately repetitiveness); surely the pictorialism of the final pages, which now seems to us prophetic, was what offended the judges. Finally, there is one masterpiece unearthed: *Sara la baigneuse*, a virtuosic setting of Victor Hugo for multiply divided chorus and orchestra. The performances on the record conducted by Davis are quite satisfactory, although an even better recording of the *Mort de Cléopâtre* can be found on Columbia CMS-6438.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2; Overture to *Genoveva*. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S-36606. $5.98.

There have been fewer Klemperer recordings in recent years, and not all of them measure up to the standards of concentration—or, indeed, of orchestral execution—that made the bulk of his output in the years around 1960 a unique contribution to the recorded literature. This recent Schumann release shows some deficient ensemble, and there is a contretemps of tempo in the slow movement that should not have been let pass; but through most of the symphony (and all of the overture) the extraordinary clarity of phrase articulation is still to be heard. In a work so heavily reliant on dotted rhythms, Klemperer's monumental steadiness is especially valuable, and the clarity of chord voicings—as in the slow introduction, where each instrumental choir retains its character—is even more important than the occasional retouchings of orchestration in elucidating Schumann's thought. As on some other occasions (for example, his recording of the Mahler Fourth Symphony), the tempos, although individually unexceptionable, don't quite add up satisfactorily: with the fast movements on the slow side, and the slow movement on the fast side, there isn't enough variety overall. A flawed but illuminating performance.

PROKOFIEV: Piano Sonatas 7 & 8; Two Pieces from *Romeo and Juliet*. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London CS-6573. $5.98.

PROKOFIEV: Piano Sonata No. 7. SCRIABIN: Piano Sonata No. 3. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia MS-7173. $5.98.

The disparity in quality between the two Prokofiev sonatas is striking, although not more so than the difference between the two performances of the Seventh Sonata. "Socialist Realism" in the latter work consists mainly in saying relatively simple things and saying them often, whereas the Eighth Sonata leans heavily on an alternative formulation of that doctrine: saying things that other people have said, but with minor differences. The fine line between parody and pastiche is frequently crossed in the later work, with embarrassing results, whereas the Seventh Sonata maintains a certain level of interest by its harmonic adventures (in the first movement) and virtuosic inventiveness (in the *Precipitato* finale).

Even without the evidence of his flip liner notes, one can tell that Gould doesn't take the music very seriously; his cocktail-piano clichés (rolled chords and "expressive" delays, especially in the slow movement, already dangerously soupy) underline the music's least attractive elements. Ashkenazy, on the other hand, clarifies phrase structure and manages to generate textural interest in even the sparest transitional material. A further difficulty with the Gould record is its overheavy bass sound, which tends to drown out important upper-register material. (The Scriabin sonata is not one of his harmonically exploratory ones, nor does it present serious formal problems; Gould's facility at clarifying counterpoint is welcome, although this is not really a central issue in this music. Surprisingly, Gould phrases the slow movement tunes more convincingly in their elaborately decorated versions than in the original statements.)

LETTER TO THE RESISTANCE

I have swum in clear sweet
waters all my days. . . .
— Theodore Parker

At a certain bend
in the Pine River

we tie our canoes
to overhanging boughs

and slip into the clear sweet waters.
Our flesh gathers with the current.

We test our footing.
One can't stand still

in this stream. Either
you let it pull you down

or you swim against it.
And even then one can't

expect to go far upstream.
It is enough

that with every muscle moving
in perfect time

you keep among your friends
and the canoes.

JONATHAN SCHWARTZ

Ultimately, the most satisfying part of these records is the two bands devoted to "encore-piece" arrangements from Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* ballet—extremely skillful exploitations of piano sonority, without formal pretensions, and played to perfection by Ashkenazy.

Other recommended recordings:

BACH: Harpsichord Concertos, BWV 1052-65. Gustav Leonhardt, Anneke Uitenbosch, Eduard Müller, Janny van Wering, Alan Curtis, harpsichords. Leonhardt Consort; Concentus Musicus. Telefunken SCA-25022. $29.75 (five records).

DEBUSSY: *Images* for Orchestra; *Danses sacrée et profane*. Alice Chalifoux, harp. Cleveland Orchestra. Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia MS-7362. $5.9

ELGAR: Introduction and Allegro, Op. 47. Serenade in E minor, Op. 20. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Argo ZRG-573. $5.95.

LOEWE: Ballads. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 139416. $5.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Serenade for Strings, Op. 48. *Souvenir de Florence*, Op. 7. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Argo ZRG-584. $5.95.

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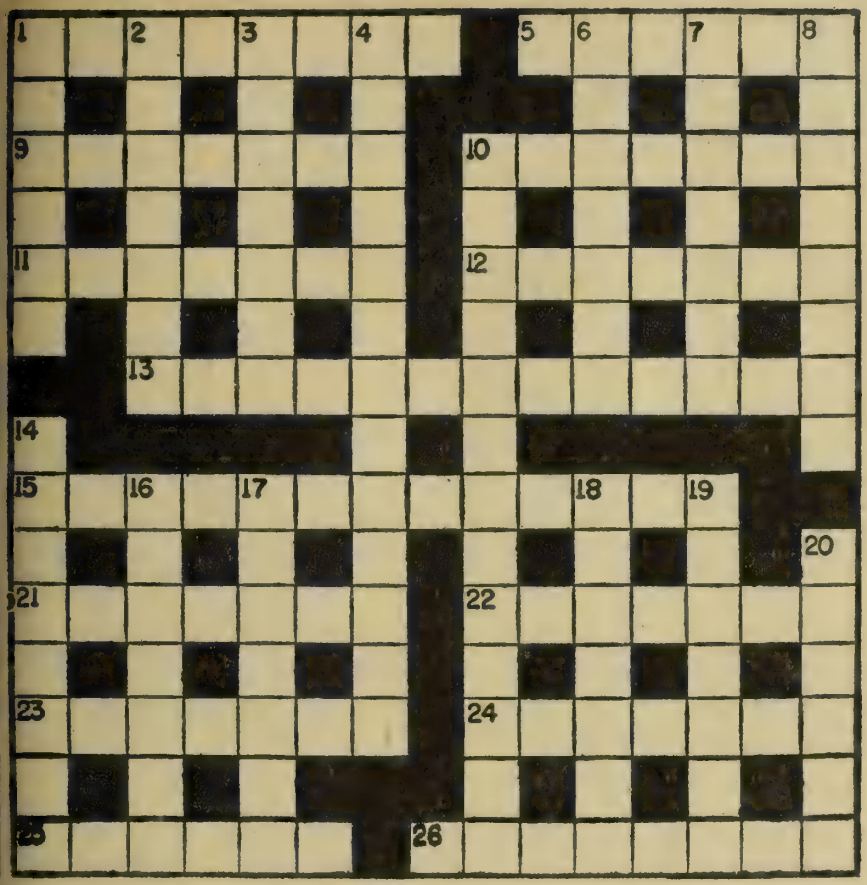
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ACROSS

1 One might not expect such a party to carry a broken spur get up. (8)
5 Not a good bet, as a matter of sound lessons. (6)
9 Cordial, but only at a fair revaluation. (7)
10 Possibly goes aground in such a state. (7)
11 Common jail, and one who should be there? (7)
12 Swallows like this, as a way of finding a soft spot. (7)
13 A source of trouble between the Twenties and the Forties, possibly. (10,3)
15 They might fall in April to presage June activity. (6,7)
21 It's strange, but I'm in our part of Africa now! (3,4)
22 Sounds like a cruel way to take an interest in something! (7)
23 The sort of hint not found in a way to prevent crowding. (4,3)
24 Stuck with the answer? (7)
25 See 6 down
26 Ask Barnaby, possibly, how it is to be reluctant to grant anything. (8)

DOWN

1 Points about a translation one might copy. (6)
2 Telling behavior of some old dogs? (7)
3 Keep oneself from getting air? (7)
4 Probably about eight hours, and possibly on the floor. (8,5)
6 and 25 across Doesn't prepare the dinner correctly, possibly because there was too much toasting before it. (5,2,1,5)
7 It might be stretching, but you can see what a double quintet could do! (7)
8 What one could do with a good plug! They shouldn't hold things forever! (8)
10 Perhaps no state's rights if they do! (13)
14 One could rule this to be equivalent to a sort of artisan, as at some mix-up about the hotel perhaps. (8)
16 Ore smelted with most of 21 proves more accommodating. (7)
17 No nurse, however qualified, could be so essential to a body. (7)
18 The one that got away? (7)
19 Seemingly headed more or less this way in a boat so propelled? (7)
20 Ooze. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1322

ACROSS: 1 Cross-grain; 6 Scum; 10 Rooters; 11 Putters; 12 Understatement; 14 Arranged; 15 Screen; 16 Endows; 18 Tellable; 22 Money in the bank; 24 Growled; 25 Entrain; 26 Date; 27 Underrated.
DOWN: 1 Corrugated; 2 On order; 3 Steering wheels; 4 Rosette; 5 Impute; 7 Cleanse; 8 and 23 Massaged; 9 Stamp collector; 13 Unreckoned; 17 Drop-out; 19 Extreme; 20 Blatant; 21 Midden.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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The Mystery Of The Missing Majority

Finally a clue to the whereabouts of the silent majority. Take a look at the letters column in this week's NATION. One of our readers, Ruth Goldberg, reports how her letter to the President denouncing his recent speech on Vietnam was answered by his office with a thank you note! The President appreciated her support.

How many of the much publicized "congratulatory" letters really condemned the President's speech? Has the Administration forgotten how to read, or has it suddenly developed a sense of humor?

The real majority of Americans is not silent, but silenced. Sometimes gassed and clubbed, sometimes ignored, vast numbers of people still struggle to be heard, seen and effective.

The NATION speaks for these people. The NATION speaks for those who, like Ruth Goldberg, find that a single voice can be more than useless, it can be used.

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Open Letter
'DEAR MAYOR LINDSAY'
THEODORE J. LOWI

AMBASSADOR GALBRAITH / Joseph Lelyveld
Dennis Duffy on McLuhan

LETTERS

bases of trouble

McHenry, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Anyone concerned with long-range peace plans must give attention to the world's predictable trouble spots. It would certainly be helpful if we could find permanent solutions for some of our international problems, rather than heaping new on old in unmanageable profusion. To that end, we suggest that the UN consider, develop and adopt a plan by which these predictable trouble spots could come under UN control and be converted from national liabilities into international assets.

We suggest that certain territories be acquired, by deed or long-term lease, by the UN, with the double benefit of removing such territories from international contention and providing the UN with valuable facilities and bases for extended operations. Consider American military installations on Okinawa and at Guantánamo Bay. . . . Both installations are a source of irritation to other governments and to the indigenous population. . . . Both are of declining strategic importance to the United States. In both areas the United States has a large dollar investment. Both present problems of extrication without loss of prestige.

We are not alone in our dilemma; to name one instance, the British have a similar involvement on Gibraltar.

Can the United States, unilaterally or in conjunction with other governments, propose cession of such territories to the UN? Could the UN Charter be revised to permit acquisition of such facilities? . . .

The ultimate usefulness of such sites may be as precinct stations for a permanent UN security force. At the present moment many people all over the world would support the creation of a UN force to deal with two specific crimes: the hijacking of airplanes and the worldwide drug traffic. These crimes should be defined by international law, and an organization adequate to the enforcement of that law, under UN command, should come into being. Many of the jurisdictional and operational problems attendant on the creation of such a force could be solved within this limited context, permitting expansion of the organization to cover other crimes and security threats by further international agreement. *Mary and Charles S. Liebman*

through the veneer

Springfield, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "Tough Questions" [Nov. 24] . . . cut straight through layers of veneer that conceal the significance of the "educational-industrial complex." As an educator, I had to discover in *The Nation* any incisive analysis of this sinister situation. It is frightening. Please follow it further.

The editorials of *The Nation* are the most penetrating and relevant of any commentaries upon current issues that I have found. *Theodore Brameld, Springfield College*

letter from the ranks

Chu Lai, Vietnam

DEAR SIRS: You did an excellent job of exposing the Marine brig at Camp Pendleton [*The Nation*, Sept. 15]. . . . I have been informed this was also the subject of a feature article in a recent *Life* issue . . . "the boys in Vietnam" were never informed through the newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*.

I would also like to congratulate the two businessmen from my home town, Portland, Ore., on expressing their opposition to the war [editorial, "High-Level Disaffection" by Ralph Friedman, Oct. 20]. With more courageous men like Mr. Vollum and Mr. Kane stating their views publicly, I think President Nixon might have to reconsider his policy in Vietnam. *R. W. Sheets, Jr., PN 3*

EDITORIALS

Giving Up At Paris

It is difficult to understand the encomiums which are being showered on Henry Cabot Lodge as he prepares to leave his post as chief American negotiator in Paris. Lodge adhered to a completely sterile policy on Vietnam; it began in misconception and ended in failure. As envoy to the regime in Saigon which we had set up, he declared that we were "doing here in 1966 what wasn't done against Hitler in the Rhineland in 1936 or in Czechoslovakia in 1938. Thus we will . . . avoid World War III." He was committed to the "no-appeasement" policy, based on a manufactured analogy between Munich and Vietnam.

In Paris he complained that the enemy refused to negotiate because they insisted on American withdrawal as a prerequisite. Lodge wanted Hanoi to withdraw its troops while we were withdrawing ours, but our plan was to leave enormous amounts of materiel in the hands of the South Vietnamese regime, continue to give it logistic and financial support, and provide air power as long as the hostilities required. All of that is tantamount to continuing the war by proxy. The killing would continue, but public opinion at home would be mollified by the reduction of American casualties. Then, according to the Lodge theory, the war would fade away and the United States would have achieved an "honorable" peace. How Mr. Lodge could convince himself that the enemy would acquiesce in such an arrangement is beyond understanding.

Xuan Thuy, the North Vietnamese delegate, contends that Hanoi is ready at any time to meet the United States in private talks aimed at ending the war. Joseph Starobin, former foreign editor of the *Daily Worker* who left the Communist Party in the 1950s and now teaches at a Canadian university, reported recently on a series of talks he had had with his old acquaintance, Xuan Thuy, in Paris. The North Vietnamese, Starobin told Senator Fulbright, would accept "the principle of complete [U.S.] withdrawal" instead of "total and prior withdrawal" and said that they are prepared to "bargain" over the formation of provisional coalition government. This last is the sticking point; we will not negotiate the possibility of a coalition government. We want to negotiate mutual withdrawal. Such a position is the diplomatic equivalent of General Electric's strategy of Boulwarism in dealing with labor unions: set forth your terms and then stick to them.

In view of this rigidity, one might suppose that the resignation of Lodge and his absentee deputy, Lawrence Walsh, is of little moment. Unfortunately it carries considerable significance. President Nixon has indicated that he will not soon appoint a successor to Mr. Lodge. The rationale, of course, is that the Administration is bringing pressure to bear on the North Vietnamese to negotiate and, at the same time, increasing its "options." The difficulty with this argument is that the resignations of Lodge and Walsh indicate that President Nixon is now wholly committed to the strategy of "Vietnamization," but that strategy has been dealt a severe blow by the massacre

stories and, also, by the accumulating evidence—it was already of mountainous proportions—that the South Vietnamese regime cannot take over now or in the foreseeable future.

The American Conscience

It is improbable that the alleged massacre at Song My ("Pinkville") is all allegation. The version of the South Vietnamese government—that some peasants were accidentally killed by an artillery barrage—may be dismissed out of hand. (To call this a government is blatant flattery. It is a tyranny set up with American aid on a Gargantuan scale; its sole purposes are propaganda and plunder. When it issues a statement, the opposite of what it says is more likely to be true.)

On the other side, we have the testimony not only of Vietnamese who escaped with their lives and who assert that they saw their neighbors and relatives machine-gunned, but also of the American combat veterans who could have no conceivable motive for bearing false witness (at considerable personal risk) against their countrymen. Ronald L. Ridenhour, a former Sp/4, who broke the case, says he is being deluged with "redbaiting, gut-level hate mail."

Ridenhour, however, was not an eyewitness to what occurred; his informant, Sgt. Michael Bernhardt, was. Bernhardt is still in the Army and was told to make no statements while the matter was under investigation. There may have been sound legal reasons for the order, but Bernhardt disobeyed it on grounds of conscience. He asserts that there was indeed a massacre, and that it was deliberate. "It was point-blank murder, and I was standing there watching it," he says. There was no resistance, he saw only three captured weapons, and the detachment accused of the shooting—Charlie Company, First Battalion, 11th Brigade, 20th Infantry Division—had suffered no casualties at the time, although they had taken heavy losses in that area previously. He did not see a single male of military age—"only old papasans, women and kids."

Then there are the photographs of the slain, taken by Ronald L. Haeberle, a former Army cameraman. Haeberle tells the same story as Bernhardt, and adds such items as this: "There were two small children, a very young boy and a smaller boy, maybe 4 or 5 years old. A guy with an M-16 fired at them, at the first boy, and an older boy went over to protect the smaller boy. The GI fired some more shots with a tracer, and the tip somehow seemed to be still burning the boy's flesh. Then they fired six more shots and just let them lie." There is also the eyewitness account of Paul Meadlo of Indiana, now out of service, who was interviewed on *CBS News* by Mike Wallace.

If these stories are true, the Americans involved behaved with an on-the-spot savagery that exceeded even that of the Germans at Lidice in World War II. The Nazis wiped out the village, shot all the men, and dragged the women and children off to concentration camps.

The reaction of the counsel for one of the accused soldiers is also reminiscent of Nazi reasoning. "It would have

IN THIS ISSUE

December 8, 1969

EDITORIALS

618

ARTICLES

622 November in Hanoi — *William Meyers*

624 Open Letter: "Dear Mayor Lindsay" — *Theodore J. Lowi*

627 The Moratorium in Paris — *Peter Geismar*

629 Political Surveillance: The Invisible Police — *Joseph R. Lundy*

632 The Biggest Dump: Pollution Goes Underground — *David M. Evans*

635 Co-ops on Campus: The Militant Consumers — *Barbara W. Newell*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

637 Galbraith: Ambassador's Journal — *Joseph Lelyveld*

638 McLuhan: Counterblast — *Dennis Duffy*

638 Limit (poem) — *Betty Adcock*

640 Coover: Pricksongs & Descants
Howe: Forty Whacks — *Shaun O'Connell*

641 Dennis: Operational Thinking for Survival — *Frederick L. Schuman*

642 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

646 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

646 Looking into my Granddaughter's Eyes (poem) — *Carl Rakosi*

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No. 20

been better for the U.S. if these men had never been charged," this lawyer said to Barry Cunningham, a *New York Post* reporter. "These kinds of incidents give our enemies something to seize upon. I regret to see our country prosecute its own people for trying to carry out a mission and win a war." In short, anything goes.

The one redeeming feature of the Song My mission, insofar as one can judge at this stage, is that American GIs have come forward with their accusations. Commissioned officers have been silent. In the case of the documented story by Daniel Lang of the kidnapping, rape and murder of a Vietnamese girl, carried by *The New Yorker* and now out in book form, a GI was likewise the accuser. The commissioned officers told him to lay off: "You can't buck the system."

The Army has responded as it usually does when confronted with a major scandal. Lieutenant Calley will be given a general court-martial on charges of premeditated murder. Selecting a lower echelon officer to take the rap for the top brass is, of course, standard operating procedure in the Army. At the same time, the Pentagon has ordered Lieut. Gen. William R. Peers to investigate the facts anew—and also to determine what went wrong with the earlier investigation, ordered by Secretary Laird, which resulted in a whitewash. The argument will now be made that nothing further should be done pending the outcome of these proceedings. But that will not hold water. The public has lost confidence in proceedings by which the Army investigates itself, and notably so in this instance where it tried to cover up the massacre when it occurred.

Unless there is a full-scale *public* hearing by a Congressional committee, preferably a special joint committee, and failing that some committee other than Armed Services (Senate or House), another whitewash, as in the Green Beret case, is predictable. A public hearing can be held without prejudice to Calley's rights. Those portions of the evidence referring to him can be taken in Executive session or the committee can simply investigate "around" Calley's participation. But a public hearing is mandatory. Nothing less will suffice. For not only soldiers —and the Army—are on trial but the American conscience as well, and the nation and the world will be watching.

Never Mind the Experts

Having issued a stern warning to *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* for their anti-Nixon bias, Vice President Agnew should next direct his attention to *The Wall Street Journal*, which all too often goes in for the kind of article that must make painful reading in the White House.

Take, for instance, Alan L. Otten's column of November 12. Through the efforts of Rep. Sidney Yates (D., Ill.) Otten got hold of the full record of President Nixon's "SST Ad Hoc Review Committee," a body of high-ranking men from twelve federal agencies, with Under Secretary of Transportation James Beggs in overall charge. The twelve divided themselves into four subcommittees, deliberated intensively, and sent in their reports, which were notably pessimistic on the future of the SST. For instance, the subcommittee studying environmental impact stressed not only previously discussed problems of sonic boom and noise but delved into hazards to passengers and crew from rapid acceleration, gravitational changes, increased ionizing radiation, reduced barometric pressure, temperature changes, aircraft vibration, etc.

But when Beggs wrote his summation, it had little to do with the views the panel had given him. For instance, he conceded that the hazards cited by the environmental subcommittee were "potentially serious," but added on his own, "They are largely known, and can be carefully examined, and a decision made to avoid them."

Beggs's summation was so far at variance with the panels' reports that some of the members protested forcibly. For instance, Lee DuBridge, the Presidential science adviser, complained that Beggs's conclusions do not "adequately reflect the range of uncertainties and generally negative character of the panel reports and committee discussions as I understand them."

The upshot was that the full committee was again convened and it was agreed that since no consensus was possible the entire voluminous record should be sent to the President. Mr. Nixon thereupon asked Congress for $96 million of new money to start construction of two SST prototypes. Challenged by Representative Yates to explain how Mr. Nixon could have arrived at this decision in view of the task-force findings, Mr. Beggs said blandly that the Ad Hoc Committee report was "the least definitive and most outdated of all the documents furnished to the President by the Transportation Department."

To imagine that the President actually studied the whole record would be plain silly. As usual, he made his decision on political grounds, for which Mr. Beggs provided the necessary backing. Everything else was ignored. Otten wonders how often this happens. More often than not, one may suspect.

USIA's Quickie

What Vice President Agnew means by his philippics against the press is quite clearly shown by the film, *The Silent Majority*, which was rushed into production by the United States Information Agency and sent to 104 foreign countries. Agnew wants the Nixon Administration, for which he speaks, to be in a position to make unimpeded propaganda for its policies. Critics will be free to agree or remain silent. If they say anything disagreeable, they will be blasted by Agnew, that master of devastating prose.

The Silent Majority is naked propaganda diaphanously clothed to make its message a little less blatant. It is a film follow-up of President Nixon's "Silent Majority" address on Vietnam, with the secondary purpose of neutralizing the impact abroad of the November 15 moratorium demonstration at the Washington Monument (even its detractors admit that it was the biggest event of its kind in American history). The film alluded to the demonstration but showed only a small section of the crowd as background for a USIA commentator who quoted "some

observers" as saying that the demonstrators were speaking only for a minority. The "silent majority" was represented by about ten spectators looking on skeptically.

Another actor was Hubert Humphrey, in a clip which showed him chatting with newsmen after his meeting with the President. Mr. Humphrey was roped into expressing approval, only slightly qualified, for Mr. Nixon's Vietnamese policy. Still another actor was George Gallup, who explained that the public, by a ratio of 6 to 1, thinks that moratoriums and demonstrations do more harm than good. Asked whether this came as a surprise, Mr. Gallup said no: the public has never favored immediate and total withdrawal, nor have they favored all-out escalation.

But unquoted was a recent Louis Harris survey which shows a relatively narrow difference between those who approve of the demonstrations and those who do not. Nor was Gallup asked about his November 12 poll which carried his conclusion that: "The extent to which the public's views on the Vietnam War have changed over the last two years is dramatically seen in the shift from the 'hawk' to the 'dove' position since 1967." In December 1967 hawks outnumbered doves 52 to 33 per cent; in the November 12 poll, the reverse is shown: doves outnumbered hawks 55 to 31 per cent. The USIA may contend that the film was a "quickie" put together to counter the effect of the demonstrations, but the agency, which had little credibility before, has less now.

Last came the President himself, declaring that he would be untrue to his oath of office if he allowed himself to be dictated to by the minority who hold a view contrary to that of the "silent majority" and who "try to impose it on the nation by mounting demonstrations in the street."

The Silent Majority has a basic English sound track, but has also been dubbed into Spanish, French, Portuguese, Vietnamese, Arabic, Korean, Tagalog, Indonesian and the Mandarin dialect of Chinese. Why not Greek? There is a country that really knows what it means to be a silent majority.

Going Armed

The recent report on crime of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence was no doubt meant to shock, and it does. If present trends continue, it says, cities will be divided into "places of terror" and "fortresses." Central business districts will be fairly well protected by crowds during the day, but at night will become lonely caverns, except for an occasional prowl car. High rise apartments and residential compounds will be protected by private guards and security devices, and will be, in effect, fortified cells for the upper-income groups. Suburban neighborhoods will be protected to some extent by economic homogeneity and by distance from areas with high crime propensities. The well-to-do will leave their guarded compounds in the city and travel to work in armored vehicles through "sanitized corridors," and radical groups will possess "tremendous armories of weapons."

The ownership of guns will be "almost universal" in the suburbs; homes will be protected by an array of devices, from window grills to electronic surveillance equipment. Private automobiles, taxicabs and commercial vehicles will be routinely equipped with bulletproof glass, light armor and other security features; armed guards will ride "shotgun" on all forms of public transportation, and so on and on.

The Commission wanted, of course, to paint as chilling a picture as the facts would warrant, in order to emphasize the urgency of some of its recommendations for needed urban reform and social action. It is fully aware that the necessary funds are not likely to be forthcoming at once because of "other obligations"—read Vietnam, SST, moon shots, defense spending, etc.—so it suggests that the commitments and authorizations should be made now, and the money allocated on that bright day when funds might be available. In the meantime, however, there is a danger that the report will turn attention away from the causes of violence and toward a fetishistic pursuit of private security measures which in turn increase the fear of violence.

A few days before the Commission's report was issued, *The New York Times* carried a report on the boom market for guard dogs and, of course, the sale of guns has been increasing for some years. The trouble with guard dogs and guns is that both endanger the security of the home. Firearms in small shops, for example, are seldom used to ward off robbers. In the home, they account for a very high percentage of homicides, which are the result not of attempted robberies but of family rows. A well-trained guard dog is a lethal weapon. One expert is quoted as saying: "I equate a fully trained attack dog in the house with leaving a loaded cocked pistol on the kitchen table." Not so many years ago, a Doberman watchdog in New Jersey tore his mistress to bits. And only recently a police dog, through a mix-up of signals, nearly killed a policeman in Washington, D.C.

In fact many of the methods by which individuals seek private protection, through defense measures of one kind or another, turn out to be counter-productive. If a criminal wants to commit a crime, the chances are he will commit it. Guns and dogs will not necessarily deter him, nor will armored vehicles or electronic devices. On the other hand, the obsession with private security augments the fear of violence which, if it continues unabated, could trigger a repressive political movement of major magnitude. In the end, perhaps, the common sense of the citizenry will breed a reaction to the current preoccupation with personal security, very much as it finally produced a sharp reaction against the idea of building private bomb shelters. The more home owners think about the problem, the more likely they are to conclude that buying a gun or a guard dog may create more hazards than it would avert.

Minority of One

Those full-page ads urging the nation to rally round President Nixon and support his "Vietnamization" of the war—200 have appeared thus far, 120 more will appear—were paid for by the Texas tycoon H. Ross Perot (Electronic Data Systems, Dallas), at an estimated $200,000 for each run, and not by the nickels and dimes of "the silent majority," as you might have imagined.

NOVEMBER IN HANOI

WILLIAM MEYERS
Mr. Meyers is a New York attorney and businessman.

Some weeks ago, I received an invitation from the Jurists' Association of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam to visit their country—a trip that was for me a logical extension of an activity started a long time ago. Back in 1964, I knew little about the country that in 1969 I was preparing to visit. During the fall of that year, I had worked diligently for the election of Johnson, or was it the defeat of Goldwater? It is hard to believe today that I knew so little about the Gulf of Tonkin incident, which had occurred three months before that election. More than a year later, at the end of 1965, I was asked to help organize a Congressional Conference on Vietnam, to be held in Washington on January 21 and 22, 1966. Eight Congressmen and a group of experts and scholars met to analyze the current situation and prepare proposals for a negotiated settlement of the war. It was at this conference that I first began to understand the problems of Vietnam. However, it was not at all clear then, although it perhaps should have been, how soon and how seriously the deteriorating situation would bring disaster to our people.

The best way I knew of doing something to correct this situation was in my capacity as a lawyer. Late in February of 1965, I joined the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Toward Vietnam. It had issued a Memorandum of Law entitled "American Policy Vis-à-Vis Vietnam," a well-documented paper which concluded that the actions of the United States in Vietnam contravened essential provisions of the United Nations Charter; violated the Geneva Accords, which we had pledged to observe; were not sanctioned by the treaty creating the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, and violated our own Constitution.

In August 1967, I participated in a conference on Vietnam held in Stockholm where I met with several representatives of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the National Liberation Front. The bombing of the North, which had begun in February 1965, was causing untold destruction of life and property. The situation in the South was just as serious. I could not mistake the grim determination of these people to fight to their last man, if necessary, to achieve their independence.

I again met with several members of the DRV and the NLF in July 1968 at the First World Jurists' Conference on Vietnam, held in Grenoble. The bombing of the North was still going on, although President Johnson had talked of stopping it earlier that year. The determination was as evident and as grim as it had been a year earlier.

In October of 1969, on my way to Hanoi, I stopped off at Paris to obtain visas for Cambodia and North Vietnam. During a short stay there, I called on Col. Ha Ban Lau, Mr. Xuan Thuy's deputy negotiator for the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and several members of his staff. We had an extensive discussion of the present situation in Vietnam. The determination of the Vietnamese was as strong as ever, but it was no longer as grim. A new buoyancy seemed to sustain them. Could it be that liberation was finally within reach?

My next stop was at Phnom Penh, Cambodia, where I had to arrange for a visa to Laos. While there, I spoke with Hanoi's ambassador to Cambodia. Again, I sensed a new element of confidence, indicating a belief that their freedom was obtainable in the very near future.

Four lakes and many interesting streets and buildings give the impression that Hanoi must once have been a beautiful city. The war has taken its toll and the need for repair as well as paint is very much in evidence. The man-size shelters stuck in the ground are not at all pretty, particularly now that many of them are partly filled with stagnant water and debris. On the other hand, the countryside is exquisite. It looks like all those porcelain vases and silk screens come to life; the jagged mountains rising from the mists, the black water buffalo in the lily-padded ponds. Amidst all this beauty, however, are the craters, repulsive reminders of American intrusion.

Except for a two-day trip to the province of Thanh Hoa, about 100 miles to the south of Hanoi, I spent most of my time in the capital, where I met many government officials. I had the privilege of talking for several hours with Premier Pham Van Dong. Here are some of my impressions of the point of view in Hanoi.

Fifteen years of battle against the American aggressor is no more than a moment, as compared to the twenty-two centuries in the life of the Vietnamese people as one nation. That is the source of their determination to fight on as long as need be to rid themselves of the oppressor. The Americans, they are convinced, will be forced to leave, as were the Chinese, the Japanese and the French before them. "Nothing is more precious than independence and freedom." Those words of Ho Chi Minh are never taken lightly.

That new spirit of confidence which I had observed in Paris and Phnom Penh was evident everywhere in the city and in the province of Thanh Hoa. It was best expressed by Premier Pham Van Dong:

> The more we fight, the higher our spirits, the more we are united. In the process of the war, our people have grown materially and politically. Our capacity has increased in many ways since the war started. At the same time, the U.S. faces a crisis such as it has never seen before. We have the capacity to intensify the war until it ends victoriously.

Nguyen Khoc Vien, editor of the twenty-two volume *Vietnamese Studies*, detailed the progress of his people. He said: "Although we are industrially less developed than was the United States at the time of George Washington, we have beaten your Mr. McNamara and your generals with all their modern weaponry." Minister of Trade Phan Anh, repeatedly expressed that new spirit: "We have built up much more than you destroyed. Our living standards are still low, but we are doing far better than before the war."

Here then is a country that has become stronger through fighting a long and difficult war. During the pe-

riod of the bombings in the North from 1965-68, students at the university level increased from 50,000 to 70,000. Students below that level increased from 3.5 million to 4 million; illiteracy almost disappeared.

Major medical operations, hitherto possible only in the cities, can now be handled in each of 400 districts as well; the number of doctors has increased by 20 per cent. Malaria, cholera, yellow fever and smallpox have been eliminated. Measles, influenza and whooping cough have been brought under control. Rice production has increased, and crops have become varied. Factories have been dispersed to almost impregnable caves, forests and grottoes. Inflation does not exist because wages and prices have been held stable.

The North Vietnamese believe that their overall military situation is greatly improved. Instance after instance was cited to prove the inability of the ARVN forces to fight; why should they kill fellow Vietnamese, when they have been conscripted against their will? The men who talked to me said that American forces, cornered in a completely defensive strategy, are now largely confined to three cities, Danang, Hue and Saigon. In these cities they have set up three defenses, each of which has been penetrated. Moreover, within all three cities are strong forces of the NLF. Many instances of bombardment in the North are documented daily, despite the so-called cessation in August 1968, and the fury of the air war continues unabated in the South. Toxic gases and defoliants are used frequently. Those with whom I spoke are convinced that President Nixon still seeks a battlefield victory.

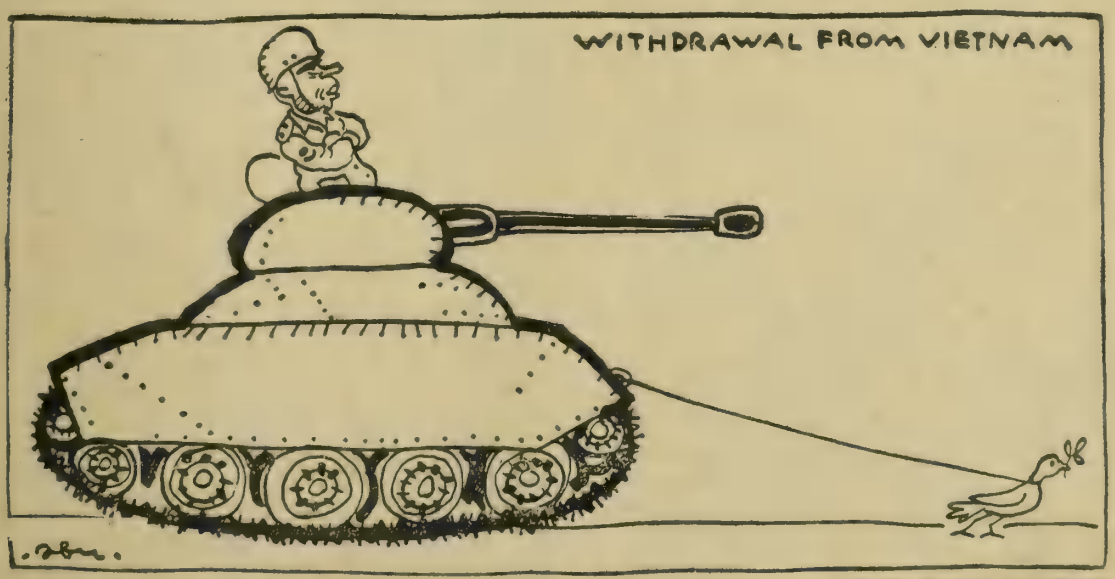
New strength to resist the American will has grown in the cities of the South from the "Alliance of Forces and Democracy," which has drawn to its ranks landowners, bourgeoisie, professional people and intellectuals. New leaders are beginning to challenge the Ky-Thieu-Khiem regime—Dran Van Don, Tran Ngoc Lien, Big Minh and Thich Pri Quag. Whether they become a third force or not depends on the extent to which the United States intervenes. However, the National Liberation Front thinks of them as possibilities for setting up a true coalition.

The spokesmen for the North believe that Saigon is also in a desperate economic plight. In many instances, prices have risen more than 100 per cent. Taxation has become so unbearable that the Saigon legislature has asked for the dismissal of several cabinet members. Black markets exist everywhere.

The Nixon speech of November 3 was brought up repeatedly in my conversations. His "Vietnamization" notion was taken as clear indication that he proposes to stay in Vietnam indefinitely, at the level of the "Special War" of 1960-65. He is trying to impose the Thieu government on the Vietnamese, and that government cannot last without American troops behind it. His "lull" is only a trick to capture American and world opinion—to convince some that the capacity of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (composed of the NLF and its allies) and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam has lessened, and to convince others that the United States has seriously de-escalated. Neither is true. Nixon never negotiated nor does he intend to do so now. He is searching for a victory through war, even if it means continuing to force Vietnamese to kill Vietnamese. His concept of the United States as an international gendarme is a violation of international law, preventing self-determination for people everywhere. And in Vietnam, they believe, it must fail, because the Vietnamese will continue to fight, and step up the fight if that is necessary to achieve their unity.

Nixon's prophecy of reprisals is, to them, another pretext for continuing the war by appealing to the emotions of the American people. The program of the PRG provides for a coalition government which will include all political viewpoints and social strata. The South will need such a government to establish social peace and to rebuild the country. Only such a program can bring reconciliation and security. Hatred is for the aggressors, not for the Vietnamese. The policy of the PRG favors the establishment of a broad national front. After twenty-five years of war such a coalition is essential.

The history of reprisals as given by Nixon is denounced as another distortion. In 1954, the North carried out a program against reprisals as ordered by Ho Chi Minh in



Indian Express (New Delhi)

Decree No. 218, dated October 1, 1954. I spoke to one of the signers of this decree, Minister of Justice Vu Dinh Hoe whose job it was to implement it. Few if any reprisals, he said, took place in the North. The situation in the South is another matter. The U.S. Government and its puppets, Diem and others through the years, provide good examples of what Nixon means by reprisals. Look, they say, at what happens to the villages of South Vietnam every day of every week.

The North Vietnamese leaders and their people have a grace and charm that are unusual attributes in a people who have suffered so much and so long. Their loyalty to Ho Chi Minh stemmed from love not compulsion, and I am convinced that their affection extends to the present Premier as well. They are much more charitable toward Americans than we have a right to expect.

I wish them peace, for when they have achieved it, we shall be able to heal our own wounds at home.

OPEN LETTER

'DEAR MAYOR LINDSAY'

THEODORE J. LOWI

Mr. Lowi, though now a professor of political science at the University of Chicago, has been watching New York mayors for years. He is author of At the Pleasure of the Mayor: Patronage and Power in New York City, 1898-1958 *(Free Press); his most recent work is* The End of Liberalism *(Norton).*

Mayor John V. Lindsay
City Hall
New York, N.Y.

Chicago

Your Honor: Congratulations on your stunning victory. I am proud to have been one of your early supporters. But I suppose I am fundamentally a typical citizen—I am never happy with the candidates I support. They never seem to understand that they are supposed to confirm quite specifically my reasons for supporting them.

This letter is an effort to catch you before you have read too many wrong meanings into your victory. I have had nightmares since November 4, imagining the consequences for New York and for urban life in this country if you come to the conclusion that your victory was (*1*) a personal one; (*2*) a triumph of fusion; (*3*) a triumph of liberalism over reaction; (*4*) a triumph of brilliant campaign tactics and strategies. Any one or a combination of such conclusions could easily lead to disaster as you plot out the next four years.

Lest your feelings be hurt and you refuse to read further, let me concede immediately that each of the four factors made some modest contribution to your victory. As an old and professional mayor watcher I can say that you are indeed a rare personality. It is just that personalities account only for marginal shifts in mass opinion. Obviously it was a brilliant campaign, but I need hardly call to your attention the help you got from the disastrous ineptitudes of your adversaries. And for a man who has suffered four years of office, I need hardly take the trouble of belittling the strength of liberalism in our time, whether we consider it as a mass movement or as a specific organization called fusion.

If you accept any one or more of these four explanations for your victory, you will all too likely continue to behave as though the solution to the problems of the cities is a matter of personal will, good intentions and cooperation among sincere and like-minded people. That would be a disaster. And worse, you might then tend to overlook the fifth reason for your victory. Without a complete awareness of number *5*, you will continue to misunderstand the character of your own enemies. You will also fail to capitalize fully on your own resources. Explanation (*5*) is bureaucracy. It is a force that no mayor or campaign manager can create, but it can break and has in the past broken all the best intentions of office seekers and officeholders. It was probably the most important of all the factors in your election, and it will certainly be the most important in your future.

After the New York mayoral election of 1961, I observed that it would some day come to be seen as one of the most significant elections in American urban history. Deprived of the Democratic machine, Mayor Wagner created a "new machine" in the bureaucracies of New York City. It is not necessary to replay in detail the character of both his campaign organization and his administration. In brief, his City Council President had previously been Commissioner of Sanitation, following a lifetime career as a worker in the Department of Sanitation. His Comptroller, who is now your Comptroller, had been a career budget official and Director of the Budget Bureau. Major figures in his campaign organization and administration included one very popular Fire Commissioner and one very popular former Police Commissioner. It also included leaders of two union-based parties, the Liberal Party and the Brotherhood Party, which was formed just for the 1961 campaign. Within his top cadre were represented at least three large bureaucracies that are organized along precinct lines—fire, sanitation and police—and several unions with profound organizational relationships to large masses of city civil servants.

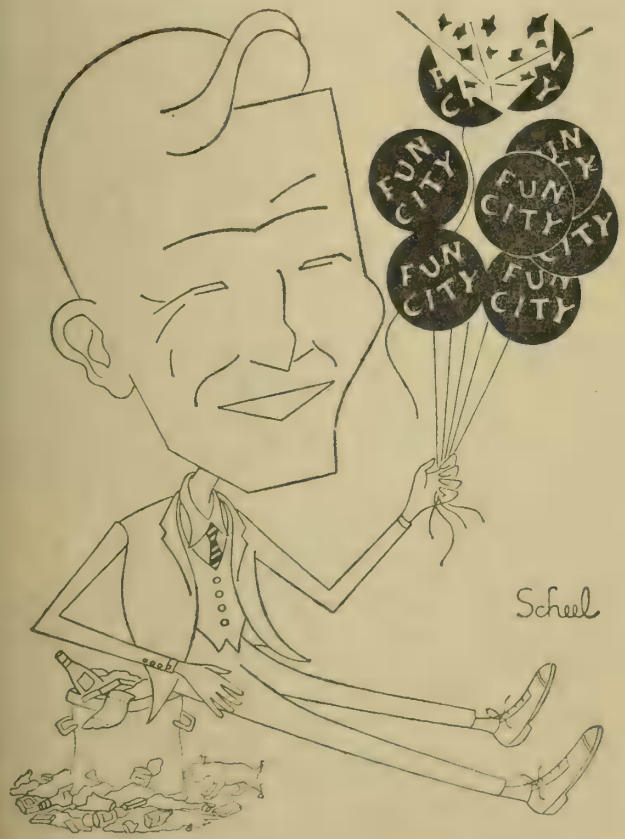
This pattern of organization was basic to Wagner's important victory in 1961—against odds only a little less formidable than yours in 1969. And his campaign organization had a great influence on the character of his 1961-65 administration. That helps to explain the unbelievable stalemate that characterized those four years, a stalemate he handed over to your administration when it began in 1966. Little wonder that your first crises involved you in (*1*) a major strike that Wagner had been completely incapable of handling because of the special

conflict of interest that developed between himself and many of the strike leaders who had been instrumental in his re-election; and (*2*) the crisis of governmental incapacity that must have been responsible for your impressive but ineffectual efforts to shake up existing bureaucracies by setting up such new parent organizations as the Department of Human Resources.

But here's the rub. In 1969, you turned to a similar pattern of organization. So did most of the other candidates in the primaries, of course. (It is ironic that Wagner was the only major candidate in either major primary in 1969 who tried to revert to the "outside" route through electoral leaders and traditional constituency organizations.) It has been observed that your loss of the Republican nomination was the luckiest thing that happened to you in 1969, but you are only half the man I think you are if you do not now have the feeling of "out of the frying pan, into the fire."

You are now a man without a party. And you will soon discover, as fusionist mayors have discovered in the past, that the fusion base is woefully evanescent. Whatever happened, for example, to those store-front plans of yours? You will also discover—indeed you must know it already—that the Liberal Party is not a party but a front for some of the most oligarchic interests in the city. This is not to suggest bereavement for loss of the Republican Party; it is only to suggest the emptiness of your situation despite the extraordinarily effective organization you and Mr. Aurelio created for campaign purposes.

You are left with nothing but your bureaucracies. You are supposed to be their chief executive, yet you must depend upon them for your own political power. Unfortunately they do not have your interests at heart. Still more unfortunately, you may already have been captured; but none of us, least of all you, can know this until it is too late to do anything about it.



Your top administration is now composed of two bureaucrats. It is said that Inspector Garelik was an outsider among cops, but don't you believe it. Among the Irish he was an outsider, just as any Irish cop would be an outsider among Jewish cops, but that is merely at the ethnic level of police reality. There is also a professional and organizational reality which all career policemen have shared and continue to share. Urban crises have certainly led them to disagree more intensely with one another, and that in turn has led them to seek representation in each of the contending political movements of 1969. But below that is the reality of their unity when it comes to defense of the organization as such. Check the police Review Board issue of the past five years as a case in point. The police bureaucracy is an avidly sought-after resource, and one can always find contenders as well as sycophants where power is at stake. But one must always ask the old political question, just who is expropriating whom? The answer usually depends upon who last forgot to ask the question.

There are more than 32,000 cops in the city, and as many as half of them do essentially bureaucratic work, serving the other half and looking to the tasks of maintaining the organization. Their popularity is unusually low in the general community these days, but that tends to make them internally more unified than ever, to an extent not witnessed since the occasions in the old machine days when they were caught with their hands in the till. I would imagine there is even greater police solidarity today, because the unpopularity is less clearly justifiable.

With Inspector Garelik you will always have to live with the question of whose interests he is zealously serving—yours or those he picked up during his thirty-year career. But with your Comptroller, you are still worse off. At least Inspector Garelik will make every effort to behave as your deputy, despite the fact that he was independently elected. Comptrollers, in contrast, almost all have been notorious for their independence of the mayor in the history of New York. That has frequently been the case even when mayor and comptroller were of the same party. Even then, the comptroller was always from some county and some county organization other than that of the mayor, and there was always some kind of hell to pay. But now you have yourself a man who owes you nothing but enmity, who has ambitions utterly and completely contrary to yours, who is just as imbued with public spirit, who is just as convinced that he represents it, and who has a few resources you do not have: (*1*) He holds fewer purse strings, but he holds them tighter than do you. (*2*) Because of his career in Budget, and because he has the special bureaucratic temperament that never fails to ingratiate other bureaucrats, he can open doors to bureaucratic support that were never opened to you —and will be more firmly closed against you as you turn toward a more revolutionary rhetoric.

So, you have built your new machine out of many ele-

ments, but the most lasting ones are the pieces of the bureaucracy. It includes some top, bureaucratically recruited commissioners. It includes leaders of unions that have an immense stake in the city and an especially large share of control in such bureaucracies as sanitation, transit, housing and education. (For a real machine, check out DeLury's Sanitationmen's union. According to former Tammany leader Ed Costikyan, DeLury has a current file on every member and every deceased member's widow, arranged by assembly district and election district. When they wanted leaflet coverage, old-time party organizations could never guarantee more than 50 per cent; the Sanitationmen can get 100 per cent. This organization can be had by reformers for campaign purposes—it was instrumental for Wagner in 1961; how about you in 1969?) Finally, your new machine includes what some have called the liberal establishment; but when the casuals have gone back to their separate pursuits you will find that the real muscle there is the major newspapers, that the newspapers are reformist in the pre-modern sense, and that this means to them that any attack on the city bureaucracies is an attack on themselves.

Who, then, is expropriating whom? Do not be the last to ask the question.

I fear that you are not asking it now, and that you will certainly not ask it very frequently if you have become convinced that your victory rests only upon the first four explanations identified above. There is thus reasonable ground for fear that you will ultimately be expropriated by the bureaucracies. The result of that can easily be foreseen by taking a look at the last four years of the Wagner administration.

Bureaucracies exert a prodigious resistance to change. That does not mean that they are do-nothings or McKinley Republicans. Quite the contrary. It does mean that a bureaucracy, for all its efficiency, has no capacity to evaluate the consequences of its own actions or to plan for its actions against the actions of other bureaucracies. So the recent history of New York has been a combination of (*1*) dynamic stalemate, which prevents two or more bureaucracies from doing some desirable thing because they cannot get together in a common cause—for example, air pollution, water pollution, poverty, discrimination—and (*2*) elephantiasis, whereby one bureaucracy enjoying popularity or no opposition can attain its goals with little or no regard for other equally desirable goals —such as the extensive campaign some years ago for off-street parking in the midst of transit disaster.

Can a man of your immense capacity and considerable popularity counterbalance these historic organizational tendencies? I doubt it. And my doubts lead me to fear for the Republic. My fears were strong that you would lose in November because then there would have been even less hope for New York City. But even in the few days since your victory, my fears are rekindling because there are indications that you lean toward accepting the fourfold explanation of your victory and accept it as the basis of your power. My fear is based upon a single concept you have used on several occasions: home rule. You evoked it during the campaign, but of course one never believes anything anybody says during campaigns. But you have mentioned it since your election, and of course one believes almost anything candidates say after victory. Nothing you could say about abandoning your party, or destroying the two parties, or creating a new party, or doing without parties altogether could chill me nearly so much as those horrible words, home rule.

Home rule implies that you intend to face New York City all alone. You ask for more money as though more money will overcome the organizational flaws from which the city now suffers. Even if federal and state subventions were trebled, they would not go into your personal account. They would ultimately land in the accounts of the major bureaucracies, and these organizations have an immense power of discretion to do as their profession requires rather than as their mayor might dictate.

Home rule also implies that you feel that the sources of the city's problems lie within the boundaries of the city. It suggests that an independent city welfare system will solve the problem of poverty and its consequences in the city. Or, that a city can by itself and in isolation from its suburbs ever deal equitably with public education. From either of these two ills, or from housing shortages, employment discrimination, pollution or anything else, the city will die if it remains legally isolated from its environs.

If you wish to do something revolutionary, you first must revolutionize your own thinking. You must obviously quit depending on terribly old-fashioned notions, like efficiency and home rule, and you must also look toward things over which you might have some control. Otherwise, your revolutionary rhetoric only raises expectations with the prospect of dashing them.

As I look over the array of forces in your city (or in any other city) I am forced to conclude that the only truly revolutionary thing you could do is admit that the city is simply incapable of dealing with problems such as those just mentioned. Consider the advantages of this manner of thinking. Certainly the office of mayor and the legal instruments of the city are things over which you have a great deal of control—far more control indeed than you have over any neighborhood, any union or any economic pattern. If you offer to alter them or even to give them up in any significant amount, you must admit that, whether you like the results or not, it is revolutionary. If, beyond admitting that the city all alone is ungovernable, you then proceed to arrangements that are governable, for the city and for yourself, you would certainly guarantee your place in the history books. I sincerely hope this will appeal to you; it is so rare for a dynamic politician to offer to give up power.

In conclusion, then, it seems to me that such an admission would lead you, and you in turn would lead us, to direct identification of the problems we face and to a free-wheeling, supra-bureaucratic and supra-corporate approach to these problems. It would free you, in other words, to seek the proper level for each problem. Having recognized, for example, that the suburbs are parasites upon the city, you might, once you have admitted that the city is ungovernable, lead a fight to establish school districts and housing districts that would cut across all pre-existing boundaries—cut across the state lines of New

York and into the real New York metropolitan area—but which would be organized along socially meaningful lines. Once you recognized that the city is ungovernable, you would be able to lead a true march on Washington for purposes of developing welfare districts that are of the size of the OPA districts and that supersede on welfare matters all the corporate districts within the larger district. You would then also be able to seek autonomy for districts far smaller than a city or borough, but they would be meaningful districts and not merely governmental ratification of the *status quo*.

This, Your Honor, is a revolution. What you promise for us in your prospect for home rule and for jousting with your bureaucracies, is near abdication.

Respectfully yours,
Theodore J. Lowi

THE MORATORIUM IN PARIS

PETER GEISMAR
Mr. Geismar, who has a doctorate in French history, is writing a biography of Frantz Fanon.

Paris

The Communist Party and a number of smaller leftist organizations had decided to use the moratorium observances of November 15 to test the reactionary policies of Pompidou's government. During the peace weekend, certain major features of the Fifth Republic's political physiognomy became clear once again. Pompidou, that smaller model of de Gaulle, showed his cleverness and strength—at least in tactics. The large Communist Party was revealed anew as an opposition so loyal as to be dutiful. The political sophistication and solidarity of the French youth was more than ever evident.

The moratorium gave Pompidou his first chance to try out the techniques of counterrevolution developed after May 1968. They worked. As part of the reversal of Gaullist foreign policy, to help rebuild Franco-American amity, the President forbade all political rallies within the city during the November 15 weekend. Nevertheless, the Communist Party went ahead with plans to mobilize 100,000 for a march through the center of the city from Les Halles to the Bastille. On November 14, the government put into action its latest anti-riot plans. Thousands of Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité (CRS), the state police, using army equipment, were brought into the city to cooperate with the gendarmerie already there. By Friday almost 500 police were guarding the American Embassy and adjacent buildings. On Friday afternoon, when U.S. citizens began to gather outside, the CRS put into effect its most daunting method of crowd control. The embassy allowed only ten protesters inside the gates; the rest were quietly walking about outside. They all had to keep moving; anyone who stood still could expect to be arrested. As soon as a small group of Americans came together, the CRS would charge into it, grab one or two, rough them up in front of the others and haul them off to the waiting vans. The plainly visible beatings were an effective method of intimidation. The police announced that forty Americans were arrested between 2 and 4 P.M. It was probably somewhat higher.

Meanwhile, huge numbers of police were being dispersed to central points throughout the city for the real show the next day. At Place Blanche, near Pigalle, where I live, fifty CRS spent the night in their trucks. I could make no attempt to count the CRS in and around the Latin Quarter, which is not one of the city's political hot spots. Saturday morning, all over Paris, the government went into action.

Where the boulevards cross at Alesia, on the southern border of Paris, *Le Monde* reported: "All the passers-by younger than 30 were systematically put into police vans, and young people on motorbikes were asked to get off them; leave them there; and get into the vans."

Students from the Cité Universitaire might pass through Alesia coming into the center of the city. The official explanation for the mass arrests was that it was necessary to make "identity checks."

Anyone at all who tried to cross from the Left Bank of the Seine near Boulevard Saint-Michel, in the student quarter, received the same police hospitality. At other check points, in all the large *places*, the CRS was more selective, arresting according to dress and length of hair. By noon, all the subway stops near Les Halles were closed; and this old market area was blocked off by hundreds of army trucks and CRS carrying rifles. Still, groups of students were making their way to the neighborhood, and to the Bastille.

It has been rumored in the past that the Communist Party made secret agreements with the police when they marched. The CRS has seemed to give the C.P. militants clear passage when they do parade, even when demonstrations have been forbidden by the government. Now it appeared that the party had been negotiating with the police (the government) up to November 15, but with no success; Pompidou would not compromise. So, on the eve word went out to party members, a large percentage of the workers in Paris, that the demonstration had been canceled. The war in Vietnam wasn't that important; the Communists—more accurately the old men running the party—had no desire to confront the government on the issue; there might have been violence. Saturday morning, students and other leftists prepared for the demonstration with no knowledge of the C.P. retreat; *L'Humanité* had been urging participation right up through Friday.

I went to Les Halles Saturday afternoon to see how the government's counterinsurgency plans would work against 100,000 workers. Naturally, they weren't there (one can at least commend the party for its quick and efficient system of secret communication), and the police had very little trouble with the students who did make it

to the old market area. The CRS always outnumbered the leftists and the fighting was very uneven; I was arrested trying to get away from one such encounter. I was beaten up a bit, to impress the others, then thrown into an army truck already packed with demonstrators and innocent passers-by. We waited about an hour, in darkness with no air and no room. Nursing our wounds, we began to talk. It happened to be my birthday, and at 31 I was the oldest prisoner in the truck. There was a pleasant sense of community within the van, each one asking about the injuries of the others. At one point they sang me happy birthday.

The first stop was the *préfecture* of the first *arrondissement*, where already several hundred prisoners were gathered in the open courtyard; they welcomed us with cheers. The crowd was full of spirit; there were continual songs and chants; the police became nervous and called in the water cannons. They were never used.

The authorities slowly emptied the courtyard, vans taking the prisoners to Beaujon for questioning. By 6 in the evening that center was filled to capacity; my group had to be taken out of Paris to the Fort de Vincennes which has been made over into a political concentration camp. We were left there in another police van for two hours. One prisoner had *Le Monde*, which he began reading out loud to the van, adding his own political comment. Then the Maoists started making fun of the Trotskyites, and vice versa. Nobody mentioned the Communist Party and when I brought it up a student turned to me and said, "Isn't that Pompidou's party?" There was a young Englishman in the truck who described his adventures. He had been teaching at Berlitz that day and didn't even know a demonstration was scheduled in the neighborhood of the school. He left work at about 3 P.M. and a CRS kicked him in the leg; he turned around ready to fight "the bugger"; another grabbed him by the collar; a third helped carry him off to the truck. It was only in the van that he learned why he'd been arrested. He intended to go to the next anti-government demonstration even if it meant missing work.

Le Monde wrote afterward: "The police chased demonstrators, but also others completely outside of the demonstration." That they caught a number of both variety was evident from a night of conversations at Vincennes.

At 9:30 in the evening we were finally thrown into a huge open courtyard; most of us had been under arrest for six hours. The men were lucky; they could urinate against the walls; no facilities were offered to the many young women. During the night, one of the older female prisoners fainted from cold and exhaustion; the police let other prisoners carry her inside.

The hours of the night were lightened by the sustained high spirits and humor of the crowd. Everyone was chanting and singing. "*Ce n'est qu'un début; la lutte continue.*" "*FLN vaincera.*" "*Néexan Assassin.*" They sang the *Internationale*. Walking around the courtyard, I was amused to note that many of those from earlier conversations I knew were not part of the demonstration were yelling loudest. The Berlitz professor had lost all of his British reserve. The humor was mostly at the expense of the CRS agent patrolling the wall above us. At the beginning, each time that he reached the part of the wall



in front of the crowd there were insults; and he would spit in reply. As the night wore on he seemed to run out of saliva, and the crowd became more inventive. At one point when he was pacing the rampart 500 voices would simultaneously shout "boom" each time his foot hit the walk. He was embarrassed; his gait faltered; he could hardly walk. Then the crowd was yelling, "Oh, he smiled. Oh, he smiled. Oh, he smiled."

Infantile disorders of the Left? Yes, in a sense. But most of those I spoke to had been arrested two or three times before. They'd all been beaten up. They were cynical, but also tough; completely unafraid of the government or its police. Outside of the order of things. It was nice to see people sharing their last cigarettes; giving up overcoats to those more painfully injured; able to joke about political differences in the face of a common enemy. The "innocent" people were impressed by the student radicals.

At 3 A.M., the police called for all of those under 18 years of age in the courtyard; I'd guess 10 per cent of the prisoners were in that classification. Later in the morning the rest of us were processed, photographed and questioned. Nobody that I heard would give any kind of straight answer to the questioners; it was always:

Were you in the demonstration?
What demonstration?
What do you do?
Nothing.
Where's your student card?
I lost it. Etc.

The youths knew just how much identification they had to produce and what they had to answer to stay out of jail. They were professionals. Young ones.

At 5:30 A.M. I was released with about twenty others from the fort. We started to walk toward Paris through the large Parc de Vincennes. The twenty of us thought we were alone until the first car passed us; its bright lights lit up ahead a solid line of freed demonstrators and freed innocent bystanders, trudging off to the distant city. The official figures were 2,600 arrested; it had seemed to me that there were many more than that at Vincennes alone.

I think of it as one of my better birthdays.

THE INVISIBLE POLICE

JOSEPH R. LUNDY
Mr. Lundy is legislative assistant to Congressman Abner J. Mikva of Illinois. He has written previously on police use of undercover agents for the George Washington Law Review.

Washington

Direct police infiltration of political groups is no longer merely a hypothetical possibility in America. The increasing use of police spies and undercover agents may have put us on the way to America's first experience with "political police."

Developments to date in the conspiracy trial of the Chicago 8 show that the government is relying almost entirely on evidence gathered by police undercover agents. Louis Salzberg, a newspaper photographer who, *The New York Times* stated, "had become a regular fixture at radical gatherings in New York City," revealed that he had been a paid informer of the FBI since 1967. A few days later, William Frapolly, a member of the Chicago Police Department since 1966, described how he had enrolled at Northeast Illinois State College, where he joined the SDS, the Student Mobilization Committee and the Chicago Peace Council. Earlier in the trial, Officer Robert L. Pierson repeated testimony he had given last year to the House Un-American Activities Committee, to the effect that he had infiltrated the Youth International Party in order to monitor its plans to disrupt the Democratic National Convention.

Spies and undercover agents are nothing new in law enforcement. For years, the Bureau of Narcotics has used undercover agents to solicit sales from pushers. The FBI's best-known undercover operative was Herbert Philbrick, whose *I Led Three Lives* was a best seller during the early 1950s; but the Bureau has employed the technique in other cases. A *New York Times* report in early 1966 indicated that the FBI had infiltrated the Ku Klux Klan hierarchy "to the Cabinet level." In August of 1967, FBI undercover operative Herbert Itkin was revealed as the key figure in exposure of James Marcus' underworld contacts in New York City. In March 1968, seven Minutemen were arrested for conspiring to hold up four Spokane banks, the evidence being provided by an FBI secret agent.

If the undercover agent has been an occasional convenience in cases of conspiracy, he has been a regular fixture of the FBI's war on organized crime. Herbert Itkin had worked within the New York Mafia for several years before he was "surfaced" in order to provide testimony against Marcus. A Boston businessman, Charles W. Grinnel, has related in *The Saturday Evening Post* how he volunteered to spy on Mafia representatives who approached him in connection with the "juice," or usurious loan, racket.

If Americans have tolerated police use of spies and agents, especially in cases of organized crime or consensual offenses which present difficult problems of proof, they have never been happy about it. In 1798, Rep. Edward Livingston expressed to the House of Representatives of the Fifth Congress his revulsion against a practice which immigrants from the continent had learned to fear. "The system of espionage being thus established, the country will swarm with informers, spies, delators, and all the odious reptile tribe that breed in the sunshine of despotic power. The hours of most unsuspected confidence, the intimacies of friendship or the recesses of domestic retirement, will afford no security."

This unfortunate European tradition reached what was probably its fullest flower under the despotisms of Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin. Allen Dulles, former director of Central Intelligence, was convinced that "it can't happen here." In *The Craft of Intelligence,* he wrote: "Our Government in its very nature—and our open society in all its instincts under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights—automatically outlaws intelligence organizations of the kind that have developed in police states." Recent examples of police reliance on secret agents raise doubts that the Constitution's protections are quite as "automatic" as Mr. Dulles thought.

The variety of clandestine investigative techniques employed by the police has always been considerable, but never as great as it is today, when science and technology have increased tenfold the possibilities of snooping. Wire tapping, the most feared, or at least the most widely recognized, has recently been brought under the supervision of the Fourth Amendment's ban on unreasonable searches and seizures. Theoretically, after the rulings in *Berger* v. *New York* (1967) and *Katz* v. *United States* (1967), wire tapping is subject to all the requirements of a judicial warrant that have always applied to more traditional forms of search and seizure. What about secret agents?

Police secret agents may be distinguished roughly by what function they perform, at whose initiative they work, and what kind of accompanying gadgetry they carry. A fourth distinguishing factor, and a crucial one, seems to have been little considered by the courts—the kind of alleged criminal activity being investigated.

Informers are the best-known type of police secret operative. Working on their own, they need not be, and often are not, full-time informants. Informers usually live on the fringes of crime, and can readily provide useful information in return for small police favors, protection or guarantees against harassment. The Supreme Court has given some constitutional sanction to their use by carving out an "informer's privilege" as an exception to the rule that police must divulge the sources of information on which "probable cause" for arrest is based. On the other hand, the Court has said that if divulgence of an informer's identity is necessary to guarantee a defendant's fair trial, as opposed merely to proving probable cause for his arrest, that identity must be revealed.

Informers are among the most innocuous of the secret agents, for they work on their own, usually do nothing

beyond mere information gathering, and carry no concealed transmitters or recorders. In the same category can be placed plea bargainers, known in England as "approvers," who supply information to the police by turning state's evidence once they are in custody.

Decoys and stool pigeons are used by the police, usually at an officer's initiative, to lure would-be criminals into action. To the extent that the decoy does not provoke the crime, or implant a criminal intent in the suspect's mind, his activities have been uncensured. When the agent, whether an outsider working at police instigation or a member of some official law-enforcement organization, strays over the line and stimulates some other person to commit a crime, the courts have protected the object of such provocation under the theory of "entrapment." Difficult as the distinction may be between an already present intent and one implanted from outside, the defense of entrapment does provide some protection against the wiles of the *agent provocateur*. Its deterrent effect on police resort to secret agents, however, has been minimal.

The types of police secret agents that seem to have been most recently in vogue, and with whom we should be most concerned, are the spy and the undercover agent. A spy is a non-policeman who is hired, targeted, trained, managed and paid by the police to gather information about some target group. The undercover agent performs the same function, but is himself a police officer who has assumed a "cover" identity. Such spy or undercover agent may have several functions, which can be best discussed in a review of the Supreme Court's evolving attitude toward such persons.

The Supreme Court first dealt with the secret agent problem in the case of *Gouled* v. *United States* in 1921. A government secret agent had gained access to the defendant's office by misrepresenting his identity and later, while the defendant was out of the room, had searched his desk and papers. The Court, equating entry by force and by deceit, held that a search where access was obtained by deception was barred by the Fourth Amendment's ban against unreasonable searches and seizures.

More recent cases have often involved the use of electronic devices. In 1952, the Court held that a miniaturized transmitter carried by a government spy, which enabled a narcotics agent stationed nearby to monitor the defendant's criminal proposition, did not violate the Fourth Amendment. A more difficult case was presented in 1963 when a government agent carried a miniature recorder to preserve for evidence the defendant's bribe offer. Here again, the Court approved, although it can be argued that the decision does not really apply to secret agent situations because the defendant knew that the person to whom he was offering the bribe was a law-enforcement official. Finally, in 1966, the Court approved the FBI's seeking approval from a federal judge before sending an agent to record a bribe offer in the case of James Hoffa. As in the 1963 decision, however, the FBI agent was not "secret," in the sense that he did nothing to conceal his identity.

It was not until 1966 that the Supreme Court reviewed two cases involving secret agents, unaccompanied by electronic devices, who merely infiltrated, listened, and reported. In *Hoffa* v. *United States* and *Lewis* v. *United States*, the Court decided that using unwired undercover agents for information gathering was not "*per se* unconstitutional." On the other hand, Justice Stewart, writing for a majority of four Justices in *Hoffa*, cautioned that "this is not to say that a secret government agent is to the slightest degree more free from all relevant constitutional restrictions than is any other government agent." What is included in "all relevant constitutional restrictions" the Court did not feel compelled to say.

The *Lewis* case involved a situation which has become commonplace in modern law enforcement—use of an undercover agent to buy narcotics from a suspect. Aside from the government agent's telephone offer to buy narcotics and consummation of the sale in the defendant's home, the officer's conduct was innocuous. Lewis, the defendant, did not even raise the question of entrapment. The combination of a serious crime, the agent's neutral behavior, the absence of socially useful activity which might be discouraged by the undercover technique, and the difficulty of procuring evidence of "selling crimes," all make it likely that the *Lewis* precedent will stand for years to come—at least until some alternative approach is found to the problems of narcotics addiction.

The *Hoffa* decision rests on far shakier ground. In the first place, only seven Justices participated in the decision —and only four concurred in approving the government's use of a former friend of Hoffa, who had recently been released from jail and infiltrated Hoffa's coterie, as an undercover agent. Chief Justice Warren dissented vigorously from the four majority Justices, arguing that the Court's supervisory power over federal courts allowed it to control such use of secret agents by the federal agencies, even if the practice was not unconstitutional.

Most significant, the *Hoffa* case involved a crime—jury tampering—which, like narcotics peddling, would be extremely difficult to prove without undercover investigative activity. Moreover, it is difficult to conceive of any socially useful activity which Hoffa could claim might be discouraged by the use of secret agents in jury tampering cases. In this respect, jury tampering is like narcotics peddling, prostitution, gambling or other consensual or sumptuary crimes.

What is most disappointing about the opinion of the four-Justice majority in *Hoffa* is its failure to deal forthrightly with the competing social interests involved in police use of undercover agents in a free society. Perhaps it was too early to anticipate the widespread use of police spies and undercover agents in the peace movement, the anti-war/anti-draft movement, and even the civil rights movement. (This kind of use, Norman Mailer noted in *Armies of the Night*, is "now accepted as a chronic joke" by participants in New Left politics.) But certainly the Court's overconceptualistic approach was unsatisfactory.

The *Hoffa* majority based its decision primarily on the "assumption of risk" or "misplaced confidence" argument. "Assumption of risk" is a phrase borrowed from the law of torts. But the first requirement of "assumption of risk" in torts is that the assumer should have had an accurate knowledge of the nature of the risk he was taking, and taken it anyway. In a secret agent case, by defini-

tion, the target individual does *not* know the nature of the risk. If Justice Stewart meant to say that the defendant waives the right to protection of his privacy when he "agrees" to deal with a secret agent, there is a similar conflict with previous Court decisions requiring that waivers of constitutional rights be knowing, intelligent and specific.

What Justice Stewart and his three colleagues in the *Hoffa* majority obviously believed, whether they said so or not, was that regardless of the apparent unfairness of using secret agents to gather evidence of crime, these agents are necessary *in some circumstances,* that their use *in certain cases* is itself of benefit to society. The fact that secret agents are *sometimes* necessary and do serve *some* useful purposes does not, however, mean that they should always be allowed. That is undoubtedly what Justice Stewart meant by saying that "all relevant constitutional restrictions" apply to police spies and undercover agents. But by failing to specify those situations in which secret agents *would* violate the protections of the Fourth Amendment, the Court has left the field wide open for infiltration of political and quasi-political groups by Red Squads, Congressional investigators and secret agents of all kinds.

It is not easy to measure how great a threat police secret agents present to the traditional American values of free speech and free political debate. Lack of information on the extent of police use of undercover agents, reluctance of law-enforcement officials to discuss their clandestine operations, and the absence of publicity about and recorded public reaction to police spies have combined to frustrate the balancing of conflicting social interests. But the balancing process is necessary, for when the Court decides that one must "assume the risk" of speaking, not, as one supposes, to a friend, relative or business associate, but to a secret government agent, it takes a position whose implications endanger the essence of a free society.

Application of the Fourth Amendment to secret agents who move into political groups would not ban their use elsewhere. It would not, if the Court chose so to limit its decision, affect their infiltration of such nonpolitical activities as dope peddling, gambling or prostitution. Nor would it even absolutely preclude their use against groups which call themselves political, but which are actually aimed at violence, destruction of property, or other illegal activity. The Fourth Amendment's ban is only against "unreasonable" searches and seizures. But the determination of when a search is reasonable is one which the Constitution wisely leaves not to the police but to a neutral judicial officer. Thus the issue is not that secret agents should never be used against groups which claim to be political; it is *who shall decide* when such use is appropriate. That decision should rest with a court, not with a policeman.

The Supreme Court is not alone in having avoided the difficult problems of secret agents in a free society. State legislatures and Congress, as well as police agencies at all levels of government, have done little to provide guidelines. In fact, it could be argued on the basis of past experience with judicial warrant procedures that even when the warrant requirement is in effect, it offers minimal protection. Moreover, any judicial guidelines for the use of



police spies will inevitably require elaboration in state rules of criminal procedure or police administrative regulations. Thus Supreme Court action would be only a first step to protect sensitive First Amendment activities against police espionage.

The examples noted earlier of secret police operations in political contexts are only a few of many which could be cited. In recent years the training of Americans in military and civilian intelligence agencies has made sophisticated agents, formerly confined almost exclusively to the FBI, available to police departments at state and local levels. The existence of "special investigation" units in state and local law-enforcement agencies was documented by the Organized Crime Task Force of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice. It noted that in 1966 there were "effective intelligence programs" in only a handful of jurisdictions. How many *in*effective programs exist, the Task Force report did not say. Activities of the Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles city police departments, as well as the New York County department, are discussed briefly in the report.

The extent of police "intelligence" operations cannot be precisely documented. A survey of such activity, made for the President's Crime Commission by Prof. G. Robert Blakey and entitled *Local Law Enforcement Response to Organized Crime*, has been suppressed by the Justice Department, despite specific requests that it be made public. A report in the February *Chicago Journalism Review* indicated that in Chicago, at least, the police intelligence unit is active enough to keep under surveillance a member of the City Council—a member who also happens to be black.

Former FBI agent William Turner has noted how hard

it is to assure unbiased use of police undercover agents, especially in a time of growing political activism among police officers. "Every department of any size has what is variously called a Subversive Squad, an Intelligence Unit, or a Red Squad. With their jurisdiction tenuously hinged on archaic state anti-radical syndicalist or anti-anarchy laws, or no law at all, they constantly pry into the public and private activities of Communists and Socialists, liberals and intellectuals, beatniks and peaceniks, et al., while ignoring the subversive menace from the right."

Senators Hart of Michigan and Long of Missouri said in dissenting from the Senate Judiciary Committee's report on the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act that "traditional military intelligence has furnished [to local law-enforcement agencies] both the vocabulary and the tools by which it wages constant war upon [organized crime]. Almost every metropolitan police department and almost every major State has a bureau engaged exclusively in the collection of criminal—and political—intelligence. It was particularly interesting to find that these bureaus had no direct responsibility to investigate any specific crimes." The Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act specifically authorized federal money and FBI technical assistance to local police departments to develop "special" investigative capabilities.

The New York Times reported recently that the Justice Department has begun its program of assisting local law-enforcement agencies by demonstrating "tiny electronic listening devices [and] undercover agents. . . ." Ironically, the officials to whom these new techniques were being demonstrated were from the South, an area which may not need instruction in undercover techniques. In 1964 the Subversives Unit of the Alabama Department of Public Safety was reported to be secretly compiling dossiers on civil rights workers, including some officials of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division.

More information on the extent of police use of secret agents against various types of alleged illegal activity is the first requirement. It is no coincidence that the Supreme Court's decision to bring wire tapping within the protection of the Fourth Amendment followed shortly after revelation of the extent of government wire tapping and the public's increasing fear of it. The necessary information could come through legislative inquiries, through administrative reviews brought about by political pressure on mayors and governors, and through tough-minded journalistic investigating. Once the extent of the practice is known, some hard decisions will have to be made—by courts, by legislatures and by the mayors and governors who ultimately control the police.

As Norman Mailer said, the infiltration of political groups by police secret agents had become, in 1968, a chronic joke. In a country whose traditions include what Justice Brandeis called "the opportunity to discuss freely supposed grievances and proposed remedies," and which continues to pride itself on unfettered political exchange, it is not a very funny joke.

THE BIGGEST DUMP

POLLUTION GOES UNDERGROUND

DAVID M. EVANS

Mr. Evans, a geological engineer with the Colorado School of Mines, is the scientist who traced the cause of hundreds of small earthquakes in the Denver area to the pumping of waste into a deep disposal well.

A few years ago, cyanide, oozing from the ground, was found in the Buffalo, N.Y., drinking water. Recently, a well on the shore of Lake Erie blew out and spewed 150,000 gallons of stinking paper-mill waste into the lake every day for three weeks. Last July, the front yard of the James A. Lowe family in Wichita, Kan., puffed up, split open, and spilled tons of salt-saturated water. The walls of the Lowe home settled and cracked; lawn and flowers were killed.

If you still think of old oaken buckets and crystal pools at the mention of wells or bubbling springs, you might be surprised to know that near Denver, Colo., a farmer named Jesse Powers has a well that produces the weed killer 2,4-D. And Powers has a neighbor who discovered his well was flowing anti-knock gasoline when a visitor flipped a lighted match into a cabbage patch he was irrigating. In Ponca City, Okla., there are springs that flow oil. This is not too unusual in oil-producing Oklahoma, but these springs are different: the oil is refined motor oil—and some of the springs are in people's basements.

We hear a lot these days about pollution: smog in the cities; dead fish in the lakes and rivers; poisons in food, and a silence of birds in the land. As yet, we have heard little about pollution of the earth beneath our feet —but we should and will. As laws are passed to clean up the air and water, government agencies and industry are turning to the earth itself as the next great dumping ground. Pollution experts say there is more room for dumping underground than in all the surface waters of the land. If they have their way, the earth will become a garbage pit larger than all the Great Lakes, the Hudson, Mississippi and Columbia Rivers, plus all the rest of our lakes, rivers and streams combined.

To dispose of liquid industrial waste in this new dump, you drill a hole to a salt-water bearing rock layer, cement watertight pipe in the well and pump the poisons away. The dumpers point out that oil companies have pumped billions of gallons of salt water, produced with the oil, back into the ground. There are 30,000 such disposal wells in Texas alone, but this solution to a disposal

problem has not been as successful as some people think. The spectacle of brine erupting from disposal projects has been compared to that of Norris Geyser Basin in Yellowstone National Park. L. G. McMillion, an official of the Texas Water Commission, warns that "A very large number of water wells, including wells in municipal fields (city water wells) have been affected by brine contamination." He says that in vast areas of north and west central Texas the fresh water is deteriorating and farmland is getting salty.

Most of Texas' salt-water disposal problems are out in cattle country. In contrast, industrial disposal wells will be located at factories near cities, where they will add to the already serious problem of underground pollution. The situation today in northern Illinois (around Chicago) is typical of that in many U.S. urban areas. There, streams and shallow underground waters are contaminated by surface dumping, land fill and sewage. Then, as fresh water is pumped from deeper formations for city and farm use, polluted water from the shallow zones is sucked along natural cracks and crevices into the fresh-water formations. Also, natural salt water, from deeper zones, moves up into the fresh-water formation. J. E. Hackett, ground water geologist with the Illinois Geological Survey says: "The problem is one of continuing deterioration of ground water quality over all or large parts of the urban region. It may proceed unrecognized until there is considerable and possible irreparable damage." That is the present state of affairs. One hesitates to picture what it will be like when hundreds, perhaps thousands, of disposal wells are pumping poisonous wastes into underground salt waters.

How poisonous are disposal well wastes liable to be? Dr. Don L. Warner of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration (FWPCA) answers that waste can be considered suitable for deep-well injection when it is toxic "or otherwise highly objectionable and cannot readily be treated or disposed of in other ways." Some of the wastes now being pumped underground today are steel pickling liquors, cyanides, carbolic acid, radioactive wastes and organic chemical poisons from the drug and insecticide industries. Often several different chemical combinations are dumped into the same well. The 2,4-D pumped from Jesse Powers' well was not dumped in that form. It was produced spontaneously from various chemicals collected in disposal ponds by the nearby U.S. Army Rocky Mountain Arsenal. The grass in Powers' meadow died; so did his beet crop. The cows aborted and lost their calves. Many of the young pigs and some of the registered heifer calves died. If waste chemicals reacted to form new poisons in the holding ponds of the Rocky Mountain arsenal, chemicals pumped into disposal wells might react similarly.

In 1967, the FWPCA published a list of the known industrial disposal wells in the United States. From one or two wells in 1950, the number had climbed to 110. By 1968, 114 wells were in service and another thirty-six were being constructed. How do they perform? A check of their published histories reveals that 14 per cent of the wells were shut down or suffered "failures" in the first few years of operation. Half of the failures were due to corroded or collapsed pipe in the shafts. Some wells were abandoned when the chemical wastes plugged the disposal zones.

If at least 14 per cent of all disposal wells are going to fail after the first few years of operation, this may not prove as cheap a method of waste disposal as had been hoped. Certainly, the record should create some doubt that disposal wells will, as claimed, keep their poisons locked up "for all eternity."

One well was shut down when I proved that it had triggered hundreds of earthquakes in the Denver area. After admitting that it was responsible for poisoning the water beneath 4,000 acres of farmland (including Mr. Powers' fields and pastures), the Army drilled a 12,040-foot-deep disposal well at the Rocky Mountain arsenal. Waste injection began in March 1962, and the following month Denver suffered the first earthquake it had felt since 1882.

In November 1965 I pointed out that the 710 small earthquakes recorded up to that time correlated with the volumes of fluid pumped into the arsenal well. Periods of high injection resulted in many quakes; low pumping rates resulted in fewer earthquakes. When injection pressures were doubled, the number of earthquakes doubled. All earthquakes originated near the well.

Since the history of salt water disposal in the oil fields indicates that deep well disposal is not foolproof and since 14 per cent of reported industrial disposal wells have failed in the first few years of operation, it may seem surprising that anyone could continue to recommend this technique. And it may seem more surprising that one sponsor is the FWPCA, the agency charged with cleaning up the nation's water.

In 1965 Congress passed the Water Quality Act giving the federal government power to enforce a cleanup of the nation's waters. The following year, it took note of the need for a vastly expanded program of research in the Water Restoration Act. The FWPCA has apparently decided that the laws stop at our feet, since it is still promoting "properly planned and implemented" underground dumping. It is obviously unfamiliar with the conclusions of many thoughtful studies: Dumping—any dumping—is no solution to pollution.

Testifying before the Daddario Subcommittee on Environmental Quality in 1968, Dr. William T. Pecora, director of the U.S. Geological Survey, said: "No one is properly prepared to recharge water or liquid wastes into complex underground systems with certainty of the results that such an operation may yield. . . . Hopefully, the time is approaching when large quantities of polluted material cannot be dumped into the ground without considerable thought being given to the consequences."

In a report to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the Task Force on Environmental Health pointedly omitted mention of any dumping schemes as possible solutions to pollution. The Task Force concluded: "What is possible is to find ways to eliminate contamination at its source. Or, next best, to capture a pollutant and use it in a non-harmful way; or, finally, to bring the level of pollution down to a point compatible with the requirements of human health and welfare."

Nevertheless, in a series of government publications



Peterson, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

issued since 1965, Dr. Don L. Warner of the FWPCA has advocated disposal wells. David Bird, writing in *The New York Times* (September 1), quoted Warner as defending the proper use of deep wells: "But the volume should be so small that the effect on the surface should not be observable."

One wonders what Warner means by "small volume." In a 1967 FWPCA publication, he described the well I have already mentioned as spewing 150,000 gallons of waste a day into Lake Erie. According to Warner, Hammermill Paper Co., owner of the well, was injecting "spent sulfite pulping liquor containing fibers, fiber fragments, paper filler materials such as clay, titanium oxide and lignin-like compounds in a colloidal and semi-colloidal particle-size range" into the well at a rate of more than half a million gallons a day. When the *Times* reporter asked about the blowout, Warner replied, "This was an engineering failure you don't expect routinely. We learn from these failures." Don't we just!

Once millions—or billions—of gallons of poisonous wastes are pumped underground, no one can promise that they will stay put. The pollution experts say that one check is to watch the pressure at which the waste is being pumped underground. If a well suddenly starts accepting more waste while pump pressures remain the same, one should suspect that underground rock formations have ruptured and that fluid is escaping from the disposal zone. Another check: Carefully monitor the fresh water wells in the area for any sign of contamination! We are not told what to do once we discover that a city's water supply has been poisoned. One possibility would be to keep pumping and abandon the city. These "checks" illustrate the point-of-no-return hazard of disposal wells: when something goes wrong underground, it is impossible to retrieve the poisons that have broken loose.

This brings up another question: What legal recourse does a landowner have when someone pumps poisonous waste beneath his property and causes contamination, or even earthquakes? The laws are a bit hazy, but in general he must prove that he is being damaged —and by whom.

In Ponca City, Okla., springs of refined motor-oil flow after heavy rains. Authorities do not know the source, though they suspect a leaking pipe line. Meanwhile home owners whose basements are flooded by the oil have no one to sue.

In Denver, Jesse Powers was able to prove that the Army was responsible for contaminating his well. But what if there had been a dozen disposal wells in the area? It would have been impossible to pinpoint the source, especially since the offending 2,4-D was not dumped. Powers' neighbor, whose irrigating well flowed high octane gasoline, was less fortunate. He sued a major oil company that had gasoline storage tanks nearby, and lost his case.

It is bad enough when oil, gas or salt water from some unknown source is erupting from the ground. A few years from now it may be poisonous chemical and radioactive waste. But not if Stan Spisiak of Buffalo, N.Y., has anything to say about it. Mr. Spisiak is chairman of the Water Resources Committee of the New York State

onservation Council. He and his committee are leading he battle against disposal wells in New York.

Hooker Chemical Corp. of Niagara Falls, N.Y., has ust been granted a permit to pump 288,000 gallons of ydrochloric acid, carbolic acid and "organic traces" into 3,000-foot well. A similar permit has been granted to Bethlehem Steel Corp. Applications for other disposal ells to be distilled by FMC Corporation and the Nuclear uel Services Corp., have been filed with the New York tate Health Department.

Spisiak describes a 1953 incident in which cyanide ppeared in the Buffalo water supply. It was finally traced o a disposal well "blowout" in the nearby Sturgeon Point rea. He tells of another mishap in East Aurora, N.Y. There they found a spring of whey water a mile from a heese factory that was pumping it underground. I asked Spisiak what should be done to stop the pollution of the earth. He replied that it would be a giant step forward f we could just get state and federal agencies to obey and enforce the laws already on the books.

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At Spisiak's invitation, I attended the New York State Conservation Council's 36th annual convention at Lake Placid. New York's Governor Rockefeller addressed the council. He described the state's conservation problems. People: Ten years ago 28 million people visited the state parks; last year 44 million people descended upon them. Power: New York will demand twice as much electric power in 1980 as it does today. Pollution: There must be *some* pollution if we are going to give everybody the things they need. Then the Governor told a joke. He quoted Pogo, the comic-strip hero: "We have met the enemy—and they are us." Later I asked Stan Spisiak if he agreed with Pogo and the Governor. "Absolutely not. The enemy is *them*—the government agencies that will not enforce the laws!"

He told me of taking to state agencies documented proof that specific industries were polluting the rivers. He showed them photographs of open ditches carrying filth into the Buffalo River. "They simply will not enforce the anti-pollution laws," Spisiak said. "This 'damn the public' attitude is illustrated by the present dispute over disposal wells in New York State. The law says that public hearings must be held on the applications for disposal wells. Hearings are not being held. Yet, permits to drill the wells are being granted by state agencies."

At the federal level Spisiak describes the activities of the Army's Corps of Engineers, one of the worst polluters of dying Lake Erie. The corps dredges the filth from individual harbors—and dumps 6 million cubic yards of it out in the open lake every year so that *all* the water can be contaminated.

My own experience confirms Stan Spisiak's charges. In Denver, the Army first dumped its waste into the ponds which poisoned the well water beneath the farmland. Then it dumped into a disposal well—which triggered thousands of earthquakes. Finally, it changed its procedures at the arsenal plants so that disposal is no longer necessary. If the Army had been willing at the beginning to clean up the contamination at its source, taxpayers would have been saved millions of dollars for damages to crops and real estate by pollution, another $1.5 million for the cost of the disposal well—and Denver would still be an earthquake-free city.

The right way to fight pollution is to decide that waste must be re-used when possible; or that production methods must be revised so that disposal is unnecessary. In the Department of the Interior publication, "Man—An Endangered Species?" there appears this statement: "We can no longer afford a one-way ticket for our junk. Utility and beauty both demand a round trip." The automobile must not stop at the junkyard—it must complete the trip back to the steel mill. And harmful waste must not leave the factory.

CO-OPS ON CAMPUS

THE MILITANT CONSUMERS

BARBARA W. NEWELL
Mrs. Newell is acting vice president of the University of Michigan.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A public accustomed to the opposition of the student community to war, imperialism and the military-industrial complex may have been surprised by the recent jailing of 105 University of Michigan students who engaged in a sit-in to support their demand for a store which would sell basic school supplies, including textbooks, at cost. The wide press coverage given to the anti-war aspects of student unrest has obscured the development of a student consumer movement which may turn out to be more enduring than the significant but ephemeral protests waged against the policy of the United States in Vietnam.

The students of the sixties have been subjecting their social environment to intense scrutiny. The whole thrust of the civil rights marches and the movements for academic reform, as well as the anti-war efforts, have been challenges to an environment that has permitted racial inequality, the injustices of war, and the continuation of tradition-ridden academic procedures.

In recent months students have turned to what they view as unfair and exorbitant profit taking by local merchants. In the recent inflationary years, educational costs have mounted even more rapidly than has the general price level. Consequently college youth is vividly aware of price trends in room rents, books, meals and student supplies. The convergence of this personal price squeeze consciousness with the rise of student political

action has produced in the last year a dramatic growth of the student consumer movement. Since students at the University of Michigan have been leaders in this respect, I have been close to their activities in this field, but it is evident from the national press that the paths that Michigan students have broken are already being followed by other student groups.

The most dramatic expression of this new consumer consciousness is the rent strike to effect changes in both the price and the quality of local housing. University of Michigan students have accused local landlords in the courts of conspiring to maintain monopolistic prices. They have successfully sued for rent reductions in a number of cases where owners have not adhered to local housing codes. Student pressure has been brought both on the university and on the community for stricter housing inspection. The tactic of placing rents in escrow until corrective negotiations are concluded appears to have slowed the pace of rent increases in the Ann Arbor community. After six months of activity, one landlord and the student tenants union have begun their first formal negotiations.

The initial success of the student strategy at Michigan has registered at other institutions, and students at the University of Massachusetts, the University of Wisconsin and the University of California have this fall begun to employ similar tactics. The body of experts in the techniques of rent strike and effective negotiation that is now forming recalls the movement toward collective bargaining in labor law thirty years ago.

While the rent strike is the most dramatic device of the new student consumerism, it by no means exhausts the program. Committees now active on campus combine the investigating functions of a consumers' union with the demand for business honesty of a better business bureau and the social attributes of the nonprofit consumer cooperatives. In the last year, the University of Michigan student government has conducted a detailed price survey on personal and school supplies, rousing thereby sufficient consumer consciousness to mobilize the picketing of a popular local establishment because of unfair prices. A more lasting achievement is a store for basic student supplies, sold at cost. This enterprise started on $5,000 and has grossed $90,000 in six months.

The widespread support of this store intensified the student push for a student-faculty operated nonprofit bookstore. At that point the surrounding business community became alarmed, but despite its resistance the bookstore is now being organized.

Recognizing the support available for student-run enterprises, the University of Michigan students this year established the first entirely student-run credit union in the country. Six weeks after its formal opening, the president of the university and the president of the Student Government Council became the union's one thousandth and one thousand and first members. Consideration is now being given to student cooperative grocery, appliance and general merchandise stores.

The breadth and depth of this new area of student concern is directly linked to the fact that the large university is becoming more and more an institution of older students. Thus one-third of the current University of Michigan student population is married; 40 per cent of the enrollment is in graduate school. Increasingly, the leadership of the student consumer movement is being drawn from the older and more experienced militants who can unite the interests of both faculty and students. Students enter this new type of campus crusade for several reasons. For some, it is a way to save money and secure a better quality of goods and services. Others, concerned with the problems of the poor, see the consumer movement as the basis for an alliance for action. The New Left students look on it as an expedient to animate community responsiveness, so that an increasing percentage of those on campus will break with traditional practices.

Whatever the ultimate objective, this newly emerging campus coalition may pose a far greater long-run threat to the Establishment than slogans of "socialism now" or of opposition to the war in Vietnam. In all academic communities, traditionally, the relationship between town and gown has at best been uneasy. The growing challenge to the local bookstores, real estate agents, landladies and druggists is far more likely to touch a sensitive nerve than are anti-war demonstrations. Disillusionment with the military has become widespread in business as well as academic groups, but on most university boards of trustees are men chosen because of their close identification with business institutions and their experience in the conduct of businesses. They are not apt to applaud the emergence of a militant consumer movement, for their own careers have conditioned them to look with dismay at movements aimed to commit a university or its student body to competition with existing profit-seeking businesses, or which seek to disturb the right of individual contract in the market place.

Yet as long as inflation presses in on the students, the consumer movement will grow and take ever more significant forms. For a great many years the cooperative movement has ebbed and flowed on college campuses. Today it has become a new way to give shape and substance to the democratic process, while students gain from it a new understanding of the fields of housing, student supplies and credit unions. If there is any precedent for this revitalized effort, it is that of Scandinavia where such services have for some time been supplied on a cooperative basis. Nonprofit enterprises for selling and lending may appear unglamorous to the outsider but for today's students they are a highly constructive activity. Who knows, they may even continue their concerns after graduation.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Passage to India

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL: A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years. *By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Co. 656 pp. $10.*

JOSEPH LELYVELD

Mr. Lelyveld has served as correspondent for The New York Times *in India and Pakistan. He now reports from New York.*

"I should have preferred arriving, as did the Viceroys, from the sea at the Gateway of India in Bombay and a triumphal train passage to New Delhi, but one must make do with the twentieth century." This first jotting from India of John F. Kennedy's most extraordinary proconsul is as revealing, finally, as it is amusing. For, although Galbraith never does get around to confiding to his diary and its eventual readers why it was he wanted to go to India in the first place, it's plain that he is not going to be satisfied with merely manning an outpost for the State Department. He takes it for granted that he will be a shaper of events, that the subcontinent's encounter with him will prove to be a noteworthy diplomatic engagement.

In less than a week after his arrival, he has already resolved to build not only a swimming pool for official Americans in New Delhi but also India's first atomic power plant and a public-sector steel mill, a schedule of construction worthy of the Moghuls. Before another week has passed, his first luncheon with the Nehru family inspires him to gloat: "We have obviously been taken into the fold in a most agreeable manner." ("Agreeable"—a properly viceregal term of approbation if ever there was one—is his favorite adjective, sometimes appearing on every other page.) His influence will reflect his own prestige and that of the government he represents in roughly equal measures. Beyond any doubt, it means something to be the American ambassador—one especially who regards himself as "a member of the Administration," as he "brutally" informs a nominal State Department superior—just as it means something to be a well-published professor. But that has to do with credentials and he will not stand on formalities.

Thus he is quick to inaugurate a direct correspondence with the young President that is as often witty as (unavoidably perhaps) at least a trifle unctuous. He is quick also to inform Jawaharlal Nehru that he is an amateur diplomat, provoking Nehru, inevitably, to describe himself as an amateur Prime Minister. ("We then chatted about our respective books," he continues, "and Cambridge University in our respective days there.") Two of the world's most urbane and literate statesmen, then, are to be linked by an envoy who is their match in both respects. Diplomacy, it appears, is like a dinner party: if the company is good, it will be a success.

But Nehru disappoints Kennedy; and India, one soon senses, disappoints Galbraith. It is hard to say which happens first, but the turning point appears to come when Nehru visits Washington in November 1961. The visit is the occasion for Galbraith's fourth trip out of India and third homecoming to Washington in only seven months. (These regular excursions away from his post, which eventually become a matter of embarrassment, have an irresistible gustatory appeal. "Rarely have I felt such bliss," he writes after a dinner in Rome. Back in New Delhi a few weeks later he comments: "Nothing repels me so much on returning to India as the food.")

Galbraith calls the first day of the Indian leader's talks with Kennedy "the most interesting day in my memory." The interest would appear to consist wholly in his own proximity to the fulcrum of power, for the encounter between the two leaders becomes, by the lights of Kennedy and Galbraith, a minor social fiasco. Nehru insists on behaving like a distracted head of government from a poor, problem-ridden land who's performing a diplomatic chore in a country on which he is unhappily dependent for economic support. He is unresponsive to the challenges of Free World leadership as seen from the New Frontier and "rather negative" when asked how to solve Kennedy's perplexing Vietnamese problem. Perhaps he thinks he has enough difficulties of his own. In any case, the President doesn't find him inspiring and conversation wanes on Air Force One, which carries the party from Newport to Washington. Kennedy scans official papers, Jackie reads Malraux, Indira flips through *Vogue* and Jawaharlal Nehru peruses the New York *Daily News*.

A few days later Nehru departs for Disneyland and Galbraith stays behind in Washington where he attends a White House party at which everyone has "that fine glow that comes from being 'in.'" India is never to have that glow again during the Kennedy administration, even when the President's wife makes her well-heralded tour of its monuments. And the Ambassador soon becomes restless. Only a year after his arrival we find him asking the President how much longer his "exile" will last. It isn't hard to guess at the sources of his restlessness, for Delhi society is, indeed, unrelievedly tedious, and India at the end of the Nehru era could not help but be "less exciting," as Galbraith finally notes, than it was when he first saw it. But *Ambassador's Journal* does make us guess, for in this book (prodigiously, the fifth that has its origins in his two years as a diplomat) Galbraith is surprisingly uninteresting and even uncommunicative on subjects of some importance to his experiences—India and Indians.

In part, this is deliberate, for he believes it would be a violation of his trust as an ambassador for him to be indiscreet now about Indians he met. Thus we are told that Krishna Menon—whom all Americans and many Indians belabored in those days as a matter of patriotic duty—has been spared a terrible skewering in these pages. But Galbraith has little memorable to say about Indians he admires, including Nehru. He also doesn't burden his journal with reflections on problems of economic development (rather, nondevelopment); only enough to show he isn't taken in by the "breakthrough" and "takeoff point" metaphors that have afflicted so much official discourse. Overpopulation, malnutrition, modernization and cultural loss, social change and turmoil—these are the real issues in India, as an economist and social critic of Galbraith's stature must be fully aware. Yet his mind seems otherwise occupied.

His descriptions of the Indian land and environment—as he tours the country in fulfillment of an ambassador's duty to make copy for the local press—are, at best, minimally engaging. He writes stiffly of visits to romantic places like Bhutan and Sikkim, which takes some doing. Excessive discretion and preoccupation with himself are to blame. But then the diary is intended mainly to be an account of himself as a political activist—"A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years," as its subtitle puts it, rather than of his own time in India.

The strained perspective of exile is, therefore, its greatest weakness. Had Galbraith gotten the wish he tentatively broached to the President and been ap-

pointed to Kennedy's old Senate seat, rather than the New Delhi chancellery, we might have had an essential piece of literature. But for the most part *Ambassador's Journal* comes alive only when Galbraith gets a respite from his Delhi duties.

His repeated salvos at the State Department and Dean Rusk (whose reputation did not survive long enough to be blasted by the publication of this diary) are always on the mark. Rusk, he says, is "a traditionalist" who "thinks that because foreign policy was bad under Truman and bad under Eisenhower, it should be at least mediocre under Kennedy." On Vietnam he is wise and prescient to an uncanny degree, though generally overoptimistic about the prospects that the President or McNamara will heed his advice. A visit to Saigon leaves "a horrible taste" and he warns Kennedy: "Politics is not the art of the possible. It consists in choosing between the disastrous and the unpalatable. I wonder if those who talk about a ten-year war really know what they are saying in terms of American attitudes." Eight years later the question can still be asked: Do they know yet?

The most absorbing section of the diary deals with the Sino-Indian border conflict in the autumn of 1962. Here, at last, Galbraith is where the action is. (Though not at first, for word of the outbreak of hostilities reaches him in London.) To appreciate his performance one has only to imagine what might have happened had the gentleman who was in charge at the American Embassy in Santo Domingo in 1965 been in charge in New Delhi three years earlier. Instead of reading the Chinese advance over the Himalayas as one stupendous refutation of nonalignment and vindication of SEATO, Galbraith grows concerned about the danger of having to sustain "a new, large and extremely expensive ally." In a letter to Kennedy, he remarks: "The Indians are busy worrying about the end of nonalignment. It is we that should be doing the worrying on this."

The diplomatic problem is hopelessly tangled: the United States can't assist India without offending Pakistan, an ally by treaty. Galbraith tactfully presses Nehru to make overtures to the Pakistanis that might help ease this embarrassment. But after a further debacle in the mountains he finds the Indians "pleading for military association" and "yearning for the sight of American uniforms."

It is only when the Chinese call off their advance—to universal astonishment—that Galbraith's "steadying and tranquilizing influence," on which he justly congratulates himself, shows signs of wavering. He proposes what he calls "a semi-military pact" for India's air defense and urges the importance of a Kashmir settlement in order to draw Pakistan into the defense of the subcontinent from the Communist hordes. (Kennedy names the pact GATO, Galbraith's All-Purpose Treaty Organization.) "This is a time of change and we should take it by the ears," Galbraith declares grandiosely, sounding like the "crypto-Talleyrands" in the State Department he despises. It isn't hard to imagine General Westmoreland setting down a similar sentiment in his diary after requesting an additional 200,000 troops for Vietnam in the wake of the Tet offensive.

"It is remarkable," the Professor writes, "how hard-nosed one becomes on China. I used always to take a relatively tolerant view. A few more months and I will be as warlike as anyone." Finally he becomes so taken with the cause of arms for the Indians that he sends a telegram to the Joint Chiefs of Staff fantasying that "if the Chinese should come back and drive the Indian Government to the Andaman Islands, we would then undoubtedly see India as a bastion of the free world and finance it heavily."

This still sounds comical because Galbraith's project was never taken very seriously in Washington. India was just too big a domino. But if Nehru had made a stronger impression on Kennedy a year earlier, or if Galbraith had managed to be more charitable to Rusk, who knows what we might have done in the Himalayas? Galbraith bemoans the "anonymity" of American assistance to India. That is why he wanted to build his steel mill (which the Russians are now building and regretting) and why GATO must have appealed to him. But something should be said for anonymity—if only we still had it in Vietnam.

LIMIT

We have done what we can
for each other:
one abrupt flesh broken
like light upon another.

BETTY ADCOCK

Fortune Cookie

COUNTERBLAST. *By Marshall McLuhan. Designed by Harley Parker. Harcourt, Brace & World. 144 pp. $6.50.*

DENNIS DUFFY
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Anyone attempting to follow the career of McLuhan can find in *Counterblast* an instance of either courage or numbness. Unfazed by the trenchant and thoughtful criticism his theories have received, unwilling to re-examine anything written since *The Mechanical Bride* (his first, best book, which he forswore years ago), he serenely continues to publish his collections of nuggetry, his oracular *bijouterie*.

Bantam put one out, so did Harper, so did McGraw-Hill; it is now Harcourt's turn.

But it could be that the market is shrinking for these costly fortune cookies. The audience that bought *The Medium Is the Massage* and *War and Peace in the Global Village* may have been sufficiently bombarded to balk at buying yet another "book of revelations," to employ the jacket blurb's blasphemy. Connoisseurs of McLuhanisms—instant solutions to ageless problems—will find that they've heard some of these one-liners before and may even conclude that the oracle's utterances don't always add up to a great deal after deciphering.

For example, what does it mean to talk of the "x-ray quality of TV (the inner-trippiness)"? Is TV-watching any more introspective a pastime than movie-watching, bird-watching or masturbation? And what is so inner-trippy about an X-ray? Does anyone really think an X-ray shows the way we look inside? What about X-ray photography as an equivalent to psychoanalysis ("psychology without walls")? Who is more fuzzed-out by that sort of facile comparison—Roentgen, Freud or the reader?

Counterblast, especially when compared with its model, Wyndham Lewis' *Blast* (1914), has little that is revolutionary in it. (How can you describe as revolutionary the message of an era's most invoked thinker?) Still, it illustrates in a more essential form than elsewhere the difficulty with McLuhanism: its determinist stance toward the technological change it analyzes.

The McLuhan apologia, repeated throughout his work, is essentially Freudian, resting upon the assurance that "where id was, there ego shall be." Only by bringing into consciousness the extent and quality of the effects of media change will we be enabled to make the best of what is happening to us. If this is not a flabby determinism, what is it? Unless

is willing to believe that media shifts not always and inevitably alter both e content of the medium and the perptions of its audience, a belief which es against the grain of his system, then cLuhan has to see his efforts as atmpts to mitigate the effects of the derminism in play around him.

Media change inevitably produces hange in the environment—this is McuHan's argument. The choice? Either to op it altogether (impossible in today's orld) or to prepare for its dislocations. he argument is determinist in that it sits a certain order of inevitability, ough that inevitability doesn't extend to very possible effect of media change. ut in a world as shaky as today's, even limited determinism is far from comrting in view of the shock our social nd political systems have sustained from ne new media. Yet *Counterblast* has one the trick and made inevitability uddly.

A figure as concerned as McLuhan with piloting through the currents f the present might be expected to comnent upon the destruction of the nonuman environment, and so he does. In is typically detached manner, he curses pace technology and all it represents: 'Blast Sputnik for enclosing terrestrial nature in a man-made environment that ransfers the evolutionary process from iology to technology." There are surely more feeling comments one could make about the destruction of life on this planet, but McLuhan's works have always been notable for their impersonality, their ability to screen or block feelings through the use of jargon and word play. Given the context, the "blast" is strong indeed!

Compare with this, however, some sentences at the book's conclusion:

> When we put satellites around the planet, Darwinian Nature ended. The earth became an art form subject to the same programing as media networks and their environments. The entire evolutionary process shifted, at the moment of Sputnik, from biology to technology. Evolution became not an involuntary response of organisms to new conditions but a part of the consensus of human consciousness.

Quite a change has come over the thought, with an outraged earth changing from a monument to human folly to a found object in a Pop painting. Here we have in its starkest form that belief in technology which has brought the West to its present condition. The earth will become a gilded ark through technological planning. Running nature through a power grid will humanize the planet. There is nothing new in this; Whitman said it in "Passage to India" and our corporate and academic planners proclaim it in each succeeding chart of the year 2000. The view that technological change, whatever its short-term effects, can always be programmed into doing good on a long-term basis is seductive. McLuhan's talk of art forms allays the fears of his audience that the machines may have gotten out of hand.

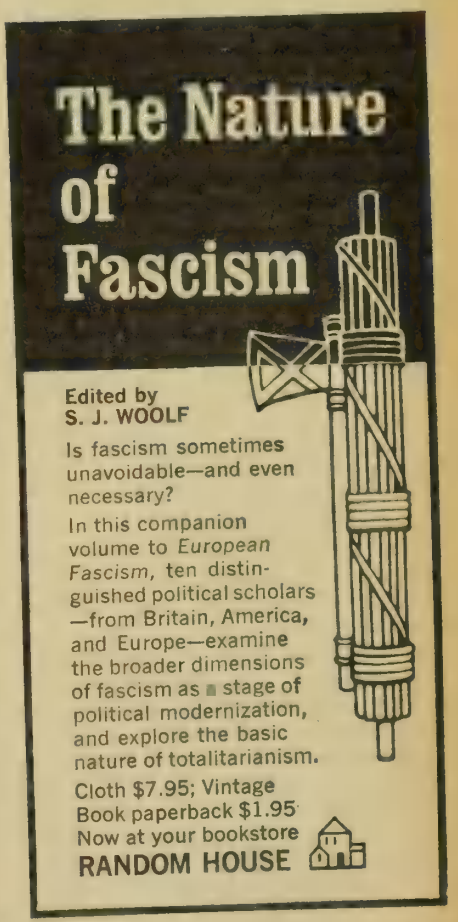
Now we know the reply to anyone speculating about the implications of McLuhan's doctrines as I am; "McLuhan isn't approving all this, silly, but merely describing it. Your messy little moralisms serve only to block perception." This counterblast ignores the most salient feature of the analysis-of-the-present-as-future game as it is played today: the deck is stacked. There can be no such thing as an objective look at the present. The predication of "major trends" and "ongoing developments" reveals the analyst's biases at least as much as it spotlights the concerns of an age. E. M. Forster captured the dilemma of the self-fulfilling prophecy when he wrote in *Howards End* that every newspaper headline screaming "War with Germany Inevitable" made such a conflict that much more likely. Thus McLuhan's message that, essentially, technological change is drawing us closer despite the side effect of destroying every institution we have conceived of, is anything but coldly descriptive, anything but value-free.

Getting down to cases, what assurance have we, beyond blind technetronic faith, that technology and the technological mentality can get us out of the mess they have gotten us into? For example, how much do we know of the long-range effects of even the *anti*-pollutants we are beginning to put in our waters? How irrevocable is the damage done by the DDT habit we are attempting to kick? Does understanding one's predicament always lead to getting out of it?

The questions remain long after the Teilhard de Chardinesque invocation of "the consensus of human consciousness" has been hymned. Human experience in these matters tends to predict that that consciousness has a penchant for comfy, quickie solutions and prophetic salesmen. For a salesman of the continuation of present trends is what McLuhan has become for his audience, however unwillingly he may see himself in this role, however great his private doubts about the future.

The salesmanship lies in the supposedly objective analysis which assures the powerful in our society that their actions are progressive and groovy. Thus we are told that electronic media have decentralized power within and made obsolete the hierarchical structure of our great corporations. Even if true, and there is at least a chance that electronic sophistication permits closer surveillance, the important thing is that improvements in communications media have extended greater power to those in charge of them and that the multi-national corporation, however much room it may have for eccentricity in dress, constitutes the central thrust of American imperialism, which is doing just about anything but loosening its power over people's lives.

For the audience in the schools, academies and media slabs there is balm in Gilead. How comforting to the purchased intellects of the universities, their every work and research pattern revolving about the needs and grants of the corporate structure, to bask in the thought that "the ivory tower becomes the control tower of human navigation." Heady stuff indeed to a middle-management level of society that fantasizes itself—*à la* Galbraith's *New Industrial State*—as a managerial elite because it has demonstrated great skill in preserving a system most profitable to those who own it. Hard narcotic for a culture choking on its artifacts and helpless before the emergence of a million buried angers to be told that the environment is an art form and that we are now in the second phase of the original creation. Well, I think we can find better scriptures for the new age than we have here.



Apples and Applesauce

PRICKSONGS & DESCANTS. *By Robert Coover. E. P. Dutton & Co. 225 pp. $5.95.*

FORTY WHACKS. *By Fanny Howe. Houghton Mifflin Co. 195 pp. $4.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

A few years ago, when I was teaching sections of freshman composition at Harvard, I often got into long, beery discussions with my colleagues about writing. Many of us felt that we should offer assignments which *engaged* our students, topics which got them into and helped get them through their lives and times, topics resulting in essays which cohered around some issue or other, essays which *meant* something to them and their readers. But there were others who would have nothing to do with this utilitarian conception of prose. One guy—intense, cape-bedecked, brilliant—harangued me for hours one afternoon about his private prose passion.

Writing, he said, wasn't *about* anything but itself. Asking a student to write on his responses to radical politics, say, was as bad as asking him to recount his significant summer experiences. We should really be getting him to shape his prose as a *pure* experience of form and structure. The ideal assignment, from my friend's view, would be a description of an apple! That way the writer could really show his stuff: describe a neutral object for its own sake, without connotations or implications, see what kind of a writer he is without being judged on his messy views or values, mold into a private symmetry remote from the hangups of his real life, a shimmering product of undefiled imagination.

Perhaps he was on the cutting edge of the new. Certainly a body of literature has sprung up among us lately—by Barth, Barthelme, Sontag, Gass and their avatar, Nabokov—which reads like the collected papers submitted to my eccentric friend's classes. The latest apple from this tree to drop on our heads is Robert Coover's *Pricksongs & Descants*, a collection of "fictions"—see Borges' orphic, cryptic *ficciones*—which, in Coover's mid-book prologue explanation, are designed to use "the fabulous to probe beyond the phenomenological, beyond appearances, beyond randomly perceived events, beyond mere history."

Coover doesn't care what his characters feel about radical politics, not even what they did last summer; he is concerned with them only as types which put readers on, onto "new modes of perception and fictional forms." To that end he reconstructs fairy tales—"The Ginger-Bread House," "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Little Red Riding Hood" —and Bible tales: Joseph and Mary, Noah's flood. All this is done to blow our minds out of their ruts of conventional responses to traditional formulations, demonstrate to our satisfaction that "anything can happen," in art if not in life.

In his best stories Coover cleverly constructs patterns to contain that thesis. In "The Elevator" seemingly infinite human possibilities are held in the little room of a self-service elevator which "contains them all: space, time, cause, motion, magnitude, class." In fifteen short sequences—some develop earlier actions, others deny them—we learn that the central character either has an uneventful ride or plunges to his death, fights or doesn't fight an office bully, has or doesn't have a girl on the floor of the elevator while it plunges or doesn't plunge.

It's a technique which calls attention to its own artifice, like watching film rushes of the same scene shot several times. However, it is not so original a technique that it requires pretentious prologue explanations from Coover. After all, they do much the same thing every week on *Laugh-In*: create a pattern of disconnected but recurrent *bits* (the Egyptian mummy, the mountain-top guru) which complement and contradict one another in a mindless rapid fire. Coover's demonstration of the theme that "anything can happen" is clever here, but no more original than the theme itself.

Still, even bad ideas and limiting techniques can yield worthy results if they are applied with skill. In his best story, "The Babysitter," Coover shows his stuff. Here the "anything can happen" conception has more plausibility—we are not boxed in a literary symbol (coffin?, orgone box?) as we were in "The Elevator" —and more human dimension. The Tuckers' baby sitter has an uneventful evening. Or, she is raped by two boy friends in either the bathtub or the living room. Or, Mr. Tucker comes home, discovers her with her boy friends, either excuses himself or kicks them out and has her himself. Or, one or another of the children dies. Meanwhile, in a lovely comic topper to all this, at the party they attend, Mrs. Tucker gets stuck half out of her girdle; a party game develops: buttering her and stuffing her fat back in. But others pull the other way and Mrs. Tucker falls apart. This is a narrative *jeu d'esprit* which overrides Coover's questionable aesthetic and thematic motives.

However, all this doesn't seem to m to have much to do with anything, wor help us get through our lives and time We are not asked to be concerned wi resolutions in his characters' lives, b with resolutions in his techniques. Coov has written fine fiction before—*The Or gin of the Brunists* and *The Univers Baseball Association*—fiction which dea with people who create their own fi tions (religion, baseball), then live an die in them. But these novels were l cated in the world, not in the anti-worl of *Pricksongs & Descants* where, if an thing can happen, anything and nothin happens and it all doesn't matter muc anyway.

Things matter very much to he characters, her readers and herself i Fanny Howe's collection of stories, *Fort Whacks*. Girls are hung-up and strun out in a variety of artfully apprehende ways. Though Fanny Howe unlik Coover makes so little of her techniqu seems really just to be telling straigh stories about anxious girls, that doesn necessarily mean that her technique neither apt nor original. Her techniqu in fact, is more than sufficient to he ends: it is in the service of perception about the ways we create and destro not only fictions but one another.

Two of her stories are related fro the perspectives of half-mad, rationali ing narrators. They are as tightly told a Browning's dramatic monologues. Th girl in "Forty Whacks," though not full clear to herself, is worming her way i between two of her friends, breaking u their marriage so she can have the hus band (whom, of course, she no longe wants after she gets him). She keeps careful journal, a record of her self-de lusions, in which she sets down her ma rationalizations for doing things (lik sleeping in her friends' bed when the are away)—(1), (2)—as though care ful, numerical ordering of her motive justified her actions. In "The Other Sid of Lethe" a woman explains to us— precisely and delicately, as though sh were arranging flowers—how she mur dered David, her lover, and was finall released from prison for insanity. Thoug she doesn't mind having killed, she i quite concerned with maintaining deco rum in her discourse. ("David would di if he saw me now. But please excuse tha vulgarity.")

Fanny Howe creates characters wit angular collages of details which catch personality. ("Lizabeth controlling the car as if it were a motorcycle and re quired her shifting weight from side to side. She wore white-rimmed sunglasses, her nails were talons. The floor of the

· was littered with beer cans.") She atly interconnects her stories with otifs of symbols (sea gull), actions hacks) and dialogue so that we have ore than just a collection of stories, as Joyce's *Dubliners*, fragments of a little orld circumscribed in art.

"Dump Gull" is her longest and st story. A lovely, funny, not so comic ic of a girl of feeling, Astrid, who oves from her mother's shaping of her o the world of men. First Patrick, a oe salesman who kisses her instep while ling her shoes, quits his job and goes f to marry her. Later, separated from trick, engaged to Julian, she frees her-lf from her mother at her rich fiancé's gagement party by placing a wax apple her supinely drunken mother's mouth the woman lies stretched out on the or beside the dinner table. (In the ntext of the story, this wax apple is as al as an apple could be!)

Astrid promises to divorce Patrick and marry her fiancé, Julian. However, he, though decent enough, misuses language. So in a perfectly dramatic and alogically sound move, she turns away from him in the middle of her divorce proceedings, turns again to Patrick who, though crazy, used to comfort her by saying "Be loving, Puss." This may not be a rational or self-serving move for Astrid, but that's the way a sea gull over a dump survives, extracts "the sweet piece from the whole mess."

Pricksongs & Descants convinces me that there was much in what my old teaching colleague used to say; there is delight in prose which cleverly contains emptiness. But *Forty Whacks* convinces me that I wasn't wrong in preferring purposeful prose; there is painful truth in Fanny Howe's artful apprehension of people caught in one another and the dilemmas of living.

Reflections of a Pragmatist

PERATIONAL THINKING FOR URVIVAL. *By Lawrence Dennis. Ralph yles, publisher. Colorado Springs, Colo. 34 pp. $5.95.*

REDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Mr. Schuman is currently professor of political science, Portland State University, regon. He is the author of, among other ooks, International Politics, *now in its eventh edition (McGraw-Hill).*

awrence Dennis was for many years friend and neighbor of mine in the erkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. Ve seldom agreed about anything. I enaged him in public debate in many forums in the 1930s. He was then, as I often aid, the "only intelligent American isolationist." I was an "interventionist," not n the sense of advocating recourse to orce but arguing that unless the United tates, Britain and France took effective teps by way of diplomatic, economic nd financial pressures to "deter" and contain" (to use terms of a later vocabulary) the mad ambitions of the then ulers of Germany, Italy and Japan, the nly result would be another world war.

Lawrence disagreed. He contended that American national interests would best e served by a policy of nonparticipaion in wars to come. In retrospect, I m bound to confess, in view of the ad results of U.S. "interventionism" all ver the globe, that a policy of abtention would probably have contributed more to the welfare, health and survival of the human race than the course which Washington policy makers did in fact pursue since 1945—or since 1917.

By way of further identification, Lawrence Dennis (whom older readers of *The Nation* will recall, but younger readers will not) had a distinguished career in the Foreign Service in Romania and Central America; resigned in protest at U.S. policies; worked in Wall Street, and wrote *Is Capitalism Doomed?: The Coming American Fascism* (1935: a book not of advocacy but of analysis and prediction, premature for the 1930s but not perhaps for the 1970s); *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*; and *A Trial on Trial*, a detailed commentary on the absurd "sedition trial" of 1944. In recent years he has published a stimulating weekly, *The Appeal to Reason.*

Dennis' latest book is worthy of careful attention by all American policy makers and opinion makers, along with all citizens concerned with the tragic pass to which we have been reduced by the follies of our rulers. He warns against reliance (to borrow a phrase from George Kennan) on "legalistic-moralistic abstractions," and urges a pragmatic approach to foreign policy in terms of "what works" and what does not work. Thus:

> Two points about war in the nuclear age call for operational rather than moralistic, legalistic, or normative thinking about the challenges faced. In the first place, war in the 20th century has become incalculably bigger and deadlier

IN SESSION

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than it ever was before. It now costs somewhat more than $50,000 to kill a man; in Napoleon's time it cost only $3,000 and in Caesar's day only 75c. War has become bigger in costs and deadlier in consequences. . . . In the second place, war in the middle of the 20th century is serving purposes or performing social functions such as maintaining full employment with continuous economic expansion, which wars of the past were not started, fought or kept up to serve or to perform. . . .

He recalls, with justifiable pride, that he wrote two articles in *The Nation* of March 15 and 22, 1933, in which he argued that devaluation of the dollar would not cure the Great Depression, which (he correctly predicted) would be ameliorated only by military spending and by postwar spending for future wars. Here is much other wisdom on inflation, "defense," and the irrationality of current American priorities.

War and preparation for more war, argues Dennis (soundly, I believe), has become a means toward larger corporation profits, higher wages, and escape from the dilemmas of a mature capitalist economy. "For long run, big, overall purposes, the United States at the end of the nineteen sixties is following in the footsteps of the Fuehrer Hitler." If this sounds Marxist, be it noted that Dennis is and has consistently been an anti-Marxist. Modern war also means "socialism" in the sense of public control of private enterprise and governmental domination of the market (Dennis gives details, facts and figures).

The debacle to which this condition of affairs can lead is deemed probable by Dennis, but not inevitable. It can be averted by a greater measure of realism and rationality. We have behind us a history, this century, of ghastly miscalculations, here recounted in part. Dennis' two appendices are not encouraging. One is a list of "The Wars of England, France and the United States Since 1775." The other, "Is the 'New Economics' A Success or a Failure?," concludes that the Keynesians have done much better than apostles of the old economics, but that their effectiveness depends upon operational, rather than dialectical, thought and action.

A chapter entitled "Semantic Awareness an Essential for Survival" surveys the literature of the problem, beginning quite rightly with *Alice in Wonderland*. Dennis notes that in the natural sciences, including medicine, words have precise and uniform meanings, whereas in politics, law, ethics, religion and the social sciences this is not the case—e.g., "isolation" and "appeasement." There is no viable solution to the semantic problem.

Americans, duly brainwashed with legalism and moralism, are natural believers in monodiabolism. And nothing can more surely or more speedily land a country in a world war or keep it in a state of perpetual war than this monistic cult about evil, sin, or wrongdoing. It is good municipal law. But it is not good world power politics, good international law, good diplomacy and foreign relations or good statesmanship. The only monism about evil that makes sense is one that postulates the total depravity of man or that we have all sinned. And just as any monism about evil is likely if not certain to be fallacious, so too is any monism about good, right or justice. Those terms have meaning and validity only in an operational frame of reference. As plain absolutes or abstractions in no operational frame of reference, they are almost meaningless when subjected to realistic analysis.

Lawrence Dennis is no preacher panaceas. His concern is not *what* think, but *how* to think, about t challenges of the space age. I do n know, nor does Dennis claim to kno whether sadly misnamed Homo sapie is likely to survive his own irrationaliti and brutalities. Prospects of survival w be enhanced if large numbers of peop ponder this challenging book.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In one of his occasional writings Jean Cocteau cites a Chinese proverb: "Genius creates hospitals." Whenever a towering personality appears, a host of lesser men become warped in imitation of the greater one.

Jerzy Grotowski is a genius, but I shudder to think how many misbegotten "Grotowskis" his Polish Laboratory Theatre will spawn. Peter Brook, being a highly gifted craftsman, knew how to popularize certain aspects of Grotowski's art in his production of *Marat/Sade*. Other such adaptations—most of them inept—are already in use and more are sure to follow. To be influenced by a master is natural, but for the most part the result is dilettantism or disaster.

The reason for all such unfortunate developments is that the superficial characteristics of the original model are mistaken for their meaning and value. The artist's inner history, his basic sources, the social and emotional circumstances of his growth, are very rarely operative in his disciples. Thus a new "manner" is contrived, a fashion sold by the insensitive to the ignorant.

I am sure that Grotowski's methods of training, chiefly designed as preparation for his productions, may prove stimulating and constructive for student actors and other professionals, but they do not constitute the essence of his art. For its better understanding one must turn from the theories and formal techniques (a collection of Grotowski's writings and speeches is called *Toward a Poor Theatre*) to the works themselves. Three of Grotowski's productions (none of them more than an hour long) were staged at the Washington Square Methodist Church in New York from October 16 to November 26, for limited audiences: 100 at most; in one case, only forty.

The first of these was based on a Grotowski scenario which he made from a romantically baroque adaptation Calderón's *The Constant Prince*. Th second was *Acropolis*, no more than a extract from a play by the 19th-centu Polish dramatist Wyspianski; the loca and stress were entirely altered. *Apo alypsis cum Figuris*, the third produ tion, was "evolved by its performers und the guidance of the director by means acting exercises and sketches." The sp ken text was culled from brief passag of the Bible, *The Brothers Karamazo* one of T. S. Eliot's poems, and fro something by Simone Weil.

Grotowski is all paroxysm. Thu his is the most contemporary of all thea tres, for it can no longer be denied tha we live in a time of cataclysm. Our ver entertainments mask the face of agony In the internal and outer upheaval, form disintegrate, language decays, communi cation is conducted in jerks. Electric ci cuses serve as temples. Flesh is macer ated. What is left of the soul goes int hiding or cries out in howls in which th difference between mirth and sorro can hardly be distinguished. Even th gayest expressions contain the infernal.

These tendencies were already dis cernible in the expressionist theatre afte World War I. But at that time there wa an element of journalism and propa ganda (especially in Germany) in the outcries of horror. With the end o World War II—in the work of Beckett Pinter, Genet and others—an element o private anguish became apparent, of with drawal into secret chambers of conscious ness where mainly grotesque (sometime muted) signs of agony were displayed a if more overt declarations were somehow indecently sentimental.

As we ordinarily understand the terms, story or plot does not exist in Grotowski's plays. There is only a design of fantastically contorted bodies and symbol-

ally violent relationships hardly continuous with realistically purposive action. The figures move in space which with one exception (*Acropolis*) does not resemble any identifiable environment. We are in a fearsomely imagined Gehenna where laws of time, gravity and natural logic have been suspended.

Grotowski's theatre (I speak of it as a unit because he does not consider himself to be its sole creator) is distinct from its predecessors in the vein of modern artyrdom. The tone and inspiration of his theatre derive from the extermination camp. His productions bring us into the realm of the Last Judgment. *Acropolis* takes place on the labor threshold of mass extinction. The figures are last seen descending into a hole beneath the floor and when they have disappeared under its stovelike cover there flows back a final murmur, "Now we die."

Acropolis may not be the "best" of Grotowski's productions, but it is the most representative. Here the prisoners re-enact moments of the mythical past —Hebrew and Greek—distorting them by the use of the props at hand—metal pipes, rags—so that a wedding ceremony is made hideous and the cohabitation of Paris and Helen is performed by two men. The lines spoken at incredible speed are not dialogue; they are tortured exclamations projected in the direction of another being, but with no shape as personal address. (It has been said that a knowledge of Polish does not make the lines readily intelligible, but it is evident in *Apocalypsis cum Figuris* that they are not meant to be taken as are the lines of an ordinary play; solemn and poetic passages are delivered in a mode which brutally contradicts and virtually obliterates their initial intent.)

In *Acropolis* the executioners and their victims become nearly identical: they are kin. The rhythm of the meaningless tasks assigned them is set by one of the prisoners who plays a violin while their labors are accented by the drumlike tread of their rough boots. This vision has nothing in common with the factual exposé of the Nazi crimes in Peter Weiss's *The Investigation*. There is no redemption here and except for the closing moment —the march to the holocaust—very little pathos.

What we have seen is the tragic farce of civilization's values utterly despoiled. The prisoners themselves have been reduced to savage blasphemy. They are no longer individuals but the debris of humanity. If pity and terror are evoked in the spectator, if his moral sensibility is affected, it is through a kind of impersonal revulsion, from which he recovers as if from an anxiety dream he remembers as something intolerably spectral. One cannot normally sustain or assimilate such experiences.

Still, there is nothing chaotic in the spectacle. The names of Breughel, Bosch, Grünewald are frequently invoked for purposes of comparison; but that is misleading, for there was a sumptuousness in those artists. Grotowski's stage, architecture, costuming are bare. Everything has been stripped to the bone. (It is in this regard that his is a "poor theatre.") The structure of the playing area changes with each new play, so that the spectators are always in a different relation to the actors. Sometimes they look down as into an enclosed pit, sometimes they surround the action at stage level, sometimes they are ranged in a tierlike elevation slightly above. The actors are always very close, but they never move into or mingle with the audience.

Much has been made by various commentators of the company's extraordinary technical achievements in the use of voice and body. They are certainly striking and display training, prowess and command of a most remarkable sort. The voices unfalteringly emit sounds which remind one of the strange leaps of the twelve-tone system, with startling crescendos followed by crushed whisperings that do not resemble ordinary speech. They convey an other-worldly sphere *in extremis*. The lament of the constant prince (the play itself might be called the slaughter of innocence) is so desperate and prolonged as to exceed the bounds of human grief. We have arrived at the point of doomsday.

Yet all this has been given precise form. The exercises of Grotowski are intended to make the actor surmount his supposed breaking point, to stretch him vocally and bodily so that he can hold nothing back; to remove his restraints, those "blocks" imposed by his usual social comportment. He is wracked so that he becomes nothing but his id and thus releases what he primally is. Whether he actually succeeds in this, or whether it is altogether desirable that he do so, is another matter which I have no desire to question or capacity to determine at this juncture. One may say that in this respect the outstanding actor is Rizzard Crislak as the constant prince and as the "simpleton" in the *Apocalypsis*.

To understand Grotowski's form and content as a single process one must consider certain other elements which have gone into its creation. Grotowski is an intensely cultivated theatre artist. He has absorbed Stanislavsky's lessons in regard to acting; he has responded to the impulse in Artaud; he has learned from Meyerhold's precepts on movement, and has felt the impact of the apocalyptic artists already mentioned. In addition and not unlike Brecht, he seeks to establish a certain space between the spectator and the spectacle so that for all their ferocity his plays may be appreciated contemplatively.

Grotowski's art is imbued with strains from Catholic and other litanies and rituals. In *Acropolis*, especially, one hears echoes of Roman and Jewish services, as well as Slavic melodies. It is inescapable that while Grotowski is not a "believer," his is a ritualistic, indeed a religious art. (He has said that he wished his productions to be received in strict silence.) He seeks purification and salvation through their opposites, a return to the humane through the inhuman. We are to be redeemed through hellfire.

Goethe has said that no man can thoroughly capture the meaning of an art form who fails in some knowledge of the land and people of the art's provenance. Grotowski is a citizen of that Poland which was razed and decimated through the Nazi invasion and by the concentration camps which were its concomitants. Born in 1933 he is the witness and heir—as are most of his actors—of his country's devastation. The

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A LANDMARK DECISION

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> . . . The intended *victims* of HUAC took the initiative to bring the *Committee* to trial . . Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, renowned heart researcher, and his assistant, Mrs. Yolanda Hall, filed civil suit to test the constitutionality of HUAC . . . both its charter and its practices over the years.
>
> . . . For four years and through three appeals, HUAC resorted to every possible legal stratagem to avoid this judicial review. They pressed contempt of Congress charges against Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall. They even tried a name change to help improve their image.

But, on August 5, 1969, The U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago, in a landmark decision, *unanimously ruled that this civil suit must be heard.* The court postponed the criminal contempt trial and ordered that, at long last, the *Committee* would have to stand trial, stating:

> "... The judiciary has always borne the basic responsibility for protecting individuals against unconstitutional invasions of their rights by all branches of the Government. The Congress has no more right, whether through legislation or investigations conducted under an overbroad enabling Act, to abridge the First Amendment freedoms of the people, than do the other branches of government . . . we hold that the civil litigation should proceed to the long-delayed trial on the merits."

The Committee, through its government attorneys, in one more attempt to stave off the trial, is appealing this decision to the Supreme Court. But sooner or later, this Committee *will* have to face its past.

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mark of that carnage is on their work. It is an abstract monument to the spiritual consequences of that horrendous event.

And that is why most productions done à la Grotowski must be largely fraudulent. His theatre has roots in a specific native experience. It is organic with a lived tradition which was shattered and defamed by unimaginable iniquity and boundless shame. Where an art lacks the foundation of corresponding realities it is ornament, entertainment or mere pretense.

Countless times I have been asked apropos of these performances of the Polish Laboratory Theatre (in existence since 1959 and still engaged "in research") whether or not I *liked* them. My answer: It doesn't matter whether any of us "likes" them. This troupe is what I have repeatedly called true *theatre*. It may always remain a theatre for the few (I do not refer to snobs), even a cult. Its "message" is well-nigh intolerable and its fanaticism forbidding. But its dedication to its vision of life and art is unparalleled in any theatre of our day.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Plastics used as plastics, rather than in disguise as other materials, are fine for jewelry, utensils, clothes and furniture, but for art there are difficulties. It is no longer a question of whether in principle the new synthetic materials are compatible with fine art; after forty years or so of use there can be no doubt about that. Nonetheless the exhibition at the Jewish Museum, called "The Plastic Presence," is a flop and the reasons are worth attention. First the credits: the show was arranged by Tracy Atkinson and John Lloyd Taylor of the Milwaukee Art Center. After New York, the exhibition will go there and then on to the San Francisco Museum of Art. The show is sponsored by Philip Morris, Inc., and a couple of affiliates. To quote the president of the company: "The artists in this exhibition, with their vision, have shaped a large variety of plastic materials in the medium of fine art. Just so, has Milprint [one of the affiliates], in diverse and experimental ways utilized plastic materials in the field of commercial art." Seldom has the big second-floor gallery of the Jewish Museum looked so terrible.

The first phase of the use of plastics in art, in the 1920s, was linked with the sculptural method of construction, the addition and joining of separate bits and pieces. (This third working method had recently been added to the traditional procedures of carving and modeling.) The combination of a new material, like celluloid or bakelite, and a constructive technique (like engineering, it was thought at the time) conferred a symbolic value on the works. They were regarded as prototypes of what the age demanded; a truly technological style of art.

At the core of the constructivist phase of plastic art, however, was an unsatisfied desire, expressed in a poem by Lazlo Moholy Nagy of 1917: "Space, time, material—are they one with Light?" In 1920, in their Realistic Manifesto, Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner, picked up this topic. They rejected color in art when it was only "the idealized optical face of objects, the external and superficial expression of them." The impulse to handle color or light by equating it with the structure of sculpture, rather than by symbolizing light or by textural play, as earlier artists had done, was hampered by the materials available. Probably it was not until the mid-40s, when Moholy Nagy used *molded* plexiglass for sculpture, that light and form could be said to be joined, as light and glass are a unified visual object.

When Moholy Nagy molded plexiglass art entered a second phase in the use of plastics, a period of sophistication and diversification, as is clear from the present plethoric show. In his introduction, Tracy Atkinson gives an interesting profile of plastics, a bit more technical than most texts on the subject intended for an art audience, which I hope will have the effect of conferring greater precision on future art criticism. He points out also, and fatally, that he has excluded "synthetic resin painting materials" fro his exhibition because "they simply not have the plastic 'presence' to ar where near the same degree as sculptu in the new medium." Thus he bars t one area in which plastics have inco testably contributed to the achieveme of art in a way that is both desirable a technically unique. (Benefits includ color intensity, liquidity and dryi speed.) The physiognomy of the pain ings of Frank Stella (Castelli) and Hele Frankenthaler (André Emmerich), their different ways, are inconceivab without plastics and they do not look the least like oil paint. Plastic paints ha made the kind of difference to Abstra painting that the introduction of ne dyes into pigment made to 19th-centu painting. The English Pre-Raphaeli Brotherhood at mid-century and the Im pressionists in the 1870s had at the disposal a range of colors without preced ent in the history of art. It was a cas in which a technical resource had, afte use, a far-reaching stylistic consequenc and plastic paints have done hardly les

Atkinson and Lloyd are no stran gers to plastics; the Milwaukee Art Cente has an excellent and early founded co lection of light art. However, the fac that many of the light works are made o plastic is not what is interesting abou them. (The presence of the artist count for more than the presence of a ma terial.) Once the decision was made t leave out the best things that "the new medium" has made possible, what fol lows is, inevitably, this show. The dream of Moholy Nagy for a material/ligh equation has been realized in a profusion of gaudy and ostentatious objects. Mos of the artists have an infatuated preoc cupation with visual effects. Their tricks whether gross or neat, of reflection, re fraction and transparency enable them to use light as a medium, and so what. The results are ponderously voluptuous or flashily ornate.

The show is an agglomeration of bana effects with a minimum of content. (By content I meant that property, that knot of symbols, in a work of art, that is continuous with the formal display but not identical with it.) Hence these ob jects are exhausted by our attention: the act of looking is all there is to do. They are crystal balls with only one view or they are television screens when the set is off and the traffic outside is making lyrical lights on the tube. Most of the object-oriented sculptures partake of these faults, but some of the spreading or environmental pieces (Eva Hesse, Les Levine—though his modular piece was shown with too small a sample—and Richard van Buren's scatter of tattered wisps of fiberglas) escape from the prevailing Bronx-Murano aesthetic.

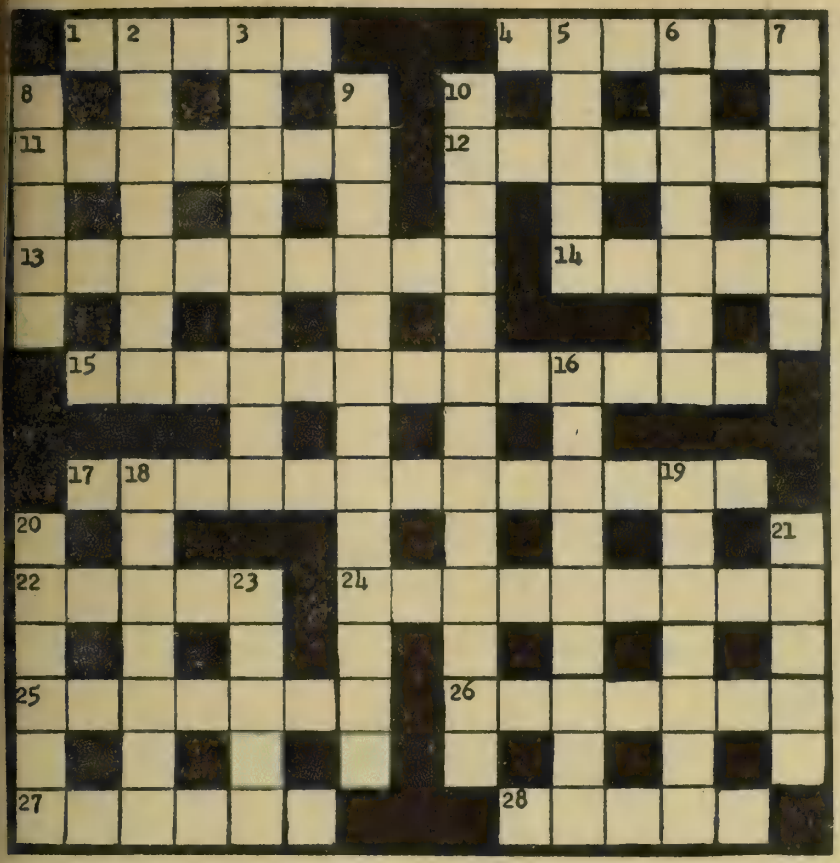
LOOKING INTO MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S EYES

o for a world with a string and a kitten
and the gentle muzzle of the fawn
and colts who trot
and scamper everywhichway
and Tipsy who loves us so much
he pees
and you and I

CARL RAKOSI

Crossword Puzzle No. 1324

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A wooden support directly opposite the middle? (5)
4 Like a blanket with a hole in it, letting in no drop, but putting out no chop. (6)
11 Ruined towns in England should remember this name. (7)
12 It sounds like a vacation trip comes in addition. (7)
13 Impatient drillers might get a real flower. (9)
14 Referring to the beginning, however, offer opposing proof. (5)
15 Looking for those that might slice? The woods would be an appropriate place to find them. (7,6)
17 An answer to how the tightrope-walker does it? It should be in your favor! (6,7)
22 By the sound of it, drinks a couple of times around in error. (5)
24 They just go to show how far we've gone in transportation! (9)
25 And this might keep you going. (7)
26 Hunter of what might be considered a two-eyed sort of shark? (7)
27 They could improve your 17. (6)
28 The part of the mistletoe used in making carpets? (5)

DOWN

2 A nice fillet, and especially in a lover. (7)
3 Sounds as though it implied a relative take-out assigned to an earlier time. (9)
5 Happen to suggest itself? (5)
6 Disappear piecemeal. (7)
7 Attacks with stones, possibly. (6)
8 It might be on a line covered with water. (5)
9 You might translate it into near-Latin, but it's much more world-wide. (13)
10 Put on the nose-bag, as a stout trencherman might! (3,4,1,5)
16 They might be mirages, i.e., likenesses of things. (9)
18 Note from 14 a sort of 22 formally withdraws. (7)
19 What might help the actor dance, possibly giving one a good break. (3,4)
20 A palm's distilled liquid is medically important. (6)
21 A spicy, but incomplete garnish. (5)
23 Some people might be put out if you do. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1323

ACROSS: 1 Surprise; 5 Abates; 9 Ratafia; 10 Durango; 11 Brigand; 12 Nesting; 13 Generation gap; 15 Spring showers; 21 Rio Muni; 22 Accrual; 23 Thin out; 24 Impaled; 26 Begrudge. DOWN: 1 Scribe; 2 Ratting; 3 Refrain; 4 Standard shift; 6 and 25 Burns to a crisp; 7 Tensing; 8 Stopgaps; 10 Denationalize; 14 Tsaritza; 16 Roomier; 17 Neurons; 18 Escaper; 19 Sculled; 20 Sludge.

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End of Separation? CHURCH, STATE AND THE COURTS

GEORGE R. LA NOUE

Nixon's History Lesson
THE MYTH OF REPRISALS

WILLIAM MEYERS

The Holidays: Part One

Kevin Sullivan *on* Frank O'Connor

Anselm Hollo *on* Anna Akhmatova

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LETTERS

false equation

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: With regard to your editorial "Tough Questions" in the November 24 issue, the Emergency Committee for Full Funding of Education Programs is nonpartisan, in that it believes that no administration of the past two decades has adequately met, through the appropriations process, the findings of financial need as set forth in the authorization statutes. If should be noted that for most of the educational programs, the $1.04 billion added to the Nixon budget simply keeps the percentage of entitlement or the dollar amounts the same as in fiscal year 1969.

The term "educational-industrial complex" applied to the activities of teachers, librarians, guidance and counseling personnel and home economists is strained to the point of the absurd, just as is the false equation of $80 billion from the federal treasury for defense activities, with the nearly $60 billion from all sources, public and private, which pay the cost of all levels of American education. The diversity of monetary sources for and the widespread involvement of many independent public and private sources in educational expenditure clearly point up the differences between the two operations. Defense is centralized, with but a very few individuals involved in decision. Educational decisions are literally made by hundreds of thousands of public-spirited men and women, lay and professional.

The plain fact of the matter is that the federal government, through the Office of Education, funding of education under the House version of H.R. 13111 (passed July 31, 1969) amounts to only $4.2 billion or about 7 per cent of the total cost of the education of American students of all ages. Arguments based upon equity can be made that the "federal share" should be closer to one-third or one-half. . . . *Charles W. Lee, Executive Secretary*
Emergency Committee

not dead

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I believe it was a little premature for Larry David Nachman to deliver an "Obituary for SDS" before he produces any evidence of a dead body [*The Nation*, Nov. 24]. He is, I think, correct when he complains that the SDS abandoned its legitimate base on the campus a year or so ago for some mystical alliance with factories and the Third World, but that is expressing a personal gripe, not producing a corpse.

For the last several months, in the course of writing a book on the history of the SDS, I have been doing research on the current campus scene, and it seems to me that the SDS is very much alive. It is splintered, of course; it is as decentralized as ever; it is tripping over the coils of its own ideologies; it is bewildered, frustrated and angry. But it exists. SDS activities at a dozen universities this fall (Yale, Harvard, M.I.T., etc.), as well as in the streets of Chicago and Washington, suggest that as long as student radicalism exists, so will the SDS. . . . *J. Kirk Sale*

wrong pejorative

Martin, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: If Charles Molesworth in his review of Richard Howard's *Alone With America* [*The Nation*, Nov. 17] is quoting James Dickey from the *Tennessee Poetry Journal* (Robert Bly issue; Winter, 1969), then he has the quotation wrong. What Mr. Dickey said of Mr. Bly's work was not "disgusting" but "pitiful." As far as I know, this is the only "recent one-word comment by James Dickey" in print. . . . *Stephen Mooney, Editor*
Tennessee Poetry Journal

EDITORIALS

The War System

There is nothing that the American public relishes more than the opportunity to wallow in a sty of pseudo-moral discussion. When something happens to tarnish our national image of moral excellence, we try to restore its pristine brilliance (which never existed except in our imagination) by rituals of public atonement led by priestly commentators. This would be a good thing if it resulted in a lasting change of heart, but it is as ephemeral as the frontier evangelism from which it is derived and which went hand in hand with the slaughter of Indians. After every major ghetto riot of recent years such exhibitions of piety were the rule, and they lasted about as long as the headlines.

At the moment we are luxuriating in the emotions aroused by the Song My massacre which, on the word of the Thieu government, never occurred. Here we accept the evidence that it did. The American public, on this premise, has split into two camps. One holds that it is just another Communist plot, that those shot were all Vietcong and deserved their fate. The other seeks expiation by punishing the guilty. Who, then, is guilty? Lieutenant Calley, who commanded the platoon? Captain Medina, the company commander? Lieutenant Colonel Barker, who was killed later in a midair collision? Or Colonel Henderson, the brigade commander, who declares that he never heard of the incident while he was in Vietnam but who now is beginning to believe that it did indeed occur?

We find ourselves unable to get into the spirit of this discussion; we are not interested in finding scapegoats. However, if we were to ascribe guilt, our preference would be to start well up the ladder, as at Nuremberg. A War Crimes Commission of our choosing would begin its investigations with former Vice President Nixon who, in company with Admiral Radford and Secretary of State Dulles, wanted us to go to the relief of Dienbienphu, reportedly with nuclear weapons if TNT would not suffice. That insanity was overruled by President Eisenhower, who may therefore be exculpated. President Kennedy is beyond the reach of earthly tribunals, but he began the escalation in part to cover his humiliations at the Bay of Pigs and in Vienna. A star defendant would be President Johnson, who was responsible for the major escalation, after assuring the voters that he would do nothing of the kind. Robert McNamara went along, Nicholas Katzenbach furnished the legal underpinning. McGeorge Bundy was another high-level operator until he jumped off the bandwagon, while W. W. Rostow stayed on.

Not to be neglected, also, are Dean Rusk, next to John Foster Dulles the chief crusader against communism. And of course generals and ex-generals—all members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in particular General Westmoreland who has just prepared the ground for a stab-in-the-back rationalization by asserting that if we had persisted in bombing North Vietnam we would probably have won the war by now. And General Taylor, who encouraged President Kennedy's intervention. We would also include

in the indictment all those American intellectuals who beat the anti-communism drums until they got what was implicit in their agitation, namely, the war in Vietnam, and then were horrified by their ideological handiwork only because the military could not manage to win the war. And the companies that have made money out of the war all these years, the labor leaders who supported and still support it, the legislators who have competed for military contracts. It is hard to know where to stop.

For the moment, then, it might be better if we left morality out of the discussion. It is our intellectual dishonesty that should be examined. Why didn't the American public question those "body counts" which persist to the present day? Whose bodies? How did we think we could intervene in a civil war and not kill civilians? Did we think that the South Vietnamese torture and liquidation of prisoners shown here on TV were unknown to our own military? In what sealed dimension of time and space have today's soul-searchers and scapegoaters been living since 1954?

Nothing could be more senseless than the distinctions we are now trying to make in order to justify our indifference to the consequences of our actions in Vietnam. It may be "more savage" to kill civilians by rifle or machine gun than to obliterate a village with a bomb from the air, but to the civilian victims the distinction is meaningless. Given the fact of our intervention, it is not relevant that the Vietcong have committed "atrocities." We should stop looking for scapegoats in high or low places. And we should stop trying to make distinctions between this war and that. General Sherman said that war is hell. What war has not been, with only the reservation that some, adventitiously, are more hellish than others? What about the senseless bombing of Dresden in which 150,000 were killed or the atom bombing of Hiroshima? The war system itself should be the focus of our indignation, not its incidental variations and degrees of hellishness. There is evil enough in this system to keep our moralists preoccupied for the balance of the century if they will but concentrate their attention on it.

The New Politicians

The "silent" Americans who have been down on the "kids" lately would do well to look in the other direction once in a while for their villains. If they did, they would discover a U.S. Army Major, in uniform and with the apparent approval of Army Chief of Staff Gen. William Westmoreland, criticizing elected members of Congress.

Major Rowe, in his capacity as a one-man, pro-war Pentagon public relations man, has been utilized by at least twenty-six Congressmen to film twenty television interviews and cut six radio tapes for playback at home stations of the Congressmen. On several shows the Major has questioned the patriotism of Sen. George McGovern (D., S.D.) and has cast doubt on statements by Sen. J. W. Fulbright (D., Ark.) and former Sen. Wayne Morse (D., Ore.).

The Major's criticism of Sen. George McGovern, which appears in at least two of his political tapes, stems from the Senator's appearance at the Washington Monument

IN THIS ISSUE

December 15, 1969

EDITORIALS

650

ARTICLES

654 Nixon's History Lesson: The Myth of Reprisals — *William Meyers*

656 End of Separation? Church, State and the Courts — *George R. La Noue*

659 Regular or Premium? The Octane Numbers Game — *A. Q. Mowbray*

661 Dogma from Cleveland: Infiltrating the Curriculum — *Terence Sheridan* and *Donald L. Barlett*

664 Statehood for Micronesia — *Ernest Gruening*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

666 Akhmatova: Selected Poems Akhmadulina: Fever and Other New Poems — *Anselm Hollo*

667 Fowles: The French Lieutenant's Woman — *Annette Grant*

668 O'Connor: My Father's Son — *Kevin Sullivan*

668 Lacuna (poem) — *Robert Morgan*

670 Books for Children — *Ned O'Gorman*

670 Flying (poem) — *Stephen Mooney*

672 Gift Books — *Sherman Paul*

673 Records 1969 — *David Hamilton*

675 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

676 Film Scene at Pula — *Curtis Harnack*

676 Jenifer (poem) — *Stanley Cooperman*

678 Winter Afternoon (poem) — *Harold Isbell*

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THE NATION *Volume 209*
No. 21

peace rally. The Major asked whether the Senator (who, by the way, is a decorated World War II pilot) cherished the American flag or the Vietcong flag.

The Pentagon-sponsored Major is a greater threat to the traditions of America—where an Army career and political activism are not supposed to mix—than are several million rebellious youths who are opposed to dying in Vietnam. But the Major doesn't see it that way. He says: "We are entering into an ideological conflict where politics and the military are married into one. If someone says you can't speak and stay in the military, I would resign. . . . The thing is, you're going to have to choose sides."

The surprising thing is that no one has asked Major Rowe to resign. On the contrary, Col. Lloyd L. Burke, an Army legislative liaison officer and Rowe's boss, stated recently that General Westmoreland "knows of all his [Rowe's] activity on the Hill and approves of it." According to a *Washington Post* article, Westmoreland had a private fifteen-minute interview with Rowe after the Major was brought to Washington from Fort Sill, Okla. And it didn't end there. Bernard D. Nossiter, writing in the *Post*, reports that "the House Armed Services Committee was impressed with the Major's story and arranged a meeting at the White House between Rowe and President Nixon on November 12. They were closeted for twenty-five minutes."

A review of the Major's activity, and the approval it is getting from his Commander in Chief and from the Army's Chief of Staff, makes it appear that the United States military has finally succumbed to the temptation to enter politics. Considering its close association with military dictatorships around the world, it is not surprising that it has caught the disease. What is surprising is that the Administration appears to be encouraging the sickness rather than performing an immediate amputation of the offending limb.

By accepting uniformed military political activists as allies against loosely organized civilian dissent, President Nixon is messing around with forces that have submerged more clever and farsighted leaders than himself and destroyed nations as proud as is America of their democratic traditions.

Pleasant Reading, for a Change

In this era one must be grateful for snippets of good news, and in the past few weeks several such antidepressants were bunched together. Even cumulatively they provide no basis for loud cheers, and separately considered each case induces reservations. Just the same, they are small reliefs, gratefully recorded.

The coincidental items were President Nixon's decision to resubmit the forty-five-year-old Geneva Protocol, dealing with chemical and biological warfare, to the Senate for ratification; the signing of the nonproliferation treaty on nuclear weapons by West Germany; and the American agreement to return Okinawa to Japan in 1972.

As to the first, Mr. Nixon made a unilateral declaration that the United States would never resort to biological weapons, even in retaliation. This sounds good, but actually it is not much of a sacrifice. The microbes which cause pneumonic plague, anthrax and other high-mortality diseases are as ineffective a weapon as can well be imagined. In general, bacteriological weapons are as great a danger to the user as to the prospective victim, so it is hard to see why the Joint Chiefs would have liked to retain them except that, on principle, they are opposed to relinquishing any item in their variegated arsenal.

It is not certain that the earlier signatories to the Geneva Protocol will accept our belated acquiescence. Chemical warfare is also banned under the treaty, and apparently we have no intention of giving up the use of so-called riot-control agents in Vietnam or wherever they may suit our purposes. While these gases are in themselves nonlethal, they are commonly used to flush enemy troops from underground shelters, so that they can then be killed by high explosives. Published figures show that in the last five years, the Army has procured more than 15 million pounds of CS and CS-2, which are among the most potent agents in this category. Herbicides are another borderline application. The Army has defoliated 4.5 million acres in Vietnam, including a half-million acres of cropland.

The timing of Mr. Nixon's announcement indicates that he wanted to divert attention from the Song My situation, which has done grievous damage to the U.S. reputation abroad, and the obvious political implications are certain to detract somewhat from the act itself. This is another instance of Mr. Nixon's eternal addiction to politics—it is often so obvious as to be at least partly self-defeating.

The Okinawa action, which provides not only for the return of the island to Japan but also for surrender of the U.S. right to store nuclear weapons there and to conduct combat operations from Okinawa bases without Japanese approval, was essential if Premier Eisaku Sato hoped to stay in office. On the strength of the concessions he obtained in Washington, he has already scheduled general elections for December 27. Actually much more than Sato's political future was at stake in the Nixon-Sato negotiations. If Sato had returned without Okinawa, the U.S.-Japan security treaty relationship would have been a casualty. As it is, the United States retains military bases on Japanese territory, including Okinawa. Come what may in Vietnam, the American beachhead in Asia is unimpaired.

The decision of the West German Government to sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, after three years of acrimonious controversy, may augur well for the SALT talks in Helsinki. West Germany became the ninety-second nation to sign, and other nations, including Japan, may now follow its lead. But formal ratification by West Germany awaits clarification on the question of control over nuclear research and development, which bears importantly on future electric power development in Europe. The West German Government has notified every government with which it has diplomatic relations that it insists on continuing work on peaceful uses of nuclear energy, and that it must be protected, through NATO or otherwise, in any future nuclear war. The signing of the treaty is therefore only a projected step, although an important one, in curbing the spread of nuclear weapons.

Greece and the Council

On December 12, when the Foreign Ministers of the Council of Europe meet in Paris to decide whether or not to suspend Greece, they will have read the Report of the European Human Rights Commission. This long-awaited, 1,200-page study finds that the Greek Government tortures political prisoners as an "administrative practice," that there was no danger of a Communist overthrow of constitutional government on April 21, 1967, and that the military regime has violated all the articles of the European Human Rights Convention cited in the original Scandinavian complaint of September 1967.

Despite these findings, the suspension of Greece is not at all certain. A two-thirds vote is required, and the past weeks have been marked by considerable diplomatic activity. The busiest nation has been the United States—not even a member of the eighteen-nation organization. It has been vigorously lobbying for the colonels, first urging the Scandinavians to drop the case, now telling its NATO partners that suspending Greece might so irk the colonels that strategic U.S. bases in the Aegean would be in jeopardy. It is most improbable that Greece would quit NATO in a huff; more likely, expulsion from the Council of Europe would be followed by demands for ejection from NATO. Neither the Greek military nor the Nixon Administration would care for that.

More than half the report is devoted to Article 3, which prohibits torture. Despite the legal style of the text, the horror of the situation comes out in extracts of testimony describing sexual tortures, the *falanga* (bastinado), electric shock, etc. The jurists were unanimous in their decision: "The commission has found it established beyond doubt that torture or ill treatment contrary to Article 3 has been inflicted in a number of cases." Most important, the commission found that these were not isolated acts but part of an official system.

The other article on which the commission concentrated was Article 15, which allows a member state to depart from some of its obligations under the Human Rights Convention (though not Article 3) "in time of war or other public emergency threatening the life of the nation." The Greek Government argued that on April 21, 1967, there was danger of a Communist take-over and a crisis of public order. On this the report states: "There is evidence indicating that it was neither planned at the time nor seriously anticipated by either military or police authorities." Losing this point, the Greek Government rather ingenuously argued that bombs and "illegal" resistance *after* April 21, 1967, had produced a "public emergency" justifying the state of siege. The council rejected this argument also.

After finding that Article 15 did not apply, the HRC declared the Greek Government to be in violation of the fundamental freedoms guaranteed under the convention, such as freedom of expression, association, right to fair trial, effective remedy, inviolability of home and correspondence, etc. Though the applicant governments had not cited Article 2, the right to life, the commission pointed out that a number of persons had died under torture and that Article 2 had also been violated.

The confrontation at the Council of Europe has made U.S. policy on Greece clear. It was always obvious that such individuals as Maj. Gen. Samuel Eaton of the U.S. Military Mission and James M. Potts, head of the CIA in Greece (who is notorious in Athens for his comment about Papadopoulos, "He's my boy!"), were openly pro-junta, but the White House and the State Department insisted that their policy was "neutral," their role "marginal." Washington's basic concept has always been that the colonels themselves should "evolve" toward "more democratic practices." After nearly thirty-two months of this regime, Greece is no closer to elections, no closer to the rule of law than it was the day after the colonels took over. Greeks can only draw the conclusion from Washington declarations of "neutrality" that if they want freedom, they must gain it through armed struggle, a bloody civil war.

Dissent in Boston

On Sunday, November 30, the Boston *Herald-Traveler* ran a column from *The New York Times* syndicate in which music critic Harold Schonberg compared Vice President Agnew's recent speeches to the reaction of a performer who has received bad reviews. One wonders whether the *Herald-Traveler* management appreciated the irony: Schonberg's column was substituted at the last minute for a scheduled article by George Gelles, the *Herald*'s regular music critic, who had been suspended a few days earlier following several negative reviews of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Public uproars over music criticism have not been unusual in Boston; since the appointment of Michael Steinberg as critic of the *Globe* six years ago, Boston has had access to some of the most literate, informed and courageous music criticism in the country, but it is no secret that the trustees of the Boston Symphony and other interested parties have often longed for a return to the Pollyanna notices of earlier days ("Brahms and Tchaikovsky were played and a good time was had by all"). Last spring, Steinberg shared an award as the best music critic in the United States, and the *Globe* was entitled to some self-congratulation for its unwavering support of a controversial but valuable civic asset.

In September, Boston's "other" paper, the *Herald-Traveler*, appointed a new music critic, George Gelles, a professionally trained musician with background and qualifications similar to Steinberg's. Since Gelles had written for other Boston papers over the previous four years, his knowledge, skill, literary style and the general tenor of his approach can scarcely have been unknown to the *Herald*. Indeed, the encouraging inference might have been drawn that the presence of one serious reviewer had induced a major competitive paper to follow suit. With two such pens at work, the standpatters of Boston's musical establishment would find it more difficult to dismiss Steinberg as a solitary crank.

In early November, a series of unfavorable (but by no means parallel) reviews of the Boston Symphony in both papers once again brought out the letter writers, and elicited a telegram from the orchestra members asking their management "not to welcome" Steinberg at their concerts. Management declined to withdraw the

Globe's press tickets, but promised to pursue the matter with the newspaper; it evidently learned that the *Globe*, as before, stood behind its critic. However, after Gelles' third adverse orchestra review of the month, the *Herald* informed him that his pending reviews would not be printed; then that he was not to cover the next orchestra concert (it was given out that he was sick); and, finally, that he was through as music critic.

Nothing Gelles said in the apparently offending reviews had been questioned as to factual accuracy, nor did any of it exceed the boundaries of legitimate comment. But given the Symphony's willingness to "pursue the matter" of Steinberg, one can imagine a similar willingness to approach the *Herald* about Gelles, whether or not the reliably attested threat of advertising withdrawals was actually made. The *Herald*'s cold feet certainly did not result merely from a stack of subscriber mail.

The official reason given for the suspension was that the publisher felt Gelles "was not competent to handle the job," and he had therefore been reassigned to cover other cultural events of a nonmusical nature. When a spokesman for the paper was questioned about the improbable circumstance that a fully trained musician should be considered competent only on nonmusical subjects, he declined comment. Leaving aside the question of how this supposed failure to measure up to the *Herald*'s standard was discovered only after the publication of some unfavorable reviews of a powerful institution, one still wonders whose standards of newspaper publishing the *Herald* seeks to meet—perhaps Mr. Agnew's?

NIXON'S HISTORY LESSON

THE MYTH OF REPRISALS

WILLIAM MEYERS
Mr. Meyers is a New York attorney and businessman.

In the attempt to justify the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, those responsible for the action have created a mythology of catastrophic proportions. Future historians will be appalled by our rewrite of the Geneva Agreements of 1954, particularly our conversion of the 17th Parallel from a line separating two parts of one country into something quite different. To find successive pretexts for continuing the war, we have moved from one discredited thesis to the next. On November 3, President Nixon treated us to a new one: reprisals. We are told that if we try to get out of Vietnam "precipitately" (undefined) we shall jeopardize the lives of those we leave behind. Many will accept this argument because of a mistaken notion as to what happened in Vietnam in 1954 and what is likely to happen today.

On July 20, 1954, the French and Vietnamese signed an "Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities." Article 2 stated: "The period during which all forces of either party shall move into its regrouping zone on either side of the provisional military demarcation line shall be completed within 300 days from date." Article 15 (c) stated: "Each party undertakes to refrain from any reprisals or discrimination against persons on account of their activities during the hostilities and to guarantee their democratic liberties."

On a recent trip to Hanoi (*The Nation*, December 8), I talked with some of the people who implemented the decrees. On October 1, 1954, Ho Chi Minh issued Decree No. 218, ordering that no reprisals be taken against those who had collaborated with the enemy during wartime. Those who had been prosecuted were to be released and granted democratic rights. I spoke at great length to Vu Dinh Hoe, Minister of Justice, one of the signers of Decree No. 218, and the man responsible for enforcing it. His job was primarily educational. He sent teams into each of the localities of the four zones in which the North was divided. Three categories of people were affected by the decree: Those who had been sentenced were released; those who had been prosecuted were not sentenced; those who had been accused of crimes were not formally charged. Mr. Hoe said that the decree had been successfully carried out within three months of its promulgation. I spoke also to Nguyen Trac, chairman in 1954 of the Tribunal in the Fourth Zone, who corroborated the situation as described by Mr. Hoe.

The report of the International Control Commission indicated that there were some violations, but that "on the whole, they had been vastly exaggerated by Diem for propaganda purposes." I found no evidence of what Mr. Nixon, in his November 3 speech referred to as "massacres which followed their take-over in the North fifteen years before" (referring to 1954). Documentation of the International Control Commission, statements by its staff, literature either out of Saigon or any pro-Administration source clearly indicate that the contrary is true. Nixon is wrong in stating that "a million and a half Catholic refugees fled to South Vietnam." The authorities agree that the number was no more than 500,000. Frank Traeger, a strong proponent of the Johnson-Nixon policies, wrote in 1966 that 861,000 persons left the North for the South. Bernard Fall also wrote in that year that "860,000 persons went South, 500,000 of them Catholics." These figures are accepted by all the authorities in the field.

Mr. B. S. Murti, of the staff of the International Control Commission, confirms that the Hanoi government cooperated fully, even to the point of supplying food and money; and that a considerable number of Catholics remained. (There are a large number of Catholics in the North today.) Many people were frightened into going South by their priests who not only told them that "the Virgin had gone South" but also that the Americans would

drop an atomic bomb in the North. Coral Bell in *Survey of International Affairs* (published for the Royal Institute in 1957) comments: "A number of English observers were critical of the methods used in the campaign and doubted whether the peasants concerned fully understood the realities of the situation or indeed wished to move." Altogether, this is quite a different picture from that described by Nixon.

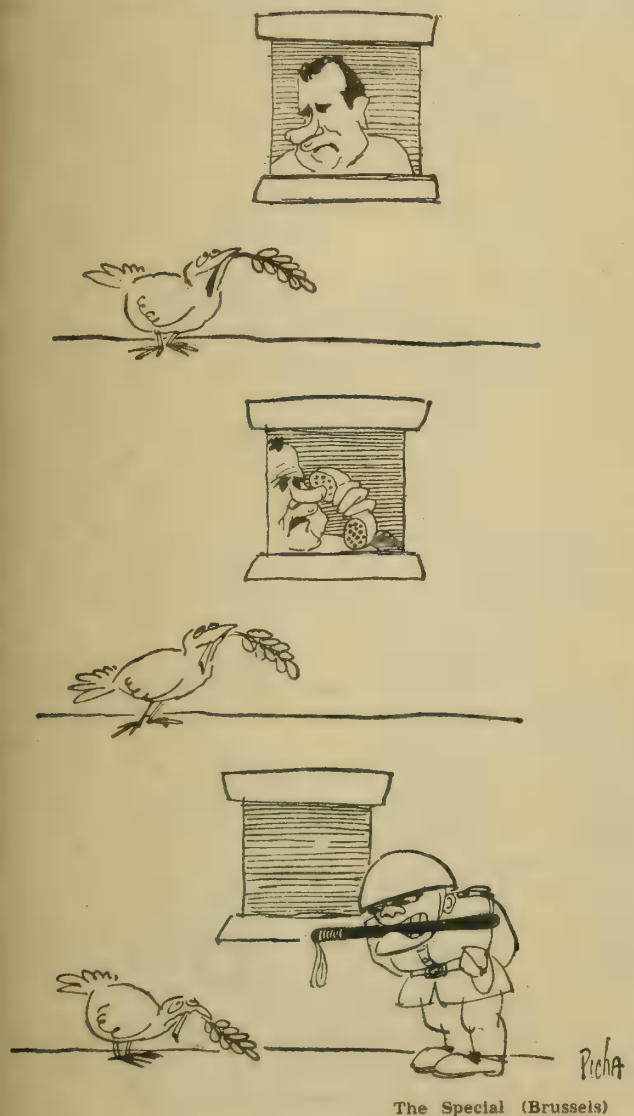
Nixon's next statement is even stronger: "They then murdered more than 50,000 people and hundreds of thousands more died in slave labor camps." There is absolutely no evidence of the latter assertion. As to the former, if Nixon is talking about deaths that occurred in 1956-57, it is clear that some deaths did occur because of forced expropriation policies, but certainly not in the numbers Nixon indicated. However, at the end of 1957, the government re-evaluated its policies and this situation was corrected. (1)

His remarks on Hue, where 3,000 civilians allegedly were killed, are certainly questionable. Conversations with leaders at Hanoi, as one would expect even though one would credit their sincerity, produced a different version. Our own press seems to question the Nixon version, as evidenced in an article in *The New York Times* of November 25, 1969:

> Saigon, South Vietnam, Nov. 24 (AP)—Enemy troops who seized Hue during the 1968 Tet offensive "eliminated" nearly 2,900 Vietnamese, according to a captured enemy document made public today.
>
> Disclosure of the document by official sources here came as the United States Army continued its investigation into an alleged massacre of between 100 and 567 villagers by American troops on March 16, 1968.
>
> One United States source conceded that cynics would see the sudden disclosure of the document as an effort to offset North Vietnamese and Vietcong charges that American troops had committed mass murder. But he said that the document had been unnoticed in United States military files for about 19 months until last week when a writer asked to see captured documents.
>
> "I know it sounds incredible, but that's the truth," he said. . . . (2)

What is perhaps most interesting about Nixon's discussion of his new pretext, is what he does not say about the situation in the South in 1954 and the years after. The records show no substantial reprisals in the North, but a shifting of 860,000 people (500,000 Catholics) to the South. The story in the South is altogether different. The massacres by Diem, a paid ally of the French from 1954 to 1963 and then of the Americans, resulted in the deaths of hundreds of thousands and the ultimate incarceration of a third of the people in concentration camps (according to Sen. Edward Kennedy, among others). I spoke to Phan Lac Tuyen, an officer in the Diem army, who cited a series of laws promulgated by Diem which resulted in a police state second to none.

Mr. Nixon's language on November 3 certainly served to inflame rather than instruct. The Democratic Republic of Vietnam is referred to only as the Communists; South Vietnam is designated as South Vietnam. Reading his speech, one would get no idea that Vietnam has existed as one country for centuries. No one would guess that as many as two-thirds of the population in the South



The Special (Brussels)

(1) Writing in *The Christian Century* of November 5, D. Gareth Porter and Len E. Ackland say that complaints investigated by the International Control Commission disclosed no evidence of reprisal killings on a scale that could possibly be called a massacre, let alone a "blood bath." They note also that the killings which did occur were in connection with the land reform program, that by mid-1956 Ho was aware that the program had been a disaster, that he dismissed Truong Chinh, primary advocate of an extreme, "Chinese" policy in agriculture, and launched a "campaign for rectification of errors."

(2) One of the authors of the *Christian Century* article previously cited was in Hue shortly after its recapture. From interviews with officials in the city, he learned that the Vietcong arrived in the city with a very short list of names—mostly special police—marked for execution. A much longer list contained those—soldiers, police, government functionaries and employees of the Americans—who were to be placed under observation. It was not until late in the siege of the city, when the Vietcong knew that it would have to get out, that a considerable number of these were killed. "The mass executions perpetrated [in Hue] were not the result of a policy on the part of a victorious government but rather the revenge of an army in retreat."

may agree with the Northerners, and that many families have members in both parts of the country. Few Vietnamese would heed his ultimate call for inhumanity of a most callous sort, his Vietnamization policy that calls for Vietnamese to kill Vietnamese.

All of Hanoi's leaders to whom I spoke talked of the need for reconciliation amongst all Vietnamese. The coalition they call for is broad enough to include representation from all groups, including even members of the Thieu-Ky cabinet. I believe that it is their intention to re-enact what was in fact the nonreprisal policy of 1954 at the end of this war. If Nixon were serious about his eagerness for peace, and if he were also serious about his fear of reprisals, he would be talking about the need for reconciliation. If he thought that some method would be necessary to insure proper safety, a reconstituted International Control Commission would be surely acceptable to Hanoi; in my discussions, it was considered as a possibility. Instead, the President conjured up a bloody specter in the future to excuse and justify the blood that is being spilled today, tomorrow and for as long as myths are permitted to prolong this war.

END OF SEPARATION?

Church, State and the Courts

GEORGE R. LA NOUE
Mr. La Noue is associate professor of government and education at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Since World War II, there has been a radical transformation of church-state relations that has passed almost unnoticed. Church and state are linked today in a whole series of federal programs. Indeed, under current laws and operating practices, a church institution can obtain its land from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare via the General Services Administration; its mortgage insurance from the Housing and Home Finance Agency; its food from the Department of Agriculture; its wine from the Department of the Treasury; and its prospective members from the Office of Economic Opportunity. Should it encounter an act of God, the church institution can turn to the Small Business Administration for a disaster loan. This is something less than separation of church and state.

There is no need for a conspiracy theory to explain this departure from the separation tradition. It is simply that many men in many programs made pragmatic and political decisions until the principle was overwhelmed. Madison and Jefferson's separation of church and state is, after all, an 18th-century concept of limited government that does not fit easily into the operation of a welfare state. For example, when the Hill-Burton Act of 1946 put the federal government into the business of financing hospital expansion, it certainly seemed practical to include the 13 per cent of the hospitals that belonged to churches. Similar decisions were made as new housing, foreign aid and educational programs were created. In the struggle to increase public services, liberals found that churches were valuable allies; conservatives, loath to multiply public bureaucracies, preferred to fund church and other private agencies to carry out the new programs. Churchmen were not only pleased to offer their institutions' services as a matter of social conscience; they also intensively lobbied for the privilege, as a matter of financial necessity. Beyond money, in an era when the existence of God is questioned in clerical circles, churches gain prestige and a sense of purpose from participating in federal programs.

What does the Supreme Court think of this abandonment of the principle of separation of church and state? We have only clues, since the Court does not render advisory opinions and previous cases have not dealt with federal programs. Nevertheless, in opinions on other questions, Justice Black has suggested that tax aid to church colleges is unconstitutional, and Justice Douglas, after listing many of the federal activities involving churches, tersely concluded: "I think it an unconstitutional undertaking whatever form it takes."

These programs, nevertheless, appeared to be forever immune from legal challenge. In 1923, in *Frothingham* v. *Mellon*, the Court adopted the sensible rule that being a taxpayer did not give one sufficient enough stake to initiate litigation regarding federal expenditures. Consequently, even if Congress had made a direct grant to a particular church, there seemed no way to bring the issue into court. Yet the Establishment Clause was specifically designed to protect citizens from being taxed for religious purposes, so last year in *Flast* v. *Cohen* the Court made a special exception to the *Frothingham* rule to permit taxpayer suits against federal programs which allegedly aid churches. Before these cases arrive, however, the Court has decided to straighten out the old question of whether the churches themselves should pay taxes.

Like most tax questions, the issue of ecclesiastical exemptions is enormously complex, both legally and fiscally. Nobody is even certain how much money is at stake. A *CBS News* special last year reported that taxes on church property would amount to $1 billion, but that nice round figure looks suspiciously inexact. Martin A. Larson, in *Church Wealth and Business Income* (1968), suggests that church property totals $102.5 billion, which if taxed at ordinary rates would produce $6.5 billion in federal and state revenue.

Estimates of the yield of proposed taxes are notoriously optimistic, but exemption for churches extends considerably beyond the property tax privilege. Tax loopholes for churches are scattered throughout state and federal revenue codes. Although clerics pay income taxes, they do not have to include church-provided living quarters or cash

housing allowances as income. Nor need they pay Social Security taxes unless they choose to, and their religious employers are exempt from unemployment taxes. Gifts to churches, whether the donor is alive or dead (estate taxes) are privileged deductions. Churches are exempt from excise taxes on musical instruments and jewelry used for religious purposes; even when they promote a gentle vice (lotteries), they need not pay federal wagering taxes.

However, the most controversy has been caused by the fact that churches are permitted to engage in ordinary secular business without paying income taxes. The sharpies have discovered this gimmick: new "churches" have been set up to run businesses and old churches have found themselves "owners" of businesses under lease-back arrangements. The parade of horrible examples has become so long that even the men who must balance the church ledgers are embarrassed. In the last two years, spokesmen for the major Protestant denominations, joined by Catholics and Jews, made statements favoring the end of exemptions on church-run secular business, though their generosity has not followed their logic to the point of paying taxes on stock profits (where the real money is). Nevertheless, volunteer taxpayers are a rarity and the IRS and Congress quickly accepted the churches' offer. The tax reform bill, which at this point has passed the House and the Senate Finance Committees, would gradually phase out the churches' privileges as business owners. On at least one tax issue, then, it seems that church and state are about to quietly compromise.



Render Unto IRS

That sets the stage for the next step. Last June, the Court announced that it had accepted for review the case of *Walz* v. *Tax Commission of the City of New York*, which involves the exemption of property used for *religious* purposes. Civil liberties lawyers were stunned. Four times before, in 1956, 1961, 1963 and 1966, the Court had refused to hear such cases. Now in the middle of the new Congressional debate about church taxes, the Court had elected to decide a case that had not received a single dissenting vote in three lower courts.

Frederick Walz, an elderly lawyer, bought a 22 by 24-foot piece of Staten Island in order to create a $5.24 property tax that would give him standing to sue. His insistence on arguing his own case finally led the ACLU (despite deep differences within the organization on both tactics and principles) to offer its services, so that the issue could be seriously presented. On November 19, Edward Ennis, Chairman of ACLU, made the oral argument to the Court. Mr. Walz's other supporter is Madelyn Murray O'Hair, who initiated one of the cases that ended public school prayer and Bible reading and who now claims to be the "sole spokesman" for 6.5 million non-believing Americans. After reading her brief, Mr. Walz may have recalled the saying, "With friends like that who needs enemies?" He has, of course, already made legal enemies in abundance. Opposing his suit are no less than the City of New York, represented by J. Lee Rankin, who is the former Solicitor General of the United States; thirty-seven states, and the National Council of Churches, the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops and the Synagogue Council of America.

Most professionals concerned with church-state problems are convinced that Walz will lose, although respectable arguments can be made for his position. The Supreme Court has previously defined the Establishment Clause as forbidding "laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another." Tax exemption is certainly a form of aid, but it is very unlikely the Court will require taxation of religiously used property.

What is in doubt, however, is the kind of rationale the Court will use to uphold the practice. This is a tricky matter because the adoption of a particular position in this case may determine future Court decisions on church-state problems and influence the responses of other courts and governmental agencies to other religious issues.

The lower courts appeared to be convinced by the fact that this kind of tax exemption is an ancient practice, deeply embedded in local custom, but a lazy judicial historicism is not in itself sufficient. Practices with equal historical validity, segregation, school prayers and malapportionment, have recently been barred by the Supreme Court. Nor can the Court follow earlier state decisions that upheld exemption on the ground that church charitable activity would otherwise have to be provided by the state. The *quid pro quo* won't apply here, because the tax in question is on religiously used property, and worship is not a function the state can constitutionally perform. A more subtle position is the defense of tax exemp-

tion because of the value of churches as a civilizing agent. Any judicial statement in that direction could be expanded by others to argue for more direct governmental encouragement of religion. While recognizing the historical and cultural significance of religion, the Court nevertheless made a firm commitment in the school prayer cases to a philosophy of legal neutrality between religion and irreligion.

This leaves the principle of separation of church and state itself as the best reason for exempting church property. But isn't tax exemption really the same kind of establishment of religion that a grant to a church would be? Not quite. Churches benefit from both, but the church-state relations are very different. Under the exemptions, churches must appeal for support to the conscience of their members, not to the state. Grants depend on regular legislative and administrative action, which necessarily engages churches in contests for political power (even to the point of blocking public programs which do not include them). That is exactly what separation was meant to avoid. Exemptions minimize church-state contacts; indeed their removal would involve the government in the sticky business of assessing church property and occasionally auctioning it off for nonpayment of taxes. The National Council of Churches' brief expresses this separationist rationale by saying: "The First Amendment is in perfect balance. It forbids the State to give to or take from the Church."

If the Court accepts this position it will be a signal to the lower courts now confronting suits over legislative grants to church-related institutions, and it may be the clue that explains why the Court went out of its way to decide this strange case. If the Court, at the same time that it moves to restrict the tax funds which church agencies have been receiving through public programs, also protects the religiously used property of the church from taxation, the blow will be softened. This kind of judicial concern for religious sensibilities has occurred before. In 1963, on the same day, the Court eliminated public school prayers (*Abington*) and affirmed the right to unemployment compensation of a Seventh Day Adventist who had lost his job through a refusal to work on Saturday (*Sherbert* v. *Verner*). Last summer, when the court opened the door to suits against federal grants to church institutions (*Flast*), it upheld, again on the same day, state provision of textbooks to parochial school students (*Board of Education* v. *Allen*).

Two major kinds of institutional aid should arrive in the Supreme Court in the next two years: aid to church-related colleges and support of parochial schools. Cases are already in the courts in Vermont and New Jersey on the validity of state loans to church colleges, but the critical case will be *Tilton* v. *Finch*. There the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Jewish Congress are using the new privilege granted in *Flast* to support a taxpayer who is trying to halt federal funds at four Connecticut colleges: Albertus Magnus, Annhurst, Fairfield and Sacred Heart. (These are all Catholic; the colleges that Protestants founded in the 18th century no longer have church ties.) Edward Bennett Williams has been hired by the colleges and Leo Pfeffer is the attorney for the plaintiff. Oral argument that will try to document the actual religious practices in the colleges began on December 2 before a three judge federal district court. No matter who wins the first round, the other side will surely appeal.

Also coming up the judicial ladder are cases involving the use of public funds in parochial schools. Last spring more than twenty states experienced conflict over this issue that embittered local elections and tied up legislatures. More than 90 per cent of all students in private education in this country attend Catholic parochial schools; great issues of money, educational values and equality of opportunity are at stake.

From 1940 to 1960 Catholic school enrollment grew three times faster than that of public schools, but recently it has begun to decline slowly. Other private school systems are booming, but the movement of Catholics to the suburbs, growing division within the Church and the defection of the teaching clergy have had negative effects on parochial schools. The bishops are worried; parents are apprehensive; legislators are feeling their concern and wondering themselves about the cost to the state if many Catholic schools should close.

Reflecting these anxieties, the Pennsylvania state Assembly last year passed a new kind of law (since copied in Rhode Island, Ohio, Connecticut and pending in Michigan) to prop up parochial schools. A part of horse-racing revenue was set aside for payments to private schools for the teaching of sciences, for languages, mathematics and physical education, the theory being that the state was merely purchasing a service. This act is now being challenged in the U.S. District Court of Eastern Pennsylvania by the State Council of Churches, the Jewish Community Relations Conference, Americans United for Separation of Church and State, and the ACLU.

These organizations have traditionally been interested in religious liberty questions, but this law has broader implications. In order to provide a patina of constitutionality, the legislature had to include nonsectarian private schools in its provisions. These schools are often wealthy academies like the 726-student Penn Charter School, which despite its $3.7 million endowment, four gymnasiums, two swimming pools, and a separate parking lot for juniors and seniors, will receive $57,000 under the state program. By adopting the purchase of service theory, the legislature has committed itself to subsidizing the high per-pupil cost of the prep school, while the traditionally low-budgeted parochial schools are not receiving nearly as much as they expected.

There is a grimmer aspect. To fund this program fully, allotments to urban public schools were cut, even though some ghetto children in Philadelphia attend double sessions and the school year may have to be reduced for lack of money. Escape from these conditions, as well as integration, are, of course, reasons why the white middle-class private schools are growing. The circle is vicious and the Pennsylvania State Educational Association and the NAACP have also joined the litigation to stop it.

On the other side, the Commonwealth is naturally supported by the Pennsylvania Catholic Conference, the Jewish Day Schools and the Association of Independent

Schools. They concede that it would be unconstitutional to finance religious education, but they argue that the particular subjects being aided are secular. Even if that is true, Justice Douglas has pointed out:

> The most effective way to establish any institution is to finance it: and this truth is reflected in the appeals by the church groups for public funds to finance their religious schools. Financing a church either in its strictly religious activities or in its other activities is equally unconstitutional, as I understand the Establishment Clause. Budgets for one activity may be technically separable from budgets for others. But the institution is an inseparable whole. . . .

Even if the parochial schools were to win this case, they might lose in the long run. To obtain tax support, they must get the courts to agree that they are providing a public service. But institutions that provide a public service with public funds are increasingly bound by a whole series of constitutional interpretations regarding discrimination and due process. Justice Jackson once said:

> But we cannot have it both ways. Religious teaching cannot be a private affair when the state seeks to impose regulations which infringe on it indirectly, and a public affair when it comes to taxing citizens of one faith to aid another, or those of no faith to aid all. . . . If the state may aid these religious schools, it may therefore regulate them. . . .

Yet if a parochial school cannot use religious criteria to select its students, faculty and curricula, what is its reason for existence? In the long run the price of state aid is secularization.

Church agencies that control public funds in educational, medical or housing programs cannot be permitted to discriminate religiously or follow sectarian restrictions. They will become secular holding companies for the carrying out of legislatively determined activities. Except in unusual circumstances, do we today really need to have churches manage such public programs? It might be a sounder policy to preserve churches as independent, voluntarily supported centers of moral concern about the goals of man and society. Why not preserve the separation of church and state?

REGULAR OR PREMIUM?

THE OCTANE NUMBERS GAME

A. Q. MOWBRAY
Mr. Mowbray is the author of Road to Ruin *and* The Thumb on the Scale *(both J. B. Lippincott).*

The men of the oil industry, whose recent public works include the slick along the Santa Barbara beaches, and whose plans for improving Alaska include a 48-inch pipe line 800 miles long from the north coast to the south, have also been laboring to prevent the Federal Trade Commission from making a fool of itself over a thing called the octane number of gasoline. To appreciate the scope of the oil men's public service, one must first understand octane number.

The mixture of gasoline vapor and air in the cylinder of an automobile engine should burn evenly and smoothly. The flame should move steadily outward from the spark and sweep through the cylinder like a ripple on a pond. Sometimes, however, after the flame has consumed only part of the mixture, the remainder flashes spontaneously like a miniature explosion. This tiny detonation wastes power, and can damage the engine. The motorist hears it as a sharp "ping" or knock. The way to prevent this knock is to increase the octane number of the gasoline.

In their eager search for higher horsepower, engine designers usually resort to higher compression ratios, which means that they squeeze the fuel-air mixture more tightly in the cylinder before igniting it by the spark. As compression ratio rises, the tendency to knock increases, so a higher octane number is demanded of the gasoline. High-performance engines thus require higher-octane fuel. This is why the beetle gets along fine on "regular" gasoline, while the V-8 bomb thirsts for "premium."

Since it is the key to good engine performance, high octane is first in the oil men's thoughts. Indeed, in exchanges of gasoline among the various brand-name producers, which occur regularly as one facility or another suffers from a brief shortage, the octane number is often the only basis for barter. One can see tank trucks with various brand names painted on their sides drawn up at the same pipe-line terminal and feeding from a common dug. So many gallons at a given octane number.

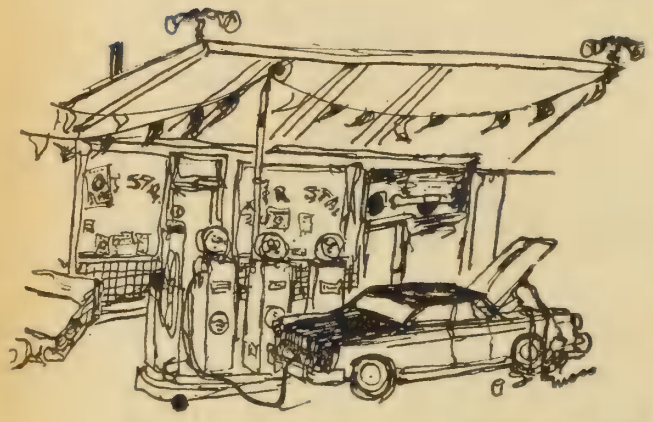
High octane is also expensive. It costs the petroleum industry about $150 million per year to increase the rating by one number, from 94 octane, say, to 95. The cost to the motorist is roughly a penny per gallon for each unit increase in octane number. Typical "premium" gasolines, with octane ratings around 100, cost about 6c more per gallon than typical "regular" gasolines, with ratings around 94.

The American Society for Testing Materials (ASTM), the authority in this field, names octane number as the most costly element in gasoline production. The industry is also proud of high octane. Sun Oil Co. is now advertising that its "260 blend" will give you the highest octane number available in any gasoline station. Getty is touting its single-grade gasoline—no regular, *all* premium—"the finest premium gasoline money can buy (every gallon 100 octane plus)."

The motorist, however, should not get carried away with the notion that a sufficiently high octane number will make his old bus fly like a kite. He should use the lowest octane number that prevents knocking in his engine. As one petroleum expert puts it, octane number is

like vitamins—once you have enough there is no gain in paying for more. Beyond that, it is a civic duty to fill up with just the right octane number. If it is either too low *or too high,* the car pours abnormally high pollution out of its tailpipe. According to the National Air Pollution Control Administration, a fuel too low in octane will produce more smog than it should, and one too high in octane will fill the air with highly poisonous lead fumes.

Now back to the Federal Trade Commission. Some weeks ago, the FTC officially observed that the petroleum industry does not tell the motorist the octane number of the gasoline he buys. The words "regular" and "premium" on the pump mean only that the octane number, allegedly, falls somewhere within an ill-defined range of values. This the FTC called "unfair" and "deceptive," and it announced its intention to force service stations to post the "research" octane number right on the pump,



so that we can all count the stripes on the tiger going into our tank.

The petroleum people were jolted by this threat to their habitual reticence on trade matters and, during the three-day hearing held by the FTC on its proposal in the middle of October, top officials from most of the oil companies hurried to Washington to explain carefully that the FTC proposal is unwise and unworkable. For one thing, said Standard Oil's C. R. Elder, Jr., posting of the octane number would exaggerate the importance of that single measure of quality, causing the consumer to turn his back on all the other fine qualities of gasoline on which the petroleum industry has lavished so many advertising dollars. Things like good mileage, fast starting, clean carburetors. At one point in his testimony, apparently carried away by the virtue of his cause, Mr. Elder stated flatly that "octane rating is not indicative of gasoline quality."

The specifications for gasoline published by the ASTM give, as the other qualities of gasoline: volatility, corrosive properties, sulfur content, gum and residue. ASTM puts these qualities in perspective by stating that "specifications covering anti-knock quality and volatility define the general character of a fuel. The other requirements limit minor components of undesirable nature to concentrations so low they will not have an adverse effect on engine performance."

One other attribute of gasoline is mileage. The miles he gets per gallon is a point of pride with every car owner. Knowing this, the oil companies spend untold millions on uncounted hours of public air time to push mileage as a benefit of this or that brand. Yet Phillip S. Meyers, a professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Wisconsin and this year's president of the Society of Automotive Engineers, told the FTC that miles-per-gallon "does not vary markedly between typical commercial gasolines."

Refiners also add pinches of this and that to their brew to affect storage stability, detergency, carburetor icing and other aspects of gasoline performance. These additives comprise a world of utter mystery to the consumer who can only wonder vaguely whether it is possible that Mobil knows something that Humble does not.

Having made their point that octane number is not the *only* measure of gasoline quality, the oil industry experts neglected to recommend the next logical step: a regulation requiring that *all* the major quality characteristics be posted. Instead, they went on to a second argument for keeping octane numbers pleasantly vague. It was presented by a Mobil Oil vice president, Joe E. Penick. If the consumer understood the meaning of the octane number, said Mr. Penick, then perhaps the FTC might have something. "But it is safe to say that the consumer does not understand octane and, likely as not, he attributes meanings to it that bear little relation to fact. Compulsory posting would further mislead him."

But the American people believe in nothing if they do not believe in education, and it is easy to visualize massive advertising campaigns, sponsored by the petroleum industry, saturating the nation's television viewers with facts about octane. Still, the oil men worry that giving the motorist too much information about the octane number of his gasoline would lead him into the error of believing that higher octane is always better. This could end only in what several of them termed an "octane numbers game" at the service station. The petroleum industry is well known for its aversion to games of any kind, and for its meticulous efforts to suppress the tendency of some operators to run their stations like bingo parlors!

The oil experts had one final carp. The so-called "research" octane number, which the FTC proposed to write on the pumps, is measured in a laboratory under precisely controlled conditions, and does not necessarily tell the motorist what the actual octane rating is for his particular engine under a given set of road conditions. Here again, however, industry spokesmen pointed the way out of the difficulty. Leo A. McReynolds, a Phillips Petroleum official, told the commission that his company "recognized over a year ago that research octane number was not an adequate measurement of how a gasoline performed in the automobile of the consuming public." His company knew that "we could give the customer the most for his money and dependable, consistent performance by manufacturing our gasolines with octane quality control on the basis of road performance." To accomplish this, it is using "a combination of research and motor ratings to arrive at a predicted road octane performance." This, said Mr. McReynolds, "is distinctly of benefit to the consuming public."

This line of thought was confirmed by other industry witnesses: Francis C. Moriarty, Marathon Oil Co., told the FTC that "road octane tests closely describe how a commercial gasoline is likely to perform in the average motorist's car." Walter Famariss, Jr., president of the American Petroleum Refiners Association, stated categorically that "the only true test of gasoline quality is road or performance octane." The solution is so plain that one wonders how the oil men missed it. The FTC should simply change its proposed regulation to require the posting of the "road" octane number, rather than the "research" number.

Sun Oil's Theodore A. Burtis offered the commission an alternative to its proposal—"custom blending." This system is based on eight "custom blending" numbers, from 190 to 260, which are posted on the Sun Oil pumps, and which give the motorist a choice of eight blends. The meaning of the numbers is known only to Sun Oil and to God, but it is probably safe to assume that the octane number of the gasoline increases with the blending number. Mr. Burtis outlined the following gasoline shopping scenario to the commission:

> We recommend this approach: try the recommended fuel: if it is satisfactory, try the next lower priced blend; if that is also satisfactory, go another step lower; if the car knocks, then go back up a blend. In this way, each motorist will end up with the proper octane for his automobile, as proven in his own car, without having to buy a fuel of higher octane, and at higher cost, than he needs.

The solid wisdom of this advice, to anyone who understands octane rating and its central role in engine performance, is inescapable. Only one small revision seems necessary; remove the mystifying and confusing "custom blending number" from the pumps and replace it with octane number. This apparently did not occur to Mr. Burtis at the moment.

L. E. Kincannon, Rock Island Refining Corp., told the commissioners that the motorist himself is "the best judge of a gasoline's quality, based upon the performance in his own car." If he hears his engine knocking, he will know that the octane rating of his gasoline is too low and that he "should move up to a higher octane." Mobil Oil's Joe Penick said that the solution would be to "switch to a higher grade or perhaps even to a different brand." All excellent advice, but how is the motorist to follow it unless he knows the octane rating of the gasoline he proposes to buy?

All these things must by now have occurred to the representatives of the petroleum industry—even to Mr. Famariss, whose parting words to the commissioners admonished them to look elsewhere for salvation: "If the Federal Trade Commission will withdraw this proposal, I can assure you the good old spirit of red, white and blue free enterprise will give the public the best gasoline possible at bargain prices."

DOGMA FROM CLEVELAND

INFILTRATING THE CURRICULUM

TERENCE SHERIDAN and DONALD L. BARLETT

Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Barlett are investigative reporters for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cleveland

Few things are as impressive as dedicated bankers and industrialists, the silent minority, in hot pursuit of a mission. When Sputnik went up spectacularly in 1957, Cleveland's corporate elites sat down quietly to assemble an educational strike force to fight communism. The result was a businessmen's $14 million Tinker Toy, the Educational Research Council of America (ERCA), a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization which does little research but a lot of propagandizing of "moral and spiritual" values.

ERCA materials are used by more than 250,000 students in twenty-five school districts. The participating school districts include nineteen in suburban Cleveland (the schools in Cleveland itself have declined to sign on, despite some subtle pressure by the business community) and six from other states—Bradford, Pa.; Brockton, Mass.; Muskegon, Mich.; Niles, Mich.; Owatonna, Minn., and Summit, N.J.

In addition, millions of other students in all fifty states use textbooks developed by ERCA, which has received and spent some $14 million in the last decade, much of the money coming in the form of tax dollars from the school districts, contributions from tax-free foundations and tax-deductible donations by prominent businessmen and major corporations.

When formed ten years ago, the council was called Educational Research Council of Greater Cleveland. It had fewer than thirty employees and a budget of less than $400,000. Today, with a new name and offices sprawled across more than 50,000 square feet on six floors of the Rockefeller Building in downtown Cleveland, the council employs about 230. The free-spending council, lately living in the shadow of controversy, went through $3.6 million last year.

School districts that are members pay a percentage of their operating budget to ERCA, with the maximum figure at 0.6 per cent. Council officials say the maximum will eventually rise to a flat 1 per cent. Fees levied during the 1967-68 fiscal year ranged from a low of $7,000 for Owatonna, Minn., to a high of $33,623 for Brockton, Mass.

In the council's first annual report—made possible by a $100,000 seed-money grant from the Cleveland

Foundation—it was noted: "We live in an age in which military peril and ideological conflict relentlessly challenge our most cherished democratic concepts. If we are to meet such a challenge successfully, our schools must do their part by rising to higher levels of purpose as well as excellence."

It soon became clear that ERCA's chief concern was ideology, not gifted use of slide rules. Dr. George H. Baird, council founder and $37,000-a-year executive director, summarized those higher levels of purpose in a 1966 meeting of ERCA trustees and school board members: "The [school] superintendents said that moral and spiritual values should be brought into the curriculum. It was logical and right that these values be brought into the curriculum in the field of social sciences. As a result the effort is being made." The values, as defined by the corporate fraternity, were predictable: My country right or wrong, the work ethic and an omniscient God to endorse establishment values.

One of the largest contributors, the Cleveland Foundation, has awarded the council grants totaling some $615,000 from the time it was organized in 1958. Every year since then, ERCA has had at least one trustee serving with the Cleveland Foundation; as many as three ERCA officers and trustees have been associated with the foundation at one time.

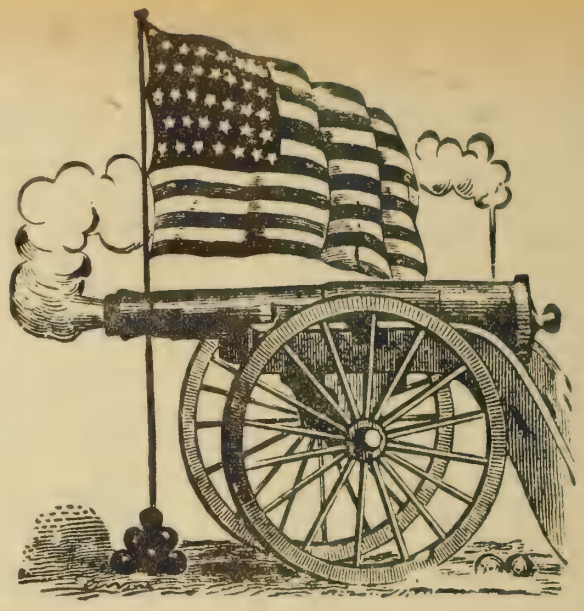
When the foundation midwifed the council, the late George Gund, vice president of ERCA, was president of the Cleveland Trust Co., and chairman of the foundation's trustee committee. Harry F. Burmester, one of four organizers of ERCA and board treasurer, was president of Union Commerce Bank, one of the four Cleveland banks then responsible for management of the foundation's assets.

Raymond Q. Armington, president of Triax Co., was appointed in 1965 to the foundation's five-member distribution committee, which selects recipients for grants. He has served as ERCA president and has been a council trustee since 1959. He is currently chairman of the ERCA board and a member of the foundation distribution panel.

When the foundation gave $88,000 to the council in 1966, Armington was on the distribution committee, Gund was chairman of the trustee committee and Burmester was a member of the trustee committee. And all were ERCA board members.

Another example of philanthropic inbreeding is the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Foundation, which has made grants to ERCA. It is headed by Ralph M. Besse, board chairman of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co. (CEI) and one of the organizers of ERCA. He has served as either vice president or vice chairman and secretary of the council since 1959.

Besse, professional industrialist and amateur poet, played prophet in a 19-page summary of a book, *The Ruling Masses*, that he said would never be written. The summary was about power and was written in 1951. Bound in a plain brown wrapper and entitled, "The Role of Power in the Future Course of Western Civilization," the summary was given to the Cleveland Public Library in 1955. In it Besse wrote:



To those who have the ability and the inclination to manage others, there is a satisfaction in power—in its development, its use, its very existence—unmatched by any other emotion.

The control of institutions is normally in the hands of just such men—able, energetic and ambitious. This is the stuff of which successful management is made, whether it be management of a religious, political, business, welfare or labor institution.

Wary of the masses, the CEI president opts for enlightened leadership, as expressed in his poem, "Rubaiyat for Moderns," also presented to the Cleveland Public Library:

The lesser blessed must seek the sage's sight
Like tiny tendrils reaching for the light.
Why else would God give man alone the power?
To blind divine-like justice with his might.

And to the masses, a word from an able, energetic and ambitious corporate leader:

The opiate of leisure fogs the mind
Of misled men whose leadership is blind
Forgetting what their heritage has taught
They let their right to work become confined.

Thus value teaching as a tool to fight communism is at the base of ERCA. At the 1967 meeting of council trustees and school board members, Dr. A. B. Bonds, president of Baldwin-Wallace College, warned: "There are apostles of discord abroad in this land. . . . A pattern has gradually become apparent to me to suggest that there are deliberate efforts afoot to disrupt the total school system of this beloved country of ours.

"I despise and reject the specter of McCarthyism, but I must say to you that we must be especially vigilant in the days ahead because public schools are the next target of these apostles of discord and those of you who labor there are in for trouble."

Later, Dr. Baird, one-time director of research for the Shaker Heights schools, was asked about the apostles of discord. He said: "The central committee of the Communist Party has decided that the logical place to make an attack on America is through the school board and

education." Joe McCarthy's specter must have been mollified by Dr. Baird's interpretation of Dr. Bonds.

An ERCA handbook distributed to social science teachers urges, as one of the course's objectives, the "appreciation of the concept of the American nation, indivisible, under God, extending the blessings of earned responsibility and freedom under law to other nations."

To every donor goes a thank-you letter from Baird. When Harry L. Jackson, president of the Lubrizol Foundation, sent in $15,000, Baird wrote: "As you know, we are striving to bring thousands of youngsters under a curriculum that communicates values while it makes them competent citizens, and, Harry, we are succeeding little by little." In a letter to Arthur Holden, Baird comments on a $75,000 donation from the Martha Holden Jennings Foundation: "We are trying to build the best possible program in social science so that the youngsters of today will be the right kind of citizens tomorrow." Richman Bros. Co. received this social insight for a donation of only $300: "Nationally, rioters are, in general, non-readers, and non-readers can be led easier to do wrong things than readers."

But while ERCA was sailing along, teaching values and making readers of potential rioters in suburban schools, something went awry. Inept bookkeeping, under the direction of Leonida (Coca) Romanos, former Romanian newspaper man, one-time wine salesman, resident financial expert and close personal friend of Baird, put the council in a fiscal crunch. Romanos, co-founder of the council, is a high school dropout who was once described by Baird as a product of three European universities. His credentials to be second in command at the council appear to be that he is Baird's friend and that he has written an anti-Communist manifesto, "This World War III," as yet unpublished.

Also, ERCA's social science material, in its haste to inculcate all those seemly values, took a short cut through scholarship and produced a distorted view of minority groups. Slavery in elementary texts, for example, is curiously idyllic. Slaves are viewed as a commodity much in demand by benevolent cotton and tobacco growers. The master is genteel and the slaves sing a lot.

Two years ago Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corp. (EBEC), an affiliate of *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* paid ERCA $1.2 million to buy its way out of a contract that called for publication and nationwide sale of ERCA textbooks. The underlying reasons for the rejection, according to sources close to both the council and Britannica, were that ERCA social science textbooks were largely "lily white" and that the few references made to minority groups were considered paternalistic at best, racist at worst. The contract disaster sparked an executive explosion at Britannica that blew EBEC president William Benton out of his job.

Asked about the treatment of minority groups, social science program director Raymond English, British-born former chairman of the Department of Political Science at Kenyon College and an ex-major in the British Army, replied: "It's not racist. It was simply a 1950s approach rather than a 1960s approach. Some things slipped in, but unless you are sensitive to those things you don't notice. We work fast here. You can't spend time inspecting your navel. You got to get the stuff out."

Responding to ERCA's recent financial crisis, the Martha Holden Jennings Foundation, which shares offices with the Cleveland and Greater Cleveland Associated Foundations, commissioned a secret, $20,000 study of the council by a five-man team of Harvard educators, headed by Dr. Herold C. Hunt, Eliot Professor of Education at Harvard and former superintendent of Chicago schools.

The 140-page report charged that director Baird was "engaging in fiscal brinkmanship" and that the council's "administrative management is not satisfactory, at least on the financial side of the operation." The report pointed out that school districts which are council members pay three times for materials produced by ERCA. It stressed that there "will be a need for cash donations of something approximating $3.3 million by the end of fiscal 1970."

The team found that, over the last six years, the council has spent from 138 per cent to 191 per cent of its annual earned income, and estimated the council's operating loss for the current fiscal year at $1,835,420—nearly double the loss of last year.

All this, needless to say, distressed the corporate leaders, particularly banker Burmester, who had boasted in 1965: "We operate on budgets and we will not spend more than we receive. I want to pay a compliment to our financial staff. We have a very competent staff."

Yet the Harvard study was admittedly restricted and definitely in-house. No attempt was made to conduct a detailed audit to show where the money was going or to evaluate curriculum material. The team said its "over-all evaluation of ERCA as a curriculum development center is generally favorable. The work deserves to continue—in some form."

When a copy of the secret documents was leaked to the press, Besse and colleagues reacted predictably. They hired Selvage, Lee & Howard, the nation's sixth largest public relations firm, and called a press conference, during which they blithely repudiated such parts of the report as displeased them. However, ERCA board chairman Armington expressed the sentiments of the closely knit consortium of financiers when he bravely observed: "This will probably mean some short-term embarrassment." Armington's connection with ERCA is personal as well as professional. His son, a college flunk-out, spent last summer writing social studies material for the council, at $28 a day.

Despite the efforts by the silent minority to keep things operating smoothly and quietly, the albatross of controversy persists. Washington Township, a management-oriented, predominantly Republican community of one polo field and several rolling hills just south of Dayton, Ohio, split two years ago on the issue of ERCA membership—a five-year, $87,405 contract. Six taxpayers challenged the legality of the continuing contract and raised the question of conflict of interest in the dual position of school board member Edwin H. Vause, who is also vice president of the Kettering Foundation, which contributed $675,000 to ERCA's social science program, the largest single grant received by the council.

Following an investigation by the Montgomery County

prosecutor's office in Dayton, a clause was added to give the school board the option to review the ERCA contract annually. Vause was absolved of conflict of interest, Paul Fleischauer, assistant county prosecutor, asserting: "It was found that donors to the Educational Research Council are quite numerous and are big institutions such as General Electric. They are all top-notch."

That sort of faith in the establishment is the value that ERCA likes to see taught in the schools. Or as poet Besse puts it:

Impartial nature gives to each at birth
A chance to demonstrate his social worth—
The power to choose lets high or low elect
To walk with pride and purpose on earth.

STATEHOOD FOR MICRONESIA

ERNEST GRUENING

Inept and disastrous as our foreign policy has become—Vietnam; support of loathsome dictatorships in Greece and Spain; the multiple fiasco in Latin America, strikingly disclosed in Rockefeller's visits; the exploding Middle East and, as a consequence of our extravagant global policing and our military superkill obsessions, including nerve gas and until recently germs, the neglect of the pressing issues at home—there lies in between the foreign and domestic failures an area of success and achievement. It is in our colonial, or better said, our anti-colonial policy.

It goes back a third of a century, to the enlightened policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt, reaffirmed and expanded by Harry Truman, which succeeding administrations have not disturbed. They began when FDR, by Executive order, created a new agency, the Division of Territories and Island Possessions in the Department of the Interior.

In September 1934, when I became director of this new agency, Roosevelt briefed me on each of our outlying dependent areas. He was well-informed on them all. In general, the new agency was to have supervision of their federal relations, and to assist them in every way possible in compensation for their lack of voting representation in the Congress.

"Isn't this agency," I suggested, "the equivalent of the British colonial office?"

"I suppose it is," said the President.

"Well, I think a democracy shouldn't have colonies," I said.

The President smiled and nodded in assent. "See what you can work out."

It was not very specific, but I felt that it was a mandate to proceed.

Now what is the record thirty-five years later? The Philippines are independent; Alaska and Hawaii are states; Puerto Rico has the political status that its people desired; elective governorship has been granted to the Virgin Islands and Guam. And concomitant with this validation of the most basic of American principles—government by consent of the governed—each of these former dependencies enjoys unprecedented economic well-being.

These two—political equality and economic self-sufficiency—should be our ultimate objectives for all our dependencies. While Samoa has had some increased attention and economic progress, it has not yet achieved the degree of self-government of our other two small island possessions, the Virgin Islands and Guam. Samoans are United States nationals but they are not citizens of the United States.

Nor is political and economic equality quite achieved with the elective governorships of the Virgin Islands and Guam. However, the impeding factor in these cases is lack of population and, as yet, an economic self-sufficiency to warrant the ultimate objective. It would be difficult to justify statehood for either of them now. The same applies to Micronesia, the trust territory mandated to the United States by the United Nations since 1947, and administered under the direction and supervision of the Department of the Interior.

Is there a remedy? I proposed a possible long-range solution which occurred to me after a study trip to Samoa and Micronesia in 1960. Paradoxically, the idea originated in the Senate debates on Hawaiian statehood. Opponents of the measure argued that since Hawaii, far out in the Pacific, was separated from the forty-eight states by international waters, and even graver, since international waters separated the several Hawaiian Islands, statehood was unthinkable. Nevertheless the objection proved to be without validity and Hawaii achieved statehood. The various islands are counties of the fiftieth state.

Why not, at some future time, all parties being in agreement, annex Micronesia, Guam, Samoa, Wake, Midway, Johnston, Palmyra and other U.S. Pacific islands to Hawaii as one great Pacific state? Hawaii, if its people prove willing, is ideally suited to be the parent of this larger state. Hawaii, with its ethnic diversity, racial fusion and exemplary racial tolerance, makes natural its focal position in such a plan. As time passed and there was mutual assent, could not the various subdivisions of the prospective areas be incorporated as counties of Hawaii piecemeal—the Marshalls, the Marianas, the seven islands that constitute American Samoa, etc.? In that way each of them could achieve the full equality of statehood. If they did not wish to join they would retain their lesser political status.

My proposal for ultimate annexation of Micronesia to Hawaii was brought up in the Senate in 1965 by Hiram Fong, Hawaii's senior Senator, who said he considered it "a great idea" and that he was working toward its fulfillment.

Meanwhile, Micronesia faces economic problems which

depend for their solution in large part on the wisdom of the Congress and the administrative performance of the Department of the Interior. The Congress has already shown its enlightenment by authorizing the creation of a bicameral Micronesian Congress, a vital step in developing self-government and territorial solidarity, and there is also self-government on the local levels. But further progress in economic development and experience in self-government are desirable before the territory can wisely decide on its future status. The problems involved are by no means simple.

First, there is the physical problem. Only ninety-six of the 2,100 islands and islets are inhabited. While many Micronesians share the same natural heritage, there are also wide differences. Nine different languages are spoken; some islanders are just emerging from the stone age; others are well advanced. The ethnic heritage is mixed, with the original Malayan-Polynesian strains mingled with the infusion of the Spanish, German and Japanese occupations. If any area of the world is destined for sectionalism it is Micronesia—obviously a difficult problem for administration, financing and all the aspects of just and nondiscriminatory treatment for everyone.

Moreover, the limited land area of 700 square miles—half the size of Rhode Island—is not very productive; probably the territory's greatest natural resource is the marine wealth of the surrounding seas, which remain to be wisely exploited. The usual economic studies propose, in addition to fisheries, tourism, some diversification and improvement in agriculture and the service industries.

The impending and basic fact is that before long the Micronesians will decide what future status they want. Given the desire of United States administration to retain the islands under some form of American sovereignty or control, it is not only desirable but essential to obtain the good will and affection of the Micronesians.

The United States desires to retain control of the islands because of their strategic importance. No other nation can now imaginably seek to acquire them. Japan? China? Russia? Obviously not. But the alternative which Micronesians may consider is independence. Despite the problems it would create, it has an allure, strengthened by the example of other small entities in the Pacific and Caribbean which have become independent and sovereign nations. Last year, the small island of Nauru, just outside the invisible boundary of the trust territory, was granted independence and became the Republic of Nauru. It had been under a New Zealand mandate. Its area is less than that of several Micronesian islands.

Secretary Walter Hickel, on his first visit to the trust territory, stressed his determination to increase the islanders' voice in their government, to provide training to help them assume governmental functions, and to make no major decisions affecting them without their full consultation. Secretary Hickel's background of experience with Alaska's long struggle against absentee controls and with the underprivileged status of Alaska's Eskimos and Indians should fit him sympathetically for this taxing assignment. Its difficulty is increased by shortage of funds because of the war in Vietnam, and the probable reluctance of Congress to vote money for what is needed in ninety-six different islands—and there are substantial needs in each: water and sewer systems, a hospital or clinic, adequate schools, waterfront facilities to accommodate ship and plane landings—for a total of 97,000 Micronesians when the Congressmen's own more numerous constituencies are being squeezed by drastic budget cuts.

An area of conflict will also become critical if the United States military wish, as they doubtless will, to establish bases, or testing stations, or other installations, on the islands. Certain islands are adamantly opposed; others see material advantages. The arbitrary removal of the people from Bikini and Eniwetok and their resettlement



New York Times

in what they considered less desirable areas, has left its residue of discontent and apprehension. Some Micronesians argue that under independence they could make better arrangements which would satisfy both the Micronesian and the American interest.

I discussed the Hawaiian annexation proposal with Secretary Hickel. He thought well of it, but ventured that a state built on Guam and Micronesia might be an alternative. This could be a possible variant. The Micronesian Status Committee has also suggested it. The only difficulty is that I doubt whether Congress would vote it in the foreseeable future. The legislators would, I believe, be unwilling to grant statehood to an area so recently adopted and without previous self-governing experience or American tradition: Adding it to an entity already established as part of the Union would meet with much less opposition, especially since the proposal would no doubt receive the support of the Hawaiian Congressional delegation, which has impressed itself so favorably on the Congress and the public.

In any event the opportunity is there to continue our nation's fine anti-colonial record and to demonstrate once more that we want no second-class citizens under the Stars and Stripes. In other words, we should, as in the case of the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Alaska and Hawaii, give the Micronesians the political status they desire.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Different Smile

SELECTED POEMS OF ANNA AKHMATOVA. *Translated by Richard McKane. Oxford University Press. 111 pp. $3.75.*

FEVER AND OTHER NEW POEMS. *By Bella Akhmadulina. Translated by Geoffrey Dutton and Igor Mezhakoff-Koriakin. William Morrow & Co. 66 pp. $5.50.*

ANSELM HOLLO

Mr. Hollo, who is currently a visiting professor in the Creative Writing Program at the University of Iowa, is the author of several volumes of poems, including the coherences *(Trigram Press) and the translator of* Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky *(Grove).*

When a man dies
his portraits change.
His eyes look in a different way,
his lips smile a different smile.
I noticed this on returning
from the funeral of a poet.
Since then I have often checked it,
and my theory has been confirmed.
(1940)

Bertolt Brecht could have written that; or Antonio Machado; Ezra Pound; or Arthur Waley; or Po Chü-I, before them all. Anna Akhmatova wrote it, and it works, for this reader at least, in the context those other names call to mind. In her time, initially the 1910s and '20s, and place, Leningrad, Akhmatova was one of a small group of poets, the "Acmeists" (which included her first husband, Nikolai Gumilyov, and Osip Mandelstam). They turned their backs on Symbolism and decided to travel light (or hard, as far as facts of writing go), disdaining metaphysical theory and "mystical," strenuously metaphorical word-music. "Their own poetic credo demanded the use of words in their exact, logical meaning, precise and concrete imagery, visual vividness, and conciseness of style. . . . Their poetry was concerned with the visible world" (Dimitri Obolensky, *The Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, 1962).

Akhmatova remained faithful to those tenets despite the noisy upsurge of Futurism and the great polluting clouds of Stalinist "Realism" she had to live through; a faith that in her case strikes one as both justified and well rewarded. In the poems dated 1922, the publication year of her fourth book—after which she was silent, silenced, for eighteen years—there is a restrained plangency and haunting beauty equal to Sappho's:

The freak autumn built a high vault
in the sky,
the clouds were ordered not to darken
the vault.
The people marvelled: September is
passing
and where are the chill, damp days?
The murky canal waters turned emerald,
the nettles smelled like roses, only
stronger.
The air was sultry with sunsets,
unbearable,
devilish, crimson,
we will remember them till the end
of our days.
The sun was like a rebel forcing the
capital,
and the spring-like autumn caressed it
so thirstily
that it seemed the transparent snowdrop
would blossom white . . .
That was when you, cool and calm,
came to my door.

Or again:

It is good here: rustle and snow-crunch,
frost fiercer every morning,
a bush of blinding ice roses
bows in white flame.
On the splendid finery of the snow
a ski-track—memory
that long ago
we passed here together.

The last two lines, an obvious echo and reference: it is curious but certainly no accident that Anna Akhmatova shares this empathetic ear for Sappho with H.D., although the autobiographical directness in Akhmatova's work is not matched in H.D.'s poems so much as in the novels, *Bid Me To Live* and *Palimpsest*. On the other hand, Akhmatova in her later work does not seem to attain the power and coherence of H.D.'s great final meditations on destruction and rebirth—though there are, in McKane's selection, flashes of similar visionary insight:

And it seemed that these were fires
flying with me until dawn,
and I did not find out
what color were these strange eyes.

And everything around trembled and
sang,
and I did not find out if you were
friend or foe,
if this was winter or summer.
("Fragment," 1959)

It may very well be that we have to wait for a translation of Akhmatova's longest work, "Poem Without a Hero," which she wrote from 1940 to 1962, before making such comparisons with any semblance of finality. About this poem McKane says in his introduction: "Its complexity and allusions demand a detailed knowledge of the way of life of the poet and her friends which put it beyond the scope of this selection."

Perhaps all we need to know is that Anna Akhmatova's life in Russia, 1889-1966, in itself, in its obvious temporal and geographical conjunctions, caused her to pass through actual, as well as emotional and psychological, trials of a degree hardly dreamt of by her contemporaries in Western Europe and North America, least of all by the more recent poets (male and female) of the "confessional" persuasion. "In 1934 her son, Leo Gumilyov [whose father, the poet Nikolai Gumilyov, had been executed in 1921] was arrested on a charge which has never been fully revealed," McKane tells us. "He was soon released but in 1937 was arrested again, and only released during the war to fight in the army. He returned home in 1945. In the autumn of 1949 he was arrested and finally released in May 1956. Most of this time he spent in concentration camps."

The quiet Don flows quietly,
the yellow moon goes into the house,

goes in with its cap askew,
the yellow moon sees the shadow.

This woman is sick,
this woman is alone,

husband in the grave, son in prison,
pray for me.
("Requiem," 1939)

The book contains an article originally published in 1964 in the magazine *Novy Mir*, "The Unshackled Voice" by Andrei Sinyavsky whose sufficiently known fate parallels that of the Gumilyovs. The final words of his article refer to "the arguing voices of the living and the dead"—among whom Anna Akhmatova's voice, as now given to us in this book, does come through, quiet and clear.

The introduction to Geoffrey Dutton and Igor Mezhakoff-Koriakin's translation of *Fever and Other New Poems* by Bella Akhmadulina was provided by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, this considerably younger (born 1937) poet's ex-husband. It is, as Yevtushenko's prose writings and

many of his poems tend to be, rather unctuous and cliché-ridden, though no doubt well-intentioned. Seven pages of verbiage like "the great harmony of bloody, disgusting and at the same time beautiful life," or "great suffering always was and will remain the basic content of great poetry," do not predispose one toward what is to follow—less so if one assumes that the author of the introduction has an intimate and concrete understanding of the work.

It would be a great pleasure to be able to report that Bella Akhmadulina's poems then proceed to obliterate that unfavorable first impression, but they reinforce it. They are striking proof for the correctness of a long-standing suspicion in this reader's mind that the formulation and acting out, in the works of Akhmatova, Mandelstam and by somewhat tenuous extension Sergei Yesenin, of the Acmeist principles quoted earlier in this review, were the best things that happened in Russian poetry post-1912—and are potentially still the most promising. For all its exhilarating birth-noise the Futurism of Khlebnikov and Mayakovsky resulted in a dissipation of every form of verbal energy except for what Dimitri Obolensky refers to as "the violent assertiveness" and "deliberate coarseness of much of the *avant-garde* poetry of the Revolutionary period."

It is not that Akhmadulina's poems are "Futurist," any more than those of her contemporaries Yevtushenko and Voznesensky—less so, in fact. But the idolization of Mayakovsky (a great proportion of whose work, when all is said and done, does not rise much above the level of Vachel Lindsay's "Congo") seems to have perpetuated a taste for a tub-thumping beat, jingle-jangle rhyme schemes, and the general idea that you can sincerely strive for hortatory or even outspokenly moralistic effect while using the formal devices of William McGonagall and Ogden Nash.

In such a scheme of things, the ideals of "conciseness of style" and "precise and concrete imagery" obviously lose out. The younger Russian poets' tendency, nay, almost dogmatic insistence on "having their say" on any "subject" for at least ten minutes where ninety seconds would have done just fine, produces time-slot designed poems, highly literary in tone, that end up as boring artifacts. And only extreme histrionic effort in their oral performance could delude an audience into believing that they are attending a verbal and spiritual event comparable to a reading of, say, Philip Whalen's "Sourdough Mountain Lookout" or Edward Dorn's "The North Atlantic Turbine."

This concept of the marathon as the only honorable distance vitiates the work in *Fever*, even though there are some poems that stop at the bottom of the page. The translators make Akhmadulina sound a little like Stevie Smith, the grand and delightful lady of present-day British poetry:

Even a child may ride
a bicycle,
pedaling like mad,
and suddenly look at the wide
world and feel serene and sad.

That is one stanza out of six; and it does not have the wild Blakean glint in the eye Smith's poems do glitter with. Again, cutting out four stanzas, Akhmadulina's "Small Aircraft" becomes a fairly enjoyable experience—these are its first and last quatrains:

Ah, surely I've got troubles enough
nearly sending me daft—
it really does seem a bit rough
to be dreaming about small aircraft.

■ ◆ ■

You chase them away—from the darkness
they are back again with you, in high
polish their long bodies float by,
looking sideways like dachshunds.

The jacket blurb says: "Famous for her beauty as well as for her poetry, Bella Akhmadulina has acted in a film and was the subject of 'scandalous' love poems by Yevtushenko in the late fifties." Looking at the photograph on the back, the late fifties seem like a long time ago. Looking at the cover photo of Akhmatova, on *her* book, one wishes that human beings, once they have acquired, earned, such faces, could go on forever. Her "lips smile a different smile."

Idle Transcendental Chatter

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN. *By John Fowles. Little, Brown & Co. 467 pp. $7.95.*

ANNETTE GRANT
Miss Grant, a free-lance writer, was formerly a book reviewer for Newsweek.

You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel
phrases of your complicated state of mind.
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a
transcendental kind.
—Gilbert and Sullivan, *Patience.*

John Fowles writes curious books. His novels seem to spring full armed from his fantasies. An inventor, not an observer, the geography of his books, however faithfully rendered, remains an inner landscape, often fascinating, but often exasperating.

Although capable of maintaining a powerful story line, Fowles infuses his tales with so much arcane mystery and obscure philosophy that they often resemble either science fiction or intoxicated lectures. *The Collector, The Magus* and now *The French Lieutenant's Woman*: this is Fowlesland, the place where all good college sophomores go when they die. Fowles has even provided a guidebook, *The Aristos*, a collection of aphorisms based on the fragments of the pre-Socratic philosopher, Heraclitus. Fowles's notion of a struggle between the many (*hoi polloi*) and the elite (the *aristos* of his title), which he elicits, however fortuitously, from Heraclitus, has become all but obsessive. Upon all his novels, he inflicts this schematic burden. Even his most intelligent characters are sacrificed to it: all fight a losing battle to free themselves from philosophic pigeonholes.

Combine Fowles's *Aristos* with a Victorian novel (particularly one by Hardy, a Fowles idol) and the result is *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. The novel is admirably exact as to costume, decor, wildlife and social manners. The story itself—an eternal triangle predicated on duty, desire and guilt—is persuasively Victorian in outline and style. It is difficult, in fact, to think of any Victorian writer who failed to write it—but impossible to imagine one who could have written it as Fowles has.

The French Lieutenant's Woman takes place in the village of Lyme Regis in Dorset (Jane Austen country) in 1867. The principal characters are Charles Smithson, 32, a Darwinist, amateur geologist and gentleman of independent means; his fiancée, Ernestina Freeman, the daughter of a rich dry-goods merchant; and Sarah Woodruff, a mysterious outcast who has, or so she claims, lost her honor to a French naval officer.

In Lyme Regis, where the chief entertainment is local scandal, a triangular affair can hardly go unobserved. Charles is fascinated by his glimpses of the enig-

matic Sarah, who makes Ernestine appear giddy and shallow. He senses an undefinable kinship in Sarah. Both are "progressive," both must reject the world that made them what they are, both have "passion and imagination." They represent—though not very convincingly—the first members of a new species, subsequently to be formalized as existentialists. Their first accidental encounter is suitably portentous: "Charles did not know it, but in those brief poised seconds above the waiting sea, in the luminous evening silence . . . the whole Victorian Age was lost."

Charles, the Darwinist, is—how not?—"a highly intelligent being, one of the fittest, and endowed with total free will." And so, against his better judgment, he listens to Sarah's tale of her misfortunes. When she is dismissed by her benefactor, Charles feels duty bound—or so he rationalizes it—to help her. A chance trip to London encourages him to pursue Sarah, but he resists the temptation, returning dutifully to Ernestina to live unhappily ever after.

Matters rest there—or do they? For Fowles adds two other endings in which Sarah triumphs. The reader chooses. (Fowles's method is an immense elaboration upon the principle of Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger" and O. Henry's "Roads of Destiny.") Fowles has, to be sure, an attractive justification for having second, or even third, thoughts: our desire "to fictionalize our past and our future, to speculate on the way things might have or may turn out."

All Fowles's novels are theatrical, and all require a willing suspension of disbelief if they are to be persuasive. But though all obscure the line between the real and the pretended, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* takes the multi-layered cake. The ostensible subject is a properly engaged Victorian couple whose lives become unexpectedly complicated. On the second level, the novel is a lecture on comparative (1867-1967) literature, traditions, life-styles and morals. On the third and most intense level, the writer-philosopher expounds his Heraclitean ideology: "Death is not in the nature of things; it is the nature of things," and "All through human history the elect have made their cases for election." On the fourth level, the author, the omniscient "I-eye," constantly obtrudes himself (in one case he claims to be in a train compartment with Charles) and devotes whole chapters to his problems in writing a novel about Victorian life and manners. On the fifth level, the author insists on viewing his creation with skepticism, suggesting that perhaps it doesn't exist at all: he's just pulling our (probably nonexistent) leg.

Fowles takes every possible—or impossible—advantage of so open a framework. He moves cavalierly through history, treating time as an instant replay that can be run forward or backward in response to his imperious and often ridiculous will: "Needless to say, Charles knew nothing of the beavered German Jew working, as it so happened, that very afternoon in the British Museum Library: and whose work in those sombre walls was to bear such bright red fruit." Much of his hindsight is conditioned by Alain Robbe-Grillet and the *nouveau roman*, so it isn't really surprising to find that within every thoughtful Victorian there is a crypto-existentialist. "He had not the benefit of existentialist terminology; but what he felt was really a very clear case of the anxiety of freedom—that is, the realization that one is free and the realization that being free is a situation of terror."

Fowles's style has always been somewhat overripe. What are we to do with tears that are "slow-welling, unstoppable, creeping like blood through a bandage," or cheeses lined up like "squadrons of reserve moons," or blue flowers "like microscopic cherubs' genitals"? It is, perhaps, the combination of the style and the obtrusive philosophizing that makes the characters seem so shallow, like costumed actors cast against too vivid a background.

Fowles tries to seem captivated by his creations. "It is only when our characters and events begin to disobey us that they begin to live." From time to time, he interrupts his narrative to inform the reader that his fictitious people are resisting, or directing, his work; that they may cry out indignantly when he tries to make them do something against their grain. Eventually he succumbs—or so he would have us believe: "I let the fight proceed and take no more than recording part in it; or I take both sides in it."

Following the ideas advanced in *The Aristos*, Fowles claims that he is not in control, that some element of "hazard" takes over and relieves him from responsibility for the outcome of the events he initiates. This is the "irresponsible god" game, more effective in *The Collector* where the creator's voice is implicit in the story and not exterior to it. In *The Aristos*, he observes, "If there had been a creator, his second act would have been to disappear." If that is what he has attempted in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, he has scarcely been successful.

Fowles is a writer of enormous ingenuity and learning, like Nabokov and Barth. But, unlike both of them, he lacks—perhaps willfully—the knack of meshing his inner universe with the outside world.

The result is disconcertingly similar to flipping a television dial from channel to channel: images, shadows and echoes that may illustrate the complexity of life, but fail to illuminate it.

LACUNA

(She's gone)

*

After the camera's flash
a blue hole in the air

ROBERT MORGAN

Apostolic Succession

MY FATHER'S SON. *By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 235 pp. $6.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan teaches Anglo-Irish literature at Columbia and is completing a study of Oscar Wilde for the Columbia Essays on Modern Writers.

The first volume of Frank O'Connor's autobiography (*An Only Child*, 1961) was the story of young Michael Francis O'Donovan, the name under which O'Connor came originally into the world or, to be more precise, out of the baptistery. That story began in the back lanes of Cork in 1903 and ended with the young man's release, courtesy of the Irish Free State, from an internment camp in 1923. This second, posthumous volume picks up the story at that point and brings it forward in time, though with no apparent regard for chronology, to the eve of the Second World War—or, to use O'Connor's own measure of his days upon earth, to the death of Yeats early in 1939.

It was during this period that Michael O'Donovan transformed himself into Frank O'Connor (his mother's maiden name added to the second of his baptismal names). There were reasons other than literary for adopting the pseudonym. Shortly after his release by the Free State he had become a librarian. His boss, Lennox Robinson, an unfortunate man whom no amount of alcohol could redeem from melancholy, published a little story widely denounced in Ireland as "blasphemous." As a result, not exceptional in those times, Robinson was forced to resign. The in-

ident was fresh in mind when a few ears later young O'Donovan began to rite little stories of his own.

But there is nothing in this second olume about that more important ransformation, the process by which ne man O'Donovan—young, untutored, gnorant really, but of high intelligence, nd great intellectual inquisitiveness—ecame the writer O'Connor, the Chekov of modern Ireland. There are one r two passing references to the short tories and a brief mention of *The Saint nd Mary Kate*, nothing more. Nor loes O'Connor have anything to say bout the more intimate details of his ife, about the women he loved or who oved him, about marriage or children r what he called in the title of an early ollection of stories "domestic relations." All that sort of thing is disposed of in single sentence: "I found myself responsible for a woman and her son, waiting for the end of ecclesiastical and divorce court proceedings so that I could marry." Succinct certainly, and even a bit chilly.

About his mother and father he is occasionally more revealing. He loved the one, could hardly endure the other, and as a self-confessed mama's boy his feelings about both are set down with little show of reserve. The essentials of his relationship had been adumbrated years before in an almost perfect and utterly hilarious short story called "My Oedipus Complex." But what is funny in fiction is not always amusing in life; and a sense of incredulity now accompanies the discovery that the attitudes of a 40-year old writer were not much different from those of his 4-year-old persona. As a result, though this was no part of O'Connor's intention, a reader may find himself increasingly sympathetic toward the old man and more tolerant by far than his son could ever be about those alternating bouts, equally drawn out, of booze and piety. Sympathetic because the old fellow's only alternative, one is inclined to think, would have been to take young Oedipus by the scruff and banjax the bejasus out of him.

It will be clear from this that O'Connor's title *My Father's Son* has nothing to do with that dumb decent man who sired him according to the flesh. In this sense fatherhood was for O'Connor, as for Stephen Dedalus, no more than a necessary evil, perhaps no more than a legal fiction, while true paternity was to be thought of as "a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten." O'Connor, however, was to find a more likely papa than Leopold Bloom. It seemed at first that this might be AE (George Russell), but in the end he fixed on W. B. Yeats for spiritual filiation. He is quite explicit about this relationship:

> When [Yeats] began to bully me I always gave him lip, almost on principle. After my father, I never quarrelled so much with anyone, and even if one allows that I am a bit in the same line myself, it takes two to make a disagreement last as long as ours. One might say that I was discovering my real father at last, and that all the old attitudes induced by my human father came on top. Yet I can truthfully say that when, towards the end of his life, I became his devoted slave, it was entirely due to his generosity, because with no one else was I so crude and uppish.

What O'Connor admired most about Yeats, aside from the majestic talent, was the older man's profound capacity for friendship, a deep-rooted personal loyalty that was proof against the strains and vicissitudes to which any friendship may be subject and to which in literary Dublin, then as now and forever, all friendships are constantly subject. There was nothing at all sentimental about this. One day, for example, reminiscing about Lennox Robinson ("Lennix," Yeats called him), the poet enumerated a dozen minor treacheries their relationship had involved and then, raising a finger, said sternly: "But remember, O'Connor, that was Lennix Robinson the drunken intriguer, not Lennix Robinson who was your friend and mine." It is easy to see how young O'Connor would be attracted to such magnanimity. His is the same kind of magnanimity that informs so much of Yeats's poetry and imparts much of its ineluctable quality.

> *For friendship never ends*
> *And what if mind seems changed*
> *And it seems changed with mind;*
> *When thoughts rise up unbid*
> *On generous things that he did,*
> *And I grow half-contented to be blind.*

O'Connor thought—one of the few critical opinions he ventures here—that as a poet of friendship Yeats had no equal, and in this he may have been right. But then, perversely, he must mar the judgment by adding cantankerously: "I never did think him worth a damn as a love poet." That is the judgment of a love poet *manqué*.

In turn, Yeats's admiration for O'Connor was such that at one time he began to develop a theory that young O'Donovan was really the illegitimate son of some Protestant big house. The theory may not have been entirely uncongenial to O'Connor who had, however, the good sense to pass it lightly through

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imagination whence it would emerge years later as the motif of another of the delightful stories about childhood.

Yeats is more fully sketched (it is by no means a full portrait) than any of the other figures whom O'Connor here assembles, and occasionally disassembles: AE, Robinson, Osborn Bergin, Geoffrey Phibbs and a dozen others whom he came to know as he made his way up in the world. This was the world of Dublin in the last years of the literary revival, very much a man's world and, as Joyce would have it, all too Irish.

The young provincial-turned-librarian —first in Sligo, later in Wicklow and his native Cork—was eventually co-opted onto the board of directors of the Abbey Theatre, its great days already part of memory, and the last half of his autobiography is devoted in large part to still another account, more personally rancorous than most, of the feuds and infighting that went on in and out of the Green Room among assorted actors, directors, producers, poets and playwrights.

But a fight is only interesting if it is heroic or amusing. These scraps at the Abbey were neither, and one wonders why O'Connor chose to worry them over as he has done. The reason may be that when he died on March 10, 1966, much of the material for this second volume of autobiography existed only in early drafts and it fell to Dr. Maurice Sheehy of University College, Dublin, to collate these drafts and edit the present text. Dr. Sheehy appears to have performed the task most skillfully so that we do indeed have here a coherent and unified text. But no amount of skill can conceal the fact that there is a world of difference between an early draft and a fully finished piece of prose—especially in the case of Frank O'Connor who was known to have rewritten a story a score of times before he thought himself, subject always to recurring second thoughts, satisfied with it. Had he lived he might have turned his account of these Abbey squabbles into high entertainment, elevated the meanness and intrigue and treacheries, all minor to be sure, into fine comedy as he had so often done with other events in his past.

In the end we are left with the unfinished story of a man of great talent, akin to if not really a kind of genius, in whom the life of the imagination and the exigencies of practical intellect were never fully reconciled. In the young man a public official consumed the aspirations of a poet, in maturity a man of affairs intruded upon the private provinces of a born storyteller; and throughout the whole of his life, whatever his private or public role at the time, he was constantly scouting the encampments of scholarship but without ever realizing the full satisfactions of that fellowship.

O'Connor saw all this clearly for himself. In the last sentences of his autobiography he casts a rueful eye backward, then turns at once from the past toward the future, facing that term of his years for which, unfortunately, there will now be no further first-hand account:

> Before Yeats died he told me that the time had come to decide whether I wanted to be a good writer or a good public official, and I had resigned my job as librarian. Now I saw that the man of action was still on top; with nothing like Yeats's talent I had been playing Yeats's game. At once I resigned from every organization I belonged to and sat down, at last, to write.

FLYING

I see my face going past,
young again, amused and happy.
This is the circus. I love
the dangerous acrobats,
the aerialists. That one is me.
He is taking everything with him.
My childhood—I see nails,
hammers, wood, pianos, watercolors
going past.
I am becoming my father,
the golden trapeze-artist, and now
I see my mother, the blonde
on the white horse. Their eyes meet.
He swings her up in the air.

I ride back and forth on the high-wire
that runs between their glances.

STEPHEN MOONEY

Books for Children

NED O'GORMAN

Mr. O'Gorman is a poet, and the author, most recently, of Prophetic Voices: Ideas and Words on Revolution *(Random House).*

There are few children's books in the shops that are illustrated or written by people who know very much about children. It is easy for an adult to *think* he knows what children think, see and dream. Adults must be careful when shopping for books: so readily seduced can we be by every bright color, every arch, sweet, sentimental, innocent, dizzy and fairy notion.

The choice is narrower than the layouts and the *New York Times* children's book supplement would have one think. Publishers produce children's books with as little taste and care as the trade departments publish their torrents of adult penny dreadfuls. Leaping on the watchwords of the moment, they announce "relevant" and "meaningful" on their flyleaves. Beware of such books. Beware of the "big sell": such a book as Bruno Munari's *The Circus in the Mist*, a cocktail-table object filled with fold-outs, claptrap overlays, holes, etc., could not possibly interest a child but might lure an adult. A kid couldn't get his hands through a Pop pourri like that. Don't buy "exciting," "unusual" books; they are all frauds. Children are Olympian in their hatred of novelty.

Beware also of people who write poems for children, except of course for the likes of A. A. Milne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll and Robert Service, whose *The Shooting of Dan McGrew and the Cremation of Sam McGee* (illustrated by Rosemary Wells, William R. Scott, $4.25) were the first poems I ever read. Rather bullish but for a young mind they are filled with the sinew of poetry.

Avoid any book by Joyce Walsh Anglund. What a creepy bunch of kids they are, little monsters with no noses or mouths, dwarfed Marie Antoinettes and Louis XIVs.

I'd not buy these either:

Squaps the Moonling, by Sita Jucker, is a "relevant" book. A moon creature comes to earth with a returning astronaut. Sentimental drawings. Fantasy all out of whack. A child would not find it amusing though an adult might. Moon creatures hideous. Nothing really unpleasant about *Timimoto's Great Adventure*, written and illustrated by Frank Frances. But it is flat, bland, soupy. The narrative is typical of that rambling prose that characterizes a good many children's books.

I find most alphabet books uninspiring. *Letters and Words*, by David L. Krieger, is. The letters clutter up the page; colors are boring pastels. I feel this way too about Beni Montresor's *A For Angel*. For all the brilliant design it is like a set for a Menotti opera. Too crowded, a little creepy. Children will, I think, reject it. A child's mind cannot put up with clutter. (That is why Beatrix Potter is so beloved by children.) But I think *Still Another Alphabet Book*, by Seymour Chwast and Martin Stephen Moskof (McGraw-Hill, $3.50) is a witty and

ious leap into the possibilities of the phabet. The illustrations give a locus the letters and, I'd expect, it would light a child to find words so gently dden in such colors.

Ask of a children's book first mystery d truth: ask that it be written well, arly and honestly, that it doesn't mock ildhood by assuming that a child's rld is an adult's world, except smaller. would hope parents would ask of a ok they'd give their children as much they'd ask of a book they'd buy and erish for themselves. It is of those oks I want to write now.

HE WINNER. *By Kjell Ringi. Harper Row. $3.95.* No words, the tale of a st of vanities. A stern moral excitement child can feel. An odd one but terrific.

ANG, BANG YOU'RE DEAD. *By uise Fitzhugh and Sandra Scoppettone. arper & Row. $3.75.* A stunner. Very uch the kind of pastoral vision of utality kids know from television but ised to art by the authors. The pictures much as the text might shock an adult it a child will see the wisdom. A folk le.

OLDIE THE DOLLMAKER. *By M. B. offstein. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.50.* fy favorite of all the books (but for e other). About a little girl who makes olls with the love and care of an artist. e buys a Chinese lamp on credit and en has a visit from the boy who made e vase. The drawings are of the *essence* a child's movements, abstractions and dness and joy.

AIN, RAIN, RAIN. *By Uri Shulevitz. arrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.* The feelgs of rain. Lovely children's faces, hair specially. A plant grows on a window f the first picture and thus the beautiful hord of the last line. The little girl editates: "The plant on my window is eginning to grow. I know it." It takes man who knows children to write that.

HE CAT AND THE COFFEE RINKERS. *By Max Steele. Drawings y Erik Blegvad. Harper & Row. $2.95.* Ay other favorite book. About a school the South and of the old lady headistress who serves her students black offee in the morning. A death of a cat nd some wise things said about the ature of teaching little ones. A picture f the perfect school—only kids will now that, however.

ROCODILE AND HEN. *Retold by oan M. Lexau. Pictures by Joan Sandin. Harper & Row. $3.95.* A fable about two nimals—the hen is an epic creature. She arries the whole tale in her tail feathers.

POP CORN AND MA GOODNESS. *By Edna Mitchell Preston. Illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker. Viking Press. $4.50.* Illustrations really dazzle. Tale about life, marriage, birth, death, violence. Rather symbolic nonsense rhymes. Children will hear it all.

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS. *A tale by Charlotte Brontë, written at the age of 13. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.* Older children, from 8 up, will be enchanted by this wild tale of noble men meeting wild people in wild places. Filled with symbols, mysteries and *non sequiturs* that ring true with adventure and wonder.

THE IMAGE IS YOU. *Text by Robert Coles. Edited by Donald Erceg. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.95.* The book is reviewed in these pages by Sherman Paul. But I'd like to add my recommendation for it as a children's book. The photographs are taken by black children at random with a Polaroid camera. I know of no photographs taken by anyone so beautiful and true. Children will be able to tell you what they are about.

Others I have found grand enough for children:

DANCE IN THE DESERT. *By Madeline L'Engle. Pictures by Symeon Shimin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.*

OVERHEAD THE SUN. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.* Antonio Frasconi's woodcuts illustrate lines from Whitman.

CELEBRATION OF THE SUN. *By Betty Nickerson. J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.95.* Children have painted the celebrations of the world. Text dull. Paintings beautiful and primitive and true to the feasts they sing of.

THE BIRDS OF BASEL. *By Marian Parry. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.* The drawings are the book. Like tapestries. Children—any age—will know what they are about. The story of the Basilisk trying to get a curse lifted from the people of Basel is a bit long. The pictures conquer.

ETIENNE-HENRI AND GRI-GRI. *Story by Anico Surany. Pictures by Sylvie Selig. Holiday House. $4.50.* Again the illustrations are the lure. They'd almost be fine without the story: a boy and his cat jump the boy's family barge and seek adventure.

A LODESTONE AND A TOADSTONE. *By Irene Elmer. Illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.* Story

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too long but illustrations are like clumps of raw jewels and ore.

GILBERTO AND THE WIND. *By Marie Hall Ets. Viking Press. 75c paper.* A little boy and the wind. This is one of those gracious books so splendid for quick reading: filled with joy and that passion for the world that children are blessed with.

STEVIE. *By John Steptoe. Harper & Row. $3.50.*

A MONKEY'S UNCLE. *By Wilhelm Hauff. Retold by Doris Orgel. Pictures by Mitchell Miller. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.* The story is splendid and the writing wonderful. A model of good, literate prose—stylish and very witty.

HEE HAW. *Story by Ann McGovern. Pictures by Eric von Schmidt. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.75.*

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN WALES. *By Dylan Thomas. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New Directions. $4.* If a parent would give himself a gift, he'll learn here what childhood is really about.

Something for Everybody

SHERMAN PAUL
Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His latest book is The Music of Survival: A Biography of a Poem by William Carlos Williams *(University of Illinois Press).*

The photograph or reproduction is the *sine qua non* of all the volumes under notice here. All these books are abundantly, even richly illustrated. They provide delight for the eye and, in the case of the more sumptuous books, an occasion of cultural gluttony. The texts, which in most cases are inferior to the illustrations, are merely the matrix for them, an excuse for utilizing for the purposes of either high or low popularization the holdings of archives and museums. (Next year, around Christmas time, some of the same pictures will appear in other texts.)

All have attractive formats, are slick and sleekly jacketed. Most are expensive —as high as $29.50 after the holidays. Their range of feeling, interest or appeal is wide—social concern, cultural improvement, historical voyaging and voyeurism, genteel sexual titillation. Not all are gift books, but if chosen carefully any one of them would make a good gift.

History

AMERICAN MANNERS & MORALS: A Picture History of How We Behaved and Misbehaved. *By Mary Cable and editors of American Heritage. American Heritage. 399 pp. Pre-Christmas $14.95; thereafter $18.* This potpourri, making an antique shop of American history, is true vulgarization ("Zion was girt by suburbs of sensuality").

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By André Maurois. The Viking Press. 296 pp. $20.* This simple, well-illustrated historical overview is another version of the author's *The Miracle of America* (1944). Large format.

THE PRINCE OF PLEASURE AND HIS REGENCY: 1811-20. *By J. B. Priestley. Harper & Row. 304 pp. $15.* Though amply illustrated, this social and cultural history is not a picture history but a useful work of high popularization.

THE CRUCIBLE OF CHRISTIANITY: Judaism, Hellenism and the Historical Background to the Christian Faith. *Edited by Arnold Toynbee. World Publishing. 368 pp. Pre-Christmas $25; thereafter $29.50.* This beautifully designed book is a "learned" illustrated history, lavish of photographs, maps, plans and expertise. It covers the culture of the Levant from 200 B.C. to 200 A.D.; among its fourteen contributors are David Flusser and Harry Wolfson. Large format.

LINCOLN: A Picture Story of His Life. *By Stefan Lorant. W. W. Norton & Co. 336 pp. $7.95.* This revised and enlarged edition of a book variously titled and first issued in 1941 is one of the indispensable and fascinating works of Lincoln hagiography. More than 700 pictures; large format.

THE HERO: Myth/Image/Symbol. *By Dorothy Norman. World Publishing. 244 pp. Pre-Christmas $8.95; thereafter $10.* The design of this book matches its riches of iconography and proverbial wisdom, but the book itself is pretentious —serio-popular.

THE MEDICI: A Great Florentine Family. *By Marcel Brion. Translated by Gilles and Heather Cremonesi. Crown Publishing. 216 pp. $15.* Florence and its art, as much as the Medici family, the subject of this useful pictorial cultural history.

Current History and Sociology

I HAVE A KIND OF FEAR: Conversions from the Writings of White Teachers and Black Students in City Schools. *Edited by Richard Larson and James Anderson. Photographs by Howard M. Bigliani. Quadrangle Books. 139 pp. $6.* The photographs in this serious book like those in *The Image Is You,* try to free our response from the overuse of language of social concern. So does the text, in which the confronting testimony reveals an almost insuperable impasse of understanding and communication.

THE IMAGE IS YOU. *Text by Robert Coles. Edited by Donald Erceg. Houghton Mifflin Co. 101 pp. $4.95.* The pictures in this ghetto book were taken of black children of Boston's inner city. The essay includes the views of dwellers in this area. As the title suggests, our response incriminates us.

SELF-PORTRAIT: U.S.A. *By David Douglas Duncan. Harry N. Abrams. 240 pp. $18.50.* This work of photojournalism covers the two national conventions of 1968. The camera is searching; the text is personal, worldly, skeptical. Large format.

The Arts

THE ARTS AND MAN: A World View of the Role and Functions of the Arts in Society. *UNESCO. Prentice-Hall. 17 pp. $12.95.* The serious essays on the various arts, by Herbert Read, Pier Luigi Nervi and Yehudi Menuhin, among others, are accompanied by a "parade of images." Large format.

ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK: A Photographic History. *By Wayne Andrews. Atheneum Publishers. 188 pp. Pre-Christmas $17.50; thereafter $2* Most of the 255 photographs are the excellent work of Mr. Andrews. The book covers the period from 1700 to the pre

Notice to Subscribers

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation.* If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct.* Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

; its captions are sometimes anecdotal. rge format.

IE DECORATIVE TWENTIES. *By artin Battersby. Walker and Co. 216 . Pre-Christmas $17.50; thereafter $20.* serious, well-illustrated history of Art co, especially in France, England and nerica, covering a wide range of de- n. Large format.

IE STORY OF THE BLUES. *By ul Oliver. Chilton Book Co. 176 pp. $12.50.* The text of this history of an art form is solid and substantial and is documented by photographs of the milieu and performers. Large format.

AGES OF ELEGANCE: Five Thousand Years of Fashion and Frivolity. *By Gisèle d'Assailly. New York Graphic Society. 251 pp. Pre-Christmas $24.95; thereafter $29.95.* Popularization ("The history of fashion is rather like a fairy tale"), but its splendid plates may be useful to designers. Large format.

ecords 1969 / David Hamilton

addition to the category "Records of e Year," this compilation includes sec- ns devoted to "Repertory of Special terest" (in first recordings, or signifi- ntly better ones than have been recently ailable), and "Performances of Special terest" (unusual readings of more stand- d literature).

A final section lists "Significant Re- ues" of older recordings. Except in this st category, all records listed are stereo- onic.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

ACH: Cantatas 89, 90, 161. Soloists, amburg Monteverdi Chorus; Concerto msterdam; Jürgen Jürgens and Jaap chröder, directors. Telefunken SAWT 540. $5.95.

oldberg Variations; The Art of the ugue; Ricercars from *The Musical Of- ring.* Charles Rosen, piano. Odyssey 2-36-0020. $8.94 (three discs).

ERLIOZ: *Roméo et Juliette.* Soloists; ondon Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; olin Davis, cond. Philips PHS 2-909. 11.96 (two discs).

e Deum. Franco Tagliavini, tenor; Lon- on Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; olin Davis, cond. Philips SAL-3724. 5.98.

ARTER: Sonata for Cello and Piano. el Krosnick, Paul Jacobs. Sonata for ute, oboe, cello and harpsichord. Har- ey Sollberger, Charles Kuskin, Fred herry, Paul Jacobs. Nonesuch H-71234. 2.98.

HOPIN: Six Polonaises. Alfred Brendel, iano. Vanguard Cardinal C-10058. 3.98.

AVIES: *Revelation and Fall.* Mary homas, soprano; Pierrot Players; Peter Maxwell Davies, cond. Angel S-36558. $5.98 (with Gerhard: *Collages*).

DEBUSSY: *Images* for Orchestra. Cleveland Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia MS-7362. $5.98.

MENDELSSOHN: Octet. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Neville Marriner, director. Argo ZRG-569. $5.95.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Serenade for Strings; *Souvenir de Florence.* Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Neville Marriner, director. Argo ZRG-584. $5.95.

REPERTORY OF SPECIAL INTEREST

BACH: Cantatas 50, 83, 197. Soloists, Vienna Boys' Choir; Concentus Musicus; Hans Gillesberger and Nicolas Harnoncourt, directors. Telefunken SAWT 9539. $5.95.

BERIO: *Sinfonia.* Swingle Singers; New York Philharmonic; Luciano Berio, cond. Columbia MS-7268. $5.98.

BRITTEN: *Holy Sonnets of John Donne; Poems and Proverbs of William Blake.* Peter Pears, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Benjamin Britten, piano. London OS-26099. $5.98.

COPLAND: *Short Symphony; Dance Symphony.* London Symphony Orchestra; Aaron Copland, cond. Columbia MS-7223. $5.98.

CRUMB: *Eleven Echoes of Autumn.* Aeolian Chamber Players. WOLPE: Trio. Group for Contemporary Music, Columbia University. Composers Recording, Inc. SD-233. $5.95.

DEL TREDICI: *Syzygy.* Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Festival Chamber Ensemble; Richard Dufallo, cond. Colum-

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bia MS-7281. $5.98 (with works by Nono, Takemitsu, Xenakis).

HAYDN: *Schöpfungsmesse.* Soloists, Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; George Guest, cond. Argo ZRG-598. $5.95.

HINDEMITH: *Kammermusiken 1-7.* Concerto Amsterdam; Jaap Schröder, director. Telefunken SLT-43110/2. $17.85 (three discs).

JOHNSTON: Quartet No. 2. Composers String Quartet. Nonesuch H-71224. $2.98 (with Cage & Hiller: *HPSCHD*).

KIRCHNER: Quartet No. 3. Beaux-Arts Quartet. WEINBERG: Quartet No. 2. Composers String Quartet. Columbia MS-7284. $5.98.

SESSIONS: Symphony No. 3. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Igor Buketoff, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-3095. $5.98 (with Lees: Concerto for String Quartet & Orchestra).

SHAPEY: *Incantations.* Bethany Beardslee, soprano; University of Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players; Ralph Shapey, cond. PERKINS: *Music for Thirteen Players.* University of Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players; Ralph Shapey, cond. *Caprice.* Easley Blackwood, piano. Composers Recording, Inc. SD-232. $5.95.

WEINBERG: *Cantus Commemorabilis I.* PUTSCHE: *The Cat and the Moon.* University of Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players; Ralph Shapey, cond. Composers Recording, Inc. SD-245. $5.95

WOLF: String Quartet in D minor. La-Salle Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 139376. $5.98.

WUORINEN: *Time's Encomium* (electronic). Nonesuch H-71225. $2.98.

Spectrum: New American Music, Volumes I/III. Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H-71219, 71220, 71221. $2.98 each.

Performances of Special Interest

BACH: Cantatas 211, 212. Soloists, Concentus Musicus; Nicolas Harnoncourt, director. Telefunken SAWT 9515. $5.95.

Mass in B minor. Soloists; Vienna Boys' Choir; Chorus Viennensis; Concentus Musicus; Hans Gillesberger and Nicolas Harnoncourt, directors. Telefunken SKH-20 $17.85 (three discs).

Holiday Issues

This is the first of our two holiday issues. Next week's *Nation* will contain additional gift listings: Lawrence Alloway's roundup of art books, a film book bibliography compiled by Robert Sklar, and the annual list of books published this year by *Nation* contributors.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concertos 1-5; Choral Fantasy. Daniel Barenboim; New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S-3752. $23.92 (four discs).

MOZART: *Cosi fan tutte.* Leontyne Price, Judith Raskin, Tatiana Troyanos, George Shirley, Sherrill Milnes, Ezio Flagello; New Philharmonia Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-6416. $23.92 (four discs).

Symphony No. 40; *Serenata Notturna.* English Chamber Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. London CS-6598. $5.98.

SCHUBERT: Songs. Elly Ameling, soprano; Jörg Demus, piano. RCA Victrola VICS-1405. $2.98.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2; *Genoveva* Overture. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S-36606. $5.98.

STRAUSS: *Salome.* Montserrat Caballé, Regina Resnik, Richard Lewis, James King, Sherrill Milnes; London Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-7053. $11.96 (two discs).

WAGNER: *Der fliegende Holländer.* Anja Silja, Ernst Kozub, Theo Adam, Martti Talvela; New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel SCL-3730. $17.94 (three discs).

RECITAL: French Operatic Arias. Beverly Sills, soprano; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Charles Mackerras, cond. Westminster WST-17163. $5.98.

Significant Reissues

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 5. Robert Casadesus; Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Odyssey 32-16-0326. $2.98 (stereo).

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2; *Academic Festival Overture.* London Symphony Orchestra; Pierre Monteux, cond. Philips World Series PHC-9123. $2.98 (stereo).

BRITTEN: *The Prince of the Pagoda* Covent Garden Royal Opera House Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. Lond STS-15081/2. $4.98 (two discs, stereo

STRAUSS: *Don Juan; Till Eulenspiegel Tod und Verklärung.* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängl cond. Seraphim 60094. $2.49.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 4. Emi Loose, soprano; Philharmonia Orchestr Paul Kletzki, cond. Seraphim S-601($2.49 (stereo).

Das Lied von der Erde. Maureen F rester, Richard Lewis; Chicago Sympho Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, cond. RCA V trola VICS-1390. $2.98 (stereo).

MASSENET: *Manon.* Victoria de Angeles, Henri Legay, Michel De Jean Borthayre; Paris Opéra-Comiq Chorus and Orchestra; Pierre Monteu cond. Seraphim ID-6057. $9.96 (fo discs).

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals. Vocal a instrumental ensemble; Nadia Boulange cond. Seraphim 60125. $2.49.

PUCCINI: *La Bohème.* Licia Albanes Tatiana Menotti, Beniamino Gigli, Af Poli; La Scala Chorus & Orchestra; Ur berto Berretoni, cond. Seraphim I 6038. $4.98 (two discs).

Manon Lescaut. Licia Albanese, Jus Bjoerling, Robert Merrill; Rome Ope House Chorus & Orchestra; Jonel Pe lea, cond. RCA Victrola VIC-602 $7.47 (three discs).

STRAUSS: *Die Frau ohne Schatte* Leonie Rysanek, Christel Goltz, Ha Hopf, Paul Schoeffler; Vienna Philha monic Orchestra; Karl Böhm, con Richmond SRS-64503. $9.96 (fo discs, stereo).

VERDI: *Aïda.* Zinka Milanov, Fedor Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, Leonard Wa ren, Boris Christoff; Rome Opera Hous Chorus & Orchestra; Jonel Perlea, con RCA Victrola VIC-6119. $7.47 (thre discs).

Macbeth. Leonie Rysanek, Carlo Be gonzi, Leonard Warren, Jerome Hine Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orches tra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Vic trola VICS-6121. $7.47 (three discs stereo).

RECITAL: The Art of Artur Schnabel Seraphim 60115. $2.49.

RECITAL: Bach and Mozart works Dinu Lipatti, piano. Odyssey 32-16 0320. $2.98 (pseudo-stereo).

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

When Henry Kahnweiler, Juan Gris's dealer, complimented him on one of his exercises in synthetic cubism, the painter asked, "But does it make a *picture*?" In other words, did what Gris had painted constitute an entity, did it say something coherently?

Much of what passes with us as "new" theatre may be set down permissively as actively experiment, and is perhaps to be encouraged as progress on a path to some future completion, but very little of it makes sense as valid statement now. Clever notions, bright metaphors in a scene here and there, cute inventions, even refreshing impudences, occasionally occur, but almost never can we value what is created as better than interesting fragments or gimmicks.

The productions of Piscator, Meyerhold,* Brecht, Grotowski are not "experiments": they all embody fully articulated ideas. They are therefore *plays*, even when they offend literary prescription. Meyerhold's *The Inspector General*, for example, did not employ Gogol's text exactly as he wrote it, but it was eloquently meaningful as well as entertaining in its own right.

The recent production of *Henry V* by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre of Stratford, Conn., at the ANTA Theatre, is a reverse case in point. It contains many tricks purporting to show that Shakespeare's "history" may be viewed as anti-war propaganda, even though it is generally regarded as a jingoistic tract. That is by no means an untenable interpretation, but Michael Kahn, director of the Connecticut production, has simply toyed with the play, offering neither original substance nor traditional justification in the matter.

It is not enough to begin the performance with the cast as a bunch of kids sporting around in a gymnasium and then to transform them for the opening scene into caricatures in ludicrous costumes of the author's characters. Or to proceed further with a thoroughly conventional reading of other scenes, occasionally using broomsticks as swords at the very time when other personages are dressed in medieval armor, while faces of bloodstained white masks serve purposes of both horror and fun.

My objection is not that the result is a travesty of Shakespeare—which might even prove to be a relief from stuffy Shakespeare—but that whatever the production's intent, it fails to provide a clear picture of anything but theatrical adolescence.

Richard Schechner's *Dionysus '69* was certainly crude and while it made hash of Euripides' text and didn't say, or mean to say, what Euripides did, it was a youthfully gay message from the East Village. Not so the same director's *Makbeth*, which the Performance Group is now giving at its seat on Wooster Street.

I don't at all mind that the show is "taken from Shakespeare" (Shakespeare himself borrowed from many sources now known only to scholars), but I was utterly indifferent to what was done with the loan. The fact that the stage was "environmental" (the actors prance all over the place, often where they cannot be seen or heard) does not in the least impress me, nor does having Banquo played by a (pretty) girl shock me into any particular awareness of thought or sensation. One cannot even say "confusion hath now made his masterpiece." I got nothing from the strenuousness of the event except that the group, all out of breath from skipping, running, jumping from one area to another, is composed of nice and very "sincere" children.

Stomp at the Public Theatre on Lafayette Street is play, though not a play. It is a joint effort by a number of boys and girls (named "The Combine") from Texas (several of them college dropouts) who improvise all sorts of fun and games to proclaim their "freedom" from or rebellion against the environment that produced them. They are at loose ends and seem to be delighted to find themselves in that condition. Their theatrical innovations are nonexistent, but here and there they do set up a few pleasant surprises. They will some day have to do something besides bombinating.

I rather enjoyed seeing them because while their show makes no artistic pretension, it reveals what a good part of our disaffected but on the whole charming youth is really like. One recognizes, to some extent, what they are made of and something of what they wish to escape. A group interview with them would have more sociological interest than their performance. I cannot tell from their stomping whether they are actually talented. They are still only raw material, but as such they are by no means ungracious.

Oliver Hailey's *Who's Happy Now?* (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam Street) is a modestly endearing play. It has authenticity. Its author has gathered from his early experience as a boy in a Texas village something that he has wrought into a kind of nosegay. The experience must have been painful: there was a coarse "peasant" father who was a butcher, a man who lived openly with a likable slut of a waitress while his patient wife, who had had no more intention of leaving her husband than he had of abandoning her, stood by bearing it all. But out of this essentially drab material Hailey has made something funny, tender, compassionate. He does not prevaricate: he makes it perfectly clear that he is embellishing with kindness and humor what was once ugly. His play is sentimental but not fraudulent.

Unfortunately the production is not all it should be. None of the acting is bad, but the casting and direction are barely compatible with the nature of the play's writing. Only Rue McClanahan as the heartily silly waitress is in tune. The "hero" is not naive enough. The father is villainous when he should simply be

* In my column of December 1, Meyerhold's system of body training was erroneously called "biomechanism." It should have read "biomechanics."

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oafishly thickheaded; the mother too genteel for the circumstances: a pervasively earthy innocence is lacking. Still the play's good nature and purity emerge.

I cannot bring myself to say anything harsh about the revival of *Our Town* at the ANTA Theatre. The play is part of an American dream, a memorial to the myth of the sweet past in rural America. It strums a string—rather slack now—of our national culture. Its optimistic view of life is a sugary Platonic distillation of what we imagine we once were, what we yearn to believe we still "in our hearts" might be. Thornton Wilder is a tactful craftsman: he found the right form for his content. His is a feathery touch: he doesn't *push*. Hence the play's endurance.

The production under Donald Driver (who directed *Your Own Thing*) is somewhat overcharacterized, especially at the outset. All the actors—Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Ed Begley among the best known—are capable of achieving the needed effects with more simplicity. Still, moments preceding and during the ice-cream parlor scene induced a tear, as Elizabeth Hartman, an actress of genuine sensibility, and Harry Evans play it. And I was struck by Denise Nickerson, a child player with prodigious powers of projection!

The fabric of *Our Town* is fragile; a smaller theatre would serve it better.

Film Scene at Pula

CURTIS HARNACK

Mr. Harnack has recently returned to the faculty of Sarah Lawrence, following a sabbatical spent in part in Yugoslavia. He has published two novels (a third is finished) and a travel book on Iran.

Only the Yugoslavs thus far have thought of appropriating a Roman coliseum for a film festival, assembling tens of thousands of spectators to watch—not a contest between gladiators and beasts—but flickering images on a silver screen! Each year for the last fifteen, the magnificent Roman arena on the shores of the Adriatic at Pula, built between 30 B.C. and 14 A.D.—the most perfect such structure in the ancient world—is lit by floodlamps and strung with gaily colored bulbs. The grayish-yellow three-tiered shell, golden in the light, is stunning against the deep blue night sky.

In the city (part Italian watering resort, part Austro-Hungarian Empire naval base) the streets are barred to motor traffic and jammed with ordinary middle-class Yugoslavs streaming toward the great stadium for the double feature. Tickets cost $1.50, compared to the 20c tariff in local movie houses. The attractions are the premières of fourteen feature-length Yugoslav films, glimpses of glamorous movie personalities, and the pleasure of being part of the country's liveliest art. "We have the audiences, we have the interest," one director told me. "You in the West have heard a lot about Polish and Czech films, but now it's *our* turn."

My first evening there, upon entering the coliseum well after the first feature had begun, I felt that the atmosphere echoed with Roman ghosts. The imperious audience was quick to roar disapproval over one film sequence and hastily cheer another. Manners still tended to follow impulse, as I realized to my surprise when I felt stones the size of walnuts hurled against my legs by irritated spectators behind me, who couldn't see because I was standing in the graveled aisle, unable to find my seat. When I told my companions what was happening, they laughed. "A few years ago, the audience hated a film so much that when the director walked on stage, afterward, to be introduced to them—they stoned him."

No doubt, Plekhanov, the social theorist of Lenin's day, would have been heartened by such a spontaneous response: art should always be subject to the innate good judgment of the people. The official Yugoslav film brochure stated a similar sentiment: "These festivals are public social platforms where the public and the critics are informed of the state of our film industry as a whole. Here they can judge their aesthetic values and the failures, they evaluate them and arrive at conclusions. . . ." Possibly in the form of a stone.

Or, more happily, with the Yugoslav version of the Oscar. The climax of each festival is the awarding of the Golden Arena trophy for first prize, the Silver Arena for second. Just in case the jury of respectable cinema experts strays too far from the Communist ideal, a People's Prize is also presented—invariably to a patriotic film full of marching Partisans, twanging peasant music and proper Socialist messages.

This year's festival entries, in the opinion of most Yugoslavs with whom I talked, showed a fashionable pessimism and excessive violence. Some thought this might be the result of having awarded last year's prizes to films of that sort. Others pointed out, and I think it more likely, that Yugoslav directors are sensitive to trends in modern films everywhere and quickly become part of them. "The Czechs," observed an editor of the journal, *Politika*, "have every reason to despair, considering what's happened to their country, and yet *their* films are basically more optimistic than ours."

Horoscope was typical of this mordant drift, a thoroughly "modern" film, with a little from Godard, from Polanski, from Fellini, from almost everybody. The film is so modish it cannot help but travel well, internationally. First of all, it fits the requirement of centering on the very

JENIFER

Plant fire
into the earth
until it grows
like a green tree:
your pain
took precedence
over all there is
of death

in place of screams
water:
your silence
broke me,
and I brought
a woolen doll
to make you laugh:

you took my hand
through a rain
of stones

afterward
they said it
would not live:
nurses
stepped around us,
friends
were people
falling off a cliff

under a white nightgown
you held us
roped
to some terrible
assertion, and
when the child broke
from her cage
of glass

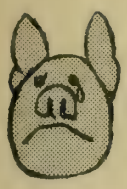
you named her
Galila-Yael:
she who fights with
waves
of light

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young: a group of semi-naked post-adolescents, perhaps on holiday from their university studies—all of them in a kind of summer limbo and mesmerized by the moment. Bora Draskovic, the youthful director, set the action in a railway switching yard, between the flats of the sea and the steep locomotive haul into the mountains. Despite its rather pretentious symbolism and second-hand cinematic ideas, the film is skillfully put together and contains some brilliant scenes: such as the confrontation between an old-fashioned, peasant-world wedding party and the playful, mocking, *dégagé* youths.

Considering the unsophisticated audience, I was surprised by the courtesy shown *Horoscope*; they respected, perhaps, the tender age of the director and the seriousness of his intent. Later that evening on the terrace of the Riviera, a gray Austrian dowager of a hotel where the film colony gathered each evening after the screenings, long-haired Draskovic in velvet mod clothes was properly lionized. Radio and TV journalists kept calling him away for interviews. It was a triumphant evening for him, perhaps because he hadn't been torn apart by the beasts in the darkness of that great arena.

Film companies in Yugoslavia compete with one another and must show profits or go bankrupt, as in any capitalist country. One of the most successful and respected companies, Avala Films, counted heavily on *Cross Country*. It did not receive the audience support expected, although it starred the popular actress, Milena Dravic, and was directed by Purisa Dordevic ("The streets of Belgrade are noticeably emptier when his television serial is being shown," a Yugoslav told me).

Cross Country began as a funny, daffy comedy, somewhat reminiscent of the early Doris Day films, at least in spirit (and perhaps because blonde Miss Dravic resembles her): and the film was beautiful to look at, having been shot in color in a wild, primitive area of eastern Bosnia, near Serbia. The story concerns an Orthodox priest whose love of sports inspires his pretty daughter to become a champion cross-country runner. After the initial absurdity, all she runs into is a lot of heavy symbolism. The hoots and whistles began to gather momentum in the restless crowd, drowning out the sound track. The verdict was clearly thumbs down, Roman style.

None of Avala's films fared well, and the company's director, with whom I had dinner one evening in the fashionable Venetian fishing village of Rovinj (which was as crowded as Positano) kept repeating in English: *Oh, my God! Oh, my God!*

What is healthy in this painful scrutiny by both one's peers and the untutored mob is that the merit of a film remains somewhat open to question, and no clique of powerful critics can have too much influence. The ordinary moviegoer is roaring in the dark amphitheatre, having his blunt say. He cannot be entirely laughed off; officially, he certainly cannot; and even the directors, actors and other cinema personnel feel close to those vibrations from the masses. For centuries in the European theatre the ideal drama has been—like Shakespeare's—appreciated in different degrees by the gentry in the boxes and the standees in the stalls.

While the festival was a vacation attraction for the masses, for the cinema crowd it was largely a continual party. I saw a film and later met the actress; I met an actress and then saw her film. At a picnic beach supper one night, the fragile, blonde star, Snezana Niksic, adroitly broiled fresh mackerel over a makeshift charcoal fire—an hour before she was to drive with her husband, director Vuk Babic, to Pula in order to be presented to the audience, following the screening of her film. (Her name means *Snow White*, his *Wolf*; "Two fairy tales that got mixed up," said Babic.) They were living in a pup tent pitched in a wheat field, not merely because of the hotel room shortage but because it is stylish for the young, successful, moderately rich Yugoslavs to don jeans and travel poor. "We are proud of our close connections to the peasants. I'm only one generation removed," said Babic. One afternoon during the festival he helped his uncle in Ljubljana sell ripe apricots in the farmer's market.

"There are as many film festivals in the world as there are days in the year," said a former director of the Pula event, "but none of them is quite like ours." For one thing, the celebration is a national affair, beginning with fireworks in true Balkan style. Marshal Tito makes his appearance—this year under exceptionally heavy security guard. Among the press was a Canadian journalist who'd been effusive with every Yugoslav he met, telling them what a wonderful country theirs was, how much better things were here than in Russia or America. "*This* is the true social system of the future—here you have real freedom." In fact, he'd been in the country only a few days—in the company of a girl he intended to marry in this paradise nation.

On the night of Marshal Tito's visit to the arena, the Canadian tried to break through the police lines to reach an exit. The troops laid hands on him and demanded his passport, which unfortunately he'd left in his hotel room. He was promptly arrested and hauled roughly to jail, where he spent the night. After the matter was straightened out, to make amends, the Lord Mayor of Pula not only attended the journalist's wedding, the day after the close of the festival, but even paid for the nuptial supper and all the wine. "From a night in jail to celebration and joy! What a typical Yugoslav experience," said one young director. "If only I'd had a camera—it would all have been perfect on film!"

WINTER AFTERNOON

Before the storm
breaks the olive
tree turns up its leaves
and I am drawn
within that explosion
of white against
a purple sky.

HAROLD ISBELL

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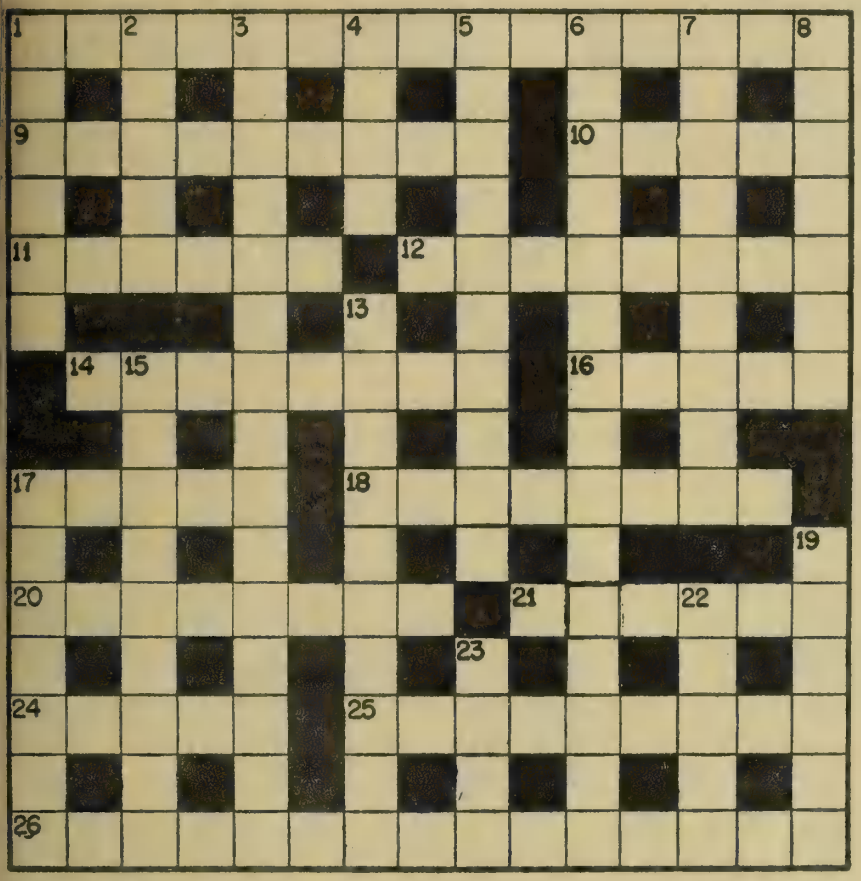
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ACROSS

1 But such an offspring is not necessarily both large and imposing. (5-10)
9 It might well be Brahman, but many have a thing about one. (6,3)
10 Duck. (5)
11 If American, a different 4 than may be associated with 9. (6)
12 One would have to move a dozen times before getting even one foot off the ground! (8)
14 An inclination to be treading somewhat awkwardly? (8)
16 One step taken to overcome a big 14? (5)
17 The measure of 12 confused with a different measure. (5)
18 Instruments found in foreign romances.
20 You wouldn't refer to it for a clincher, though it might help if cut to the quick. (4,4)
21 Forbid a mild expletive of a riverman, possibly. (6)
24 Quoted as describing the medal-winner, perhaps. (5)
25 Provoke a sort of riot, and it could become a custom! (9)
26 Scotch and water association with it? (4,4,7)

DOWN

1 Talk about the old girl-friend! (6)
2 Ruy Diaz de Bivar. (2,3)
3 An original plot? (3,6,2,4)
4 Run in the family, broadly speaking? (4)
5 Occasionally present, too, in consequence. (3,3,4)
6 Bohemians could well be, if authentic. (15)
7 Possibly a lover of Rome. (9)
8 Visionary. (7)
13 Store place designed for filters? (10)
15 An 8 isn't supposed to be. (9)
17 Holding a low opinion of mankind. (7)
19 Is one who cries more capable of being severer? (6)
22 Ground meal—a sort of coarse hominy. (5)
23 Some boy about 13 might start off with such yeast. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1324

ACROSS: 1 Abeam; 4 Poncho; 11 Winston; 12 Accrues; 13 Speedwell; 14 Rebut; 15 Hunting knives; 17 Credit balance; 22 Lapse; 24 Odometers; 25 Stamina; 26 Shikari; 27 Assets; 28 Istle. DOWN: 2 Bandeau; 3 Antedated; 5 Occur; 6 Crumble; 7 Onsets; 8 Awash; 9 International; 10 Eat like a horse; 16 Imageries; 18 Repeals; 19 Cue ball; 20 Plasma; 21 Aspic; 23 Evict.

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LETTERS

objectivity

Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: Regarding David Deitch's article promoting "advocacy journalism" ["Change or Stagnation: Case for Advocacy Journalism," *The Nation*, Nov. 17], I would like to make a few observations.

The daily press is no place for bias and opinionated personal views, unless they are labeled as such. The polemical journals such as *The Nation* and others are designed to fill that need. Of course, absolute objectivity is difficult, if not impossible, to attain. However, fairness to a high degree is not impossible. As I read news accounts of various controversial issues, I see little fairness. Recently, the major daily in Detroit scuttled its "Crime in the Streets" column because it reflected poorly upon that city's Negroes. A nice gesture, perhaps, but what happened to truth and the people's right to know?

Laird M. Wilcox

It was precisely Mr. Deitch's point that objectivity is impossible to attain and that advocacy is therefore both more honest and more informative. And what sort of "fairness" is served by instituting a "Crime in the Streets" column, which implies that it has become a normal aspect of community life—like the weather, fashions and the movies? *Editors*

down from the moon

Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: President Nixon's ill-advised attempts to tie the space program to the war in Vietnam are likely to be as successful as tying a kite to a sinking battleship.

Astronaut Collins has been hired to propagandize for Richard Nixon, but he can only serve to discredit the space program. Emerging from the insulated, hothouse environment necessitated by the Apollo program, Collins has been persuaded by Nixon to accept the preposterous conclusion that he is just the man to set the war critics right. His first encounter with the articulate critics who have studied the disastrous war for years should give him a rather different perspective. How long after that that he allows Nixon to misuse him will depend primarily on how deep he wants to sink the space program. *Don W. Allford*

heard and overheard

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: A tourist who has been a bit bewildered by the Nixon-Agnew line on Vietnam tells of a funny parallel which he found to it on a road in Ireland's midlands. He had struck up acquaintance there with a farmer who was taking a pig to market, and asked him where he was going.

"To Cork sure," replied the farmer.

"But you are headed for Belfast," remarked the surprised tourist.

"Whist, he'll hear ye," whispered the farmer as he hurriedly escalated north with his unsuspecting treasure.

Don Molony

limit on technique

Bath, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: In a recent speech, Vice Admiral Rickover reminded us that there is an important difference between pure science "which is pure thought and can hurt nobody," and technology which is "action" based upon applied science with an enormous potential for injury to man and his en-

(Continued on page 699)

EDITORIALS

Indians and Others

It is axiomatic that war brutalizes the most ordinary and normal man. It is also clear that the nature of the fighting in Vietnam—with no defined battle lines—contributes to the brutalization process. The very nature of the fighting endangers civilians. The concept of "free fire zones" is false, for the zones are seldom if ever really cleared of civilians. Even so, there is an aspect of the Pinkville and similar situations which cannot be fully accounted for by the "war breeds brutalization" thesis.

Raymond R. Coffey, who covered the war in Vietnam for two and a half years, regularly for the Chicago *Daily News* and occasionally for *The Nation*, points out that, with exceptions of course, "the most evident and most profound feeling toward the Vietnamese among American GIs is contempt." The South Vietnamese on "our side" are included. "There ain't no gooks on my side" is the way one Marine expressed his feelings to Coffey. Friendly or unfriendly, North or South, the Vietnamese are commonly referred to by such terms of contempt as "gooks," "dinks," "slopes" and similar expressions. Dr. Morton H. Fried, professor of anthropology at Columbia University (also a *Nation* contributor), reports in a letter to *The New York Times* that in the course of two or three trips a year to East Asia, he has often heard Americans, both officers and nonofficers, express "the most horrifying opinions of the Asians among whom they were serving. To put it mildly, they did not regard Asians, whether friend or foe, as quite human." In a recent interview with GIs at a veterans' hospital, a reporter for the *New York Post* collected such statements as this: "One million of them ain't worth one of us." The saddest aspect of these interviews was that some of the veterans quoted were black or Puerto Rican.

How account for this prevalent feeling? It may relate far back to our brutalizing experience with Indians as "the course of empire" moved westward. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, who was not a particularly bloodthirsty general as generals go, said at Fort Cobb in 1869: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." On another occasion, when asked if his soldiers had killed Indian women and children, he is said to have replied: "Nits make lice." Over a period of many years, the attitude reflected in such statements became "structured," so to speak, as part of the folklore if not the psyche of many Americans. In how many penny dreadfuls, bad movies, plays and tales of one kind or another has the killing of Indians been equated with the killing of coyotes? The massacre continues on TV, whites killing Indians, Indians killing whites, with the ratio about 10 to 1 in favor of the whites.

The notion that the Indian is not a human being, endlessly repeated, from one generation to the next, is easily transferred to Vietnamese and other Asians (read Mark Twain on the "Heathen in Outer Darkness," which dates from an earlier war in Asia), the counterparts of Indians to many Americans. How long it may take to exorcise this tragic blindness is suggested by the circumstance that Hollywood has only recently produced a film which pic-

ures an Indian as a credible human being, *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*. It was written and directed by that fine talent, Abraham Polonsky, who was blacklisted out of the industry for some twenty years. The film comes at an opportune time; it just might help some Americans to understand how and why it is that they think of Vietnamese very much as General Sheridan thought of Indians.

The Larger Issues

The President has said of Song My that "what appears was certainly a massacre" and he added that "under no circumstances was it justified." So Mr. Nixon seems to have little doubt as to what happened. There never was much doubt, at least not after *Life* printed the color pictures which the professionally meticulous Army photographer had taken, after urging the firing squad to "Hold it!" while he focused on women and children about to be executed. It does not seem to have occurred to him to turn his camera on the firing squad. Such a picture would now be extremely useful.

The victims are dead, the perpetrators may or may not be punished, the most important consideration now is to ascertain the correlations of the massacre with American policy in Vietnam from the beginning. It is in the Army's interest to clear its name as far as possible by probing what happened and making a clean breast of its culpability, but that is not easily done. It may, in fact, be impossible. In his "Capitol Stuff" column for the New York *Daily News* (December 10) Ted Lewis discusses some of the difficulties. Lieut. Gen. William R. Peers has been assigned by the Army to find out why the massacre was not disclosed within a reasonable time after it occurred. But Peers at the time was acting commander of the I Field Force, to which the soldiers of Song My belonged. It appears that Maj. Gen. Samuel Koster was flying in a helicopter over the killing ground and Captain Medina says that Koster ordered him not to take his company back into "all that mess." But Koster was subordinate to Peers. There's a delicate situation: if there was a cover-up—and there is certainly *prima facie* evidence of one—could Koster and Peers have been unaware of it?

Moreover, the Peers panel was set up by Army Secretary Resor and Army Chief of Staff Westmoreland. Resor was President Johnson's Army Secretary at the time of the massacre, Westmoreland was U.S. commander in Vietnam. They, Secretary Laird and President Nixon knew about the massacre in August or September, but took no action to investigate the earlier whitewash until November 24, when the basic facts were known to every daily and weekly newspaper reader and every TV viewer.

So who shall investigate? The House Armed Services Committee is in the act, but its chairman, Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, was not convinced (as of December 10) that there had been a massacre. There were piles of dead civilians, sure enough, but: "We didn't see [pictures] of anybody shooting anybody." (Too bad about that Army photographer.) Mr. Rivers' undying love for the Army is one of Washington's most affecting romances.

Sen. John Stennis, chairman of the Senate Armed Serv-

FEB 24
MAR 15

IN THIS ISSUE

December 22, 1969

EDITORIALS

682

ARTICLES

687 Half a Loaf: Washington Confronts the Hungry — *Jennifer Cross*

689 Franco's Last Deal — *Loren Jenkins*

692 Ghost Town Vigilantes: The Racial Pallor of Cairo — *G. Louis Heath*

695 Legitimate Deductions? Conscience and the Income Tax — *Ralph S. Rice*

697 Harry Golden

BOOKS & THE ARTS

700 Raine: Blake and Tradition — *J. Bronowski*

701 Bridges (poem) — *Karen Swenson*

702 Books on Film — *Robert Sklar*

703 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

704 Art Books — *Lawrence Alloway*

707 Music — *David Hamilton*

708 Books by *Nation* Contributors

710 Films — *Robert Hatch*

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NATION *Volume 209 No. 22*

ices Committee, must be taken more seriously. He has called for the creation of a Presidential commission, "outside the government and outside the military." President Nixon has indicated that he would consider setting up such a body, but only if the military machinery already in motion should prove inadequate. More to the point is the proposal by a distinguished group of lawyers for an impartial tribunal of retired jurists and former military men "to investigate America's conduct of the Vietnamese War."

And not only that, we would add, but also the inception of the war. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has once again pulled back from the brink in its proposed general investigation of American policy in Southeast Asia. The case for an impartial investigation does not rest solely on the conduct of the war, nor on the Song My we know about and other Song Mys which may emerge. The whole record is studded with ambiguities, contradictions and suspicious circumstances that cry out for clarification. It is on this whole context that the investigation should center, with Song My as the springboard.

'Marked for Extinction'

Those who surmised—or hoped—that the article by L. F. Palmer, Jr., in the July 28 *Nation*, "Out To Get The Panthers," was an exaggeration may now reconsider their position. It is becoming increasingly apparent that a campaign of repression and assassination is being carried out against the Black Panthers, and that a continuance of this course will see the entire leadership behind bars, or dead. Charles Garry, the white San Francisco lawyer who represents the Panthers, says that so far twenty-eight Panther leaders have been assassinated. Since killings, whether legal or illegal, are usually carried out in what military men call the "fog of battle," one might apply a 50 per cent correction to Garry's claim. But that would still leave fourteen murders, and one would be too many.

The recent affray in Chicago seems conclusive evidence of a police tendency to treat the Panthers as outlaws on whom there is an open season for slaughter. Just before dawn a fourteen-man police detail, armed with side arms, shotguns and at least one submachine gun, knocked on the door of the apartment of Fred Hampton, the Black Panther chief in Illinois. A few minutes later Hampton and Mark Clark, another Panther, were dead, four more Panthers were taken to the hospital with multiple gunshot wounds, and three others were put under arrest. Two policemen were hurt, neither of them seriously.

The military analogy is appropriate. The police had a search warrant, but was it imperative that the search should proceed at the cost of human life? The police claim is that they were fired on when they entered. In military ground operations, when a platoon receives fire the men take cover and the platoon leader and his sergeant decide what to do next. They don't stand up and fight it out in Wild West fashion. If the police were indeed fired on first, they should have withdrawn, tried to get at the occupants of the apartment with tear gas, and used other measures to avoid unnecessary loss of life. Even if this gave the Panthers a chance to get rid of the weapons the police were seeking, it would have been preferable from any humane standpoint, even from the standpoint of law and order, to the slaughter which took place.

That it was slaughter is indicated by the fact that more than thirty-six bullet holes were found in the walls near where the slain men lay, and none adjacent to the police positions. The surviving Panthers are conducting tours of the premises, with particular emphasis on the signs of battle, for crowds of Negroes, and some whites. Edward V. Hanrahan, the State's attorney who organized the operation, brushes off the ballistic evidence. He defends this and other raids "because of the viciousness of the Black Panther Party." Jay Miller, head of the American Civil Liberties Union in Chicago, has said on C.B.S. television that he believes "the Panther leadership is marked for extinction."

Renault Robinson, president of the Afro-American Patrolmen's League, looked over the scene with other black officers and said he did not believe the official police version of the incident. The door was not broken down, so somebody let the police in. If there had been a gun battle, as the police assert, the police would have suffered casualties in such close quarters.

The Black Panthers' rhetoric has been provocative and their displays of firearms foolhardy, but if these assaults continue there will be more trouble, not less. What is needed is a thorough, nationwide investigation, taking in the lawlessness of the authorities as well as any offenses of which the Panthers have been guilty. But most potential investigating agencies are either biased or impotent. The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, which has a better record than most such bodies, should not be allowed to shut up shop without probing these escalating acts of violence.

Gas Scare

Hermiston, Ore., a quiet farming town of some 5,000 people, lies 7 miles below McNary Dam, on the Columbia River, and about 40 miles south of the giant atomic plant at Richland, Wash. On December 2, the Army announced that all poisonous gases would be removed from Okinawa and stored at the Umatilla Depot, near Hermiston. The announcement added that five shipments from Okinawa would be required to handle the many tons involved, and that the chemical munitions would include lethal GB and VX nerve gases as well as mustard gas of World War I vintage. The decision to bring the gas home from Okinawa was made last summer, after word leaked out that twenty-four Americans had received medical treatment when a container of nerve gas broke open at the U.S. base.

Oregon's first reaction was one of shock. Scarcely anyone in the state had known that the Umatilla facility was a chemical depot. Then people started saying, "But President Nixon said he had ordered the destruction of gases which killed or incapacitated." He had said nothing of the sort but the way he phrased what he did say gave a lot of people the wrong impression.

Shock quickly turned to apprehension. Stockmen around

Hermiston, remembering what had happened in Utah, voiced concern. So did wheat farmers in the area. Conservationists worried about what an accident might do to the Columbia River. Among the concerned Oregonians was Gov. Tom McCall, who said from Washington, D.C., where he was visiting, that he would try to identify the nature of the chemicals and Army plans regarding their disposition in Oregon. "If these findings disclose that the chemicals would be a hazard," he declared, "I will bend every effort to stop the proposed Army action. If unsuccessful, I will utilize every capability I have as chief executive of the state of Oregon to insure our citizens' safety through whatever use of state manpower and equipment may be necessary."

These were strong words for the Governor, who usually lines up firmly behind the Nixon Administration, but they are mild reflections of the anxiety and anger many Oregonians already feel.

Pentagon Hucksterism

There is little new about the outrageous activities by which the armed services try to manipulate public opinion through elaborate and skillfully planned public relations programs. Fred Cook dealt with the subject in "Juggernaut: The Warfare State," a *Nation* special issue of some years back. But now Senator Fulbright has explored this massive PR effort quantitatively, and his findings fill more than 12 pages (some 24,000 words) of the *Congressional Record* for December 1. American corporations have never been backward in proclaiming their virtues and trying to make friends and influence people on a mass scale, but surely none is more active in this sphere than the armed services.

Senator Fulbright suggests to Vice President Agnew that here is a fertile field for his crusade against journalists who may seek to analyze and evaluate the pronouncements of government officials. In this case, however, there is no danger that anything adverse to the Nixon Administration will come to light. The group which is seeking to manipulate public opinion consists of some 2,800 publicists, a regiment made up of government employees and military men on active duty, all using government facilities and all financed with taxpayers' money. Last year the Defense Department's PR funds amounted to a trifle under $28 million, representing a tenfold increase over ten years. But since this figure leaves out the cost of using military aircraft, aircraft carriers and other costly equipment, the total cost is certainly much larger.

The Air Force "information objectives," according to Mr. Fulbright, emphasize the need for "unmistakable strategic superiority" and "clearly superior U.S. aerospace forces." With appropriate substitutions, this is also the policy of the other services. In this aspect the services' PR programs aim to reach the public with the military's insatiable appetite for more materiel, and to show that unless they get all they ask for the national security will be imperiled. The arms suppliers, and the quasi-civilian associations that promote the interests of each of the services gladly support these efforts.

The Navy disburses about $10 million a year for PR propaganda. It has produced some 850 films for public use, including one titled *Why Vietnam?* It seeks to gain the "understanding and support" of the public for the goals of "modern ships, aircraft and equipment throughout the Navy," and points to growing Soviet naval strength, which reaches especially threatening proportions whenever budget time rolls around. Support is also recruited with cruises, including twice-a-year junkets to Hawaii for "top media executives."

An important aspect of Pentagon PR activity is speechmaking by general officers. Gen. Lewis Walt, assistant commandant of the Marine Corps, is said to recite the same basic speech twice or more a week before Rotary Clubs and other gatherings. In October he told the state convention of the Florida Red Cross that those who oppose the Vietnamese War must bear a part of the responsibility for the deaths of 10,000 American soldiers in the past year.

Army Chief of Staff William C. Westmoreland may not have been very successful while he was in command in Vietnam, but as a speechmaker he has no peer in the services. Between August 7, 1968, and the end of May 1969, he totaled fifty-nine separate engagements. Handsome and self-assured, his accomplishments in a PR capacity may well outweigh whatever he contributes as Chief of Staff.

The GIs who are trying to propagandize against the war by issuing newsletters and operating coffeehouses may well envy the brass, spending millions and lending the prestige of their insignia and medals to the continuance of the war. And, of course, a distinction must be made between GIs, most of whom were drafted into the service or who volunteered to avoid conscription, and career officers, most of whom serve of their own volition. Career officers are not "muzzled," as General Walker contended. Many of them, like Major Rowe (see "The New Politicians," editorial, *The Nation* December 15), speak with the evident approval and authority of the Pentagon. They have established channels through which to communicate their views; they testify before Congressional committees and regularly brief the Secretary of Defense and the President. Retired officers opposed to the war, such as General Shoup and Admiral True, speak now essentially as private citizens. What the officers on active duty are doing in this gigantic boondoggle is something quite different—and ominous. They are gradually breaking down the American tradition that the military should have no role in politics.

Cutting Back on Health

Every businessman understands that research is vital to industrial progress and future corporate profits. Research is at least equally essential to biomedical progress. The bulk of health research money comes from the government. At its peak, health research never exceeded 0.3 per cent of gross national product. GNP has averaged $880 billion over the past eighteen months, producing the figure of $2.64 billion annually for health,

The Nation customarily publishes 48 issues a year, in past years skipping four weeks in July and August. This year, however, only three of the summer issues were dropped, so that the fourth might be omitted during the Christmas-New Year period. Accordingly, the issue which would normally be distributed in the last week of 1969, and dated January 5, 1970, will not appear.

or roughly half of what has been spent for the "conquest" of space.

Or compare the health budget with the military budget, which is declining from $80 billion in 1969 to a projected annual rate of about $77 billion in the spring of 1970. Health research would run at about 3 per cent of "defense," which has led us into such insane ventures as the despoliation of Vietnam.

That is bad enough, but on the plea of curbing inflation, the health section of the Health, Education and Welfare budget has been cut by an as yet undetermined percentage that may be as high as 20 per cent. (See editorial, "The Wrong Place To Cut" *The Nation,* October 13.) Nineteen organizations, including the American Medical Association, the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society, have formed an Ad Hoc Committee on the Nation's Health Crisis for the purpose of adding $640 million to the present House appropriation for the HEW budget for medical education, research and delivery of medical care.

On behalf of the committee, Dr. Sidney Farber, retiring president of the American Cancer Society, suggests that the effect of the projected cuts may be "catastrophic." Dr. Campbell Moses, medical director of the American Heart Association, says that controlling inflation by cutting health research is equivalent to "balancing the budget by sacrificing human lives." Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, the Houston heart surgeon, says that unless the cuts are restored we can expect "a paralysis of our health system, with fewer doctors . . . and with little new knowledge or progress in delivery of health services."

Burning for Freedom

It was logical that the Massachusetts Young Americans for Freedom should have chosen December 7 for a pro-Vietnamese War rally: What could be more fitting, YAF tacticians reasoned, than an appeal to "Tell it to Hanoi" on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor? Also, they speculated, a rally on that date was certain to attract a number of American Legionnaires, VFW members and their families.

Only 2,500 turned out to march to Boston Common, where, six weeks before, 100,000 had urged, "Give peace a chance." The numbers game may be misleading, however. If anything the paucity of the crowd affirms rather than disputes Administration contentions that the majority *is* silent. If Boston is any gauge, Nixon's people do prefer to sit at home and wait breathlessly for a return to their brand of win-the-war normalcy, all the while viewing phenomena like last month's Washington demonstration as aberrations, the games of freaks.

With 15,000 members, YAF is the largest national right-wing campus organization. In addition to loudly and frequently denouncing critics of the war, YAF grapples with a whole spectrum of touchy issues which are not, strictly speaking, war-related: "Issues Papers" distributed on Boston Common called Social Security "a fraud on the young," East-West trade "national suicide," and the minimum wage "a crime against the Negro."

The list of speakers at the rally gave some idea of the kind of support YAF depends upon to set the Republic right again: Nguyen Truong, third secretary of the Vietnamese delegation to Washington; a *Pueblo* veteran; the Massachusetts liquor licensing commissioner, Albert "Dapper" O'Neil. L. Mendel Rivers and Spiro Agnew had been invited too, but both sent regrets.

The apple-pie simplicity of the candlelight affair was shattered, though, when it came to wind things up. After a rendition of the *Star-Spangled Banner,* the M.C. announced the finale. A pair of burly Vietnam veterans strode to the platform and unfurled a Vietcong flag, which standard was roundly booed by the crowd. After a short speech, one of the veterans set the flag afire. It was a ritual sacrifice akin to those rites whereby primitive man seeks the favor of his gods, an eerie conclusion to an evening arranged by those neat, tough-minded, career-oriented Young Americans for Freedom.

Mitchell's 'Law and Order'

Lawyers working out of the Washington (D.C.) Research Project, a legal aid group, have filed suit against Attorney General John Mitchell on behalf of 150 black complainants in seven Southern states, alleging that he has acted unconstitutionally by failing to enforce the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling in *Alexander* v. *Holmes.* The *Holmes* ruling ordered an end to the "all deliberate speed" formula and required desegregation "at once"; the suit was filed because the Justice Department failed to take action in those cases in which it is the *sole* party to the case, and which the Court did not specifically mention in its order.

Generally, a specific Court order such as the one in *Holmes* is sufficient guidance for the government to take action in similarly situated cases. In instances where the United States is the sole representative of the plaintiff to a school case, its inaction blocks further relief for black school children and their parents and is a clear indication that, in the words of the lawyers, "there is no intention" on the part of the present Administration to enforce the law.

The suit promises evidence that staff-prepared papers for action in the government cases have been blocked by high Justice officials. It seeks a summary declaratory judgment that the Attorney General is acting unconstitutionally. The hope is that if such a judgment is issued, the government will be both legally and morally bound to enforce the law. At this point, that may be a forlorn hope.

Washington Confronts the Hungry

JENNIFER CROSS
Miss Cross has written a consumer book on the food industry, The Jolly Green Giant, *which will be published shortly by Indiana University Press. It developed from earlier articles published in* The Nation.

Washington

How much money and what kind of political power will it take to feed the hungry in America—to insure that the 25 million poorest citizens get sufficient food, and that everybody has an adequate diet? Few of the 3,500 delegates to the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health, which met from December 2 to 5, had the slightest doubt that the job could be done properly only by a drastic reversal of the national priorities. Their list of key recommendations added up to a virtual blueprint for a social revolution to end poverty that would probably cost as much as we are now spending on defense.

The delegates asked the President to declare hunger a state of emergency, and to free sufficient funds to feed all needy people this winter. They asked for a guaranteed annual income of $5,500 per family of four; an expansion of the food stamp and commodity surplus program to all counties; free lunches and breakfasts for all children; and a transfer of all hunger and nutrition programs from the Department of Agriculture to Health, Education and Welfare. They also outlined a huge number of back-up programs (final drafts to be ready by December 25) to improve the food supply, to increase health care and surveillance, to provide nutrition education, to protect consumers, and to involve the public, particularly the poor, more actively in planning and executing such programs.

The astonishing thing about these suggestions is that they were made by a middle-class gathering, only slightly to the left of Center. They were a mixed bag of housewives, community organizers, nutrition specialists, teachers, students, toxicologists, food industry men and nuns. Many had arrived in a state of gloom generated by advance press comment implying that internal feuds at the White House and lack of Presidential commitment would turn the proceedings into a farce, and waste $400,000 of the taxpayers' money, not to mention a further $500,000 in foundation contributions that would have been better spent on food for the poor.

The conference had been set up on such short notice that few delegates had had time to read, let alone digest, all the advance reports of the twenty-six panels and eight voluntary task forces. Moreover, they were poorly briefed because of disagreements among the organizer, nutritionalist Dr. Jean Mayer, the White House conservatives, and some radical community groups on exactly why the conference had been called. No one was quite certain whether the group was supposed to advise President Nixon on how to spend the $1.3 billion in food-program money already appropriated, to plan the modest increase he might be expected to appropriate for fiscal 1971, or to say what, regardless of cost, the situation required.

After three days of high-pressure debate, delegates had been won over to the slogan "Bread now!" Their conversion was effected by the straggling efforts of a coalition of activists, all burning with moral commitment and impelled by a large professional stake in the hunger business: jobs, reputations, or an obligation not to return home to their supporters without a bird in the hand. These comprised the Community Action Task Force, representing more than seventy organizations, a small radical group including a pediatrician, a California rural legal assistance attorney and a Nader raider; and by the National Welfare Rights Organization, a caucus of minority groups representing blacks, Chicanos, Indians, Puerto Ricans and Appalachians. Aligned with this faction was John Kramer, hard-hitting executive director of the National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition; and two back-room politicians: William Smith, counsel to the Senate Select Committee on Hunger and Human Needs (the McGovern committee), and Robert Choate, assistant to Dr. Mayer and the Ralph Nader of the hunger movement.

One tactic used by the militants was to make the kindhearted and well-fed delegates feel very guilty to be talking about hunger while tucking away a $40-a-day expense account at the moderately opulent Sheraton Park Hotel. They were urged to fast, or to live on a welfare diet, give money, turn in their $18.30-a-day meal tickets; they were bombarded with photographs of starving children, and with such slogans as "the poor can't afford cottage cheese with ketchup." Underlying the emotional pitch lay a threat that the poor would go on causing trouble until something was done. Fanny Lou Hamer, an NAACP delegate, harangued a gathering of some 2,000 in her revival meeting style: "You are scared to death, white America, because you think we might do to you what you have been doing to us!"

While delegates had their heartstrings pulled, the hunger politicians were busy reminding each group that the main purpose of the conference ought to be a discussion of how to end poverty and hunger. Panels were urged to vote on the short list of priorities before getting down to their particular business and possibly losing their sense of direction. John Kramer and William Smith also briefed some 200 people, who then dutifully trooped up to Capitol Hill to lobby for or against some critical legislation. Primed with statistics they visited the House Agriculture Committee to plead for the Senate-passed McGovern-Javits food stamp reform bill (S.2547) and urged the Senate Agriculture Committee to support the Talmadge school lunch bill (S.2548), which could provide an extra $100 million in free or reduced price lunches. They also called on their Congressmen, asking them to kill the Green-Quie amendment to the 1969 Economic Opportunity Act, which even more than the Murphy amendment would effectively stifle the OEO by putting it under control of the states.

Thanks to all this activity, spokesmen dropping in from

the Administration got a lukewarm reception. When President Nixon reiterated his intention to "put an end to hunger in America itself for all time," and then asked the conference to support his meager income maintenance and food stamp reform bills, many delegates felt their intelligence had been insulted. How, they wondered, had he the nerve to offer a guaranteed annual income of $1,600 for a family of four ($2,400 with stamps) when everyone present knew that $5,500 was the minimum? Or to suggest a food stamp reform that would provide less coverage than the McGovern-Javits bill ($610 million instead of $750 million)? How could he talk about "moral imperative" and the Administration's "responsibility" to end hunger, while behind the scenes he was using his influence to kill every one of the more liberal pieces of legislation the conference supported?

Few people present retained much hope that the Administration had substantial plans to meet this country's tremendous hunger. Even while the conference was in progress, Arthur F. Burns, counselor to President Nixon and chairman-designate of the Federal Reserve Board, said in New York that expensive government programs to solve social problems would risk economic disaster. Even the food stamp and school lunch bills favored by the conference are running into the usual roadblocks in the House and Senate Agricultural Committees, and stand a chance only if people exert a good deal more political pressure, or accept the traditional trade-off for continued farm subsidies.

Which tactical approach is likely to bring the better result—the direct confrontation which the radicals advocate, on the ground that hunger is the most pressing social and moral issue of our time; or polite but hard bargaining through usual political channels? The conference used both methods, though (despite a number of threatened crises) it ended with the politicians in control. Six sober citizens went to see the President with a shopping list of priorities for an immediate end to hunger. When he stalled, they did not press him very hard. "We had to counter the impression that all this conference was interested in was theatrics," explained Fr. Robert McEwen, S.J., chairman of the Consumer Task Force, to one of the angry and disappointed radicals. In short, the group was advised to cool it.

They did not, however, come away totally empty-handed. President Nixon promised during the conference to see to it that the food stamp program is installed in all 307 counties which continue to refuse it by June 1970. Also the maximum allowance will be increased from the present $65 to $100 a month to the limit of existing funds. He promised to investigate all that could legally be done to feed the hungry by Christmas—which could include release of surplus commodities, use of OEO emergency funds, or even the declaration of a state of emergency under the 1969 California Disaster Act (which despite its name could apply to the whole country). He also undertook to study the conference findings, to instruct the appropriate government departments to review them, and if necessary, to follow up with another meeting in one year's time.

A major complication is the negative atttitude shown by Daniel P. Moynihan, another counselor who had the President's ear throughout the whole conference planning period. He fought a running battle with Mayer to try to steer the proceedings away from the more urgent but politically embarrassing subject of existing hunger and malnutrition toward the calmer waters of a ten-year national nutrition policy which would not require immediate Presidential commitment. Moynihan was reportedly so angered by the failure of the conference to come to heel by putting their seal of approval on the Administration's plans (particularly on his own pet projects for income maintenance), or even to give the President a big hand, that he tried to delete the radical priorities list from the conference recommendation.

Action between now and Christmas will depend on the outcome of the Moynihan-Mayer struggle, with the possibility of intervention by a more sympathetic though uncommitted third party, John Erlichman, the President's assistant for domestic affairs. The easiest way for the Administration to fulfill its promises would be to use the California Disaster Act to release funds for the immediate issue of surplus commodities, a possibility which Erlichman is now investigating. This would also solve a problem for the Department of Agriculture which is committed to forcing food stamps into hold-out counties without having the legal power to do so unless a state of emergency is declared.



Louisville Courier-Journal

"Where? Here? Goodness Knows I Can't See It"

Quite apart from emergency action on hunger, the conference may also prove a milestone in the intelligent discussion of some longer-term consumer affairs. As food company presidents, top scientists and housewives met, clashed and began to talk business, they developed fresh insights into one another's point of view. Substantial agreement was reached on some important measures to improve food safety. Among these are the need to control food additives by reviewing the FDA's GRAS list (chemicals generally recognized as safe, but which may never have been formally evaluated), and to amend the Delaney clause, which produced the recent ban on cyclamates. In the next few months there may be a move to change the law to allow the enrichment of staple foods, such as rice, flour and baked goods, which will primarily benefit the poor, but may also improve nutrition throughout the whole snack-loving, starch-eating nation. The present unsatisfactory labeling situation may be studied once again, either by the Food & Drug Administration on its own initiative, or under the terms of the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act. An attempt may be made to get more information on the labels, as by listing *all* ingredients and then the percentages in which they occur. There is also likely to be a more concerted push for unit pricing, but that depends somewhat on the experience in New York City, where it will be introduced in February.

The fight will be long and hard, probably as long as the five-year hassle over the Packaging and Labeling Act. But at least industry came away with a healthier respect for the political seriousness of the consumer movement, and with the chastening feeling that people are better informed and more suspicious than they had thought. For their part, the consumer delegates realized that some industry representatives were offering them a dangerous trade-off, pledging cooperation in the hunger fight, but asking in return for the relaxation of many marketing standards. They also realized that many of the reforms they pushed so airily would be extremely costly. There are signs on both sides that future bargaining may be more sophisticated.

FRANCO'S LAST DEAL

LOREN JENKINS

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Madrid

Almost from the inception of Franco's dictatorship over Spain in 1939, there has been no more fertile topic in Spanish conversation than speculation as to his successor. Talk of who, or more to the point, what, would follow the Caudillo has obsessed supporters and critics alike for more than thirty years. At the heart of the discussion, of course, has been the uncertainty in many quarters—including some close to Franco himself—about whether his peculiar personal brand of dictatorship could be institutionalized for posterity, or whether his departure from the Spanish political scene would again usher in a period of political instability. All the answers are not yet in, though the mystery of the immediate future has finally been unveiled. Despite the fact that the aging dictator rules on, the post-Franco period has already dawned.

The transition began last July when the Generalissimo finally ended the regime's longest guessing game by formally investing the bland, 31-year-old Prince Juan Carlos de Borbon y Borbon, grandson of Spain's discredited last king, as the legal heir to the chieftaincy of state and the future king of Spain when Franco either retires or dies. At the end of October, the transition was confirmed by the most sweeping cabinet shuffle in the history of Franco's reign. "The Caudillo is getting old," one official commented. "This is certainly the last cabinet he intends to name and it is his vision of the team he wants to rule on after the succession."

The government shake-up had been in the wind at least since 1966, when a carefully staged plebiscite gave the country a new constitution, or Organic Law of State, as it is officially called, which laid down the skeletal guidelines for the institutionalization of the regime. What caught almost all the cabinet ministers by surprise, however, was the cold-blooded thoroughness of the reshuffle. After three decades of keeping his mixed bag of heirs guessing as to who would inherit the property, Franco made his will public. The strategy of balancing all the elements of his support—the old guard militarists, the conservative Catholics, the neo-Fascist Falange and the technocrats of Opus Dei—in one vast coalition of the Right was scrapped. Instead, Franco entrusted the government to one group—the ambitious members and allies of Opus Dei, the powerful Catholic lay order whose faithful already play a dominant role in the Spanish economy.

Almost all the big names in the past government were unceremoniously dropped. Out went Fernando María Castiella, the nationalistic Foreign Minister who framed Spain's extortionary demands in exchange for accepting U.S. bases in Spain. Out went the mercurial Manuel Fraga Iribarne, the aggressive Minister of Information and Tourism who had relaxed press censorship and presided over Spain's exploding tourist boom. Out went Jose Solís Ruiz, who had run both the government-controlled unions and the National Movement, the Falange-dominated sole political party. The tough boss of the police, 80-year-old Interior Minister General Camilo Alonso Vega, was also dropped (because of age) as were all three of the cabinet's military ministers (army, air force and navy).

To replace these men and others, Franco chose a crop of younger, mostly post-Civil War professionals in their 40s and 50s, half of whom are either members of, or closely allied with, the Opus Dei. "This was an Opus Dei

coup d'état, a palace revolution if you will," one well-known Spanish editor said. "The Opus members have been trying to seize control of the government for years. They have finally succeeded." While that is perhaps an overstatement, based on the antipathy for Opus Dei felt in many quarters of Spanish life, there is no doubt that the cabinet is tailored for the influential Minister of Economic Planning, Laureando López Rodó, 48, and the new Foreign Minister (and former Minister of Industry) Gregorio López Bravo, 45, both of whom are holdovers from the previous cabinet. López Rodó and López Bravo are avowed members of Opus Dei (as is a third member of the new government, Housing Minister Vicente Mortes Alfonso), while at least seven other ministers in the nineteen-member cabinet have links of one sort or another with the order. The strong man in the cabinet remains the enigmatic Vice President, Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, López Rodó's patron and an old-time crony of Franco, who is expected to be named Premier when the Caudillo finally decides to disengage.

Chief among the dispossessed is the old Falange, which has always thought it owned the franchise by virtue of its fanatical support of Francisco Franco through the Civil War and the lean years that followed. But the blue-shirted Falange has been mortgaging its claims for years by clinging to the good old days, and the present reshuffle finally declared its bankruptcy. In nostalgic recognition of past service, three ministries were left in the hands of Falange members; but only one of these, Interior, is significant and all three Falange ministers are a world apart from the old-guard zealots who used to strut about the government ministries as if they were personal fiefs. Having lost the favor of its master, the Falange is left with no powerful voices in the cabinet.

The shake-up brought to an end a bitter internal struggle for power between the dated, aging Falange and the more modern-looking Opus Dei ministers, who were first brought into the cabinet in the late 1950s with orders to salvage the nation's almost bankrupt economy. The subsequent rivalry has had more to do with style and personal jealousies than with ideology. Both groups believe in Franco's authoritarianism, though the Opus interlopers seek by refinement to make it more acceptable to the rest of Western Europe and the United States, on whose good will Spain's economy must depend. So intense had the battle become in the past year that the cabinet was virtually paralyzed, unable to enact such long overdue reforms as the restructuring of the government unions, the modernization of the educational system, and the creation of political associations within the amorphous National Movement. The broader fight was distilled into personal struggles between the strongest and most influential ministers: López Rodó and López Bravo on one side, Fraga and Solís on the other; while such an independent-minded man as Castiella sought to play out his obsessive fantasies of imperial grandeur all by himself.

Because the Opus Dei has drawn heavily on the younger professional and managerial classes, its members in the government have gained the reputation of being nonideological pragmatists, or "technocrats," hostile to reactionary cronyism of the old order. The situation, however, is not that clear-cut, for in practice the Opus Dei ministers have shown themselves to be true believers in Francoism. To think of them as a liberal element emerging from within a decaying dictatorship—as much of the world press has done—is to miss the point. For the Opus Dei ministers are conservative capitalists to the core, a fact that no doubt explains the satisfaction with which U.S. Government officials have greeted the Opus take-over. Their ties and orientation are with the business and financial communities dominated by so many of their fellows in the lay order.

The much touted liberalism of Opus Dei ministers relates only to their efforts to perfect and refine Spanish capitalism; it has nothing to do with political reform. Since their incorporation into the government in the late 1950s, the Opus ministers have indeed moved to put the Spanish economy on a more businesslike basis, bringing in more than $1 billion in American capital, seeking association with the Common Market, and trying to modernize Spanish industrial development. In the political sphere, however, they have shown an unflagging devotion to the authoritarian principles of their patron.

Indeed, the modest efforts to advance liberalism in Spain came only from those now scrapped: Castiella, Fraga and Solís. Castiella, in an off moment from his foreign policy obsessions, almost single-handedly pushed through a religious liberty bill; Fraga liberalized press censorship, and Solís sought to free the unions from government control (albeit for his own political ends). "The irony has been that the ministers most generally associated with the old order have been the only ones to formulate measures to liberalize the system," a government official close to the cabinet said. "In almost every case it has been the so-called liberal technocrats who have opposed them." Though the religious liberty and press bills were passed several years ago, all recent reform legislation has been stalled. The political association bill, an ambiguous measure that might permit a guarded development of political groups (though not parties), has yet to be reported out of the cabinet. When the long-pending labor reform bill emerged from the cabinet recently, it was found to be almost indistinguishable from the present labor law, which keeps the unions in a vertical strait jacket firmly under the control of the government and the nation's capitalist interests. The old order, despite its Fascist origins, has found itself returning hesitantly to some of the social concerns of Falange founder José Antonio Primo de Rivera. The new order, on the other hand, appears to have decided that maximum profits and capital regeneration can best be attained by holding to the rigid controls Francoism imposes on the citizenry. Business runs more smoothly in the absence of active unions and political organizations.

The fact that Franco's most trusted adviser, Vice President Carrero Blanco, is also under the sway of the Opus ministers obviously was a vital factor in his decision to will them his estate. (Indeed, many of the disenchanted maintain that Franco is already beyond the point where he can make such crucial decisions; that he has simply left it all up to Carrero.) The investiture of Prince Juan

Carlos in July was the first sign that the scales had tipped to Opus Dei. Its members had been his most ardent supporters in recent years, no doubt on the theory that, with Juan Carlos as a figurehead chief of state, they would have complete freedom to run the government as they saw fit.

The highly sensitive public relations men of the order are at pains to point out that Opus Dei is in no way a political organization and that its members act as individuals in temporal affairs. "Opus Dei has nothing to do with politics," founder Monsignor Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer told an interviewer recently. "It is absolutely foreign to any political, economic, ideological or cultural



Juhl, P.I.B. (Copenhagen)

"No Signorina—the Ventriloquist Makes all the Replies!"

tendency or group. . . . Its aims are exclusively spiritual and apostolic." The 67-year-old Monsignor Escrivá, who now directs the worldwide order from Rome, is no doubt stating official policy: there is no international Opus Dei conspiracy to make Spain the personal barony of the order.

What is also true, however, is that a major part of the Opus Dei's 22,000 Spanish members are bound together by a similar university-educated, middle-class background and a common, Opus-instilled belief that they are a new elite who will lead Spain along the path of modern Catholic virtue. This, when mixed with the personal ambitions of some of its more prominent members, has led to the order's rapid rise among all the important sectors of Spanish life. Zeal, hard work, technical proficiency and money have brought the Opus Dei to the fore. And because its members are held together by Opus Dei's spiritual beliefs, as well as by constant communication with one another within the order, it has proved almost impossible to separate the acts of its members from their affiliation with the order. Though the order holds that man is split between his spiritual beliefs and his work on earth, few Spaniards are willing to accept the division, especially now that Opus Dei members dominate their government. "What would you say if you suddenly looked up and saw that half of your government and economy was dominated by Jesuits or Christian Scientists or Masons?" asked a Madrid University professor. "Could you really say it was a coincidence?"

The new style of post-Francoism, however, has already warmed Western hearts. Because the Opus members are so concerned with business and growth, they know that the Castiella type of nationalistic foreign policy must go. At all cost, the new government intends to appear more liberal, modern and Western. López Bravo has already muted Spain's claims to Gibraltar in favor of a concentration on getting Spain accepted into the Common Market. (Negotiations are now under way on a six-year trade arrangement which might lead to eventual association, if all works out well.) On the American front, Spain is expected to drop its stiff demands for the continued presence of U.S. military bases when negotiations are renewed next year. (That the U.S. Congress may decide to cancel the bases accord next September is a possibility not mentioned in the present mood of cooperative euphoria.)

On the home front, no change is expected, though the more glaring examples of repression, especially in the Basque country and the universities, may be muted (not abandoned) in order to present a better face to the West. The opposition is too splintered and ineffective to mount any real challenges in the immediate future. The once powerful underground workers' commissions, which made the labor front so hot for the government only a year ago, were badly broken by the arrest and harassment of most of their militants during last January's state of emergency. The nation's major campuses remain under virtual martial law, with policemen almost outnumbering students. Little opposition can be expected from the young.

Thus the only effective challenge to Opus Dei dominance of the post-Franco era may come from the parties they so mercilessly dispossessed. Indeed, it could be that in his attempt to find the one group which would provide a stable, coordinated team to govern after he leaves, Franco has opened the chance for the instability and political revival he so abhors. By giving all to the Opus Dei, Franco may have sent the Falange and other anti-Opus elements in his entourage beyond the pale, but nevertheless left them with enough force to be a factor in the future. They can perhaps use the National Movement and the official unions, which they still control, to make things difficult for the new-style Francoists. And a man as dynamic and politically ambitious as the 48-year-old Fraga is not likely to take defeat with humility. It is already reliably reported that he has turned down the ambassadorship to Washington in favor of returning to his post as political science professor at Madrid University. The rumor is already throughout Spain that he will try to rally the opposition.

Be that as it may, the future of post-Franco Spain still remains ultimately in the hands of the army, which first ushered in the dictatorship. While it has been increasingly depoliticized under Franco's careful eye, the fact that his regime was set up as a military dictatorship cannot be overlooked, not even by the Opus. The army in Spain

has ever since the Civil War reserved the right to be the final arbiter of the system; indeed, it is constitutionally charged to "guarantee the defense of the [Francoist] institutional system." Franco, as well as his top generals, have made it plain that this defense is to be both external and internal.

The future of Opus Dei's post-Francoism, then, will depend more than anything on how well they can satisfy the army that they are indeed Franco's spiritual heirs. If a political squabble between the Opus and a solidified anti-Opus opposition gets out of hand, the army will dictate who is to govern. And it could well be that neither side will get its desire. The example of Greece has escaped few Spaniards, and the inexperienced Juan Carlos, when he becomes king, will look very much like his brother-in-law, King Constantine—especially to the military. And as Franco's old guard slips from the saddle, the judicial role of the army will fall into the hands of today's colonels. Whatever the changes, democracy, it would seem, is not on the Spanish horizon.

GHOST TOWN VIGILANTES

THE RACIAL PALLOR OF CAIRO

G. LOUIS HEATH

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Cairo, a town of 8,500, 45 per cent black, stands at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. This is the southernmost point of Illinois and in Cairo prejudice is often translated into action. Intense enmity between white and black has been a historical constant here; confrontation and violence have frequently cracked the veneer of community order, particularly since World War II. Recently, hostilities have escalated. Fire bombings and snipings are common occurrences, and several buildings have been burned to the ground (if a destroyed business has hired Negroes, the suspicion is that the arsonists were white). A few blacks have been wounded, and at least one has been killed. There are incessant threats, implicit or overt, mostly from whites. Considerable numbers of machine guns and other weapons have been sold to both blacks and whites.

Black militancy is the current spark to Cairo's traditional powder keg. The blacks, particularly the younger ones who have not been assimilated into the ante-bellum Southern mores (Cairo lies south of Richmond), are challenging established authority relationships, whereby whites proclaim decisions and "nigras" shuffle off to church to stifle their hatred of "the Man" by praying to the Lord. Blacks, organized in the United Front, are now assertively asking for a greater role in city government, more Negro policemen and jobs in the businesses which they until recently patronized, but now boycott. They are defying white paternalism as fervidly as they once chopped cotton.

As late as the summer of 1966, Negroes in the three southern Illinois counties, Alexander, Pulaski and Massac, were chained to low-paying cotton-chopping jobs by the seasonal withdrawal of welfare payments. Each spring the Alexander County office of the Illinois Public Aid Commission notified Cairo Negroes who received aid to dependent children that payments were to be terminated because seasonal labor was available. The labor was in the cotton fields of southern Illinois, southwestern Kentucky and southeastern Missouri, from May to September at 50c an hour. William H. Robinson, a black member of the Illinois Advisory Committee to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, reported in 1966: "There is evidence of collusion between the large farmers of the three states, the public aid department, and the Illinois State Employment Service to keep the Negroes in a form of slavery by paying them slave wages. When workers return to welfare rolls after the cotton-picking season, they are put on general assistance which pays less than regular welfare payments." The Illinois Advisory Committee's findings stimulated a larger investigation and the practice has been abolished.

The white community has been unable to deal with the new black militancy on any rational level. Their major response, following a black civil disturbance in July 1967 has been to organize a white vigilante group, the White Hats, allegedly "to protect our families, our homes, and our property," but actually to defend ingrained values and practices against the onslaught of the new movement. The present State's attorney for Alexander County, Peyton Berbling, was one of the organizers and even served as an officer. The group is now defunct, but the fact that a man who was once an agent of a terrorist organization could become the foremost representative of the law in Cairo says much about the quality of its justice. The White Hats armed 600 citizens, and drilled conspicuously in the downtown park, wearing white pith helmets. They were deputized as sheriff's deputies and deputy coroners. Cairo businessman Philip D. Marsden once claimed, "I could get my dog deputized in this town." The White Hats periodically participated in target practice and crisis alerts.

The White Hats disbanded last spring under pressure from the state government, particularly from Lieut. Gov. Paul Simon. The Apprehension of Horse Thieves and Other Felons Act, the legislation granting legal status to vigilante groups, was repealed at the same time. But a new group, United Citizens for Community Action (UCCA), has sprung up, and the Negro community views it as the same thing. One can even hear Negro children near the all-black Pyramid Courts housing project jumping rope and singing: "Where have all the White Hats gone? Not far away. Where have all the White Hats gone? They have gone underground to the UCCA."

The United Citizens practice a modern-day vigilantism. Equipped with two-way radios, they cruise the Negro district at night, sometimes with shotguns and rifles protruding from car windows. Both blacks and whites monitor civilian band radio in the evenings. (Preston Ewing, Jr., president of the local NAACP chapter, was until recently a radio and TV repair shop owner.) The messages remind one of the tactics of warfare: "We're close to Niggertown now. The guns are in the back. Our station will be about 100 yards behind Niggertown." "O.K., I'm coming down Walnut now. I'm staying here on this side of the tracks, so if any make any move out of Niggertown, I can handle it." Other conversation focuses upon contingency tactics: "We can roll a string of boxcars in behind Pyramid Courts for cover, if we need 'em. Cuz the city cut down all the brush between the tracks and the Courts, there won't be no cover outside. We can pin 'em down inside." (On one occasion the blacks of Pyramid Courts cornered a guerrilla band of whites on a nearby levee.) This sort of dialogue is not unusual on citizen band radio in Cairo.

The black community organized the United Front in response to the vigilante threat. It also is armed, but it has sought to de-emphasize weapons, realizing that it would be the weaker side in any showdown. Thus, when an AWOL Cairo Negro soldier mysteriously "hung himself" in the local jail and an elderly black man was beaten to death, the blacks didn't make major issues of their suspicions, fearing a mass reprisal upon Pyramid Courts,



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

residence for 2,000 of Cairo's 3,800 Negroes. Instead, the United Front has decided that the way to improve the Negro's position in the town is to wield as much economic power as possible. Accordingly, it declared a boycott of white business. It has been honored by all the blacks, who now buy at a black cooperative store established just north of Cairo or go 38 miles to Cape Girardeau, Mo. For some white merchants business has dropped by two-thirds. "Hell," griped a motel owner, "I'd be out of business if it weren't for the state police and newsmen staying here. I'm losing a lot of money." A real estate man claimed he had sold only two houses since last January. "Me and my family, we're moving to Florida. It's got to be better there. My God, what do they want? They're on aid. They don't work." "I'm losing $150 a day," complained another businessman. "I'm a small businessman and that's too much to lose."

Refusal to patronize local business works a drastic effect upon Cairo, which is in a depression. Of eighty-six Illinois communities with populations ranging from 5,000 to 10,000, Cairo ranks first in family units earning less than $3,000 a year, the income level defined by the federal government as the minimum for subsistence. Some 44 per cent of Cairo's families are below it. Cairo is second among the eighty-six towns in substandard housing: 45.8 per cent of all families reside in such dwellings. Since 1960 only nine new houses have been built and more than 200 have been torn down. There has been no public housing construction since 1927. Cairo is third in unemployment with a 9.4 per cent rate. For blacks, the rate is twice as high and runs to 20 per cent for the Negro males. Cairo is part of the Alexander-Pulaski Counties' depressed area, where Senator McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs found considerable hunger and malnutrition. Cairo and Alexander County rate at or near the top for Illinois in high school dropouts, premature births, infant mortality, disease, aid to dependent children and old age pensions.

Part of Cairo's problem is a great loss of population; it has shrunk to one-third of its 1920 figure. Those who leave are disproportionately the young, the potential leadership, which Cairo desperately needs if it is not to become a ghost town. Many whites display bumper stickers proclaiming "Cairo—Love It or Leave It." The young, black and white, have taken the bitter advice, emigrating to St. Louis and Chicago, abandoning Cairo to become "an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise," as Charles Dickens described it during his visit in 1842.

The tax base has diminished with the population decline, but the percentage of the population on welfare has not—in fact, it has increased. The minuscule population influx has been composed primarily of poor whites from Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, who contribute little to the tax base. They compete with blacks for low-paying jobs; many have become resentful welfare recipients. Their presence heightens racial tension.

Father Gerald Montroy, since 1968 representative in Cairo of the Belleville, Ill., Catholic Diocese (all of southern Illinois), referred to by Cairo whites as the "white nigger"; and Rev. Charles Koen, a black leader of the United Front, have advised the state government that major violence lurks just below the ruffled surface. (The Reverend Koen was a controversial leader of the Black Liberators in St. Louis and East St. Louis in 1967 and 1968. The press has referred to him as an "extreme militant.") They have requested Governor Ogilvie to intervene with a long-term scheme for peace, rather than to continue treating the symptoms of basic problems as

though they were isolated emergencies. They have even asked the Governor to declare Cairo a disaster area, but Ogilvie thought that unnecessary.

However, when the Cairo merchants began to feel the pinch of the boycott (six had liens on their businesses), President Nixon declared the part of Southern Illinois which includes Cairo an economic disaster area, thereby making federal small business loans easily obtainable. This action, whether or not so intended, effectively undercuts the boycott.

The Governor has dispatched the Illinois National Guard to Cairo on two occasions, but only a temporary cessation of hostilities has been achieved. He has looked the other way throughout much of the trouble. Lieut. Gov. Paul Simon has evinced more concern; he has visited Cairo, and has offered to serve as negotiator. But the United Citizens will have no truck with "outside interference" and "emotional sensationalism" on the part of politicians. The United Front, on the other hand, insists that the Governor or Lieutenant Governor act as negotiator in talks designed to end hostilities. To satisfy Negro demands after the disruptions in the summer of 1967, the white leadership made a "good faith" agreement; but it later reneged and destroyed any trust that may have existed between blacks and whites. Now the Front wants a binding agreement, signed by the parties to the dispute and by a high-ranking state official, preferably the Governor.

Cairo blacks have suffered numerous frustrations in their attempts to secure access to places of public accommodation. They sought to integrate the city swimming pool in 1962, gaining entry by force. After three weeks of unwilling integration (actually a series of sit-ins, demonstrations, cracked heads and arrests), the city officials closed the pool, saying it was not making enough money, and later selling it to a private concern for $1. Today the pool remains closed.

The blacks also attempted in 1962 to integrate a skating rink, owned by Billy Thistlewood, then a member of the local police force. Thistlewood furnished local whites with clubs and chains to repel the intrusion. In 1967, Negro leaders asked that they be permitted to convert into a youth and community center a chicken processing plant that had folded. The city contended that it wanted to keep the factory available for new industry, but the building, after more than two years, stands vacant and unattended. Even the Cairo Little League is segregated; doctors persist in segregating their waiting rooms, and dentists refuse to treat Negro welfare recipients.

When the Cairo schools were integrated during the winter of 1967, four schools were abandoned (they were all-Negro ones; integration generally meant moving blacks into white schools). Black leaders asked the school board for use of the gymnasium in one of these abandoned premises as an activities center. The board refused the request, saying they had long-term plans for the property. "Fine," Negro leaders agreed, "let us use it until the plans are completed." The response was forthcoming within a few days when a bulldozer appeared on the scene and converted the gymnasium into a pile of rubble. City officials erected in its place two basketball goals, which stand at virtually the same locations as did the goals in the old gymnasium. Of the three remaining schools requested by black leaders, two were bulldozed to the ground (although white leaders claimed one of them was to become a medical center) and the other was sold to an all-white group to house a private school, Camelot Parochial. Camelot "serves the better, white children," according to school administrator, Rev. Larry Potts, the fundamentalist Baptist preacher who in 1968 clubbed to death with a baseball bat a 72-year-old Negro, Marshall Morris. Potts was never indicted. He contended that Morris was assaulting his wife in their home. He testified before an Illinois House of Representatives Special Investigating Committee that black militants put Morris up to the attack.

Potts believes the public schools have declined as a result of integration. "The first year after integration, it was chaos. A lot of parents pulled their children out of school then. Many of us felt we ought to give them another chance. The second year was even worse. So many parents just felt they couldn't send their children back again." Mrs. Freida Rose, who has enrolled her child at Camelot, but still retains her position as a board member for the public schools, noted: "We tried integration. But when the Negro children came into the schools, it was terrible. They wrote dirty words on the walls and used such terrible language that we just couldn't take it any more. It isn't that they're Negro. It's just that their morals are so atrocious. I guess they must learn it at home."

Black students in the Cairo public schools have been the target of systematic discrimination. Counselors advise Negro students to drop out of school. A frequent reason cited is that a student is too old for his grade level. Actually, many of the students encouraged to leave school are from families most active in the United Front. Teachers and administrators discourage Negro studentts from participating in the senior class trip, although all students raise funds for the trip. One student was expelled because he had allegedly been "too playful" with a white girl, and two were evicted from a school assembly for clenching their fists in the "black power" salute.

Racial confrontation has fixed a ghostly pallor on Cairo. Although located on a rich alluvial fan at the confluence of two great arteries of transport and commerce, potentially greater than Chicago (and at one time larger and more prosperous), the city is impoverished in 1969 because a rigid and paranoid social structure will not permit the rational use of resources, both human and physical.

The white leaders, believing God and the Bible to be on their side, would rather attack the boycott and the black militants than seek to eradicate the poverty and deprivation which victimize many of both races. A United Front resolution points out: "The real enemy of the poor people of Cairo, the black ones and the white ones, is the government (in Springfield and Cairo) which permits the poor to remain poor at the edge of an affluent society." The situation in Cairo is a classic one of wealthy elites, bound into a ruling clique, pitting one impoverished group

against another. The white leaders know that if they can interpret every issue as a racial one, they will never lose an election (the population is 55 per cent white). They fear any organization that cuts across the racial barrier. The Illinois Migrant Council met great opposition when it initiated its adult education program for underemployed seasonal farm workers. The assistant program director was badly beaten and the area coordinator was fired upon. The white leaders know that when impoverished whites and blacks study together, they are only one step from joint political action, and they fear collective militancy even more than black militancy. Black power can be contained in Cairo because it is not sufficient to win political office, but the voices of the impoverished (at least half the population), demanding change through the ballot box, could not be ignored.

A coalition of poor blacks and whites is not an immediate possibility. The polarization of the races in Cairo is, in fact, so great that it is difficult for black and white even to discuss their problems. White police Captain W. H. Thompson claims, "I have never seen so much hatred in my life as in this town." A truck driver snarls, "When the niggers learn that if they start cutting on a white man for no reason at all, they're going to get their head blown off, they'll start leaving white people alone." A shopkeeper insists: "We got the dumbest goddam niggers in the country." The Reverend Potts, who regularly preaches on "Communism in Cairo," is the leading advocate of the "devil theory" espoused by most white citizens. He throws up his hands in disgust. "There's a criminal element in Cairo. There's a militant element that has come and gone back and forth from East St. Louis." A housewife confides: "We want to help the nigras, but these cruddy black 'Castro guerrillas' just keep on agitating. These things take time." This thinking in stereotypes, this imputing of the basest motives to a whole group, creates a sociological climate of intolerance. The most minor incident can set off violence.

The blacks in Cairo have refused to turn inward the antagonism they feel toward whites. There has been some militant preying upon moderate blacks who do not agree with the activist strategy, even one killing, but it has not been much, given the intensity of feelings. The *Cairo News*, published by the blacks, moralizes: "The one lesson we hope the White Hats have learned is that there is a new black man, woman, and child in Cairo. They all stand ten feet tall and they can smell a sick racist miles away and long before they can begin to deceive the blacks."

The blacks have sought full participation in civic life by initiating legal challenges to discriminatory practices. For example, the United Front challenged a proclamation, issued under the authority of a Cairo City Ordinance, banning picketing in the corporate limits. The Front won with the legal assistance of Robert Lansden, a lawyer and one of the few white liberals in Cairo, who took the case to federal court in Danville, Ill. Lansden also handled cases for Cairo blacks in 1949 and 1952, winning on both occasions. For his efforts, his home has been fire bombed and garbage has been strewn on his lawn. One neighbor, after suffering an accidental fire bombing of his porch, erected on his roof a neon arrow pointing toward Lansden's place. David Baldwin, president of the United Front, feels the boycott would be successful without picketing, but that the activity sustains in all blacks a sense of involvement that is essential to the black movement in Cairo.

Through the United Front, the blacks have discovered what it means to be a constructive agent of change (and when destructive, generally in self-defense). They no longer accept Cairo's archaic, plantation system of values. But the white community, isolated by its collective illusion about what blacks are like, has hypnotized itself into believing that the "niggers" really do not mean all those things about "Black Power" and "black dignity." How long this fantasy will last is difficult to say, but the violence will continue until it ends.

LEGITIMATE DEDUCTIONS?

CONSCIENCE and the INCOME TAX

RALPH S. RICE

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Government watchers predict that substantial federal tax reforms will be adopted in 1969 and 1970. It is said that public disillusion with the present tax structure will compel changes.

The sad fact is that several difficulties make such an accomplishment dubious, even though a bill of sorts has passed the House and, with approximately eighty amendments, the Senate. First, enthusiasts are too quick to discount the political muscle—manifest in many an earlier battle—of those who assert a vested interest in a tax shelter. Second, when the bill goes to the Conference Committee of House and Senate, further erosion may be expected.

Finally, the reforms currently being welcomed as revolutionary may well turn out to be ineffectual. For example, promise and performance were far apart in the 1962 tax reforms, which were equally hailed as protecting the generality of taxpayers. Particularly important there were provisions concerning the efforts of the Treasury Department to control abuses in deductions claimed for travel and entertainment. However, what actually took place under these statutes scarcely justifies the hosannas with which it was greeted.

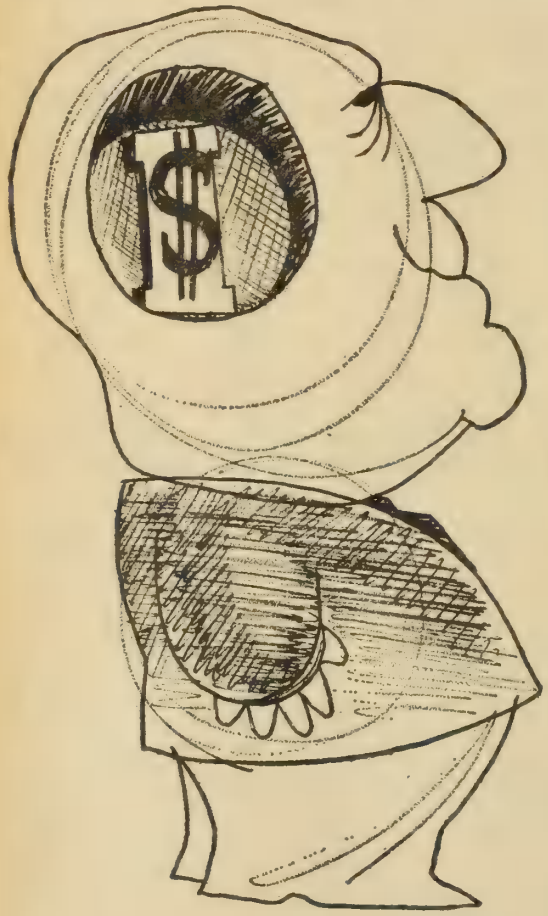
Let us pursue this subject through the eyes and mind of John Doe, a mythical taxpayer beloved of legal scholars.

Doe, who has a passing knowledge of income taxes, sits down to estimate his income subject to the federal tax. As he looks through the scraps of paper on which he has noted possible deductions, his eye falls on an item of $40 for theatre tickets, purchased on an occasion when he was host to Roe, an old college friend with whom he had done some business in the past, and Roe's wife. He must now decide whether the item is deductible, and he reviews the law to find the answer.

He remembers that the basic statute provides that expenses generally are deductible only where they are "ordinary and necessary" in "carrying on any trade or business." The obscurity of such terms as "ordinary" and "necessary" gives him some concern: he recalls the words of Justice Cardozo on the subject:

> One struggles in vain for any verbal formula that will supply a ready touchstone. The standard set up by the statute is not a rule of law; it is rather a way of life. Life in all its fullness must supply the answer to the riddle.

Doe is vaguely moved by these philosophic observations but reflects that they are not really helpful in deciding whether the $40 spent for theatre tickets is deductible; something less ethereal is needed. So he turns to other provisions of the Internal Revenue Code. He discovers that additional sections authorize deduction for entertainment expenses in terms equally obscure. It is recited in one such section that the expense of entertainment is deductible if it is: "directly related to" the "active conduct" of the taxpayer's "trade or business."



Noonan

He notes also that somewhat different rules govern in the case of an item: "directly preceding or following" a "substantial" and "bona fide business discussion," including "business meetings at a convention or otherwise." In such case the test is to be whether the item was "associated with" the taxpayer's "trade or business."

As he contemplates the meaning of each word, his confusion increases. He feels that somewhere, somehow, the government must have more clearly communicated to him the basis on which he might or might not take the $40 deduction.

The meaning of dubious words is sometimes made clear by the reports of Congressional committees. Doe examines the Senate report for this statute. It says there that the taxpayer "must show a greater degree of proximate relation between the expenditure and his trade or business than is required under present law." Doe reflects: How much is "greater"? What is "proximate"? What is a "relation"? What is "present law"?

It also says in the Senate report: "It will not be sufficient that the entertainment expense is vaguely or remotely connected with a business motive; it must be demonstrated that the predominant purpose of the expense is to further the trade or business of the taxpayer."

Doe wonders what the words "vaguely," "remotely," "business motive" and "predominant purpose" mean when applied to his theatre tickets. He decides to look at the regulations of the Internal Revenue Service. Remembering that the $40 deduction is permissible only if he shows the expenditure to be "directly related" to his business, he scans the regulations for a definition of the term. He discovers a recital that an expense is "directly related" to a taxpayer's trade or business if:

¶The taxpayer had more than a "general expectation" of obtaining income or some "business benefit."

¶He "actively engaged" in a "business meeting," "negotiation," "discussion" or other "business transaction" for the purpose of obtaining income or a "business benefit."

¶The "principal aspect" of the business and entertainment was the "active conduct" of a "trade or business" of the taxpayer.

¶The person entertained was one with whom the taxpayer engaged in the "active conduct" of "a trade or business."

So he reflects further. Of course, he likes Roe and enjoys his company. Likewise he enjoys the theatre. And he hoped before and throughout the theatre performance, that sometime in the future Roe would do business with him. If he had more than a "general expectation" of income or a "business benefit" he can take the deduction. He remembers that he can also take it if his business advantage was the "principal aspect" of the occasion. In support of the deduction he now remembers that pursuant to plan he described recent professional successes, real and imagined, to Roe in the course of the evening.

He wonders: Is that enough? Particularly, he is puzzled whether in these circumstances, he could fairly say that he had more than a "general expectation" of "business benefit," and that the "principal aspect" of the occasion was business.

Looking further, Doe discovers that the Service has also said that expenditures for entertainment are deductible where made "in a clear business setting directly in furtherance of taxpayer's trade or business." The Service also warns that to use this avenue in justifying a deduction, "generally" the taxpayer must "clearly" establish that the recipient "would have reasonably known that the taxpayer had no significant motive, in incurring the expenditure, other than directly furthering his trade or business. Objective rather than subjective standards will be determinative."

These factors place Doe in a morass of indecision and embarrassment. No longer may he gloss over his conduct and his motivation. He still hasn't decided why, really, he invited Roe. Doe would really like to think of himself as an open and generous friend of Roe, but tax considerations forbid. This self-examination is a prelude to the critical question: Why did Roe think he was asked? Did he suspect that business was uppermost in Doe's mind? Does Roe lack self-confidence; does he think that no one loves him for himself alone? If so, the item is deductible. The same results follow if Roe is a cynic who knows not the meaning of friendship. But if Roe is generous, outgoing, given to easy trust and quick enthusiasms, the deduction may be lost.

Doe is further troubled at this point by the knowledge that certain expenditures are not "generally" considered by the Service to be directly related to a trade or business. This is true if the entertainment occurs at a place where distractions are substantial: at a cocktail party, a night club, theatre or sporting event. It is true also respecting meetings, including persons other than business associates, at such places as cocktail lounges, country clubs, golf and athletic clubs, and vacation resorts. As to such items, taxpayer must "clearly" establish that the expense is related to the active conduct of his trade or business.

How much proof is required to establish this connection "clearly"? What distractions are substantial? Would a

(Continued on page 698)

HARRY GOLDEN

The federal directives are insistent. North Carolina must totally integrate its schools by next year. Interposition did not work, nullification did not work, even the closing of the school did not work. But there are Tarheels who will not give up. In the past year, die-hard segregationists who are the parents of school-age children have financed the opening of almost fifty new "Christian Academies" for the instruction of white children.

The purpose of these private schools is to offer "quality education," so called. In reality, they are renovated barns, small frame houses, old Quonset huts, sometimes even a dilapidated school building long ago turned over to the mice. Tuition runs from $250 to $700 a year. The labor needed to paint the walls, refinish old desks, landscape the yard and construct the playground is all contributed by the parents. At Twelve Oaks Academy in Shelby, N.C., a one-year-old school not yet approved by the state, the headmaster teaches psychology, English, biology and physical science; another teacher handles chemistry, French and history, and a third takes on all the elementary grades from one through seven. Ramseur's Faith Christian School has so far cost $250,000 and the Gaston Day School already has $600,000 in hand. Both schools still operate in the red.

By law, these Christian Academies must offer substantially the same subjects taught in the public schools, and schedule as many school hours for the students through the year as the Department of Public Instruction directs. *Charlotte Observer* reporters Jerry Adams and Sam Covington found classes at the private schools deserted by noon and the students impressed as carpenters, painters and laborers to ready the physical plant. In some cases the reporters were chased from the grounds by irate faculty and parents when they took pictures. Not one Negro is registered in any of these Christian Academies.

North Carolina moderates and informed educators are caught in a dilemma. These private schools drain support from the public school system. Bond issues are easily defeated at the polls, budgetary requests are denied, and state funds, appropriated on the basis of student enrollment, are less than boards of education had anticipated.

An even worse dilemma faces the older private schools —the parochial schools scattered throughout the state, some of the prestigious academies, the three Negro private schools which have operated since the 1900s, and the twenty-three private schools run by the Seventh-Day Adventists. They have long complied with the requirements for instruction set down by the state. No one seriously believes the new Christian Academies can meet these standards, and it is a worrisome possibility that the public will soon come to lump all private schools together as inferior.

It is even sadder for the children who attend the Christian Academies. Southern colleges do not lower their standards no matter how parents clamor for a show of their patriotism. The South already has 3 million illiterates. The Christian Academies are bound to swell the ranks.

lecture on transubstantiation distract Smith (a sophisticate of 20) in the same manner that it might distract Jones (a clergyman of 80)?

Frustration comes upon Doe: he now knows that he will search in vain for a meaningful standard to measure his right to the deduction, yet he must take a deduction or forfeit it: unlike Congress and the commissioner, he cannot just talk around the problem.

Since this is a modern fable, it would be gauche to underline a moral for Doe or to resolve his problem. Let us, however, consider what his dilemma teaches about the tax structure and the prospects for its improvement:

¶Any effective system of federal taxation must be based on self-assessment. It is just not feasible—nor consistent with what we consider to be the American way of life—to employ an army of tax administrators to scour the land for wrongdoers.

¶Any system of self-assessment presumes that the taxpayer can tell within reasonable limits how much is due the government.

¶The occasional doubt and inconvenience of an isolated taxpayer is both inevitable and unimportant, but where doubts are substantial and arise from transactions which recur throughout the commercial life of the nation, the tax structure may be impaired beyond redemption.

We delude ourselves if we hope to construct a workable system of self-assessment on definitions which do not define. And the "reform" reflected in the current statute does not encourage optimism about future improvements; shortcomings are manifest.

Under present law, Doe's decision is almost completely subjective; the element of personal conscience is paramount. An expense which to one taxpayer seems "ordinary" or "necessary" or "directly related" to a trade or business may not seem so to another. In addition, deductions involving theatre tickets (or the use of the family car, an office at home, other entertainment or travel) incorporate elements of personal satisfaction to the taxpayer. When the taxpayer allocates his costs between personal and business expenditures, what measure does he use? Should he deduct all the expenses? Should he deduct any? Would 10 per cent be about right?

Tax laws which leave the matter in such a posture are thus unrealistic. We are not at the nirvana when tax collection on the basis of a man's personal conscience is effective, especially when the taxpayer can, for a fee, hire another to be his conscience. Consider the taxpayer, known to all of us, who observes that "my tax adviser lets me take 50 per cent of the expense of my second car." Competition among the less competent tax advisers to demonstrate that one is more liberal than another in the "allowance" of deductions to his client is inevitable.

It must also be remembered that the taxpayer who smothers his conscience is, as a practical matter, reasonably safe. In the first place, his return probably won't be audited. The percentage of audited returns where this issue arises varies, but is never large. When the return of a corporation is audited, the facts of the transaction are not always apparent upon a mere review of the corporation books. Moreover, if the taxpayer is caught, the only penalty in practice is that he will have to make up the difference between what he paid and what he ought to have paid, plus interest. It is hard to convict for fraud in these cases. A taxpayer will plead that he has made a mistake in judgment about the law as it applies to him. How can the government successfully claim bad faith when a taxpayer interprets a statute containing words that are quite meaningless? So the danger is that the honest taxpayer will pay, and the dishonest taxpayer will cheat. If the cheats get too numerous, the system will break down altogether.

We need go back no further than the days of speakeasies, bathtub gin and the bottle that just came off the boat to know what happens when there is a breakdown of public morale with respect to a statute. No democracy—no government—can afford the luxury of retaining legislation which affects the lives of all the citizens, but which is cast in a form the people cannot understand and consequently will not accept.

There are other shortcomings in the present tax structure respecting the entertainment deduction. Some taxpayers feel that since they may have to negotiate with agents of the Treasury Department concerning their tax liabilities, they are well advised to claim a very high amount of expense so that they may compromise it at a figure roughly in accord with the facts. This situation has been discussed by a former Commissioner of Internal Revenue as follows:

> A taxpayer honestly believes that he has incurred deductible T&E [travel and entertainment] expense of $500 during the taxable year. He has not, however, kept records to substantiate the deduction. . . . Believing that the Internal Revenue Service will only allow a deduction for 50 per cent of whatever amount he claims, he files a return claiming a deduction for T&E expense in the amount of $1,000. Does this . . . "gamesmanship" . . . constitute fraud?

Perhaps such a return would not reflect fraud if the taxpayer knew for certain that his return would be audited. It is a different matter when the taxpayer—or the person making out his return—realizes that the prospect of auditing is remote, and that the full deduction will probably be available to the taxpayer by default. There is considerable fear that this practice is not unusual: it scarcely enhances confidence in the administration of the tax laws.

There is another weakness in the present subjective approach to self-assessment of the tax. Taxpayers are quick to take issue with agents of the Treasury who

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question their good faith and exercise of judgment. This is particularly true in the area of entertainment expenses. The taxpayer reflects, not without some justification, that the government has invited him to use his judgment as to the meaning of such words as "primary," "principal" "clearly," "directly related to the active conduct of . . . trade or business," and the like. On such a basis he has, in fact, used his judgment and spent the money. Consequently, he asserts that the government should trust his judgment since it required him to exercise it in the first place.

In short, the entertainment deduction does not do what Congress and the Administration report that it is supposed to do: make an allowance for a business expense while precluding deductions for personal entertainment. It does not do so for several reasons:

¶The language used is not adequate (and probably no language would be precise enough) to make a distinction between what is allowable and what is not.

¶It is impossible for a taxpayer to decide to take the deduction on the basis of an accepted application of the statute by the public, since the subjective response of others to this problem is neither measured nor measurable, neither known nor knowable. Thus he cannot decide to abide by community response rather than by law.

¶The nature of the deduction is such that detection and correction of widespread abuses is impossible.

Frustration and impairment of tax morality arising from this part of the tax structure imperils the effectiveness of the entire system of self-assessment. Indeed, it is proper to ask: Why is a deduction, so patently unmanageable, permitted to exist? Perhaps it represents an obscurely felt conviction that employees and self-employed carrying heavy burdens elsewhere in the tax structure should be permitted to obtain certain personal satisfactions at the expense of the government. If so, we ought to consider whether relief to segments of the taxpaying public ought to be predicated on a basis so potentially damaging to tax morality and the self-assessment system. There ought to be some better way to soften the severity of the tax bite. Any segment of tax law in which the taxpayer cannot compute his deductions to reach his net income—that is, where self-assessment is impossible in a practical sense—should be stricken from the tax structure. As a method of measuring taxes, it hasn't worked. It can't work. It can only make scoundrels of us all. The generality of taxpayers now have to pay higher taxes to make up for those who cheat under the present law. So we must discard this deduction, and others like it.

But neither the executive nor the legislative branch has so far shown the courage and tenacity to beat out solutions to even this relatively uncontroversial problem.

With this kind of history, is there really hope that this time they will adopt effective measures, backed by meaningful language, concerning the major tax shelters of the day?

LETTERS *(Continued from page 682)*

vironment. I suggest that society must recognize that the genetic manipulations promised by Prof. S. E. Luria ["Modern Biology: A Terrifying Power," *The Nation*, Oct. 20] are not science at all but rather medical technology, and are therefore proper subjects for regulation. Medical technology, like industrial technology, has shielded itself from long overdue criticism by resisting (in Rickover's words), "every attempt by society to regulate such use in the public interest, as if it were a modern repetition of the persecution of Galileo."

Medical technology, with unchallenged casuistry, has already transmogrified our concepts of "death." Must we also now accept a sententious redefinition of "life," to suit genetic technologists; or will we recognize in the words of your contributor R. V. Sampson that further than this "it is not possible for perversion to go"?

S. Drucker

deodorant

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: The commentator in the USIA propaganda film, *The Silent Majority*, one Wiley Daniels, happens also to be a newsman employed by WJZ-TV (Westinghouse) here in Baltimore. WJZ, the most conscientious news station in Maryland, does not allow its newsmen to appear in commercials, a policy not followed by our other two major TV stations. Then we discover that Daniels is hustling for the USIA. What's the difference between mouthwash and brainwash?

Few people in Baltimore know that the Daniels they see on WJZ or the Daniels who interviews them is also a regular commentator for USIA films, fourteen so far, it has been reported to me. To me, newsman Daniels' involvement with USIA is as disturbing as newsmen who inform for the FBI. On the other hand, if people accept the mass media in this country as propaganda disguised as news, it's not disturbing at all. Merely logical. *Grenville B. Whitman*

double tax, double vote

Bergenfield, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: In your Nov. 10 issue Alan Stone ["What the City Needs"] is right when he observes that "suburbanites who work in the central city receive police and fire protection, street provision, water, sewage, sanitation and other services for which they don't pay." He assumes that they should pay taxes [and] . . . let us assume that such taxation is justified. But then let those who pay these taxes vote for the officials who spend those taxes. . . . We assume that each taxpayer has only one community in which he can participate. . . . This may no longer be realistic. In fact, our local political divisions and governmental structure may no longer reflect the realism of modern life styles.

Belden Menkus

to save the *Petal*

Charlotte, N. C.

DEAR SIRS: I write on behalf of Mr. P. D. East of Fairhope, Ala., editor of the *Petal Paper*. Mr. East has suffered trying to fight the segregationists in Alabama and Mississippi, and he needs some funds to keep up the *Petal Paper*. I urge all my friends to send him a check. In the struggle for democracy we need all the allies we can get and P. D. East is an ally and friend of democracy. *Harry Golden*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'The Fruits of the Two Seasons'

BLAKE AND TRADITION. *By Kathleen Raine. Princeton University Press. (Bollingen Series.) 2 Vols. 428 and 367 pp. $22.50 boxed.*

J. BRONOWSKI

Dr. Bronowski is senior fellow of the Salk Institute of Biological Studies at La Jolla, Calif. His many published works on science and literature include The Common Sense of Science *(Harvard),* The Identity of Man *(Doubleday), and* William Blake and the Age of Revolution *(Harper & Row).* The Nation *has twice devoted special issues to his major essays, "Science and Human Values" (December 29, 1956) and "The Abacus and the Rose: A Dialogue After Galileo" (January 4, 1964).*

When T. S. Eliot included an essay on William Blake in *The Sacred Wood* in 1920, he showed an unexpected critical prescience. There was little curiosity about Blake then, and only his lyrical poems had any number of readers. It was not until the centenary of Blake's death in 1927, when Geoffrey Keynes published all his works in one volume, that a small vortex of public interest began to form in the wake of Eliot (and of Yeats and Swinburne before him). Even so the present surge of Ph.D. theses about Blake, and the swell of books sane or silly, did not take off for another twenty years.

The passage from Eliot's essay that is most often quoted by mischievous critics (of whom I am one) says:

> We have the same respect for Blake's philosophy (and perhaps for that of Samuel Butler) that we have for an ingenious piece of home-made furniture: we admire the man who has put it together out of the odds and ends about the house.

As a judgment of Blake's powerful mind and thought, so much richer than Eliot's (or Yeats's or Swinburne's), this now seems so obtuse as to be funny. The obvious excuse is that it was written at a time when no one had tried to read Blake in the historical and intellectual context of his own day. That makes it funny; what makes it sad is that fifty years later it remains the mood in which most theses and books about Blake are still written.

On campuses up and down the country, he continues to be expounded as an Old Testament mystic humping a rag bag of random prejudices, remote from the issues of modern civilization: an amiable crank who made minor poetry out of personal fantasy. It was in this mood that A. E. Housman in *The Name and Nature of Poetry* in 1933 described him as "the most poetical of all poets" in whom the poetry "instead of being confounded in a great river can be drunk pure from a slender channel of its own"; and the patronizing tone still sounds in most judgments of what Blake called his "Mental Fight."

Kathleen Raine has spent twenty years studying the furniture of Blake's mind (to use an old-fashioned phrase which is apposite here); it must have been early in the 1950s that I saw the draft of her first essay, on a short poem from *Songs of Experience* called "Ah! Sun-flower." The theme of Kathleen Raine's remarkable and passionate book is that Blake's thought, including much of his symbolic imagery, belongs to the classical tradition of anti-materialist philosophy since Plotinus. She has shown that Blake was well read and informed in topics of materialist and idealist philosophy. But her theme is not a mere register of sources, of the kind that John Livingston Lowes compiled in *The Road to Xanadu* to show that Coleridge had buried a mass of pirate treasure from his reading in "Kubla Khan." Though Blake was also a thief of memories, he was not like Coleridge a kleptomaniac: what Blake stored and used was organized by his total view of the world.

Although she does not say so, I suspect that the title of her book *Blake and Tradition* came to her as a protest against Eliot's smug insistence that "What [Blake's] genius required, and what it sadly lacked, was a framework of accepted and traditional ideas which would have prevented him from indulging in a philosophy of his own." We should remember that the most telling essay in *The Sacred Wood* was called "Tradition and the Individual Talent."

The tradition of neo-Platonism in which Kathleen Raine places Blake is in its essence a mystical form of humanism. It was its humanism rather than its mysticism which made the early Fathers of the Church suspicious from the beginning, and which caused Saint Augustine to condemn its more extravagant texts such as the Hermetic books. In the authoritarian centuries before the Renaissance, neo-Platonism was the only form of humanist dissent from dogma that was open to independent minds, and it became strong in England in the same spirit during the Puritan revolution in the 17th century. Its chief exponent in Blake's lifetime was Thomas Taylor, and Kathleen Raine shows that Blake read a good deal in him and followed into some of Taylor's sources.

The influence of Thomas Taylor and earlier neo-Platonists on Blake's thought and imagery makes a pointed addition to



Etching by Blake for Robert Blair's The Grave *(1808). Rosenwald Collection, Library of Congress.*

BRIDGES

The bridges, legged like staples,
hitch the land together and the river,
broken zipper clumsy, bulges between.

Our shadows fall over the wall
through the skewing wings of small gulls;
fall into the current, curdling sudden
spluttered Bronx cheers of froth.

But we are not taken out to sea, only
lie darkly, a stain static on the tide.

When we walk away, a syncopation of strides,
dragging our blotches behind us—
iron filings following beyond bridges—

elbow to elbow what do
our mitered arms mean? What is
this fastening soil to soil,
as we ebb over the sidewalk?

KAREN SWENSON

our knowledge. It shows us that Blake was well informed about other writers who struggled with the same intellectual problems that engaged him, and particularly with the problem of the universal grounds for individual dissent in the face of social and religious authority. In this sense, I regard Kathleen Raine's work as an important complement to the analysis of Blake's social conscience that has been carried out earlier: in my book of 1943 (entitled in this country *William Blake and the Age of Revolution*), in Mark Schorer's *The Politics of Vision* (1946), and in David Erdman's *Prophet Against Empire* (1954). When Kathleen Raine says in her acknowledgments that in reading her work in progress I let "early friendship outweigh a difference in point of view" she is too modest. To me, her point of view and mine (and Schorer's and Erdman's) are, in the deepest sense, the same: we are at one in believing and in showing that Blake was a man whose sensibility was whole, and that he did not withdraw his imagination from either the material or the spiritual wants of those whom his harsh age impoverished.

Whatever criticism I have of *Blake and Tradition* therefore lies elsewhere. It is concerned with the lengths to which the book carries its analysis. It seems to me to be excessive in its detail, and to look for correspondences so minute that the reader may end by distrusting even the large ones. Not everything in Blake is an echo or an analogue of old beliefs and symbols; and when Kathleen Raine seems to labor to find it so, she must make many wonder whether she really is sensitive to Blake's endlessly springing originality. This is a pity, for her book is full of illuminations on a dozen different sides of Blake's work: his concepts of time and space, the satirical and burlesque elements hidden in some of the earlier prophetic books, the point of the visionary visitations by Isaiah and Ezekiel, and many others. In addition she is penetrating in her elucidation of the designs which Blake engraved with his poems, and which are reproduced in large numbers in these two volumes.

It would be wrong of me to fidget about the detail of Kathleen Raine's devotion if I did not feel the same uneasiness on the larger scale, at the obsessive way in which she presses her theme overall. No serious critic would challenge her belief that Blake, like other major poets, saw and sought in poetry the expression of a kind of truth about man that is not exhausted by an enumeration of the material facts of his existence. Nor would anyone now doubt Kathleen Raine's demonstration that Blake found the same philosophy of the imagination in the neo-Platonists, and was impressed by the vivid, mysterious symbolism in which they put it. But somehow this is not enough for her. She implies that neo-Platonism is the only tenable form of this philosophy; and she strains to make it the crucial and overriding content first of Blake's thought and then of his poems.

Both endeavors seem to me ill-judged: they are extravagant and in the end damaging. They prompt the kind of retreat from scholarship which is typified by John Wain's attack on her work: "If a poet can't be shown to be important without bringing in all this lumber, then he *isn't* important." The way to widen our understanding of Blake is to show that he had a wider mind than used to be thought, not a narrower one. I am sure that Kathleen Raine thinks so too, but the conception has got lost in the fervor of her book.

The familiar classroom picture of Blake as an absent-minded eccentric is a caricature that falls short in two respects. On the one hand, he grew up in the climate and the company of the dissenting rationalists who sympathized with the American and French Revolutions, who made the Industrial Revolution possible, and who were horrified (and destroyed) by the monstrous form it took. On the other hand, he was well grounded and well read in the tradition of philosophy that combines Plato with the Gnostics, and gives the prime place in the universe to the spirit or imagination of man.

> *Thou art a Man, God is no more,*
> *Thy own humanity learn to adore.*

It seems puzzling and startling now that these two opposite casts of mind could be combined in a single outlook: yet that is exactly the case. Moreover, we have evidence in A. L. Morton's book *The Everlasting Gospel* (1958) that the same combination of thought existed in some sects in the Puritan revolution, and had survived secretly for more than a century, into Blake's lifetime. In my view, this situation projects into the present, where it is discernible in the strange and unique character of the Labour movement in England. In all other countries, the Socialist movement derives from the single strand of rationalism, by way of Karl Marx's materialism. But in England the Labour movement has a second strand, which is a purely ethical and other-worldly tradition of nonconformity that goes back (through the Dissenting Academies of Blake's day) to Puritanism and the Platonic element in it.

In just this way Blake held together his practical rage against war and oppression and industrial misery, and his imaginative faith that the human spirit of innocence must be freed. On the one hand:

> *The Soldier armd with Sword & Gun*
> *Palsied strikes the Summers Sun.*
> *The poor Mans Farthing is worth more*
> *Than all the Gold on Africs Shore.*

And on the other:

> *He who shall teach the Child to Doubt*
> *The rotting Grave shall neer get out.*
> *He who respects the Infants faith*
> *Triumphs over Hell & Death.*

What makes the voice of Blake so moving, what makes the dialectic of his mind so much more contemporary than Marx's, is his undeviating resolve and his constant invention in twisting the two strands together as one:

> *The Childs Toys & the Old Mans Reasons*
> *Are the Fruits of the Two seasons.*

Books on Film

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar, the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön *(Oxford), is writing a cultural history of the American movies. He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

My friend Elliott, in Ann Arbor where I live, keeps a 16 mm. movie projector in his apartment living room. He rents films and screens them as often as he can, which sometimes means all night. Elliott has more tolerant neighbors than Kirk, who turned two rooms of his duplex apartment over to motion picture screening until his neighbors complained about the noise. Kirk has since left the country, taking with him taped sound tracks of all the movies he had screened, to play on distant beaches and bring to mind the moving image from the irrecoverable screen.

Kirk and Elliott are the frontiersmen of the film generation. Most of their peers are still content with seeing as many movies as they can in theatres and on TV. But within the next decade technology will likely change all that. Beyond the possibilities we already know about, like video tape machines and cable television, there will probably be special attachments to our TV sets, for showing movies whenever we want to see them, or small inexpensive projectors playing cassette-type reels. Movie projectors will become as ubiquitous as tape recorders, and we will sit down each evening to watch movies on the wall as naturally as previous generations used to read books.

If Elliott and Kirk are reliable examples, however, books will be in greater demand than ever—books, that is, about movies. Elliott and Kirk buy all the new paperback books about movies, and many of the hard-cover books as well. They use them, for one thing, as reference works, carefully studying the filmographies and cast lists for information about the directors they admire and the movies that they screen. They are also hungry for anecdotes about the men and women who make and star in movies. It is not merely a fan's interest but an effort to forge a link with craftsmanship and history, rather than with gossip and publicity.

Craftsmanship and history, unfortunately, are rarely what they get from books about movies. Publishers have rushed to exploit the revival of interest in movies with a swift and concentrated production of sloppy and mindless books. Probably forty or fifty books about movies have been published in 1969, three or four times as many as ten years ago. Many are sincere books, particularly the dull, earnest, superficial studies turned out in great quantities by British film buffs and published in bunches like the Cinema One (formerly Cinema World) series, the Movie Edition series, and the International Film Guide Series. Such works could be more easily forgiven if their reference information were accurate, but the facts presented in most recent film studies are notoriously unreliable. The publishing industry's respect for motion pictures is nearly as low as that of the movie industry itself.

This review began as an omnibus survey of the season's motion picture books, but the writer had no heart for a roll call of error and inconsequence, and the wise reader would have no patience. There are exceptions, of course. Personal memoirs such as Lillian Gish's *The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me* (Prentice-Hall, 388 pp. $7.95) and Ivor Montagu's *With Eisenstein in Hollywood* (International Publishers, 356 pp. Paper $1.95) have their own intrinsic interest and integrity. Teachers College Press has brought back into print Lewis Jacobs' useful study, *The Rise of the American Film*, published in 1939, together with his essay, "Experimental Cinema in America, 1921-1947" (631 pp. $8.50. Paper $3.95). Grove Press and Simon & Schuster are each publishing a valuable series of film scripts in paperback volumes.

If an omnibus review can accomplish anything, however, in the present state of film book publishing, it can direct the attention of readers to the good books about movies in the thicket of mediocrity. Here, then, for readers who wish to build their own library of significant books on movies or give worth-while movie books as gifts, is one man's list of a variety of movie books, currently in print, that repay the reader's investment of money, time and intelligence.

WHAT IS CINEMA? *By André Bazin. Translated by Hugh Gray. University of California Press. 183 pp. $5.75. Paper $2.25.* (1967.) If there is one essential book on movies, this is most likely the one. Bazin, who died in 1958, was co-editor of *Cahiers du Cinéma* and mentor of the French new wave directors, Truffaut, Godard, Resnais and Chabrol. His essays raise fundamental questions about the nature of cinema with a philosophical depth and intellectual clarity unmatched by any other work on motion pictures in English. Hugh Gray's translation is admirably lucid.

A GIRL LIKE I. *By Anita Loos. Th Viking Press. 275 pp. $5.95.* (1966. The autobiography of the author an script writer is perhaps the most remarl able Hollywood memoir ever writte for its candor, its wit and its intelligenc Miss Loos's autobiography is a gre pleasure to read; it also provides mor insights into the history of America movies than many scholarly studies o the same subjects.

THE AMERICAN CINEMA: Directo and Directions, 1929-1968. *By Andrev Sarris. E. P. Dutton & Co. 383 p $6.95. Paper $2.95.* (1968.) No write has done more to create an informed an serious audience for the films of Amer can directors than Sarris, critic for *Th Village Voice. The American Cinema* not without its inaccuracies, and no on should take Sarris' theoretical approac or directorial categories as any mor than personal or provisional. Given suc caveats, however, the book is importan and indispensable for its information an frequent shrewd judgments.

FOUR GREAT COMEDIANS: Chap lin, Lloyd, Keaton, Langdon. *By Donal McCaffrey. A. S. Barnes & Co. 175 p Paper $2.25.* (1968.) McCaffrey's stud of the silent movie comedians, in th International Film Guide series, is successful example of what short paper back books on movies can accomplish It provides a thorough, accurate an lucid account of silent film comedy. has a coherent aesthetic point of vie and is informative, as books by fil buffs for film buffs almost never ar about the connections between mov history and the broader history of Amer can society.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS: A Se ment of Film History. *By Kemp N Niver. 176 pp. $7.50.* (1968.) Niv was the film technician who restore the Library of Congress' collection c more than 3,000 pre-1912 America movies from paperprints to films. F nanced by the Academy of Motion Pi ture Arts and Sciences, this effort, begu in 1952 and still continuing, has mad available a remarkable collection c heretofore inaccessible films. Niver h become the most knowledgeable expe about them. *The First Twenty Years* an illustrated guide to some of the high lights of the collection. It is availabl from the author, Box 46505, Hollywoo Calif., 90046.

D. W. GRIFFITH: American Film Ma ter. *By Iris Barry. Museum of Mod ern Art. 88 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.9* (1940, 1965.) Griffith still awaits h biographer, and recognition as a gre

nerican artist—not only by a few film ecialists but by the larger public; not ly for *The Birth of a Nation* and *In-'erance* but for many of his fine early ort films and for his neglected work the twenties. Miss Barry's brief early ıdy, recently brought up to date, is ll the best introduction to his work.

LM: An Anthology. *Edited by Daniel ılbot. University of California Press. 4 pp. Paper $2.25.* (1966.) There are number of anthologies of writings on ovies; Talbot's, in my opinion, is the st. It contains a wide variety of writ-gs on film aesthetics, theory and his-ry, including indispensable essays by win Panofsky and Béla Balázs, as well Agee on comedy, Warshow on the estern, and Ben Hecht on Hollywood.

YLES OF RADICAL WILL. *By Su-n Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 4 pp. $5.95.* Miss Sontag's essays on rgman's *Persona* and Godard in this llection demonstrate, better than any her recent writings on film that I know, the qualities of a film criticism informed by aesthetic intelligence and sensibility.

HITCHCOCK. *By François Truffaut. Simon & Schuster. 256 pp. $10. Paper $3.75.* (1967.) It is fascinating in several ways to read this interview between two very good film makers, with its suggestions of differences of nationality, generations and aesthetic sensibility. Many rate Truffaut higher than Hitchcock as a director, but Hitchcock's techniques and obsessions provide great insights into the art and psychology of the motion picture.

KEATON. *By Rudi Blesh. The Macmillan Co. 395 pp. $8.95.* (1966.) Most movie star biographies are free-lance hack work. Blesh's *Keaton* is not a flawless book but it sets commendable standards for movie biographies, for sympathy, intelligence and perspective. It is a very entertaining book that also marks a significant first step in restoring the reputation of a great comedian and director.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

hat I most appreciated among the stage ferings of the past fortnight was the lwin Nikolais Dance Theatre which, un-rtunately, gave only a few performances the City Center. It is most remiss of e not to have made the acquaintance of is admirable group much earlier. The ason for my neglect may have been at the Nikolais company had for a ng time confined its activities to a emote" part of town (remote from mes Square, that is) at the Henry reet Settlement Playhouse.

The Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre is ne of the best things on our stage. It more theatre than ballet, but categories damned. It provides a wonderful spec-cle, an experience easily enjoyed but ot so readily assimilated. There is a cer-in mystery to it; while it appears to ave no "meaning" beyond its visual de-ght, one cannot be sure at first view at it is not much more than that. It is abstract of the pleasures we may still tain in living in the mechanical chaos ound us. Nikolais gives the electric rbulence of our civilization—even in me of its destructive aspects—a clear ructure very nearly euphoric.

He comes very close to Gordon Craig's nception of a stage director. He de-gns movement, sets, costumes, lighting, id to a large extent composes the elec-onic score. All that is lacking to fulfill e Craigian idea is speech (the perform-ers do babble occasionally, producing sounds not unlike the shards of conversation which reach one in the currents of a crowd).

Industrial shapes and noises, with dreamlike visions of other spheres and nonhuman forms (protozoa of another planet), are patterned to create a world of marvels. This is a 20th-century fairyland relieved of horror. All is metaphor relating to what we have seen and know but cannot define. Is this, as one suspects, merely ornamental show? I doubt it. It may be compared simplistically to Pop and Op art, but while these are often funny or momentarily fascinating when not depressing, Nikolais' visions are exhilarating even when some sort of doom is suggested. This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whoop. There is sophistication in this and even more a redeeming naïveté.

The dancers compose the cheerful focus of the occasion. They blend into the whole, with their gleaming star, Carolyn Carlson, twitching and twinkling as the brightest point of the constellation.

John Bowen's *Little Boxes* (The New Theatre, 154 East 54 Street) is composed of two one-act plays—the first entitled "The Coffee Lace," the second "Trevor"—about people who wish to avoid the world around them, who, as they say, "never go out."

Both are wistful, though "Trevor" is written as farce with, at the end, a satiric edge. "The Coffee Lace" concerns a group of English prewar music hall "artistes" whose old-fashioned routines have become ridiculous to the postwar generation. When last employed they were engaged as objects of mockery. This so mortified them that, except for their business manager, they resolved never to set foot again in the fierce new world.

The play is a nicely written vignette with small pathos, humor, and a not altogether factitious tenderness. It is rather poorly directed and played. The director and consequently his cast do not seem to have understood that old-time actors such as those depicted are real people and do not necessarily comport themselves absurdly in life. The actor of little talent is artificial only on the stage.

The cast is much better in "Trevor," as is the direction by Perry Bruskin. It concerns a Lesbian couple whose parents come down from the country to visit them in their London flat. The parents of one of the girls wish her to marry; the second girl's mother wishes her daughter —married or not—to live a full sex life (with a man, of course) in the fashion of the day. To conceal the actual state of affairs the two girls pick up an out-of-work actor to play the role of lover to one of them, but as the second girl's parents unexpectedly appear at the same time, the young man is compelled to impersonate her fiancé as well. Comic complications ensue: all good fun, especially as Tony Tanner, as the so-called "Trevor," is a likable and adept actor.

The play becomes earnest toward the end, and the change is not altogether welcome because it is not in tune with the beginning. One of the girls decides to confess all. Her conventional middle-class parents refuse to understand, although their daughter is sufficiently explicit. The girls remain alone once again, baffled and disconsolate. When "Trevor" assures them that many people nowadays are without prejudice in regard to sexual deviation they take no notice of his comforting words. They too are boxed in. The girls, it would seem, are as retarded as their parents.

Jennifer Tilston as the more vulnerable of the two girls is especially sympathetic in a group performance which moves capably within the bounds of its special reality.

The Increased Difficulty of Concentration by the young Czech playwright, Vaclav Havel (at the Forum of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center) is a somewhat elongated comedy skit. It is moderately amusing; on the whole well played and directed by Mel Shapiro, though not quite in the robustly extravagant manner with which such

plays are done at the Theatre on the Balustrade in Prague.

What interested me most is that while I speak of the play in terms of mild approval it was an important work for the Czechs. (Here is yet another example of the audience as the theatre's focal source.) The speech that seems almost embarrassingly out of place with us, a speech in which the central character declares his conviction that the truth of life cannot be measured by computers or bureaucratic dictates but only by the motivations of the human heart, is what Havel meant his play to say. That is what gave it social force in his country.

The Increasing Difficulty, etc., like *The Memorandum* (produced two seasons ago at the Public Theatre) is a satire on the rigidity of party "scientism." It is true that Dr. Eduard Huml, the play's sociologist protagonist, is beset by troubles that fall upon men everywhere: wife, mistress and aberrant sexual drives. These supply the play's best jokes, especially since the various episodes are presented out of their normal time sequence. But in addition, the doctor, chosen as a specimen to answer crazy questions addressed to him for purposes of useless classification, by a constantly erratic machine, is badgered by the machine's inane operators and an ominous overseer whose every utterance is at once ludicrous and menacing.

Thus the play, a farce of no great subtlety, becomes something vital to the Czech citizen forever under the vigilant and evil eye of—who can say just what. For us, it offers sidelights on contemporary "history" agreeably mixed with bedroom imbroglio.

There are some who regard Noel Coward's *Private Lives* as a masterpiece on the level of Oscar Wilde's best comedy. It is very neatly constructed, thoroughly apt as a pleasantry, crisply written in an unmistakably personal style. But it provokes in me no great assent in laughter or recognition of experience.

The personal style is important because it represents not only an individual idiosyncrasy—a man—but that of a place and a period: London's stage, café, night club and smart set between 1921 and 1931. It was the time of self-congratulatory flippancy, giddy pleasure in believing in nothing but prickly sensation, and appreciation of one's own appreciation of the dash and swish of it all. Bad manners took on the sheen of the best. Accompanying all this was an undertone of smart music, titillatingly sentimental, champagne induced, as in a wild party where even the knell of doom becomes transposed to a beguiling tinkle. Above all, one senses in all this a total indifference to everyone and everything outside the magic social circle.

It meant that the blithe spirits of the time, enamored of the theatre as superb falsity, had kicked over Victorian restraints as well as ideological solemnity —the previous war above all had to be forgotten. If the revelers had money or proximity to it they could dance in artificial paradises without any thought beyond the luxurious privilege of sparkling in the brilliant atmosphere.

There is no doubt about Coward's special charm. And no one more than Gertrude Lawrence embodied the attractiveness of this lighthearted, romantically scented segment of society which eddied between bright malice and decorative benevolence. Gertrude Lawrence, the first Amanda of *Private Lives*, was the glowing angel of Coward's orbit.

The current revival (Billy Rose Theatre) is directed by Stephen Porter, who has a gift for flighty comedy (à la Feydeau). Apart from the counter effectiveness of its settings, it is certainly a good production, though it has lit of that silken softness which in t Coward-Lawrence manner goes alo with the crispness. I do not say this disapproval. It is extremely difficult recapture a still remembered mood whi has passed and not yet acquired a patii

Brian Bedford is expert in clarity, ti ing and intelligent delivery of lines, b there is none of Coward's joy-in-wicke ness—as if even his flagellant wit i plied a caress. And while Tammy Grim a pixie if ever there was one, like so oddly fascinating bug or butterfly, is h in top form technically, she is hardly t ideally chic *woman* of Coward's parti lar fancy. Such creatures have gone w the wind of Vivian Leigh.

Still I must warn the reader that view *Private Lives* from the "outsid I willingly acknowledge its attractions I do not care for them. Not even as youth in the twenties did I share in myth of the era's lovely frenzy.

ART BOOKS/Lawrence Alloway

ARTISTS

LEON BATTISTA ALBERTI: Universal Man of the Early Renaissance. *By Joan Gadol. University of Chicago Press. 64 black-and-white illustrations. 266 pp. $14.50.* Alberti well discussed as a representative universal man, not nostalgically but in terms of a complex and coordinated method.

MAX BECKMAN: Memories of a Friendship. *By Stefhan Lackner. University of Miami Press. Black-and-white illustrations. 126 pp. $7.95.* The author, a friend of the artist, writes touchingly about him. Expressionistic history of Nazism, exile and World War II.

EUGENE BOUDIN. *By G. Jean-Aubry and Robert Schmidt. New York Graphic Society. 50 color, 173 black-and-white illustrations. 246 pp. $32.50.* Detailed study of the plein-air painter usually treated as a forerunner of Impressionism (he encouraged Monet), but firmly delineated here as his own man. Well illustrated.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF CHARLES BULFINCH. *By Harold Kirker. Harvard University Press. 174 black-and-white illustrations. 398 pp. $11.95.* Interesting catalogue of the commissions of the "first native American architect"; Boston town houses, churches, statehouses, illustrated and described.

THE BEST OF CHARLES DA GIBSON. *Edited by Woody Gelm Crown Publishers. 206 black-and-wh illustrations. 206 pp. $3.95.* The sta esque Gibson girls wear better than dimming ironies they so often enact.

ROBERT HENRI AND HIS CIRCI *By William Innis Homer with the ass ance of Violet Organ. Cornell Univers Press. 4 color, 66 black-and-white ill trations. 308 pp. $17.50.* Sober study the active painter whose basically rea art reveals contacts as wide ranging Gauguin's primitivism, color charts Clive Bell. Detailed and convincing.

KANDINSKY: The Language of Eye. *By Paul Overy. Frederick A. Pr ger. 34 color, 35 black-and-white ill trations. 192 pp. $20.* Kandinsky's discussed from the related points of v of perception, color symbolism and G *talt* psychology. A rewarding appro to an artist still curiously underdefine

ALFRED KUBIN. *By Wieland Schmi Translated by Jean Steinberg. Freder A. Praeger. 188 illustrations in color black and white. 445 pp. $65.* Larg neglected in French and Anglo-Ameri art history, though somewhat overra in German sources, Kubin's Art Nouv diablerie is very well surveyed in catalogue of his graphic work.

JACQUES LIPCHITZ: Sketches

onze. *By H. H. Arnason. Frederick A. aeger. 161 black-and-white illustra-ns. 165 pp. $16.50.* Lipchitz's clay etches (maquettes) now cast in bronze. om cubism (1914) to JFK memorial 964) related to the finished works by e text.

IETRO LONGHI. *By Terisio Pignatti. ranslated by Pamela Waley. Phaidon. t color, 493 black-and-white illustra-ns. 419 pp. $35.* Definitive study of 1 18th-century realist, with connections popular culture. On inspection, a much ore vivacious and subtle painter than as supposed. Good details in color.

ENE MAGRITTE. *By David Sylvester. rederick A. Praeger. 33 color, 60 black-id-white illustrations. 128 pp. $12.50.* xpansion of recent Tate Gallery, Lon-on, exhibition catalogue. Readable essay roposes Magritte's election to a realm f Pascalian silences, which seems too uch.

IICHELANGELO: The Complete culpture. *By Frederick Hartt. Harry N. brams. 18 color, 314 black-and-white lustrations. 310 pp. $20.* Good photo-raphs of the sculpture, mostly new, ithout emotive chiaroscuro. Dr. Hartt's dmirable directions for looking and his ontextual historical information are lose to the right illustrations.

EN NICHOLSON. *By John Russell. larry N. Abrams. 78 color, 220 black-nd-white illustrations. 324 pp. $35.* landsome picture book of Nicholson's lacid art that points up his landscape nd architectural references.

LAES OLDENBURG: Drawings and rints. *By Gene Baro. Chelsea House ublishers. 20 color, numerous black-and-hite illustrations. 274 pp. $25.* Olden-urg's drawings are fluently inventive nd ripe in touch, so this collection is mmensely welcome, though the design f the book is inflated in an Old Master ind of way.

ROPOSALS FOR MONUMENTS ND BUILDINGS 1965-1969. *By Claes Oldenburg. Big Table, Chicago. 16 color, 10 black-and-white illustrations. 196 pp. $12.95.* Sketches for monuments with otes by the artist and a taped discussion with Paul Carroll, concerning the origins nd intentions of the *capricci.*

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. *By Charles Coleman Sellers. Charles Scribner's Sons. 11 color, 102 black-and-white illustrations. 510 pp. $20.* Scrupulous biography of Peale embedded in an affectionate reconstruction of late 18th- through early 19th-century American society.

PICASSO AND HIS WOMEN. *By Jean-Paul Crespelle. Translated by Robert Baldick. Coward-McCann. 222 pp. $7.95.* Concentrates on the artist's "seven important liaisons." Vulgar but less irrelevant to Picasso's art than most books of the type.

REMBRANDT, HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS TIME. *By Bob Haak. Harry N. Abrams. 109 color, 503 black-and-white illustrations. 348 pp. $35.* Luxurious book. The big pages swarm with small comparative illustrations rather than with large-scale Malrauxesque images. Pictures and the clear text are exceptionally well coordinated.

REMBRANDT IN AMSTERDAM. *By R. H. Fuchs. New York Graphic Society. 121 black-and-white illustrations. 80 pp. $9.50.* Aspects of Rembrandt well revealed by making Amsterdam—as a Dutch city, as an international center—the focus of study.

JOHN SLOAN'S PRINTS. *A catalogue raisonné by Peter Morse. Yale University Press. Copious black-and-white illustrations. 406 pp. $50.* A strength of American realism is its lively journalistic side, well revealed in Sloan's vivid etchings and lithographs, which show New York as markets, as a village, as Saturday night street life.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. *By F. Novotny. Phaidon. 32 color, 131 black-and-white illustrations. 198 pp. $18.* Sober and perceptive text that locates Toulouse-Lautrec in the relevant art styles of the period.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRI de TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. *Edited by Lucien Goldschmidt and Herbert Schimmel. Phaidon. 320 pp. $10.* Amiable letters that fill in the routine of Toulouse-Lautrec's life but say nothing of interest concerning his art.

VERROCCHIO. *by Günter Passavant. Phaidon. 4 color, 316 black-and-white illustrations. 223 pp. $25.* Whether or not all the problems of attribution and dating are now settled, this is a well-illustrated and well-written account of Verrocchio's work in all media.

EMBRACE OF LIFE: The Sculpture of Gustav Vigeland. *By Nathan Cabot Hale. Harry N. Abrams. 32 color, 277 black-and-white illustrations. 363 pp. $25.* The prodigious sculptures of Vigeland, somewhere between Official Art and a Wagnerian dream (actually achieved at the sculpture park near Oslo) of total art. Infatuated text but interesting photographs.

GERMAN ROCOCO: The Zimmerman Brothers. *By Henry-Russell Hitchcock. Penguin. 58 black-and-white illustrations. 118 pp. $12.50.* Searching study of the architect-decorator brothers, written with Hitchcock's customary data-weighted and energized style.

Art History

THE AESTHETIC MOVEMENT: Prelude to Art Nouveau. *By Elizabeth Asin. Frederick A. Praeger. 39 color, 82 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $15.* Survey of the crafts of the 1870s-80s. Original research and a keen eye present a synoptic view of a neglected style. First-rate book marred only by the dark, non-Aesthetic, color plates.

THE AVANT-GARDE IN PAINTING. *By Germain Bazin. Simon & Schuster. 52 color, 213 black-and-white illustrations. 323 pp. $29.95.* Art from Giotto to date. The mainline of Western art is presented not in terms of continuity but as a succession of "breakthroughs" and "anticipations." A preposterous exercise.

A HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICAN ART AND ARCHITECTURE. *By Leopoldo Castedo. Translated by Phyllis Freeman. Frederick A. Praeger. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $8.95. Paper $4.95.* Immense distances and periods of time bridged without strain by illuminating arguments. Generalizations and a care for data are meshed in a succinct panorama.

ART POVERA. *By Germano Celant. Frederick A. Praeger. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $8.95. Paper $4.95.* Anthology of photographs and statements (no sources given, but mostly exhibition catalogues) dealing with the earthworks-conceptual art-situation cluster. Disorganized, but inexpensive.

THE 18TH CENTURY. *Edited by Alfred Cobban. McGraw-Hill. 173 color, 416 black-and-white illustrations. 360 pp. $24.95 until May 1970; thereafter $30.* Vast Diderotesque overview of sociology, government, war, technology and poverty, with good essays on art (L. D. Ettlinger) and architecture (Sir John Summerson).

THE ART OF ILLUMINATION. *By P. d'Ancona and E. Aeschlimann. Phaidon. 24 color, 121 black-and-white illustrations. 235 pp. $24.* Tasteful picture

book giving instant illumination of a thousand years of the art.

VICTORIAN ADVERTISEMENTS. *By Leonard de Vries. J. B. Lippincott. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 136 pp. $8.95.* Funny *mélange* of magazine ads of 1870-90, particularly the man-machine and woman-machine imagery. The basic consumer appeals seem little different from the 1960s.

THE ARTS IN AMERICA: The 19th Century. *By Wendell D. Garrett and others. Charles Scribner's Sons. Numerous illustrations. 412 pp. $17.50 until December 31; thereafter $20.* Clear and unrestrictive account of 19th-century American arts and crafts with space for Howard Pyle as well as Mary Cassatt, for a mid-century Elizabethan revival style as well as Tiffany.

ALFONSO II AND THE ARTISTIC RENEWAL OF NAPLES, 1485-1495. *By George L. Hersey. Yale University Press. 175 black-and-white illustrations. 118 pp. $12.50.* The arts, architecture, defenses and history of Naples, centered on Alfonso II as a Renaissance man in full operation. Significant addition to the study of late 15th-century culture.

WORLD TAPESTRY. *By Madeleine Jarry. G. P. Putnam. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 358 pp. $25 until January 1; thereafter $30.* Routine profile of tapestry as an art up to the so-called revival of Lurçat.

IMPRESSIONIST DRAWINGS FROM MANET TO RENOIR. *By Jean Leymarie. Translated by Robert Allen. Skira. 11 color, 51 black-and-white illustrations. 104 pp. $7.95.* There are as many *Post*-Impressionist as Impressionist drawings, nicely reproduced, with pleasant appreciative notes by Leymarie (who should be writing better things).

VICTORIAN PAINTERS. *By Jeremy Maas. G. P. Putnam. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 272 pp. $19.95 until January 1; thereafter $22.50.* Nineteenth-century art is now out from under the early 20th-century modernists and is visible as a rich, complex and fantastic field. Maas's survey is excellent with many unfamiliar and highly relevant works reproduced.

ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT. *By Kazimierz Michalowski. Harry N. Abrams. 145 color, 759 black-and-white illustrations. 600 pp. $40.* Coherent overview of Egyptian arts with good illustrations. The systematic presentation of data is admirably sustained; order and argument take precedent over approximation or evocation.

THE ART OF ANCIENT MESOPOTAMIA. *By Anton Moortgat. Phaidon. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 356 pp. $18.50.* Succinct but unhurried account of classical Mesopotamian art from 3000 B.C. to 550 B.C. Controlled and informative.

NORTON CRITICAL STUDIES IN ART HISTORY. *W. W. Norton.*
CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. *Edited by Robert Branner. 4 color, 121 black-and-white illustrations. 278 pp. $6.95.*
GIOTTO: The Arena Chapel Frescoes. *Edited by James H. Stubblebine. 129 black-and-white illustrations. 218 pp. $6.50.*
RUBENS: The Antwerp Altarpieces. *Edited by John R. Martin. 4 color, 37 black-and-white illustrations. 132 pp. $5.95.*
New series with illustrations, documents and essays by different writers that set key works in a solid context of monolingual (everything is translated) art history. Good in principle and in execution.

A HISTORY OF MEXICAN MURAL PAINTING. *By Antonio Rodriguez. Translated by Marina Corby. G. P. Putnam. 56 color, 256 black-and-white illustrations. 517 pp. $27.50 until January 1; thereafter $30.* Lavishly illustrated and copiously informative account of the only sustained 20th-century reconciliation of art and a revolutionary society.

DADA AND SURREALIST ART. *By William S. Rubin. Harry N. Abrams. 60 color, 791 black-and-white illustrations. 525 pp. $35.* This is the massive book of which last year's Surrealist show at the Museum of Modern Art was a by-product. A detailed and unified survey of both movements with their relations to 20th-century art as a whole indicated.

POP ART REDEFINED. *By John Russell and Suzi Gablik. Frederick A. Praeger. 17 color, 126 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $8.95. Paper $4.95.* Catalogue of recent London exhibition. Fast-paced survey, with reprinted documents, of American and British Pop artists. Illustrations grouped iconographically (bathrooms, Cokes, comics).

MASTER PRINTS OF JAPAN. *By Harold P. Stern. Harry N. Abrams. 127 color, 36 black-and-white illustrations. 324 pp. $18.50.* Charming collection of 17th-19th century prints, with a commentary that converts the exotic into its topical and naturalistic original meanings.

ARTISTS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF THE OLD WEST, 1850-1900. *By Robert Taft. Charles Scribner's Sons. black-and-white illustrations. 400 pp. $* Reprint of a classic study of art (pai ing, sculpture) and popular art (illust tions) of the Western scene. Indispensa work on a decisive period of ima making.

THE ART OF EUROPE: The Da Ages. *By Paolo Verzone. Translated Pamela Waley. Crown Publishers. color, 21 black-and-white illustratio 276 pp. $6.95.* Concise introduction a period (fifth to eighth centuries A.D among the least known of European h tory.

CRITICISM

SARTRE AND THE ARTIST. *George Howard Bauer. University Chicago Press. 32 black-and-white illu trations. 200 pp. $8.50.* Excellent e amination, occasionally constricted its thesis origins, of Sartre's strange vie of artists, caught as they are in his vie of art. His pieces on Tintoretto and G cometti are masterpieces of some sort.

A YEAR FROM MONDAY. *By Joh Cage. Wesleyan University Press. 1 pp. $7.92.* Writings, 1963-67. Spatializ typography that is iconic to Cage's sen of multiplicity and connectivity. With the word shower his thought is as co and clear as ever.

KITSCH: The World of Bad Taste. *E ited by Gillo Dorfles. Universe Book Numerous illustrations. 313 pp. $10.* 1 coherent editing of articles by vario contributors, some good, on a fascinatin area, but the campy fun of the illustr tions swamps the text.

PLASTICS AS AN ART FORM. *Thelma R. Newman. Chilton Book C 4 color, and numerous black-and-whi illustrations. 403 pp. $12.50.* Plastics a replacing welding for modern folk scul ture. Deplorable illustrations mostly, b the book is useful for technical workin procedures.

MUSIC: Mirror of the Arts. *By Ala Rich. Frederick A. Praeger. Numero color and black-and-white illustration 288 pp. $15.* Instead of discussing th influence of Wagner on the visual art the author prints the picture of a Luc wig II castle. Doubtful parallels a evoked and exact connections (music an architecture in the 16th century) go u discussed.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE AN URBANISM. *By Vincent Scully. Fred erick A. Praeger. 525 black-and-white i*

strations. 275 pp. $18.50. Architecture scussed not in terms of individual monuents, but as social relationships. Posbly started as a polemic against archictural formalism, but spurred by recent ty violence toward a potentially global iew of the man-made spaces.

ELF-REVEALMENT: A Memoir. *By 'aphael Soyer. Random House. Color nd black-and-white illustrations. 118 pp. 12.50.* These essays (1966-68) by a entle Expressionist do not fulfill the tle. They consist of brief reflections, in ne first person, but entirely public, about rt and artists.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The possibility that there might be no Metropolitan Opera season this winter, or perhaps even in 1970-71, has been around long enough to engender some speculation about what might be a rational basis for operatic production in New York should the present dispensation actually collapse. Although at the time of writing the prospects for settlement of the labor dispute seem favorable, a little "what-if" still seems in order, for the reason that the next turning point in the Metropolitan's history is just around the corner, as operatic planning goes.

The basic fact is that Rudolf Bing's present contract expires at the end of the 1971-72 season, and is unlikely to be renewed in the wake of this year's debacle; the labor contracts currently under negotiations will expire at the same time, and another financial crisis will doubtless be at hand. There is no reason to believe that the musicians will not once again attempt to improve wages and working conditions, and management will as surely answer by pointing to its already staggering deficit. One trusts that the lockout tactics threatened in 1961 and actually used this year will not be repeated; but, given the 18th-century view of labor relations that pervades at least part of the Met board of directors, it is not impossible. (This philosophy is expressed in such terms as "Why should they want a lot of money when they get to play all that glorious music?" Doubtless the men who play the double-bass parts of *Aida* year in and year out have their own answer to the question. The similar "logic" that maybe the same principle should be applied to the Sutherlands, Nilssons and Corellis, who are now paid as much for a few evenings of singing "that glorious music" as an orchestra player makes over a whole year, would probably not find favor.)

Discontent among the regular musical employees at the Met has been chronic for years, and management has not been sensitive to it. It has not, for example, considered the possibility that the chorus might find pleas of excessive deficits unconvincing in view of the expensive costumes they are given to wear, or the manifold other extravagances (see Alan Rich's excellent columns in *New York*, November 24 and December 1, for interesting points on this and related issues). And good will was hardly increased this year when the lockout strategy was bolstered by a crude (although unsuccessful) court action to prevent the employees from receiving unemployment insurance. In the circumstances, the union's intransigence was understandable, if deplorable.

The "Metropolitan way" of presenting opera has been one of the underlying causes for the Met's labor troubles, as it is also fundamental to the institution's wider malaise. There is little evidence that it represents a coherent policy, is anything more than the accumulated habits and *idées reçues* of decades of making do. That the seven-shows-a-week, thirty-one-weeks-a-year, cast-as-catch-can, star-and-scenery-oriented repertory-theatre approach does not get satisfactory results is obvious (certainly to professional musicians, few of whom—singers aside—are often to be seen in the Met's audiences). There are, in fact, other ways of planning a season, of scheduling performances, of selling tickets—in sum, of running an opera company, and a serious study of alternative possibilities is long overdue.

Since the company's public financial statements are phrased in only the most general terms, no outsider is in a position to guess what effect other ways of doing things might have on the fabled deficit, but the following questions are worth asking: Is it necessary to stage so many productions that the majority of them are under-rehearsed or routine? Is it not possible to arrange things so that casts remain substantially intact for the run of an opera? Can access be had to another, smaller theatre that could be used for works conspicuously ill-suited to the present house? (I am thinking, obviously, of the new opera theatre in the Juilliard School.) What about a series of simply staged or concert performances that would permit the exploration of new works and of long unheard ones, the most successful of which could then later be given full-scale presentation? (One of Rich's interesting discoveries was that at least some of the musicians long to escape from the rut of endlessly repeating the same few dozen operas.) Might not a *stagione* arrangement (one production at a time, rather than the present semi-repertory system) get better results? How about charging extra prices for "culinary operas" (the singer showpieces)?

To be sure, all such avenues ought to have been explored before the construction of the new opera house at Lincoln Center limited the range of possibilities. But a resourceful management might be able to recapture a degree of flexibility even now. When Bing came, his focus on the visual aspect of opera was a welcome counterbalance to years of neglect, but the sacred cow of "new productions" has run amok in recent years, producing such senseless monstrosities as the Barrault *Carmen* and the Colonnello *Trovatore*. What is needed now is the same fresh emphasis on opera as an art involving *both* theatre and music—not merely at the executive level (the most elegant staging of a Mozart opera is in vain if the sounds emanating from pit and stage are soggy and unkempt) but also at the planning level. Anyone acquainted with the history of opera can give you a list as long as your arm of works that haven't been done at the Met, works at least as valid as some of the turgid monstrosities that have been staged to pamper the vanity of favored sopranos.

What this suggests, to me anyway, is that—in addition to re-evaluating the entire operation—the powers that be in the opera company should conceive their next managerial appointment as having more than a passing relation to musical

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questions (by which I do not mean singing!). The choice should take place in consultation with professional musicians, and the revolutionary suggestion might even be ventured that the company's regular musical employees should have some representation on the committee that makes the nominations. Conceivably a team will be the best solution, but the musical decisions must be in the hands of a musician—someone who will have the respect of the professionals working regularly in the house and of others whose guest appearances would be desirable; someone who knows the operatic literature (as distinct from the present repertory) and is in touch with current events in the world of composition. Only such a person has much hope of breathing new life into what will otherwise become the white elephant of Lincoln Center.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

At the afternoon performance of Costa-Gavras' *Z* that I attended, the audience burst into applause as the lights came up. That happens in movie houses only when the audience is deeply moved.

Z is an extremely adroit, indeed polished, thriller, but it is a picture that stays pretty much on the active surface of events, and that sort of thing does not usually move filmgoers to overt response. I suspect that the applause was politically triggered, and that to a considerable degree it was defensive.

Z is an adaptation from a novel that is based rather closely as to facts on a political assassination that occurred in Salonika a few years before the colonels' coup, and that was one of the events leading up to the capture of Greece by that tyrannical group. It was filmed in Algiers with a predominantly French cast (Irene Papas plays an affecting but entirely subordinate part as the bereaved widow of the murdered deputy). From the start, it is apparent that the police and judicial authorities are indifferent to the fate of the deputy (unnamed in the picture; Gregarios Lambrakis in real life) because he speaks for the liberal, anti-NATO opposition; but as the narrative develops it becomes evident that those exercising power are much worse than indifferent. An intrepid investigating judge —chosen for the case, presumably, because his background promises dutiful respect for the *status quo*—exposes the murder as a plot instigated at and directed from the highest level. He manages, helped by the courage of a few small people and despite the obstacles presented by a few very grand people, to indict the guilty; but he does not manage to bring them to justice—indeed, he does not live to bring them to justice.

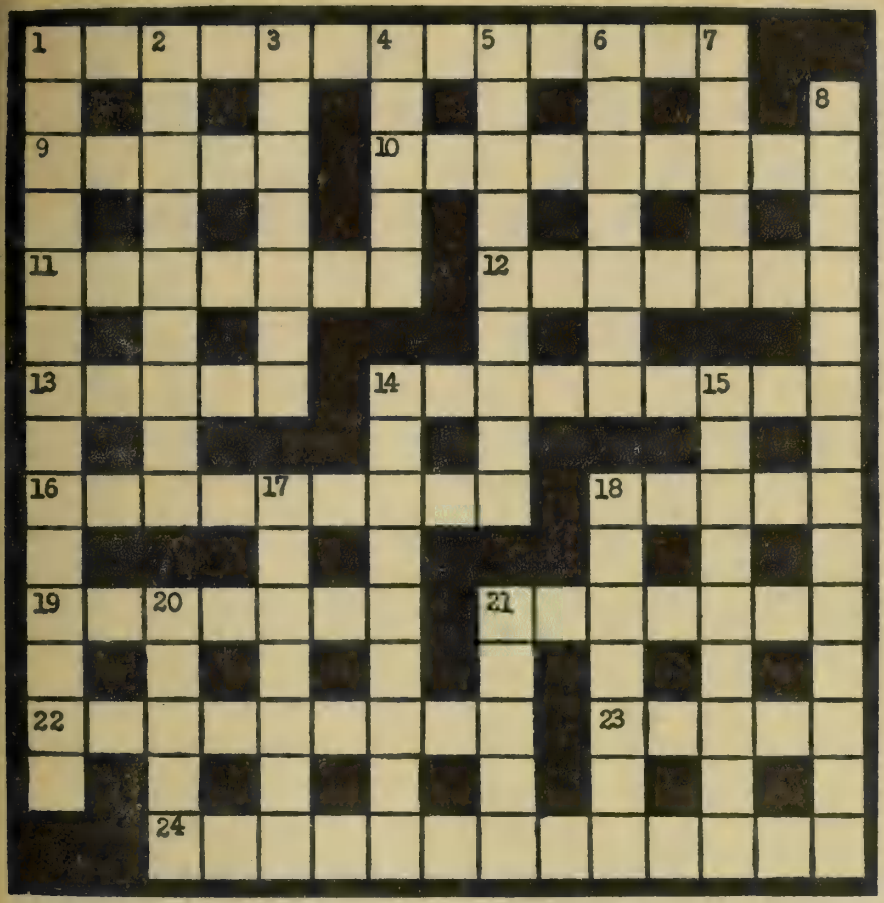
All this is told in the vocabulary of sickening violence (government-hired goons, many of them psychopathic), lethal chases and spine-tingling confrontations of nerve. If the film had a serious social intent—and, given the subject, it would imply a disagreeable opportunism on the part of those who made it to assume that it did not—its style works against its content. *Z* is heavy with calculated entertainment devices—operating-room mumbo jumbo, a wrestling match in the body of a careening open truck, a car used as a weapon, a comic interlude in the midst of great peril, scintillating forensic dueling, battles royal. These, as well as the black-and-white characterizations (an exception is an amoral young reporter/cameraman, played by Jacques Perrin, who gradually and quite subtly forms his allegiance), and the appeal to emotion through automatic response to brutality and tears, keeps the proceedings safely within the context of amusement. Indeed, one could ask, as a matter of taste, whether the present sorrows of Greece should be used for such a showy entertainment. I note that the picture concludes with a recited *précis* of the elimination of justice and freedom that came in the wake of the Lambrakis affair, but that does not offset the Le Carré tone of the main action, particularly when it is climaxed with a bulletin-board listing of the more ludicrous suppressions imposed by the provincial and philistine clique now in control.

The film is also removed from any immediately pressing context because it is so redolently French. That could hardly be avoided with such conspicuous Frenchmen as Yves Montand and Jean-Louis Trintignant playing the deputy and his avenger, but it is not a question of singling out this and that performer and saying that his presence and behavior are not what one would expect of a Greek. Many individual Greeks may well look and act like many individuals in this cast, but taken as a whole this company is powerfully Gallic in its gestures, responses and ironic humor. So much is this so that I had continually to remind myself that it was not a melodrama drawn from the machinations of the French military in Algeria in the months before de Gaulle returned to power.

I am left still with the question of why the audience applauded, why *Z* will certainly be one of the most successful and most discussed releases of the winter. I think the applause may be a sort of exorcism, that the public may be comforted by the picture just because it is so manifestly a make-believe transformation of history. Line after line of the dialogue—the contempt for youth, the appeal to gut patriotism, the obsession with image, the hatred of nonconformity—come shudderingly close to home. The deliberate polarization of the community, the flattery of the rabble, the condoning of their outrages as the understandable reaction to minority views, the manipulation of the police in ideological contexts are all phenomena that few Americans can dismiss as exotic curiosities. And yet they are here presented as though they were strange and diverting. The audience does not applaud because Greek democracy was betrayed but because American democracy still permits the betrayal to be enacted. And the enactment eases the spectators' own forebodings, if it does, because it seems so evidently designed to amuse rather than instruct. Fiction can be relied upon not to come true. Well, usually it can, and no doubt it will so prove in this case. But exorcism by melodrama is not inevitably reliable, and I felt no impulse to clap my hands at this brilliantly executed thriller based on another people's catastrophe.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1326

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Some crumble an otherwise proportionate mixture. (13)
9 Barely descriptive of a not-quite-literary stranger. (5)
10 Behead a sort of of merry old king with 23. (9)
11 and 12 Declare one's intention to be the specific reason for something? (7,7)
13 Prolonged laughter as one hears what the ecdysiast does. (5)
14 Billy, according to the English. (9)
16 What's in a mere exam in English? Study some more! (9)
18 Just desert of triangular appearance. (5)
19 Refuse to make it, perhaps. (7)
21 A pleasant-odored terpene ketone. (7)
22 Bad cheaters should be equivalent. (9)
23 Possibly connected with a running-off at the mouth? (A letter might be better.) (5)
24 A little too excited? (Evidently carried setting up to extremes.) (13)

DOWN

1 Things in opposition about a badly-written poem for those who live with us. (14)
2 One who smooths things over might be only middling as a writer. (9)
3 "Eternal" might describe the circle more than the triangle. (7)
4 Never taken in the objective case. (5)
5 Take again, for example, a slangy review on a true-false base. (9)
6 Diagonal belt. (7)
7 Time to muse? (5)
8 Things permanently out of orbit may seem to, when the place isn't real. (5-5,4)
14 Both hinge, in a way, on the skeleton. (5,4)
15 Chicken out? These are bound to be broken then. (9)
17 How to instill life in a team which is badly shaken? (7)
18 It might be difficult to fix such a type. (7)
20 Rub one the wrong way without direction, like the founder of the Carthusian order. (5)
21 Rank actors, by the sound of it! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1325

ACROSS: 1 Great-grandchild; 9 Sacred cow; 10 Evade; 11 Indian; 12 Inchworm; 14 Gradient; 16 Stair; 17 Chain; 18 Cremonas; 20 Nail file; 21 Bargee; 24 Cited; 25 Tradition; 26 Loch Ness Monster. DOWN: 1 Gossip; 2 El Cid; 3 The Garden of Eden; 4 Race; 5 Now and then; 6 Czechoslovakian; 7 Inamorata; 8 Dreamer; 13 Percolates; 15 Realistic; 17 Cynical; 19 Keener; 22 Grist; 23 Barm.

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LETTERS

Song My in context

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Song My was not an isolated incident. The massacres at Chan Son and Cam He and many others were amply reported by the Western news media. Two years ago at Stockholm and Copenhagen the War Crimes Tribunal sponsored by the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation exhaustively examined the record compiled by Western news sources dealing with our actions in Vietnam. The painstakingly documented massive volume of irrefutable evidence of war crimes, "Against the Crime of Silence," is a horror story.

Had the American public been permitted to be properly informed about our country's actions in Vietnam instead of misled by the con men in the White House, Pentagon and State Department, Song My might not have happened —unless our degradation has reached that of Germany of World War II.

Theodore Schoenman

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Such reports as we have received of the massacres of the civilians in Vietnam are indeed atrocious. But we should not allow them, or our justified sorrow and indignation to blind us to the much more important fact that our whole conduct of this war has been atrocious, and indeed that there is no way to wage war against a whole people on their own soil that is not atrocious. . . . It is for this reason more than any other that we should immediately end our murderous meddling in the affairs of the people of Vietnam, and without delay take all our troops out of their country.

John Holt

exiles of conscience

Watertown, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Persons wanting to help young draft exiles in Canada who went north in preference to having their bodies shipped to Vietnam may do so by sending cash, money order or checks (on any U.S. bank) to Dr. Charles Forsyth, United Church of Canada, 85 St. Clair Ave. East, Toronto, Canada. Gifts will be distributed according to need in the various cities where these sons and brothers of ours are living. . . .

These so-called "draft dodgers" . . . are logical products of our famous American teaching that one should follow conscience first: for taking this adage seriously we label them felons, unfit to live here, meanwhile boasting of our great-grandfathers who fled from Germany for the same reason.

Many are utterly without funds, disowned by their families, and possessing only the clothing they wear, with the chill Canadian winter setting in. Persons wanting to send parcels as well as cash may obtain mailing directions from the writer of this letter.

Graham R. Hodges
123 South Hamilton Street

correction

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: In my report on the Democratic Party in Ohio [*The Nation*, Dec. 1], I stated that John J. Gilligan failed to wrest the Senatorial nomination from Frank J. Lausche in the primary elections. In fact, Gilligan did win in the primaries, but was then defeated in the general election. I apologize for this slip of memory.

Gene I. Maeroff

EDITORIALS

The Ghost of Geneva

The ghost of the League of Nations has caught up with the United States to condemn the use of tear gas and defoliants in Vietnam. Washington found itself completely isolated when the General Assembly approved a Swedish resolution to declare the use of any chemical agents of warfare "contrary to the generally recognized rules of international law as embodied in the Geneva Protocol of 1925." That Protocol, drafted under the auspices of the League, prohibited "the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases and bacteriological methods of warfare." In the forty-four intervening years, it has been ratified by more than eighty countries, including the old and new Chinas, but not by the United States.

Prompted by Congressional murmurs and possibly also by the scheduled UN debate, President Nixon announced with great fanfare on November 25 that he was about to submit the Geneva Protocol to the Senate for ratification. At the same time, he took the significant step of renouncing biological weapons entirely. However, in regard to chemical agents, he stated only that the United States would not be the first to use "lethal" and "incapacitating" chemicals in warfare, a phrasing designed to exclude from his ban the so-called "harassing agents," that is tear gas and defoliants, the main chemicals now being used by the U. S. Army in Vietnam.

A report just prepared by the World Health Organization holds that "no sharp demarcation line can be drawn between harassing agents and other anti-personnel chemical agents because harassing agents may be used in war in conjunction with high explosive, fragmentation or other weapons to increase the lethal effectiveness of the latter." This, in layman's terms, refers to the practice of using tear gas and defoliants to smoke out the enemy from his places of cover, so that he becomes an easy target for more "conventional" weapons. The WHO also warns of possible genetic damage from herbicides.

UN Secretary-General U Thant has been particularly disturbed by the systematic destruction of the Vietnamese countryside, and has taken the unusual step of recommending to the member governments that they "make a clear affirmation that the prohibition contained in the Geneva Protocol applies to the use in war of all chemical, bacteriological and biological agents (including tear gas and other harassing agents), which now exist or which may be developed in the future." The Swedish resolution adopted by the Assembly endorsed this report by the Secretary-General.

American officials tried hard to dissuade Sweden from pressing its proposal, hinting that it would make Senate ratification of the Protocol more difficult. But Stockholm, bitter in its attitude toward American involvement in Vietnam, did not oblige. The Swedish delegation could count on the support of many countries critical of the Vietnamese War in particular and chemical weapons in general. It was backed also by the opinion of statesmen and jurists (some now dead) who had argued at the

time of the League of Nations in favor of an all-inclusive interpretation of the Geneva Protocol. James Leonard, assistant director of the U. S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, answered with some validity that if the Protocol was so clear it was strange that its meaning had been debated well into the 1930s and was being argued over again today.

The most effective assistance to the United States came, however, from those who, like Britain and France, abstained from voting because they questioned the competence of the General Assembly to interpret an international treaty, especially forty-four years after its adoption. Such a precedent, remarked Lord Chalfont half jokingly, might make governments hesitate in the future to sign any international instrument.

The General Assembly resolution has no legally binding effect, and the wrangling over the Geneva Protocol had more political than juridical overtones. Nevertheless, both the vote and the debate have served to remind Washington that the war and its sordid manifestations will never be condoned by the United Nations.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

Southern Gothic

Over the years Congressional grotesques have emerged, the product of the one-party Democratic South, of the seniority system, and of the inbred tendency of irresponsible politicians to press their power to the utmost. One thinks of John Rankin, and of Tom Watson before him. One thinks of Theodore Bilbo and many others. It is a tribute to the vitality of democracy that it has survived such a company of political charlatans and demagogues, though not without severe damage. And though democracy has survived, so have they. The most conspicuous grotesque of our day, second to none among contemporaries and predecessors, is L. Mendel Rivers, Representative from the 1st Congressional District of South Carolina since 1940, and since 1965 chairman of the House Armed Services Committee.

Rivers is regarded by newsmen, and by other Congressmen, as the foremost hawk in the Congress, but in the Song My massacre case he has outdone himself. That he gets away with such antics is largely the fault of the media, printed and electronic. Publicly they treat him with respect, as if he were a normal legislator. What the reporters and commentators say about him privately is something quite different, but that does not perturb Rivers in the slightest. The only columnist who ever took out after him was Drew Pearson; it is a misfortune for the country, and the many decent people in it, that Pearson is dead. What he would have said about Song My, and about Rivers' role in the current probes, would have been vivid.

Rivers is the Pentagon's dearest friend in the House, and the Pentagon reciprocates; but there must be times when the intelligent officers in the services have their doubts about him. He exercises his power with such arrogance that most of his colleagues in the House detest him, although they may also envy him the array of defense installations he has obtained for Charleston. The Navy yard

IN THIS ISSUE

December 29, 1969

EDITORIALS

714

ARTICLES

718 Between Glory and Disaster
718 The Vanity of Humanism — *Ronald Sampson*
726 Ethics and Social Struggle — *Barrows Dunham*
729 The Vandal Ideology — *Scott Paradise*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

733 Gay: The Science of Freedom — *J. H. Plumb*
734 Logan: The Zig-Zag Walk — *A. Poulin, Jr.*
735 Borges: The Book of Imaginary Beings — *Stanton Hoffman*
736 Tangent (poem) — *Dennis Trudell*
737 Schur: Our Criminal Society
Fort: The Pleasure Seekers — *Jack Leavitt*
738 McGinniss: The Selling of the President — *Robert MacNeil*
739 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
739 Time (poem) — *Harvey Shapiro*
740 Two Greetings (poem) — *Radcliffe Squires*
741 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*
742 Films — *Robert Hatch*

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was there before he came to Congress, but he has added in his district a Polaris submarine base, a Naval weapons station, an Air Force base, the Parris Island Marine Corps Recruit Depot, a Marine Corps air station, an Army supply depot and two Navy hospitals. Defense industry has followed: a DuPont plant that manufactures nuclear weapons or parts; and, since 1965, Lockheed, McDonnell-Douglas, J. P. Stevens, Avco and General Electric. Rivers' campaign slogan, "Rivers Delivers," is no idle boast. What challenger would stand a chance against an incumbent with such a record?

As far as Rivers is concerned, there was no massacre at Song My—at least that is the view he voiced at the outset. But just in case there was, Rivers has appointed a special subcommittee of tried and true hawks, headed by Rep. F. Edward Hebert (D., La.), who can be relied on not to make too much of any civilian corpses they may stumble upon.

The proceedings of Rivers' committee have been secret, but enough has leaked out to give the public some idea of the testimony. The principal witness has been Chief Warrant Officer Hugh Thompson, the helicopter pilot who received the Distinguished Flying Cross for "voluntary actions" on March 16, 1968, the day of the Song My incident. Apparently Thompson saw women and children being killed, landed his helicopter, aimed his guns at the American soldiers who had been doing the shooting, and moved a number of children to a secure area. A member of the Armed Services Committee said that "there appeared to be an effort by some members of the committee, if not to discredit, then to downgrade Thompson's testimony. But if ever there was a hero in this whole operation it was this man. He was a magnificent witness."

It was James Doyle of the Washington *Star* who dug out the information about Thompson's testimony. As far as the rest of the news media are concerned, Rivers has gotten away with his assertion that the committee turned up nothing of importance. The broader question is how long Rivers' colleagues intend to endure his effrontery. He has been insulting them for a long time—but then Sen. Joe McCarthy was another who ran amok for years but was finally brought to book.

Training for Song My

Paul Avery of the *San Francisco Chronicle* spent three years as a war correspondent in Vietnam. His illustrated story in the December 5 *Chronicle* should interest apologists for the Song My massacre ("isolated incident," etc.).

Avery was accompanying the Marines of B Company, Battalion Landing Team 1/9 on the fifth day of Operation Deckhouse V, a search-and-destroy mission in preparation for deploying a U.S. division in the Mekong Delta. The date was January 10, 1967. The Vietcong, and before them the Vietminh, had held the area for twenty-five years and neither the French nor the South Vietnamese government troops had ever tried to occupy it.

The Marines of B Company were looking for a sniper who had killed two of their men and wounded three others. Avery first witnessed a scene of routine brutality in which a lame old civilian was manhandled. Advancing once more, the Marines heard an explosion and screams up ahead. A sergeant and a lance corporal were staring at a shelter from which a group of women and children were crawling. The children were covered with burns and screaming.

The corporal pointed at the sergeant and said, "This dumb bastard lobbed a willie peter on them."

A willie peter is a white phosphorus grenade. The chemical not only burns but eats into the flesh.

The sergeant glared at the corporal and said he thought there was a VC in there. The corporal called him a liar and said, "You heard the women's voices and the crying baby the same as I did." The sergeant said nothing.

A Navy corpsman began looking for salve to treat the burns. "Like hell," the sergeant said. "We got no time for that. Leave 'em alone and let's find that sniper."

Avery asked the sergeant if he seriously intended to leave the casualties untreated. "That's exactly what I mean," the sergeant said. "Fuck 'em. They're VC too. Around here everybody's VC."

Avery threatened to report the incident and eventually the casualties were helicoptered to the amphibious assault ship *Iwo Jima* in the South China Sea. At the daily press conference on the *Iwo Jima* the next day Avery asked about civilian casualties. The press officer knew nothing. Later Avery found out that two of the children and a woman had died.

The aftermath should especially interest the apologists for American atrocities. The lance corporal who had called the sergeant a liar came to Avery and said, "Maybe it was an accident . . . maybe he didn't hear them." Two weeks later, in Saigon, the U.S. military command issued a summary of the results of Deckhouse V. Twenty-one VC had been killed and seventy-four suspects captured. There was no mention of civilian casualties.

And it was almost three years before the story came to light.

Why New Jersey?

Some time back we ran a story by Fred J. Cook, the least of whose distinctions is that he is a long-time resident of New Jersey. Mr. Cook displayed the pattern of corruption in the state but, although his facts were never challenged, many citizens could hardly believe them. It now appears that, with the conservatism of the good reporter, Cook greatly understated the extent to which large parts of the state have become fiefs of the Mafia.

The current exposures are coming to light because Republicans have succeeded Democrats in the state; but

The Nation customarily publishes 48 issues a year, in past years skipping four weeks in July and August. This year, however, only three of the summer issues were dropped, so that the fourth might be omitted during the Christmas-New Year period. Accordingly, the issue which would normally be distributed in the last week of 1969, and dated January 5, 1970, will not appear.

lest this give rise to premature hopes of a lasting clean-up, it should be recalled that for a decade or so the state was run by Republicans under Gov. Alfred Driscoll. This gave the Democrats an opportunity to zero in on the Republican tie-up with crime, particularly in Bergen County, and one consequence was the election of Robert Meyner, the country boy from virtuous Warren County, to the governorship. It did not escape notice that the Democrats ousted the Republicans with a suspiciously large campaign fund.

In New Jersey, thus, Democrats use the scandal of crime to drive Republicans from office and, after the lapse of a proper interval, Republicans use the same scourge to oust the Democrats. In neither swing of the pendulum is crime itself much affected. The arcs of righteous indignation are tempered to a continuation of the system, even though such shows of rectitude may serve the limited purpose of preventing vice from taking complete control of the state's affairs.

Two aspects of this on-going crime serial deserve notice. First, a Governor's Committee set up to investigate the Newark riots of 1967 declared that one cause of the riots was the pervasive feeling in the black community that anything and anybody could be fixed at City Hall, that there was no integrity at all in the aspects and functions of municipal government. Is there anyone who, in retrospect, would seriously question this judgment of the black community?

Second, it is impossible to assign a single cause for the deplorable state of affairs in New Jersey. Many causes, of varying degrees of importance, can be discerned. But one, historical in nature, warrants more emphasis than it usually gets. New Jersey was one of the original thirteen states, but as a political entity it makes no sense. Those who live in the crowded northern communities are primarily concerned with what happens in New York. They have moved to New Jersey for its low taxes and because in its communities a commuter may hope to get a quiet night's sleep. Those who live in the southern portion of the state have much the same relationship to Philadelphia. Those who live in between count for little. This separation of economic and political interests may have a good deal to do with New Jersey's inability to meet the modest standards of probity set by the other states.

More on the Panthers

Last week we stated the urgent need for an investigation of recent shoot-outs in which police have again directed murderous gunfire at Black Panthers and their headquarters. A group of black Congressmen will conduct an investigation into the Chicago night attack. At the same time, a number of organizations, including the NAACP, Urban League, Conference of Black Elected Officials, Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the American Civil Liberties Union, have set up a twenty-five-member independent commission to "direct a searching inquiry" into clashes between police and Panthers. Rep. Edward Koch (D., N.Y.) has suggested that the Civil Rights Commission conduct a general inquiry.

No local investigation, as by a grand jury, would be effective. Such a body would not have the confidence of the black community. Moreover, the inquiry must be national, so that it may discover what if any "patterning" the facts disclose. Representative Koch's idea has merit, but an inquiry by the Civil Rights Commission should supplement independent inquiries. The commission has the power of subpoena, and that gives it advantages over privately organized panels. An immediate danger is that a federal grand jury could subpoena relevant documents and records, in the guise of making an investigation, and thereby deny other groups access to them. This threat is implicit in the Justice Department's investigation of the Chicago incident. After a very slow start, the media—rather a section thereof—is now begining to focus attention on the shoot-outs. Until recently, they have been, for the most part, badly reported. The pending investigations, and the general situation, should be kept under close and constant scrutiny if further trouble is to be averted.

By way of justifying their "overkill" tactics, the police invariably cite the Panthers' revolutionary rhetoric and their known arms caches. But not since the gun battles in Dodge City and Tombstone has violent rhetoric been cited as justification for homicides. All sorts of groups use violent rhetoric in this violence-prone society. As to arms, it is a consideration, perhaps, that the Panthers are not an affiliate of the National Rifle Association. If they were, they would probably enjoy immunity from police harassment. The gun market has been booming. In many communities the police have helped train nervous housewives of poor vision in the use of side arms. The Chicago police turned over to the odious General Turner, as a gift of some kind, more arms than they could find in Panther headquarters.

It must be emphasized that the recent incidents have inflamed and unified black opinion from coast to coast. Reports from Chicago, for example, indicate that deep concern over the two killings there has swept the black community. For the first time in years, the entire Negro public in Chicago is aroused and united. Is this what those paragons of social insight, the police, wanted to achieve? A first reaction of the black community in Chicago was the announcement of a dusk-to-dawn curfew, whites being warned to stay out of the neighborhoods. For the moment, the curfew has been lifted but an explosive situation exists and it will not be easily corrected. Police guns, not Panther guns, have won for the black militants the largest measure of support they have yet achieved. So let's have the facts, all of them, including the treatment the twenty Panthers arrested months ago in New York, are receiving from the authorities.

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BETWEEN GLORY AND DISASTER

The Nation usually devotes its final issue of the year to subject matter of a more reflective cast than its normal weekly fare. Of recent years these issues have been concerned, in one way or another, with human values in an age of science and technology. That is not surprising; the issue is central to our times. This year the winter solstice seemed a particularly good time, as Barrows Dunham points out, to see if one can "find a side"—a position—"that is hitched to a star." For we are indeed "between glory and disaster," living "as in a house defiled and rotting, where there can be no repair without damage. Yet it is the only house we have."

"Relevance" has been the chic word of 1969, but relevance is a relative term. Behind every discussion of the term there lurks a question, "relevant to what?" The question is seldom asked, and when it is the discussion soon ends in vague references to past values. Relevant to the inherited Western cultural tradition? Relevant to the Judeo-Christian tradition? Relevant to what? The answer eludes us. At this year's meeting of Nobel laureates in Stockholm, assembled to discuss "The Place of Value in a World of Facts," Jacques Monod struck a note that echoed throughout the sessions. No value system exists today either to guide the promise of science or to forestall the menace of science. And without it, Monod declared, no society can long survive in today's world. At present, we are rushing along, as he put it, with a value system inherited from the 18th century. Since we have no other, we give it lip service; no one really believes in an ethic so dated. Under the pressure of science the rate of social change, Kenneth Keniston has written, "will increase up to the as yet untested limits of human adaptability." Unlike moral codes, ethical systems must be constantly reconsidered if they are to be "relevant" guides to behavior in a rapidly changing world. Today, of course, the need is for an ethic, to quote Keniston again, "that makes central the preservation and unfolding of human life and that defines 'man' as any citizen of this expanding globe." That ethic is not implicit in the technological revolution; it will be created, if it is, by man in his roles of citizen and seer. Science cannot save us from ourselves.

The problem has the utmost urgency because the issue is now survival. In seeking a basis for the ethic we must invent, we should be prepared, as Dr. George Salzman said in a memorable October 15 moratorium address at the University of Massachusetts (Boston), "to re-examine all our institutions, all our codes of behavior, all our scales of values, and if need be, to alter or discard those that would block our way to the future." Society can proceed no further "if men are expected to live on two distinct planes of morality—as decent, moral human beings in their private lives, and as manipulators of power and greed, acting deceitfully and without compunction in their external affairs. . . . The affairs of the world are [now] a single vast intertwined web."

The contributions that follow explore a few—if only a few—of the implications that flow from the ethic vacuum in which we find ourselves.

THE VANITY OF HUMANISM

RONALD SAMPSON
Mr. Sampson is a lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol. His most recent book is The Psychology of Power *(Pantheon).*

Susan Stebbing wrote in 1941: "But it is also no illusion but uncontested fact that here and now we know that hatred, cruelty, intolerance and indifference to human misery are evil; that love, kindliness, tolerance, forgiveness and truth are good, so unquestionably good that we do not need God or heaven to assure us of their worth." When I first read this, it struck a responsive chord; I remember quoting it with approval a decade ago. Virtue, I felt, was self-evident, beyond the possibility of sincere disputation; moreover, this was all that was truly important: that we should get on with the business of doing what we so clearly knew. For if our lives were loving and honorable, if we were kind, tolerant, forgiving and truthful, there would be no problems of an urgent or serious kind.

Moreover, so it then seemed to me—it was not merely that morality was self-sufficient and that discussion of the nature or existence of God was unnecessary. Theological discussion was positively harmful. It was precisely when men began to dispute about the nature of God that they showed their worst qualities, and for good reason. Men become most bitter and intolerant at the point where the touchstone of evidence, to which appeal can be made, breaks down. In the absence of evidence the will to self-assertion, the desire to subjugate one's opponent, find free rein. "God" is such a nebulous, unverifiable concept, meaning all things to all men, I thought, that it is bound to be a bone of inexhaustible contention. In morals, the appeal to universal experience offers itself as an inescapable arbiter; in theology, on the other hand, there is no such arbiter, and so it is not surprising that religion brings out the worst in man.

Consider the record of man's search for God. All history indicates not only that there are apparently no limits to what men will worship under this label but also that men have committed and still commit some of their more atrocious crimes in pursuit of their worship and in their intolerance of other men's differing concepts of what is appropriate or required of them in matters of a religious nature. And among wars it is notorious that none is more

calculated to bring out new depths of cruelty than the religious war.

Nor is it simply that religious belief has been intimately associated with fear, superstition and irrationality, spawning innumerable mystical cults and rituals to act as magnets for fanaticism and ignorance. Religion is also intimately associated with the apparatus of political domination and economic exploitation. When reason and persuasion fail of their purpose, the temptation is immediate to seek to buttress one's unacknowledged or weak authority by appealing to divine command. Countless rulers have sought to validate their authority by asserting a divine right, and have tried to make the claim credible through ritual and pomp associated with such hallowed symbols as scepter, miter and orb. After World War I, men began to recognize the full price of this folklore, and their bitterness found expression in sardonically humorous verse:

> God save the king. Gott strafe England,
> God this, God that and God the other thing.
> Good God! said God, I've got my work cut out.

Even in the age of Cromwell, some among the radical Puritans were aware of the sociological function of religion as the "opium of the people." The bare bones of Marx's argument two centuries later are found in Gerrard Winstanley's *The Law of Freedom in a Platform or True Magistracy Restored* (1652):

> The elder brother replies, What, will you be an Atheist, and a factious man, will you not believe God?
>
> Yes, saith the younger brother, if I knew God said so I should believe, for I desire to serve him.
>
> Why, saith the elder brother, this is his word, and if you will not believe it, you must be damned: but if you will believe it, you must go to Heaven.
>
> Well, the younger brother being weak in spirit, and having not a grounded knowledge of the Creation, nor of himself, is terrified, and lets go his hold in the Earth, and submits himself to be a slave to his brother . . . and so his eyes are put out, and his Reason is blinded.

In our time the major emphasis has probably been focused on the psychology of religion. Stimulated by psychoanalytic theories, men have been increasingly inclined to construe God as a projection of fears, need for consolation, inability to look the unknown unflinchingly in the face, failure to achieve emotional autonomy from parental control and consequent need for an eternal Father. Common to Marxist theories of alienation and Freudian psychoanalysis is the reduction of God to the status of a morbid symbol of man's immaturity as an exploited worker or as a possessed and dominated son. In philosophy, molded largely by the 20th-century reverence for science, concern has been with precision and clarity of linguistic usage. Tests of meaning of the most rigorous nature, acceptable to the scientist, were devised. If a statement were neither a definition nor verifiable by appeal to any possible sense experience, it was held to be meaningless. Under attack, minor concessions were made to avoid manifest absurdity, but only to safeguard the purity of the central positivist principle. If God is to pass such a test before being admitted to the status of meaningful concepts, the onus is on the believer to supply evidence of God's transcendent reality. What evidence of a falsifiable nature can be adduced to prove that man is not alone in the universe, that God would still exist if the human species were to perish? In this way the whole 19th-century debate between immanentists and transcendentalists has been neatly headed off.

The theologians themselves have long been in full retreat before the positivist onslaught, bringing their teachings up to date, rethinking, rationalizing, salvaging what crumbs they could, or even—on the notorious principle that if you cannot beat your opponent, join him—producing ultra-sophistications of their own about what they are pleased to call the death of God. In short, the twin streams of the European Enlightenment, the liberal empiricist stream and the dialectical materialist stream, have united in an immensely powerful river to wash away the last remnants of man's traditional beliefs about the existence and nature of God. Since, however, most of us recognize that man cannot live without some guiding metaphysic, a new "religion," Humanism, is rapidly being evolved in the West and appears to be growing increasingly fashionable. The essential argument is admittedly persuasive and is implicit in the preceding analysis. Since the evidence is overwhelming that nothing is more difficult to secure than agreement among men concerning the nature of *reality,* and since it is a matter of urgency to secure some measure of agreement about the nature of *morality,* where common yardsticks of appeal are potentially within reach, let us put the religious debate into cold storage, if it is not possible to get rid of it altogether, so that we can get on with the practical and urgent business of hammering out an agreed morality. To hope that Christians and Marxists, for example, might one day agree upon the nature of reality or the nature of God, is obviously futile and in any case unnecessary. But since they do share common problems, it is urgent and far from utopian that we should begin to try to establish mutual understanding about problems of conduct in the interests of harmony and peace. Let us agree to avoid the *odium theologicum* and settle for concord about important matters like peace, security and productivity. Ronald Fletcher, professor of sociology at the University of York writes:

> If morality is to wait upon agreement about religious or metaphysical matters then men are in a serious plight indeed, for every religion and ideology in the world differs on these matters, and very radically. Men are everywhere faced, however, with common economic, social, political problems, and are involved—from the personal, right up to the international, level—in issues of reciprocal obligation.

Ethics is an autonomous discipline, he states, and therefore asks rhetorically: "Who is right about 'reality' is a question which can surely wait?" What could sound more reasonable?

It is the purpose of this essay to deny this thesis, to argue that Humanism, be it agnostic or atheistic, is a false religion, that men *are* "in a serious plight indeed," that this plight has arisen ultimately from false religious belief, that the liberation from false metaphysics only to fall into new forms of error will not alleviate our existing

grave situation, but will on the contrary produce even more deadly consequences; that morality is not an autonomous discipline, that the argument about the nature of reality is fundamental, that error about the nature and purpose of God must necessarily lead to avoidable suffering and death, and that the metaphysical debate, so far from being a luxury to be postponed indefinitely, is the most urgent task, now more than ever, confronting men.

That men have worshipped false gods is abundantly evident; the targets against which Marx and Freud launched their arrows were shrewdly chosen. But the fact that men in their blindness have conceived an infinitude of false gods, does not entitle us to infer that therefore God does not exist. That is as though we were to infer from the innumerable instances of men's false reasoning that man is incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood. Let us return to the original quotation from Susan Stebbing and ask why, notwithstanding the fact that the distinction between good and evil is self-evident, men after millennia of struggle show as yet but faint signs of overcoming evil. We know here and now indisputably that "hatred, cruelty, intolerance and indifference to human misery are evil. . . ." Had Dr. Stebbing stopped there, none could gainsay her. But we must ask why, given this knowledge, we *appear* to be incapable of acting upon it. Is it that this knowledge has come to us only recently, that we have not had sufficient time to gird our loins? Clearly not. "War of any kind is evil," wrote Herodotus a very long time ago. But we wage it today with apparently undiminished zest. Sexual immorality and depravity also lead to great evil, but when theologians discuss morality solely in the context of sexual relations and to the exclusion of war, we rightly feel that there is something odd—that they are being less than honest to us, let alone to God.

Of the very many ills which afflict humanity one evil dwarfs all the others. Throughout human history men have lived in organized groups under governments which have feared and competed with one another by means of arms, and the resultant arms races have erupted at more or less regular intervals into wars. The present arms race is consuming $183 billion a year, and it is beyond the power of any human imagination to foresee the extent of the holocaust which will ensue if it continues until it erupts into war. In the childhood of our species it was no doubt possible to delude men that evil occurred because the gods were angry or because exceptionally wicked men held sway; but it is no longer possible to deceive in this way. Today, men know that when very great evil threatens to overtake them, it is and can only be because very large numbers of men are contributing their share to that evil, that is to say, are living their lives on a false and evil basis. And this, notwithstanding that we all know, indeed cannot *not* know, that "love, kindliness, tolerance, forgiveness and truth are good . . . unquestionably good." So where is all the evil coming from?

At this point I find it difficult not to resort to the first person singular, not because the evidence is in any way private or less than general but because it is more likely to touch the imagination when translated into the idiom in which we as individuals experience it. In my childhood it was the practice in my part of the world for children to go to day school on weekdays and to Sunday school on Sunday. It was in the latter school that I was first exposed to the four Gospels of the New Testament, and they immediately reached into my profoundest emotions—not the absurd and manifestly false tales about people rising physically from the dead, walking on the water and conjuring water into wine, but stories such as that of the woman taken in adultery, the good Samaritan, the prodigal son, and the lucid, yet poetic simplicity of the Beatitudes. But although these readings, repeated many times, were to make an ineffaceable impression, another and different lesson was also taught me, one that was the more powerful because it was never openly expressed. I noticed that while I was required to attend Sunday school and while interest was expressed if I received a prize for attendance or diligence in memorizing required lessons, the interest was nevertheless essentially polite. But the interest shown by everyone in my circle to success achieved in lessons and examinations at the day school was of the genuine variety which quickened the pulse.

In short, I learned that "religion" played in life some part that was never made plain beyond the fact that it was peripheral and wrapped around with much that was evidently irrational—dogma, miracle and ritual which inspired not respect but contempt. On the other hand, I learned that to make a successful career, that is to say, to "get on" in the world, was a matter of central and enduring importance, commanding the immediate and genuine respect of everyone I knew. That there might ever be a conflict between these two planes of experience never seriously occurred to me. That there had been such conflicts in history, I was of course aware, but that was on the public stage and in the past, and clearly had nothing to do with my own private, personal existence. The real purpose of life was to be successful, as the world and I measured success. As for virtue, that was something which largely took care of itself; one did as one's neighbor did and as professional standards required, and no one could pretend that such requirements were especially onerous. I knew, of course, that injustice and inequality existed in the world, and that this was wrong; but my obligations in that respect were wholly covered by my tacit membership in and support of the reformist party, which was working, admittedly slowly but nevertheless steadily—Rome was not built in a day—to set matters right. So I had been sedulously taught, and so I believed.

It is not necessary here to describe the gradual and painful process whereby I awoke from this dream. Everyone of my generation knows how the organized parties of reform not only betrayed their "principles" but themselves became active agents in the commiting of atrocity and crime. And as the wars and the famines, the arms race and irresponsible technology, the hangings and assassinations continued, it became more and more evident that the dissidents, the protesters, "the stage army of the good," who were called upon to protest again and again, with enduring stamina, were not drawn at random from all levels of society. They were drawn always from the ranks of the "powerless," the people who had no positions of authority

to jeopardize or lose. Those who consistently sought allies against recurring wrong and injustice quickly learned that the reservoir of potential support shrank visibly as one ascended the hierarchy of prestige and power. It would be useful to get X's signature; it would carry a lot of weight, we fondly imagined. But we soon discovered that X's signature was not to be had. Privately he might well be with us, but we must appreciate that for a person in his position, well . . . we did understand, didn't we? So we had to make do with poor old Z's signature, which allegedly carried little or no weight, but which was always to be relied upon.

One other facet of my experience also sharply impressed me. Although great and growing evil occurred in the world, yet, wherever I moved in society, be it among teachers, soldiers, churchmen, criminals, housewives, policemen, workmen, politicians, foreigners, doctors, I never met anyone who struck me as essentially an evil man. Men who were weak and pompous, who dissembled and were evasive, who were self-important, vain and ambitious, who were self-contradictory, self-deceiving, unreliable, acquisitive, these I met in plenty at every level of society; but nowhere was it my misfortune to find an unmistakably evil man. So evil occurred in the world, very great and unbelievable evil, and yet there were no evil men, it appeared. Whenever we sought support to protest against an evil, it was very rare indeed to find anyone who wished to identify himself, least of all publicly, with the evil in question. To be sure, halfhearted attempts at casuistry would sometimes be made, but these would soon fade under the pressure of honest logic. Nevertheless, it was not easy to enlist support against the evil from people of "influence" in the community. For people of influence and position, of power or wealth, had their positions and their power to lose, whereas those unencumbered by such positions were more free to listen to the voice of conscience within. Or, to put the matter the other way round, if a man were consistently to heed and act upon the voice of conscience, he would inevitably be required to pay a price in the shape of growing ineligibility for promotion to positions of authority, increased emolument and "influence."



Cassianus

Conversion of St. Paul

In short, a clash, a conflict, a dilemma was inherent in the logic of things, and it was inescapable that every man had to choose. He could choose to aspire toward fortune or preferment, a successful career, high status, position; or he could listen consistently to and try to act upon the voice of conscience which urged him to protest against the injustice of the world. But what he could not have—as I had so fondly hoped to be the case—was both. A man could not have both power over others and genuine love for others. And while it was obvious which one should choose, it was unfortunately by no means easy to make the right choice, as was attested both by my own backsliding and by the large number of those who were unwilling because of their positions, actual or hoped for, to oppose publicly the evils which they would repudiate privately.

In brief I had learned the ancient lesson that, while all human beings are more than adequately equipped to distinguish good from evil, nevertheless a price is to be paid for choosing the good rather than the evil. There is a reward, too, of course, in the shape of a tranquil conscience and the serenity of spirit that is alone born of a tranquil conscience; but most human beings appear to be more immediately impressed by the nature of the sacrifice than by the reality of the reward, for the former is tangible and the latter is not. And any discussion of the autonomy of ethics which fails to take this dilemma for mortal man adequately into account must be condemned as facile and not very helpful. It is not enough to know that kindliness is good and cruelty is bad. It is also necessary to be able to answer correctly the question: why am I alive and what is the purpose of this life that has been temporarily entrusted to me?

Every man must be bound by some conviction, conscious or unconscious, about the significance he attaches to his life in order to live it, to direct it, to make plans or merely to drift. Whatever a man may say, his behavior over a prolonged period will under close study inevitably reveal the real values sustaining it. And this metaphysic is the most important thing that we must know of a man if we need to assess his basic character or to predict how he

will act in a given situation. Since every man is endowed with very powerful appetites, it is perfectly possible to find the meaning of one's life in a ceaseless pursuit of gratification. In practice, most of us are in varying degree aware both that appetites ceaselessly pampered are apt to cloy and that unrestrained egoism on the part of large numbers of individuals is calculated to bring about conditions of misery and discomfort to all concerned. Therefore a policy of unrelieved individualism is generally tempered to some degree by a further extension of this principle. That is to say, the individual finds the meaning of his life not solely in self-indulgence but also in satisfying the wants of a group or groups with which he identifies emotionally. The most universal form of ego identification with a group is of course with the family, but the principle extends in a lesser degree to schools, villages, social classes, religious and ethnic groups and political nationalities.

The difficulty with all these "goods" sought for oneself or one's group is that they are particularistic or exclusive; they displace a like good for somebody else or some other group. They are not compatible with the principle of universalism and therefore violate the principle of justice. They stimulate competition; they are keenly sought just because they confer privilege or special status; they differentiate favorably the successful from those who fail. They are therefore of the very stuff of strife, of envy, of the struggle for power, of the resentments of inferiority, of the war of all against all.

Unfortunately, the energies which are harnessed to these secular goals are very powerful, and sustain the central efforts of a man's striving and struggle over a lifetime. If they are rejected as having morally indefensible consequences to mankind as a whole, inevitably an immense problem makes itself felt. To what is a man to devote his energies? What shall be the central goal of his life? If he ceases to find it in the quest for power, privilege, status, "authority," wealth, what substitute is there that *is* morally acceptable and which can realistically evoke a comparable single-mindedness and consistently sustained application of energy? In whatever way we seek to answer this question, one thing is certain: the first step consists in renouncing what have hithertto been powerfully felt desires, animating the individual's main aspirations and life goals. And such a task is calculated to daunt even strong people. Resistance cannot but be profound, as St. Augustine testified with a disarming candor and wry humor:

> And when Thou didst on all sides shew me, that what Thou saidst was true, I, convicted by the truth, had nothing at all to answer but only those dull and drowsy words, "Anon, anon," "presently"; "leave me but a little." But "presently, presently" had no present, and my "little while" went on for a long while. . . .

It is important to analyze why it is so difficult. Consider the case: A man has been living his life according to goals arising out of emotions of egoism, sexual gratification, acquisitiveness or group loyalty, emotions laid deep within the psychic life of every human being, emotions which therefore reinforce themselves by the very frequency with which we find them exemplified in the behavior of others. A man has not only to overcome the resistances within himself; he must overcome his initial fear of the resistance of those among whom he lives, often by no means least the resistance of those nearest and dearest. When Christian decided as a result of his dream to hasten forth from the city of destruction, the discovery that he could not persuade his wife and family to accompany him must have been bitter indeed, although Christian's own previous life could scarcely have been such as to prepare them for so strange a development. When Tolstoy at the age of 50, in all the agony of soul he has imperishably described in his *Confession*, discovered the real nature of the city of destruction and hastened accordingly to flee it, he too found himself in almost complete isolation from his wife and family, although, as he himself realized, the sins of his youth were in no small part to blame.

To follow the voice of truth, as it struggles to make itself heard within the quietude of the individual soul, is difficult because of our instinctive awareness that to do so will not simply fail to add to our popularity, but will evoke strong resistance from those around us, leading at best to a degree of isolation. "There is a saying among children," testified Joan of Arc at her trial, "that men are sometimes hanged for having spoken the truth." There is also an old saw to the effect that if God were to live on earth, people would break His windows. Is not the experience of Socrates, Jesus, Arnold of Brescia, the Maid herself, More, Huss, Giordano Bruno, Servetus, enough to stand in perpetual warning of this terrible truth? But martyrdom requires not only innocence and courage on the part of the victim and cruelty on the part of his persecutors; it requires in addition the acquiescence of the multitude. And a few cannot intimidate multitudes solely by fear. "Ye are many, they are few," as Shelley reminded us. The multitudes must themselves first be morally confused. That this is commonly the case derives from the deceitfulness of the human heart. Men commonly will the good, but are easily gulled. To come to a conclusion that will convict us ourselves of immorality is exceedingly hard, because of the great strength of our vanity and self-love. Paul Tillich has expressed the nature of this inner resistance of the soul with exceptional clarity in his *The Shaking of the Foundations*:

> Our entire inner life, our thoughts and desires, our feelings, and imaginations, are known to God. The final way of escape, the most intimate of all places, is held by God. That fact is the hardest of all to accept. The human resistance against such relentless observation can scarcely be broken. Every psychiatrist and confessor is familiar with the tremendous force of resistance in each personality against even trifling self-revelations. Nobody wants to be known, even when he realizes that his health and salvation depend upon such a knowledge. We do not even wish to be known by ourselves. We try to hide the depth of our souls from our own eyes. We refuse to be our own witness. How then can we stand the mirror in which nothing can be hidden?

But if it is difficult to acknowledge the truth and follow it, it is not impossible. To do what I will may not always lie within my power, but what surely does always lie within my power is the ability to will the good. And it is the peculiar and unique power of the truth that, if acknowl-



Huber

edged freely and honestly, ultimately it will of its own accord rectify our existing false situation. Truth is impregnable against all forms of attack, all mockery, all satire; it is immune to self-contradiction; it is impervious to the emotions of cunning, deceit, self-doubt. It commands universal attention, and ultimately the obedience of all honest men. "Truth," wrote James Russell Lowell in the *Biglow Papers*, "is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine."

Nevertheless, truth is a hard taskmaster, for it demands as the first step in its service a willingness to transcend the claims of the self in the service of other selves. Its first and last law is that of renunciation, which though possible for man, does not come naturally to him. And the paradox is that insofar as a man succeeds in his aspiration to obey truth, he inevitably puts himself at the mercy of all who suffer from no such inhibitions and who accordingly take advantage of him. One man's truth has to confront another man's falsehood; one man's forbearance is met with another's will to dominion; the one's agony of conscience contends with him who is without scruple; the one man's love and nonviolence has to brave the threats of hatred and violence; the total vulnerability of the one stands against the bludgeon of a Cain or Raskolnikov.

In logic, the only possible remedy to the arms race based on fear is unilateral disarmament based on trust. The truth of renunciation which is the key to all goodness is pre-eminently demonstrated here, yet nowhere are there apparently so few willing takers. At no point does human skepticism and despair appear more intractable. The reason is to be found in the conviction, so deep in this world, that evil must inevitably triumph over good. From the author of the seventy-third Psalm to Gerard Manley Hopkins men have lamented the evident fact that the ungodly prosper in the world while the godly are chastened for their pains.

Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?
Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
Defeat, thwart me? . . .

Many have found in this fact alone the most eloquent of all testimony to the necessity of the immortality of the soul. Something other must exist to redress the balance of this vale of tears. "Had I no other proof of the immaterial nature of the soul," affirmed Rousseau's Savoyard vicar, "the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the righteous in this world would be enough to convince me."

But on reflection we must surely see that there was no other way in which man could be taught the truth. If to avoid defeat we resist evil violently, we provide yet another alibi for wrongdoing, we do something dubious, we teach a wrong lesson. Men see only that a battle of wills is taking place, and they understand that well enough from long familiarity. It is essential that we show that we struggle not that our will should prevail but that the truth of justice or equality should prevail. *Not my will but Thy will!* Will it is that we must obey—and it is clearly not the will of organized men, nor is it the natural will of the individual. Then whose will? What is the will we follow in the quest for self-perfection? If it were our own will, would not the skeptics be right who accuse those who strive after perfectibility of vanity or self-righteousness?

We can abdicate all "power" means of implementing our will, only if we have confidence that by following the way indicated by conscience and reason as the true way, thus paradoxically putting ourselves at the mercy of the evil will, good will ultimately be advanced and the truth prevail. *Not my will but Thy will!* But what confidence can we have in the presence of so much violence, a vast surrounding ocean of evil? Faith? Yes, perhaps, but not blind faith—it must be reasonable faith based on evidence and reasoning conducted as always by rigorous adherence to the logic of the argument to the end. After all, if we are to have faith, it may well cost us our lives. The evil one, soldier or criminal, whom men fear as the potential agent of violent death, may well take advantage of our self-chosen vulnerability to dispatch us forthwith. And these are no academic possibilities but actual contingencies being experienced in the flesh by many here and now. Are we to sacrifice our all on the basis of blind faith, where reason would surely call at best for agnosticism?

It is inescapable that so long as one man survives who is willing to take advantage of his physically weaker brother to slay him, this world must remain the kingdom of power. But might it not be that an unknown X factor could, if found, trusted and relied upon, ultimately prevail over the forces of power, of evil, even in this world, the only world we know? But what if this X factor becomes efficacious only if we trust it even unto possible acceptance of

a violent, premature and otherwise escapable death? And if such an X factor is found by all testable experience to exist, a factor before which power itself is rendered impotent by entirely nonpower means, what name must we give it? Truth? Yes, but it is the very core of truth that we are seeking to define. *Magna est veritas et praevalebit.* Yes, indeed, if we always scrupulously follow it, but what is its essence and what is the evidence? What is the one thing that overcomes all our resistance, our pride, our self-love, our self-seeking, our power? Everyone knows the answer to this—it is **love.**

Was neverë werre in this worldë
Ne wikkednessë so kenë
That ne love, an him liste,
To laughyngë ne broughtë

But what is love? Again its inmost essence, its great strength, turns out to be powerlessness. When the barrier of our self-pride is broken down, when we become as little children, with the natural, naive humility of the child, it is then and only then, when power has fled us completely, that ultimately we move even the most hardened.

When Joan of Arc rode at the head of her troops, when she was hailed by all France as the maid sent to liberate Orléans, to secure the crowning of the Dauphin, when she mounted her white charger to hurl herself upon the English, she constitutes the very stuff of romance, of legend, of glory, but the truth is not in her. On the contrary, it was during this period that Joan's inimitable qualities of simplicity, common sense, truthfulness, courage first began to show signs of being undermined and corroded by her elevation to a position of leadership among the "great" ones of the earth. As Michelet carefully noted, the banner she originally carried had by the time she was taken at Compiègne been put aside for the sword, "excellent both to thrust and cut." The Christian Maid had become coarsened by military conquest to the point where she could surrender a captured Burgundian freebooter to the royal bailiff for execution. It is only after her capture, after she has been brought low and subjected to base brutality, that she puts on the lineaments of truth—so much so that across half a thousand years she still speaks to our most lucid reason and plumbs the profoundest emotions. Abandoned by the world, entirely alone, exposed to the coarsest insult, sick, wracked by fear and doubt, in mortal physical peril, humbled, she achieves her apotheosis. Treacherously asked if she believed herself to be in a state of grace, she replied: "If I am not, may it please God to bring me into it; if I am, may He preserve me in it." And asked why she had recanted, she defeated guile with the irrefutable courage and simplicity of the truth: "Because I was afraid of the fire."

If we turn back to the story of Jesus himself, we feel compelled to ask if it is mere coincidence that the account of the cursing of the fig tree because it failed to bear fruit out of season, and the hounding of the moneychangers out of the temple—both of them acts out of character and less than edifying—come immediately after Jesus' triumphant ride into Jerusalem, acclaimed by the multitude. Be that as it may, it is certainly not the success which has captured the imagination of the world for two millennia. What moves mankind is the vision of a child cradled in a cattle manger, because there was no room at the inn, which the well-to-do had already occupied. That was the significant beginning; the end was the crucifixion between two thieves. The man taught with unmistakable clarity: *Resist not evil,* and the forgiveness of sin. "Neither do I condemn thee. Go thy way and sin no more." And when Pilate marveled that a man being tried for his life, should make no attempt to defend himself, thrice called on him to answer, he met only with silence. "God forgive them, for they know not what they do." And indeed it is the case: we do not know, we do not really know what it is we do, or we could not inflict such astounding and unbelievable cruelties on one another. Men behold one another incomprehendingly. The Bishop of Linz confronted by the heroic Jägerstätter could see only a young man with a lust for martyrdom; and Jägerstätter could in charity only conceive of the bishop as one who had not received the grace to see things as they really were. But through it all runs the consistent thread of the truth, simple, void of ambiguity, unmistakable to all with eyes to see. On the one hand the sword of Caesar, the governor's crown, the armed might of the centurion, the cry for blood that arises when power feels itself threatened; and confronting it, what? An emaciated, disarmed, defenseless carpenter's son, whose only crime has been the continuous, quiet yet impassioned eloquence of his plea that we should love one another.

To all of which no doubt the reply from those who pride themselves on being what is called "tough-minded" will be that emotion is emotion and reason is reason, and reason indicates that, whatever the truth of the foregoing, we have done nothing to demonstrate that ethics is not an autonomous discipline. We have been discussing morals, not theology. Let it be conceded for the sake of argument: humility and forgiveness, especially of enemies, are high virtues, high guarantors of moral excellence. Where does that leave us? Agnostics have never denied that morality exists, nor would they necessarily quarrel with this definition of the content of morality. The question at issue is whether or not morals are self-sufficient.

Let us recapitulate the central argument. It comes naturally to man to attend to what appear to be in his own interests or conducive to the pleasures of himself or the group with which he emotionally identifies. But all experience testifies that such conduct on the part of individuals and groups leads directly and inevitably to competition, strife, fear, hatred, rivalry, self-deception, greed, xenophobia. In short, they are destructive of man's real interests. Therefore the true form of conduct, which will promote man's genuine interests, is the opposite of self-interest. It consists in finding the meaning of one's life, not in the quest for wealth, power and prestige but in engaging in activities prompted by consideration of the needs of one's fellows. And this policy, although productive of great and enduring satisfaction, does not appear to come naturally and easily to man, although it is certainly possible for him to achieve it. The former metaphysic is the law of power and/or violence and leads to evil; the latter is the law of love and equality and leads to good. And

the meaning of every individual's life consists in the choice which he is of necessity required to make between these alternatives. The balance of forces is never more than precariously poised between the two; and in the nature of things if the forces of power are sufficiently ruthless, the *immediate* victory must always go to them. And this means that the individual who chooses the good must not only overcome the disposition of his own natural egocentric passions but must also overcome his own natural fears of the powerful, who are in a position to do him great harm, and are very likely to attempt to do so because they are effectively threatened only by the individual who seeks the good and evokes a like response in the conscience of others.

But the question remains: why should the individual choose the good, when it is a path full of difficulties and pitfalls, and may well lead him into a position of discomfort, hardship, persecution or even peril to his life? Because it is the good? But why should I prefer the good to my own immediate comfort, appetites and security? Even if I am capable of willing the good, why should I? Why should I not will what is natural to me? The good is clearly not the fruit of my own spontaneous will, nor is it the will of nature, whose law is one that is indeed "red in tooth and claw"; still less is it the will of human law, which is at all times and everywhere based on fear and violence. Then why should I obey this will? Whose will is it? I should obey it, because it is the will of God. There is no other possible answer. If God did not exist, I would have no reason for obeying this law; it would be no more than the idle dream, which is what vain, presumptuous and wicked men have always cynically claimed it to be.

Nor would this be all. If God did not exist, it would be possible to secure everlasting peace by mutual deterrence through the balance of terror—that is to say, to bring about good by doing evil, as the casuists and sophists would always have us believe. But it is not so possible. As men sow, so shall they always reap. Nothing and no one can disturb this law. And this is the answer to Man Friday's celebrated question to Robinson Crusoe: "Why God not kill the devil?" Man's only protection lies in his obedience to the moral law; were it possible to disobey it with impunity without bringing about evil consequences in its wake, the last barrier between the soul of man and his total depravity would go down. It may be asked why, if God exists, man be not given tangible proof of the fact, authentic evidence verifiable through the senses, scientifically warranted; a Day of Judgment, perhaps? Could we not each of us have been permitted to draw up one day at "A siding at a railway station" with James Anthony Froude, and see with our own eyes the first-class passengers receiving their sentences, and the philosopher who believed that we lived in the best of all possible worlds being condemned to renew his life once more, only this time as one "born blind and paralytic"? Of course the answer is "no," since virtue ceases to be virtue immediately it is followed for reasons of prudence, of calculation or utility.

If God did not exist, then the individual's struggle to perfect himself would indeed be no more than a form of moral vanity or egocentric spiritual pride, which is how the enemies of perfectibility are so eager to construe it. When we fail in our moral striving, we are humbled, and that is good for us. When we succeed—and if success were impossible, aspiration itself would be fatally undermined—we are threatened by pride. When Bunyan was once complimented on the quality of the sermon he had just delivered, he replied: "You need not remind me of that. The Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit." If God did not exist, we would indeed be caught in a "double bind" from which no moral escape would be possible. But this is not so, as Job discovered when by his self-righteousness he brought upon himself the voice out of the whirlwind, whose awe-inspiring admonition left him no alternative but to acknowledge that he was "of small account," that he abhorred himself and repented "in dust and ashes."

Finally, if God did not exist, then ultimately we should unavoidably feel impelled to look not simply to our own truthfulness, integrity and humility but to our own *power* to implement the good and ward off the evil. And this quest for power, commonly disguised by what appear to be good or disinterested motives, is the primal source of the evil which we feel ourselves called upon to overcome. We can overcome it completely only if we can say with genuine conviction: *Not my will but Thy will!*

In the context of a discussion concerning the probable outcome of the existing "defense" policies of the world's governments, I was once asked by a clergyman: "Supposing mankind proves unable to turn back the clock of the suicidal arms race of the governments, and the consequences prove as dire as we fear; suppose in fact that all life on our planet were to perish, would it matter?" My immediate response was one of incredulous shock at a question seemingly resting on brutal, callous, cosmic indifference. But the man was kindly, humane, responsible, concerned, and he posed his question with deliberation and a grave serenity. I began to grasp his point. All life is mortal, all living things are destined to perish utterly, leaving no trace. This we know incontrovertibly. So in what sense can it be said to matter if life itself were ultimately destined to perish? I have often attempted to formulate an answer, and have found myself groping inarticulately, for it is as difficult as it is necessary that such a question be faced and honestly answered. I was therefore grateful when I came across the following passage in the *Journal of Amiel*, which seems to me to put the heart of the matter with great clarity and force, and speaks for my own deepest feeling:

> It is by no means necessary that the universe should exist, but it is necessary that justice should be done, and atheism is bound to explain the fixed obstinacy of conscience on this point. Nature is not just; we are the products of nature: why are we always claiming and prophesying justice? Why does the effect rise up against its cause? It is a singular phenomenon. Does the protest come from any puerile blindness of human vanity? No, it is the deepest cry of our being, and it is for the honour of God that the cry is uttered. Heaven and earth may pass away, but good *ought* to be, and injustice ought *not* to be. Such is the creed of the human race. Nature will be conquered by spirit: the eternal will triumph over time.

ETHICS AND SOCIAL STRUGGLE

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From a moral point of view, politics is peculiar: in its conduct, good means are often ineffective and effective means are often bad. The reason is that politics still moves within its ancient welter of struggle. Struggle is the mixed exercise of consent and coercion. The old democratic principle that government rests on the consent of the governed states more than a moral ideal or a maxim of jurisprudence: it states a fact. For no government can feel secure that has not the consent of most of those it governs. It may in fact govern in the interest of a few, but it must seem to govern in the interest of all and must give empirical signs that it does so. These signs may be temporary and misleading, but they must be there. Accordingly, the evils that attend the gathering and maintaining of consent are deceit and enticement—evils damaging, no doubt, but not deadly.

It is otherwise with coercion. When effective, coercion compels people to do what they do not want to do, or to refrain from what they want to do. It defeats their wishes, and if these wishes are innocent and kind, will thus have caused harm. It will also have caused harm by the very means it uses: slander, loss of livelihood, imprisonment, wounds, death.

Every one of these is an intrinsic evil—that is to say, an evil whenever and wherever it appears, regardless of any good it may be connected with, even as cause to effect. If it were possible, say, to produce paradise by killing 10 million people, the result would be scarred by the killing and would be noticeably less than paradise. There is no way to get a completely good end without using completely good means. This fact troubles only those who seek completely good ends. Sinners and statesmen have not the problem.

From a moral point of view, a system of human behavior in which good means tend to be ineffective, and effective means tend to be bad, is absurd. It is not absurd, alas, in the sense in which a canine leopard is absurd—a thing that cannot be. Quite to the contrary, it is the prevalent system of behavior. During our century, it has caused deaths so multitudinous and agonies so exquisite as to eclipse all previous sufferings. It promises still more and greater, with perhaps as ultimate issue the annihilation of mankind. How much of this must there be, one wonders, before men consider the morality of means as eagerly as the effectiveness of means, and thus begin to purify politics?

Given all this, some people (though not in the end very many) have thought it desirable, or morally required, to abstain from politics, thus to avoid the rot that taints both doer and things done. But this is no escape. To abstain is to allow to happen, and one who permits evil is not much better, though perhaps a little better, than one who commits it. If we abstain from politics, from social struggle, we allow politics to remain as it is: the mere, bare exercise of power, where the victory goes to whoever at the moment has greater power, not to him who uses what power he has, with all its moral risks and calamities, at least for some demonstrable good.

Most of the earth's present population lives in poverty or near it because a few million people of greater power have founded their wealth or modest prosperity upon this condition. The impoverished billions, who are the most, struggle to be least no longer. Ethics commits us to their side, for ethics knows no privileged few and intends the benefit of everyone. The lowly are to inherit the earth, not because they are lowly but because they are nearly all of us and can make a world for us all.

Now, suppose a man, aware that politics involves evildoing, abstains. He will have a certain moral purity. He will have personally caused no harm, no evil; but he will have prevented no evil, no harm. Moreover, so far as he has lived and acted, the starving billions continue to starve. He would not harm, but he would not help. What if it is the case that not helping is a means of harm?

Thus the good that politics, social struggle, alone can achieve collides with the evident evil of some of the means. From this has arisen the hope that a refusal to commit evil will somehow, despite all expectation, produce the desired end—that the things now accomplished by harm can also be accomplished by love. There is no doubt that the result, if it were to be the result, would be immensely nobler than anything achieved thus far. What we human beings need is unity, concord. Without it, we are left wagging each of us his height amid the multitude —powerless to grow by the growth of all.

But love will be effective only as it evokes love in response, and therefore cooperation. For this to work across great struggles, the "sides" would have to cease being sides. Doubtless, in the end, they must do this, since, if they pursue hate to the limits of weaponry, they will all be dead. Perhaps as against the threat of universal death there is beginning to be a new side, the side of mankind as a whole. If this side were ever to win, all struggles would have ceased or been brought within peaceful administration.

Meanwhile—a long meanwhile, but not I hope a permanent—we are caught in various struggles, and ethics assures us that we gain no moral merit by copping out. We have to stay in. Staying in, we find that love tends to beget hate, and hate love. It's a matter of sides. If you take a side, then you love it and the people on it, and you hate, or at any rate are hostile to, the opposing side and the people on that. Or—the other way round—if you detest a certain side (this happened to many of us, thirty-odd years ago, with the Nazis) then you take the opposing side, with a consequent love. So long as sides exist and are taken, there is no avoiding the dialectic of love and hate, each opposite clutching the other. No avoid-

ing, that is to say, unless, rising perceptively above the struggle, we can find a side that is hitched to a star.

I think we ought to attempt this; and Christmas, which celebrates the winter solstice—a crisis, not between man and man but between man and nature—seems a good time to try. We are as in a house defiled and rotting, where there can be no repair without damage. Yet it is the only house we have. Shall we burn it down and ourselves within it, or shall we make it resistant to rot and easy to repair?

Let us look, accordingly, at the struggles we are in. These are of three sorts: (*1*) the struggle among nations, (*2*) the struggle among social classes, and (*3*) the struggle of men against government.

(*1*) Nationhood is an old idea, but the chance really to be a nation arose within the past 500 years. The first nations, in the modern sense, became so by seceding from the medieval Church: Luther's Germany, Henry VIII's England. France became a nation without seceding, except for a few revolutionary years; nevertheless, one has to speak of a Gallican Church.

The early nations colonized, and their colonies in turn became nations. Every one of these has heard at some time what we Americans heard in 1775:

A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!

It has so echoed, and it is, of course, the midnight message of Paul Revere.

What makes a nation a nation? The fact that the members of it have a common territory, a common tradition, a common mode of producing and distributing goods, a common system of government, usually a common language and, above all, a common apparatus of armed defense and attack. It has thus happened that nations are the way in which men are most powerfully organized. Nowhere is any social class (unless it holds national power) armed against any other social class in the way that nations are armed against nations. Accordingly, the struggle among nations profoundly affects all the other sorts of struggle.

(*2*) The struggle between social classes is that between the relatively few men who make profits on other people's labor and the very many men upon whose labor profits are made. Fifty to a hundred years ago, this conflict appeared most plainly *within* the industrialized nations: capital against labor, employer against employee. When, however, there came to be empires—the British first and now the American—basic exploitation passed over upon colonial peoples, and workingmen in the imperial country were let share, though modestly, the profits. This ingenious device produced the illusion that the class struggle no longer existed at home. At the same time, for colonial peoples, it joined the struggle against poverty with the struggle for national liberation—a prime example of how the two sorts of struggle act on each other.

Other examples abound. Historically, nationhood is a concomitant of capitalism, indeed its offspring. But when, within our century, the leading capitalist powers



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began armed competition for possession of the earth's resources, there occurred two great wars, which had as part of their result the appearance and spread of socialism in very large areas indeed. One-third of the earth's population—a billion people—now lives in some form of socialism. Thus the effect of the nationalist struggle upon the social struggle has been to bring capitalism nearer an end. The true cause of socialism is capitalism itself.

That one gets what one does not want and wants what one does not get is perhaps a law of history. It works the same way on the Socialist side. Marx and Engels observed in the *Manifesto* that "the workingmen have no country"—because, wherever they lived, they suffered the same exploitation. Out of this concept grew Socialist internationalism, the prospect that the working class, since it had identical interests across frontiers, would put an end to national rivalries and therefore to wars. Moreover socialism, as a system without inner conflicts, was expected to need no expansionist adventures. This was the dream, and it is still the dream.

The historical reality was that when the nations collided in 1914, the Socialist parties supported their various governments. Nationalism won over socialism. Lenin alone, with his remarkable followers, held the old internationalist view, and with it he made the revolution in Russia. But when he had made it, he had made it in one country,

which was immediately attacked by some fourteen other countries, along with armies of the dispossessed aristocracy and bourgeoisie. The evolution successfully defended itself; yet, when all was done, there was socialism in just one country.

There is now socialism in many countries, but these countries appear to be more aware of being nations than of being Socialist. Each has of course adapted Marxism to its immediate national needs, and that is only good sense. But each also asserts its present interpretation of Marxism, joined as it is with just these immediate national needs, to be the only universally valid interpretation. It is sad to see such nonsense in a great movement. Alas, the notion of a One True Church dies hard.

(*3*) The struggle of men against government. The continuing life of this struggle and its recent rise to some sort of primacy show that history is full of irony and wit, and perhaps has these as part of its essence. For this struggle is nothing less than the old capitalist revolution reborn in greater splendor, though with quite different economic intent. The intent now is not at all to exploit anybody, but rather to put everybody beyond the reach of exploitation by any class or control by any bureaucracy.

The old capitalist revolution was in fact a series, beginning with the Protestant Reformation and passing through the Cromwellian wars, the Bloodless Revolution of 1688, our War of Independence and the French Revolution. The ideals of this series were anarchist and even antinomian: liberty, equality, fraternity. Of these it can be said that you won't have any one of them completely unless you have them all. It is fair to judge that commercial society, though it did rather well with liberty, has pretty much failed with the others.

Of this failure our own American history gave the most spectacular example. That all men are created equal is asserted in our Declaration of Independence to be a self-evident truth. Yet the man who wrote those words was himself a slave owner, though not liking the status; and our Constitution, until amended in 1868, counted a slave, for purposes of census, as three-fifths of a person.

If we keep for a moment to arithmetic, we can say that, according to the ideals of the capitalist revolution, one equals one, is neither more nor less than one. It has followed that everybody within the reach of that revolution who, however, turned out to be treated as less than one, has striven to make good the difference. The blacks got only the verbal three-fifths annulled in 1868. They are now demolishing the social, factual difference.

These same ideals guide the rebellion of youth—the ones who are, since it seems we must use this idiotic terminology, not "black" but "white." Here I think we must attempt conjectures that may seem rash. The race between general happiness and universal death is now so close that we must stretch our minds to conceive more than old caution or lingering timidity will allow.

One country in the world, the United States, is technologically equipped to produce abundance, to satisfy all the needs and most of the wishes of its inhabitants. Prosperity (a feeble word in this context) is just around the corner, though the corner is one we may never turn. Something like absolute happiness is possible; so also is absolute ruin.

The chance at absolute happiness exists because some of the conditions for it exist. These conditions also give rise to certain expectations. In a society of abundance, where everyone thrives, one would expect (as part of the thriving) an abundance of liberties, and these would be not freedoms *from* but freedoms *for*—for loving, for giving, for making up one's own mind, untouched and untouchable by penalty or bribe. These freedoms, the freedoms *for*, are exactly the ones the young demand. *Against* is what they are against. *Interdit d'interdire* was the motto of the French students in May 1968.

Accordingly, one can understand why the young white rebels come from prosperous families and comfortable homes. They have grown up in material plenty, and they are thus peculiarly fitted to recognize that their society does not yet grant the liberties that plenty should entail. Moreover, the new sexual freedom, also an effect of technology, saves them from deceits and compromises that used to attend adolescence. They are less soon lured toward hypocrisy, and may thus give candor a long life.

Perhaps that is why the rebellion of youth is so profoundly moral—an attempt to make ethics prevail. The youth don't give you a history of capitalist or bureaucratic practices; they tell you, quite simply, that the practices are wrong. Hard-bitten administrators, for whom ethics has always been a cover rather than a guide, suppose this to be a cover also, and go looking underneath. When they look underneath, what they find is just more morality.

The effect of this third sort of struggle upon the others is extensive and, I think, benign. So far as governmental activity can be held within the ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity—within, say, our Bill of Rights—there will be less violence and more justice and, above all, less likelihood of universal death. If this can happen, what was noble in capitalism will remain: the technology for abundance, and the modes, accurately defined, in which men may live protected amid their vast social powers.

Struggle, in all its varieties and interactions, is as old as recorded history, and no doubt older. It is present history, and will be, for a time one cannot determine, future history. These struggles are the precise source of the odious moral paradox we saw at the beginning: that there can be no improvement without damage, no achieved good without committed evil. The inference seems clear: to get rid of the paradox, we must get rid of its source—that is to say, we must bring all struggles of this kind and magnitude to an end. What are the chances?

(*1*) The struggle among nations is to end in concord. Nationalism has been a stage in which we learned to live, loyally and even affectionately, in something larger than a family, a tribe, a neighborhood. We are to become, what the 18th century was fond of predicting and our visitors upon the moon have proclaimed, citizens of the world, indeed of the cosmos.

(*2*) The struggle among social classes is to end in the sharing of abundance, an abundance that therefore cannot fail to be equal and fraternal. When this has happened, men will look back, as upon past idiocies, astonished that

there were ever times when some men wanted to own other men, or to be as lords to serfs or as employers to employees. For the whole idea of underlings, wretched of the earth, least of these our brethren, is contrary to reason and contrary to common sense.

(*3*) The struggle of men against government is to end in the ending of government. There is to be a time when no one shall have the power to coerce our decisions or our acts, because, when that time has come, neither the structure of society nor the content of our wishes will entail coercion. This is, of course, the anarchist dream; it is also the Marxist—the withering away of the state.

These three goals, implied though they are in the three sorts of struggle, may be defeated, balked of fulfillment, by the way the goals are sought. Their attainment does indeed seem to require an effort beyond human power, as that power now is or seems likely to be. For my own part, I doubt and doubt bitterly. But doubting ultimate glory is worse than useless, since, if the doubt is confirmed, we have gained nothing, and if the doubt paralyzes (as it will) we may lose a great deal. Suppose, instead, we stubbornly say that the thing can be done. What reasons could we adduce?

(*1*) The thing itself—concord, abundance, liberty—is so attractive, commanding, magnificent that the race would be damnably stupid not to bring it off.

(*2*) Though I may despair when I consider the present rulers of earth, who seem to have little appreciation of the goals, I can also consider the rest of my fellow citizens, the Asians, Africans, Europeans, all of us who are the *peoples* of the world—the now badly governed, who might learn to govern well. And then I cannot feel empty of hope.

(*3*) Suppose I take things at their presumable worst—not saying, however, that human nature is hopelessly corrupt, for from that view I could only draw the useless inference that we are doomed. Let me take as the "presumable worst" human nature as human beings are when they possess and exercise political power. I think that is when people are at their worst. A politician would probably be horrified if he had personally to kill somebody, but he will participate in the killing of thousands, at a remove apparently sanctioned by law or policy.

It has long been understood how one man ought to treat another, and in this regard of person to person our behavior is really not bad. But the behavior of multitudes toward other multitudes is quite a different thing: loyalty to one's own group may seem to entail harm or death to other groups. For some reason, which I don't know, we have done better with person to person than with nation to nation or class to class. Perhaps the thing turns on immediacy: you are with a nice guy and can like him; you are with a charming girl and can love her. The social virtues on a large scale are harder to come by.

Nevertheless, history will show that some great social virtues have been attained in a way that has been lasting. Tolerance is an example. This noble ideal began to be practiced in Holland in the 17th century, because the various constellations of power in that country—churches, synagogues, parties—were in such a relation that no group could dominate any other. The same thing happened in England not long after, and Voltaire, in exile there about that time, was moved to say: "If there were in England only one religion, despotism would be a threat; if there were two, they would cut each other's throat. But there are thirty, and all are content."

My notion is that social morality is a thing that politics backs into. It does the morally good thing because there comes a time when it is impossible to do the opposite. I think that we shall probably survive not because our rulers love us but because they won't want to do the thing that will destroy us all. It will seem to them, as indeed it has on two occasions, politically impracticable.

One doesn't look a gift horse in the mouth, and one doesn't reject salvation because of its origins. I understand, of course, that bad motives may corrupt consequences; but when the consequence is survival and safety, I'll let the motive pass. If we, as a race, survive, the rest of the gains seem attainable, because everything that went into our survival will have promoted them. And in this we can hope for help, unintended perhaps and even unwilling, from the killers that now have power.

Maybe it won't happen that way. Yet as we now are, hanging between glory and disaster, a nudge from us upon our rulers, a faithful insistence upon the best, may very well leave our grandchildren happy—to make the earth a garden, to populate the planets, and to chase, if they wish, the expanding universe.

THE VANDAL IDEOLOGY

SCOTT PARADISE

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Some call it an ecological crisis; others admit only to a variety of serious environmental problems ranging from pollution to ugliness. In any case, the bombardment of articles, books and television programs in the past few years have made us aware that something is wrong. Exploding populations, advancing technology and economic development have joined to face us with a triple threat. But except for a few voices, the depth of the difficulty eludes expression.

We assume, rightly, that more science and technology, better planning, or more adequate political arrangements are needed; but we assume, wrongly, that a combination of these will save us. The argument runs, if we lack as yet the political will to solve the problems, a few local catastrophes will surely bring us to our senses and force

us in due course to achieve general solutions. While admitting that stricter regulation of polluters and developers will be necessary, we talk as though the American industrial system could survive without really radical modification.

The contrary is true. Not only must our industrial system be changed; the system of beliefs about man's relationship with the natural world which underlies it must be corrected if we are to escape the jaws of the coming crisis. This system of beliefs might be described as an ideology. It is almost always assumed. In one way or another, its propositions are often asserted as self-evident truths. In fact, their influence on social policy and the allegiance they hold over the majority of Americans should make envious the proponents of the traditional religions.

American ideology of man and nature might be reduced to the following seven propositions:

(*1*) *Man is the source of all value.* This is not *anthropocentrism* for that implies only that man is the center of value. Rather it is *anthroposolipsism,* which asserts that man alone has any inherent value. Everything else is valuable only as it benefits man.

(*2*) *The universe exists only for man's use.* This proposition is a corollary of the first. If man is the single source of value, anything which men cannot use is useless and can be destroyed without compunction. Some of us broaden the idea of usefulness to include things of scientific, aesthetic and ecological value. But in practice this belief more often further narrows the meaning of value to that which has calculable economic value. Thus if the world's whaling fleets find profit in exterminating the last of the great whales, the whales must go. No argument about either the rights of whales or their ecological value will be admitted. The only argument that might possibly have effect contends that more profit might be made if whaling were limited so as to guarantee a perpetual harvest of blubber and meat.

Since the universe exists only for man's use, man may with a crusader's zeal war against nature and bring it to unconditional surrender.

(*3*) *Man's primary purpose is to produce and consume.* This is the heart of the good life. We sometimes define man as the tool-using animal, *homo faber.* Theologians pronounce us co-creators with God. As co-creator, man has a license also to destroy and waste. In spite of such protests as the hippies represent, the work ethic still reigns. Neither a play ethic, nor a love ethic, nor a service ethic yet challenges it. Only a consumer ethic grapples with it for supremacy.

(*4*) *Production and consumption must increase endlessly.* Since life's primary purpose is producing and consuming, abundant life blesses us through increasing material abundance. Goods equal the good, and nothing can quench our infinite thirst for them. Growth of the gross national product defines progress and makes possible a continual and simultaneous increase in population and rise in standard of living. Those concerned with social justice see evil in that some nations have enjoyed too little economic growth; they see hope in the possibility that all nations will have more.

(*5*) *Material resources are unlimited.* The thrust of this proposition lies not in the absurdity that the finite Earth has infinite resources but rather that we do not need to heed the warnings of those concerned with their depletion. New deposits of minerals and fossil fuels are found every decade. Our technology of extraction constantly improves and enables us to develop deposits unreachable or uneconomical a few years ago. For those resources genuinely scarce we can find substitutes. Ultimately our technology will be equal to extracting all the raw materials we need for millions of years from sea water and the granite on the earth's surface. When worried voices speak of overcrowding, they need only be referred to the vast empty spaces on the map of the world and the statistics that 70 per cent of Americans are needlessly crammed together on a tiny fraction of the country's land surface. Even warnings about pollutants need not cause alarm because the human genius for short-range technical improvisation is equal to any crisis that is likely to arise.

(*6*) *Man need not adapt himself to the natural environment since he can remake it to suit his own needs.* This assumption, sometimes referred to as "the bulldozer mentality," manifests itself most clearly when American military or business personnel live overseas. There they often create an environment more like that of continental United States than of the country in which they are stationed. We see it also in the possibility, sometimes realized through central heating and air conditioning, of never needing to spend more than a few minutes at a time in temperatures below 65 or above 75 degrees Fahrenheit from one year to the next. We see it in the vacationer who sprays his seaside acreage with DDT. On the other hand, while man need not adapt himself to the natural environment, it is assumed he can and must adjust to any stress perpetrated by his own technology. Smog, noise and ugliness come with progress, and man can and must learn to live with them.

(*7*) *A major function of the state is to make it easy for individuals and corporations to exploit the environment to increase wealth and power.* Ideas concerning private property stand central in this proposition. Because it has influenced the shape of the American social structures, it is easier for a lumber company to cut down redwoods than for the government to prevent it from doing so. It is easier for a developer to destroy a beautiful old mansion to make way for new ranch houses than for the public to organize a drive and raise money to save the historic house. It is easier for strip miners to destroy a countryside than for a legislature to pass preventive legislation or the courts to enforce it. All these business initiatives increase the gross national product. The government structure and operation is biased to encourage such development rather than effectively to protect the natural and cultural heritage.

Although people often assert each of these beliefs, most Americans would perhaps not subscribe to them when stated this baldly. Nevertheless, our social policy, both public and private, operates as if these were our beliefs. And not only does this system of beliefs run in the mainstream of American culture but it is also spreading to infect societies all over the world. Any nation wanting to

industrialize will find a certain usefulness in it. It tends to free a society from a veneration of places and things which might inhibit their being used for economic development. It directs attention away from personal and family relationships, away from tradition and ceremonial. It offers a moral alternative to leisure. These ideas seem necessary in order to blast most nations out of ancient ways and set them on the road of development.

But in the long run the consequences of this ideology must be disastrous—first, because no organism can endlessly multiply and exploit its environment; second, because it betrays life's meaning to elevate the economic, technical and procreative processes to absolutes. In America where this ideology has long been dominant, people tend to forget that it is not self-evident and has not always been universally accepted. It contradicts assumptions around which most cultures have organized life throughout history. Even today in the developing nations



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many governments are struggling with wrongheaded persistence to win the unwilling and recalcitrant people of the villages to this ideology.

The profound challenge facing America today is whether we can discover a new orientation which will preserve the necessary values and the truths in the current ideology, and yet redirect our goals so as to preserve our environment and our humanity itself.

To correct the seven propositions just stated is a good place to begin. They might be restated thus:

(1) Man is to be valued more highly than other creatures. Such a proposition is truly anthropocentric. It puts man at the pinnacle of creation but does not isolate him as the only thing of value. Other creatures have beauty and splendor of their own.

That this kind of assertion perplexes many in the culture is hardly surprising. A nation that coined the phrase, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," is not likely to defend the cause of wildlife. But moral progress follows a widening awareness of the circle of fellowship. If we see it as ethical advance to discover Indians as our brothers, it is a move in the same direction to recognize animals as our cousins. Some of the most eloquent spokesmen for this perception speak out of the scientific community. Men like Loren Eiseley and Konrad Lorenz, who have spent lifetimes sensitively observing nonhuman life, can tell us without sentimentality that many animals are capable of relationship with us. Unfortunately, they cannot say with like confidence that we are interested in relating to them.

But many cannot believe that anything has value not bestowed on it by men. Those so invincibly anthroposolipsists might just understand that the human race is not an island but a part of the whole community of life. If any species disappears, man and all the rest are diminished. The extermination of animal species attendant on the growth of human population reduces the variety, fascination and stability of the biosphere. And therefore it erodes the quality of human life.

(2) Man has become the guardian of the earth. His prerogatives to use the earth's resources are balanced by his responsibility to cherish them, protect them and use them carefully. Man does evil when he exterminates species of animals or does irreversible damage to the environment. When he does destroy life he needs to calculate the benefits he receives against the impoverishment of the living community. Man also is able to improve the environment. These changes entail disadvantages as well as benefits. Here, too, costs as well as benefits need to be carefully calculated before the project which will effect the change is undertaken.

(3) Man is far more than a producer and consumer. Without production and consumption, of course, life cannot continue. But without singing, dancing or poetry, without loving, discovering or learning, without art, music or drama, life is hardly worth continuing. By participating in these pursuits in concert we lay hold of our humanity. The model of life as mass production and massive consumption is only one of many possible models. Most cultures throughout most of the human experience have been decidedly less obsessed than we with getting and spending. A recent study of the Kung Bushmen in the Kalihari Desert reports that on the average these people spend only three days a week food gathering and hunting. During the remaining four days they vigorously pursue noneconomic activities. Such a record, while perhaps arousing the wrath of their work-oriented fathers, would fill many of today's youth with envy and admiration. Our massive affluence should make it possible to emulate the Bushmen to some degree and so recover new dimensions of our humanity.

(4) Improvement in the quality of life takes precedence

over increasing the quantity of material production. The growth of the gross national product does not necessarily lead to an enlargement of human well-being. It may in some instances lead to the opposite. Our social goal should be to achieve a zero rate of population increase and a state of increasing human well-being with a minimum increase in material production and consumption. Herein lies a new understanding of efficiency. In the long run this policy should lead to a state of relative equilibrium bebetween the human race and the natural environment. But within this relative equilibrium men could make great progress in the arts, literature, sciences and human relationships.

(5) *Material resources are to be used carefully and cherished.* The assumption of limitless resources breeds indifference to waste and to the likely needs of our descendants. This indifference drains us of joy and appreciation for things in the intoxication of consumption. Russell Baker observed in *The New York Times* that to transform goods into trash as quickly and efficiently as possible has become America's major pastime. On the other hand, human fulfillment comes not through an ascetic denial of the value of material things but by passionately and sensitively embracing them. Using and loving a few things long and carefully leads to a different kind of experience, a more profoundly fulfilling one, than does the careless use and abandonment of many things in rapid succession. We need a new materialism to replace the consumerism which now goes by that name.

(6) *Man is to relate himself to the natural environment, remaking it according to its nature as well as for the sake of his short-term economic advantage.* Such considerations in many instances might deter us from covering superb farm land with parking lots, shopping centers and suburban subdivisions, or from carelessly filling or polluting intensely rich protein-producing wetlands and estuaries. It might save us from building expressways on some of our urban shore lines or trying to farm areas whose soil will predictably respond by becoming wasteland. Man's power to improve the world for his own use is not unlimited. His actions on it result in ecological reactions. He is part of a living web which responds when he acts and forces him to respond when it acts. Such a pattern of mutual action and reaction may be described as a relationship. In most instances man rightly claims the initiative and determines the quality of the relationship. But to make war on nature and force it to an unconditional surrender will lead to unexpected and disconcerting counterattacks. To win final victory requires that we make a desert and call it peace.

(7) *A major function of the state is to supervise a planning process which will prevent the impairment of the quality of the environment.* This proposition implies a different conception of the rights of property. Land and resources cannot be seen as ours in the sense that we can abuse or destroy them for profit or pleasure. Instead, the right to hold and develop them depends on these actions contributing to the public good and preserving the quality of the environment. Of course, this principle can be applied only with complicated calculations of costs and benefits, but too often the calculations are still being made on the assumption that measures adopted for private gain usually lead to public benefit and that short-run, measurable economic advantage is an adequate criterion for determining action. The burden of proof must be shifted from those who would preserve the environment to those who would exploit it, and from those who would limit property rights in the interest of public and environment to those who would defend such rights for private advantage.

These suggested modifications of our beliefs about man's relationship with nature are perhaps so radical as to be almost incomprehensible to many. Nevertheless, such thoughts are increasingly in the air. Conservationists, ecologists, hippies and certain groups of the New Left have created a climate in which such ideas have become more plausible than they were only a few years ago. [See "Man in Nature: Model for a New Radicalism" by Catherine Riegger Harris, *The Nation*, November 10.] Most of us, however, still doggedly embrace the hope that we can continue in the present course and save our society by tinkering. We still prefer to hope that if we reduce the military budget, develop better urban planning and pollution-control techniques, and enlarge the war against poverty, all will be well.

Technological forecasters and other futurists are still debating whether such a hope is realistic. The supposition that "something will turn up" to retrieve the situation can keep the hope alive and the argument continuing beyond the point of no return.

And, of course, it is just possible that the present system can continue on approximately its present path. But even if it can, argument can be made that it shouldn't. The perceptions and commitments suggested in the modified statement of belief serve as a far more satisfying basis for human fulfillment than does the current ideology. A society that would emerge from this new vision might have powerful appeal. Rebellious youth and growing interest in conservation may be straws in the wind to suggest that it would. In this appeal may lie seeds of revolution.



Crescentius

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Mighty Maze! But Not Without A Plan

THE SCIENCE OF FREEDOM. *Vol. II of* The Enlightenment: An Interpretation. *By Peter Gay. Alfred A. Knopf. 223 pp. $10.*

J. H. PLUMB
Mr. Plumb is a professor of history at Christ's College, Cambridge. His latest book, The Death of the Past, *will soon be published in this country by Houghton Mifflin.*

For generations now the philosophers of the Enlightenment have suffered in public esteem because of the disrepute into which they fell during the 19th century. They were dismissed as superficial thinkers who could never resist a witticism; mockers who scoffed at the sacredness of belief; blind optimists who ignored the sinfulness and bestiality of man; lackeys of authority who pandered to the foibles of despots; armchair revolutionaries and sofa cynics.

At the head of the family was Voltaire, grinning toothlessly and maliciously at the follies of men, yet ignoring their grandeur. Rousseau presented difficulties, for his very obscenity seemed to hint at profundity. But his total lack of judgment, the parade of his own indecencies, the crass, unendurable sentimentality of his novels, particularly *Emile*, put the bulk of his work beyond consideration. *Le Contrat Social*, within the context of the history of political thought, could be treated as both profound and important: in the same sense that Hume's *Treatise on Human Nature* could be absorbed into the history of philosophy or Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* treated as the foundation of economic theory. But the full context of their thought: its growth, its complexity, its social impact, its intimate relationship with the whole family of the philosophers, was quite another matter.

For many decades now, interest has revived in 18th-century thought and thinkers—one has only to turn to the two magisterial bibliographical essays in Peter Gay's two volumes to realize the wealth of material upon which he has drawn. And yet this material is largely technical, professional and limited, dealing with some specified aspect of the work of Diderot or Voltaire or Rousseau. Very few scholars have attempted to survey the whole of the Enlightenment. What has, alas, been absent in this plethora of books and articles on the *philosophes* is a sense of relevance to modern times and modern thought. We have needed a synthesis that rose beyond particular studies, one that would confirm that the *philosophes* were the first to proclaim the potentialities and aspirations of modern man and to offer some of the sharpest criticisms ever made of tyranny, obscurantism and infamy.

Outrageous claims? I do not think so. Better still, neither does Peter Gay. His book will be a turning point, not in the studies of the Enlightenment (which are too complex for that) but in what is more valuable still: in the appreciation of what the thinkers of the 18th century had to offer, not only to their own dark and troubled world but also to ours. If this should be so, he will have made a contribution to far more than historical study. He may be instrumental in helping a new recovery of nerve among modern humanists. It is overdue.

In this volume, Peter Gay describes the reactions of the family of *philosophes* to aesthetics, to science, to law, to politics and to education. He draws on a wide range of works, moving with practiced skill from Ferguson, Smith or Dugald Stewart to Beccaris, Winckelmann or Kant. Few men in our generation have read so widely or so deeply in the huge output of the philosophic family as has Professor Gay. No book of prime importance slips through his net. He discusses them all. But he never assumes that his readers will be so familiar with any work that he need not describe its theme and intention. In less skilled hands this could easily have led to an endless *précis* of books, but Gay's summaries of content are always pertinent to the underlying themes of the Enlightenment.

In essentials, the *philosophes* wished to explain life in purely human terms. Even though they did not abolish God, they pushed Him back into a first cause or a principle of benevolence implicit in the universe as they saw it. They judged law, institutions, political philosophy, and education by the touchstone of human happiness. The quality of life, however, was not the standard by which most 18th-century governments evaluated institutions. They accepted slavery, torture, child labor, rigorous censorship, brutal laws and brutal punishments. One needs to be reminded over and over again of what a prison to spirit, mind and body was much of 18th-century life.

The *philosophes*, from Voltaire to Samuel Johnson, shared a sharp realization of the infamous ways of men entrusted with power. Furthermore, they knew that many of these horrors arose out of a blind acceptance of the authority of the past. And so they battled and fought with every literary weapon in the efficient armory, from works of learning to lighthearted poetry. The *Encyclopaedia* and *Emile* had the same intention: to criticize society in the hope of a reformation which would enhance human life, make it freer, happier and more secure.

And they believed, the majority of them, that this could be achieved by the application of intelligence to human problems—by developing a science of living. Aware of man's tendency to persecute, subject and exploit, they were nevertheless confident that life could only improve if the areas in which intelligence could have full play could be extended. These areas were primarily religion, politics, law. The Enlightenment was, as Professor Gay demonstrates so aptly, a time of renewed confidence in man's ability to understand his world and, perhaps, improve it by pushing back the boundaries of ignorance.

This book has a richness of intention as well as of texture. It re-establishes the grandeur, the nobility and the dedication of the *philosophes*. No one, in the future, will be able to dismiss them as superficial. As a panorama of 18th-century intellectual life, Gay's book is outstanding. However, like all books which cover so wide a field, it has some shortcomings.

England's intellectual life is treated as if its developments were similar to those of Europe; whereas momentous changes were taking place in England that were ominous for the further development of the Enlightenment itself. From the 1730s one can discern in England a growth of and a respect, almost a hunger, for tradition; a movement away from Locke to Burke, an idealization (at least among the upper classes and the literary establishment) of what has been rather than an argument for what might be. The attitude of the *philosophes* was being adopted by a different social class: in England by the technocrats, industrialists and dissenters. This was to happen more generally throughout Europe after 1780.

And I, for one, would have welcomed a close analysis of the relationship between social movements and the ideas of the philosophic family. Treating the period of roughly 1690-1780 as a unity must

lead to some distortion. The absence of consideration of those social groups for whom the works of the *philosophes* bore the hallmark of freshly discovered truth is, to me, unfortunate in a work of such quality.

These criticisms are not made, however, to belittle one of the most impressive feats of scholarship of the sixties. For the work, as a whole, I have the most profound admiration. It will be a long time before it is surpassed.

Unpredictable as Grace

THE ZIG-ZAG WALK: Poems 1963-1968. *By John Logan. E. P. Dutton & Co. 123 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.45.*

A. POULIN, Jr.

Mr. Poulin, a poet, is completing an anthology of contemporary American poetry for Houghton Mifflin, and editing a collection of contemporary poetics and criticism for E. P. Dutton. He is chairman of the Division of Humanities at St. Francis College in Maine.

Reviewing John Logan's second book of poems, *Ghosts of the Heart*, in 1962, James Dickey concluded that Logan stood "an exciting chance of being one of the finest poets we have ever had in this country." *The Zig-Zag Walk* confirms Dickey's judgment. Logan's fourth collection is his finest to date, and one of the decade's most exciting books of poems.

Absent from these poems is the equipage of erudition which sometimes cluttered Logan's earlier work; the Roman Catholic dogma and "orthodox symbology" (as Dickey called it) which tested the reader's willing suspension of disbelief; and unsuccessful attempts at confessional verse à la Lowell. Present and perfected is Logan's characteristic lyricism; his fine attention to minute detail:

I see the seaside daisy
die so beautifully
here. It loses its nunlike coif
as the lavender leaves fall off
and tiny yellow rockets burst
about its heart
till only the perfect-
spiraled flower skull is left . . .;

his sensuality of imagery:

Here the logs lie like lovers,
short by long, benign,
nudging gently in the tide. . . .

and his religious imagination:

For like the lost or stolen flesh of God,
the self, more alive or more dead,
opens on to truth
of earth
and sea and sky—
and the thieves' cave yawns empty
of our smuggled body.

These new poems are exciting and moving because they are genuinely personal and natural, determined neither by thematic nor structural formula. In an earlier poem Logan theorized that the poet's gift is

. . . the wand of tongues
that charms the exile
of listeners into a bond of brothers, breaking
down the lines of lead that separate a man from a
man, and the husbands from their wives, in these old burned glass
panels of our lives.

In these poems, poetics is transformed into practice. Although controlled and often masterly, they succeed in sounding as natural as breathing, beginning simply and growing in intensity and power out of their own necessity, as the breath of a man in battle or in love, and rising to a discovery of personal epiphanies. They are "unpredictable as grace." Never is the poet's hand obvious or obtrusive; and never does he engage in personal, verbal or technical *entrechats* which draw attention to themselves. Rather, the poetry is genuine and transparent. Here is a person. This is the sound of a man's voice when he speaks poems. And the poetry is in the person.

What is also memorable is the quality of personalism which Logan has achieved, the self revealing its multifaceted and complex dimensions in small interpersonal dramas and in direct intimacy with the reader. Logan does not expect his reader to be either father confessor, psychiatrist or voyeur. He speaks to him as friend and lover, revealing himself gradually, sharing unexpected moments of quiet joy, both large and small revelatory experiences, but respecting certain areas of himself and his experience as sacred. When he does confess, he usually admits simply to that most basic human failure of not responding to another, of either not giving or recognizing that human grace which is indeed capable of redeeming the time—even if only for the briefest moment. So that having come to the end of the book, one does not sense that he has examined a case study or waded through pools of an actively imaginative psyche. One knows he has been touched by a whole and commanding person.

Although a full thematic design does emerge, the poems individually discover and rediscover a man's vital and open-ended sense of life in each new experience. The book's thematic design is itself open-ended. In the concluding poem, "The Search" (which originally appeared in *The Nation*), he repeatedly asks, "Whom do I seek?" Much of *The Zig-Zag Walk* describes that search: in effect the self's quest for full realization and transcendence. If "orthodox symbology" is absent from these poems, Logan's essentially religious imagination is still very much present—somewhat secularized in appearance, but also strengthened in intensity.

The book's opening poem, "The Zoo," posits the conflicting assumptions of Logan's central theme. On the one hand, the self participates in the basic search, "the continuous, universal game/ of fish becoming man." But in various other parts of the book, it is clear that that game prods, magnetizes man ever farther up on the evolutionary ladder toward a final self-realization. And essential to this evolution, of course, is the ability and willingness to change, to engage in process, even in that final process of death which, Logan quotes Gabriel Marcel as saying, "is not a problem to be solved./ It is a mystery to be entered into."

In "Birches" Robert Frost said: "I'd like to get away from earth awhile/ And then come back to it and begin over." Logan recognizes much the same spiritual tension. The impetus toward transcendence is, on the one hand, virtually arrested, for the self is trapped in a complex of cages and prisons. And it is precisely that tension which offers the self the opportunity for transcendence. A kind of reversal of Frost's precept. There is participation in animal history; in "The Zoo" he writes:

This Primate House echoes
with our mixed cries;
it reeks with our ambiguous breath.
Each one caged as an oracle
I feel each upright animal
can tell
how much my life is a human life,
how much an animal death.

There is also participation in the moral history of guilt: in "Three Moves" he recognizes the essential difference between animals and man; the tame ducks do not rise:

These foolish ducks lack a sense of guilt,
and so all their multi-thousand-mile range
is too short for the hope of change.

Then there are "the prisons of our skins" and society's real jails where

We are nailed up as in a coffin,
Only touched by burlap clothes or bugs.
We would stroke the beaming shoots of sun!
But they've blocked every window tight with tin.

And lastly there is the paradoxical contemporary jail of exile (in Canada) because of that interminable Vietnamese War which thwarts "the keen blessing of your insight/ . . . bright and quick/ with presence as a fresh, dawn-white/ drop of milk."

There is still another kind of prison, that caused by the self's attachment to "the fogged earth/ down there/ with its esoteric itch of flesh." The self is a landlubber at heart: "I am afraid . . ./ I reach for land." It is afraid of heights: "I feel afraid in this/ shattering new light./ Dread drifts like fog around my heart./ Why?/ The sheer, terrible height?" And: "The awful height stirs in me/ the huge, uneasy/ gull of my own soul." Indeed at times the self is simply recalcitrant as Frost's Yankee, refusing to leave this earth:

I'll stay here
among the monuments of sheer,
brown and gray rock
where you can read
the names of lovers, sailors and of kids
etched in chalk. . . .

However, it's not all that simple. Logan realizes that final transcendence can be achieved only when and if the self has fully responded to human and earthly experience. His premise asserts an inner generated and outer directed process of change and growth. The mystery of salvation (if one can resort to such terminology at a time when everyone but the Pope is dropping that notion) is its incarnation. Grace is discovered and given and received specifically through human and incarnate acts: the self giving itself up totally to earth and sea and sky; a friend who has given up his house and bed to young lovers; a young girl's gift of a "blue, porcelain/ egg . . ./ colored beautifully/ for a Russian Easter. . . ." And the final grace of death ("Poem, Slow to Come, On the Death of E. E. Cummings"):

You wrapped your lean,
linen arms close around your life
naked as before our birth,
and began to weave away from earth
uttering with a huge, awkward, torn cry
the terrible, final poetry.

Logan's central theme is best represented in "White Pass Ski Patrol" which is a secular and sporty account of the ascension. This member of the ski patrol "has become very strong/ living on the slopes," continually rising (on the ski lift) and caroming "down his own path" —speeding, dancing, balancing, taking all human risks and, when necessary, ministering to others, at times pulling down "from the dangerous cascades his/ heavy sledge of pain." And he rises again, "vanishes in air!" But only after he has come down, after he has learned what the body can do, what grace the body can realize on its own. So that finally:

There are the shadow tracks he left
down the long, white hill
beside the lift. Wait! Look up! Cloud
trails in the bright sky!
Breathing a wake of snow ribbons,
something has just flown over the mountain!

Like Teilhard de Chardin's fully evolved man, the skier moves through the final process into pure light.

ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS IN THE NATION

Labyrinthine Ways

THE BOOK OF IMAGINARY BEINGS. *By Jorge Luis Borges with Margarita Guerrero. Revised, enlarged and translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author. E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $6.95.*

STANTON HOFFMAN

Mr. Hoffman teaches English at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. He is the author of a recent study of Joseph Conrad, published by Mouton.

A dealer in enigmas and perplexities, Jorge Luis Borges is a strangely singular writer. He has created forms unlike any others in our literature, the *ficciones* and the *inquisiciones*, his terms for his short fictions and essays respectively. The forms often seem interchangeable. His fictions, which are sometimes no more than summaries of several versions of a single work by an imaginary author, where real and imaginary authors and characters intermingle, are deceptively simple vehicles for the most complex and labyrinthine philosophical arguments about time, reality, God, the universe, consciousness, human thought—arguments which, Borges claims, interest him more for their aesthetics than for their truth. *The Book of Imaginary Beings* further reveals the formal singularity of Borges, for it elevates compilation to a potentially fictional form and suggests the encyclopedia as art.

The Book of Imaginary Beings is a fantastic bestiary, a compilation and alphabetical arrangement made up of examples taken from familiar and more distant, esoteric mythologies, as well as, in a few cases, from individual writers such as Kafka, Poe, C. S. Lewis, Swedenborg. They are creatures imagined or dreamt at different periods in time and culture, beings of the imagination like Leviathan, Behemoth, the Sphinx, Cerberus, Hydra, the Phoenix, Griffins, Unicorns, Fairies. Borges' interest in these fantastic creatures comes from how they reveal that men in different times and places share similar, if not identical,



dreams, and that men dream and think into existence amazing beings that are strange, powerful, and as real in their unreality as we are unreal in our reality.

In some cases, Borges' entries are very brief:

> As all Egyptians knew, Abtu and Anet were two life-sized fishes, identical and holy, that swam on the lookout for danger before the prow of the sun god's ship. Their course was endless; by day the craft sailed the sky from east to west, from dawn to dusk, and by night made its way underground in the opposite direction.

In other cases, his entries are longer, more elaborate, as when he presents the Phoenix, which he relates to the Egyptians' search for eternity, to the mirror of the Platonic Year, and to the history of the world repeating itself. His entry concludes, characteristically, with a bibliography of the various writers who have referred to the Phoenix: Herodotus, Pliny, Claudian, Ovid, Dante, Quevedo, Milton, Shakespeare in *Henry VIII*, a Latin poem attributed to Lactantius, an Anglo-Saxon imitation of this poem, Tertulius, St. Ambrose, Cyrillus of Jerusalem. In all cases, the entries are terse, cryptic, matter of fact, lacking comment or interpretation, as if the book were no more than what Borges' remarks in his preface seem to suggest, that this is simply a compilation in which there is a "kind of pleasure in useless and out-of-the-way erudition."

But I want to suggest that *The Book of Imaginary Beings* is more than a Borgesian entertainment. Its real justification lies in its relationship to Borges' other work, especially to those pervasive themes and metaphors which seem to me to establish Borges' singularity and importance as a writer. For the reader of Borges (who because he is a reader of Borges will be open to this sort of thing), *The Book of Imaginary Beings* is one long, elaborate and elegant *ficcion* or *inquisicion*. The difference is that here there is only the inference of the typical Borgesian protagonist, the man who thinks labyrinths into existence, whose mental processes are these labyrinths, and who is ultimately trapped in these labyrinths.

The inference of a universal mind and dreamer, arguments about the self as an illusion and a dream (since we are being dreamt by someone else), the implications of extreme idealist arguments, and constructs about the nature of time and consciousness—these essential Borgesian themes manifest themselves not only in this book's encyclopedic totality but also in its choices of particular entries. Borges' entry on Bahamut or Behemoth closely resembles one of his fictions, "The Circular Ruins." Both involve arguments of infinite regression, forms of Zeno's paradox about Achilles and the Tortoise: a paradox which is central to Borges' fiction and vision. In Bahamut, God, having made the earth, then needed to provide the earth with a base, and then that base with another base, and that base with another base, and so on. In "The Circular Ruins" a man dreams another man into existence only to realize that he too is being dreamt by someone, which implies that the person who is dreaming him is also being dreamt by someone, and that person by someone else, on to infinity.

The encylopedia is the form for the revelation of the totally idealist world of Tlon in Borges' fiction, "Tlon, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius." The encylopedia becomes the book of and the metaphor for the universe, analogous to the libraries that figure so importantly both in Borges' life and in his fictions: "The Library of Babel" and "The Secret Miracle." Sought for in the mazelike libraries of these stories is the one book that will explain everything and that will provide a solution to the confusing chaos of symbols and books that are collected in these libraries. Borges' librarians seek to find arguments of order in their surroundings of enigmatic disorder. Yet to argue belief in the existence of a book, a catalogue of catalogues, that contains all other books and is thus the key to the library and its vast and chaotic volumes, is to be caught in an impossible labyrinth. Again, one finds only an infinite regression: each catalogue of catalogues must imply a prior catalogue of catalogues.

Thus this congenial and pleasurable "useless" act of erudition leads to labyrinths and hints of desperation and futility. Underlying this compilation is what defines the worlds of Borges' fiction and essays: the desire for and the terror of self-annihilation, entrapment in the labyrinths of one's own making, and the possibilities of order out of disorder and confusion. There may be a key to the dreams that make up *The Book of Imaginary Beings*, but this key is missing. At the end of "The Library of Babel," Borges' librarian protagonist speaks of his solitude, rejoicing in the hope that he has found some kind of ultimate order in his infinite library. We are free, as Borges or his librarian, to try all sorts of arguments and constructions, but with the suspicion that these constructions and arguments may be after all only our own labyrinths.

The volume contains three prefaces: one to this present English translation, and the prefaces to the 1967 and 1957 Spanish editions. In his 1957 preface, Borges talks about the responses of children to the real zoo, which he implies is no different from our responses to the fabulous or imaginary zoo of mythologies.

TANGENT

This afternoon
I watched a young black man named Jackson
step into the first pitch
from a man with a Southern noncom face
and hit it out of the game.

It did not seem
a social comment.

But rather a young man
clocked a fastball, and, keeping
his right (moundward) elbow locked
as he'd said on the pregame show he
must, interrupted it
with the force
of his back and thighs.

The ball was still reaching
for its arc as it (bird, impulse) cleared the chainlink fence
in right center.
Moments later
electric words on the scoreboard
said the longest ever to that side
of the stadium,
but I already
knew that.

DENNIS TRUDELL

In his preface to the 1967 edition, Borges declares that all things, including the universe, ourselves, even God, are imaginary beings, and that in terms of these "strange creatures conceived through time and space by the human imagination," we are ignorant of the meaning of the dragon in the same way that we are ignorant of the meaning of the universe.

Because a book of this kind "is unavoidably incomplete," each new edition will form the bases of future editions, which "themselves may grow endlessly." Borges is aware that his search is for more and more evidence, but he is without the sense of what this is to be evidence for. Thus he must imagine a book that must contain everything. This third edition of *The Book of Imaginary Beings* is part of this impossible movement toward this impossible completeness.

'Hooked!'

OUR CRIMINAL SOCIETY: The Social and Legal Sources of Crime in America. *By Edwin M. Schur. Prentice-Hall. 244 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.95.*

THE PLEASURE SEEKERS. *By Joel Fort, M.D. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 255 pp. $6.50.*

JACK LEAVITT

Mr. Leavitt is an assistant professor of law at John F. Kennedy University, Martinez, Calif., and a free-lance writer.

The general public seems to have little use for ideas that contradict present attitudes about crime, drug abuse and the roots of discontent. Crime continues to be symbolized by Negro thugs waiting in darkness to rob and attack us; drug abuse continues to be identified as a fixed progression from marijuana to heroin to hell, with hallucinatory side trips through LSD, brought about by evildoers who snare our children with the joys of degeneracy; discontent continues to be deemed an exaggerated clamor by those who prefer immorality and laziness to the assured rewards of hard work. The problems we face have one comforting feature: we consider ourselves victims instead of perpetrators. Stop *them* and you save us.

It is all summed up by Harry Anslinger, former U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics, in the December 1969 *Esquire*:

> If we are to survive, we must reject the ruinous and insidious policies of liberal bleeding hearts, soft judges and super-sophisticated do-gooders. History is strewn with the bones of nations which have tolerated weak laws, indifferent enforcement and court leniency.

By definition, a crime is an act or omission that violates a specific command of a duly constituted legislative body which has made its determination within constitutional limitations. In our fallible way, we have empowered our fallible representatives to express the communal will on what behavior threatens our well-being. If a specific prohibition squares with our organic law, which rarely deals in details, we must either obey the decision, prepare to suffer the prescribed sanctions, flee to a more permissive society, or compound our violation by attempting to unhorse the sovereign. Ideally, we should each benefit from universal obedience to our criminal laws and be grateful for a society that can control its outlaws.

Despite this hope, we face an immediate gap between our legislative enactments and our individual conduct because, as Dr. Edwin M. Schur, a sociologist, educator and attorney, indicates, our social problems reflect our form of social organization. "Disorganization and organization are theoretically inseparable," he says; "the types of problems we find in a given social order represent the price that is paid for maintaining that particular structure." Since much crime is closely related to other aspects of the American social order, we must do more than "eliminate" criminal activities. We must, Schur believes, find "functional alternatives," or approved ways of satisfying the same individual and social needs that inspired the objectionable conduct.

Thus Schur calls America a "criminal" society: its criminality is what it deserves. As major support for this broad premise, he cites the "real crimes" of our culture: a great inequality between the supposedly equal members of our society; a national willingness to use violence (especially depersonalized, euphemistic violence) as a basic implement of foreign policy; an emphasis on the values of dynamism, individualism, competition and personal monetary success to give meaning to typical social situations; a tendency to "create" crime by legislating against private conduct like consensual homosexuality, abortions, use of drugs and other "crimes without victims"; and our adoption of an unseeing, unworkable orientation to crime problems, usually based on "get tough" policies that isolate criminal behavior from general social reform.

Moving from this overview of criminality to the prevention of particular crimes by early identification of potential offenders, of course, presents our greatest difficulty, chiefly because most people in a "crime setting" do *not* become criminals. Examined critically, our causal theories of criminal behavior—from innate criminality programmed by atavistic genes, to mental or moral defectiveness, to imitative patterning after the literature of the mass media, to poverty, to racial discrimination, to the impact of broken homes—all fail in one regard. They never explain why, but for the grace of God, John Bradford—or any of us—has so far escaped the hangman. Given this unknown difference, this extra power in ourselves, we would rather post rewards for the apprehension of our felonious inferiors than give those potential felons a greater chance for a productive life.

No better introduction to our national incongruities will serve than a few sentences from back-to-back pages of the standard textbook, *The Pharmacologic Principles of Medical Practice* (2d ed.):

> The [LaGuardia] Committee's investigation showed that Marihuana smoking did not produce a tolerance for the drug or a true addiction with withdrawal symptoms. The sensations desired by the habitués were a feeling of contentment, inner satisfaction, and a free play of the imagination. The relation between Marihuana usage and eroticism was found capricious. . . . *The drug is a vicious one and serves no purpose in therapy.* [Emphasis added.]

Harmless but evil—so runs the refrain.

From the standpoint of Dr. Joel Fort, a physician specializing in public health, social psychiatry, and drug abuse, "essentially everyone is a drug user even if the discussion is restricted solely to mind-altering substances." Himself a teetotaler and nonsmoker, he believes in progressing beyond drugs to a society where, "lives of significance, relevance and meaning can be developed which include love for people, beauty, art, literature, music, nature, and other facets of a rounded, full, and creative life." In the interlude, however, he considers it dangerously hypocritical of us to condemn a small range of drugs while we enthusiastically drink, smoke, swallow, sniff or inject equally objectionable substances. Perhaps the most serious result of present drug controls, he feels, is that in the absence of aggrieved private complainants, the punitive laws will be enforced only by making us an oppressive society, featuring police spies and routine violations of our constitutional rights.

Fort's compendium of popular drugs provides an impressive setting against which we can measure the reasonableness of our current drug laws. In his list of socially approved substances are *aspirin* (responsible for thousands of deaths and illnesses each year, plus birth de-

fects in lower animals); *alcohol* (which produces death from cirrhosis of the liver and psychosis from irreversible brain damage, and which has created more alcoholics in the metropolitan San Francisco area alone than there are narcotics addicts in the entire United States); *nicotine* (an $8-billion-a-year industry, directly responsible for the premature deaths of 125,000 Americans annually); *caffeine*, as found in coffee-tea-chocolate (which causes insomnia, restlessness, irritability, cardiac irregularity, perceptual disorders, tremors and accelerated breathing, and which can break chromosomes); *tranquilizers* (which cause many users to suffer from skin rash, light sensitivity, rigidity of the muscles, hepatitis and a robotization of their emotions and activity); and *sedatives* (which can lead to physical and emotional dependence, drowsiness, morning hangovers, and death from accidental or deliberate overdoses).

The moral of these homey illustrations is that any drug can be dangerous, depending on how much is used, how frequently, and with what degree of purity. Just as no drug is totally harmless, neither should any be labeled as uniformly and inevitably harmful. In Fort's formulation, we must think about drug use and abuse in multiple dimensions, considering the average dose compared to an excessive dose; the duration of drug action; the potential for dependence; the user's reasons for seeking the drug; the relation between long-term and short-term effects; the various concepts we employ, in the absence of drug use, to define normality and abnormality; and the best ways to regulate the different kinds of drugs and different kinds of users.

Of special importance are the concepts of "soft" drugs, "hard" drugs and the stepping stones that supposedly lie between them. In popular lore, as exemplified by *Hooked!*, a comic book now being distributed to youngsters by the National Institute of Mental Health and the U.S. Public Health Service, the older brother of the hero-victim has properly sounded the warning, "Eddie, I'm telling you . . . pot can lead you on to far more dangerous things." Sunk in adolescent depravity, Eddie answers, "Good! Anything's better than slaving your life away for nothing, like our old man did!" And, "a while later some guy showed us how to use 'H' . . . Heroin. We all started sniffing an' skin popping. It seemed like a real great kick for awhile. . . ." Until, finally, Eddie lies screaming, screaming, screaming for a shot he won't get. "It's torture, believe me!" he cries, and adds, "You know, some people call us junkies 'The Living Dead' . . . and I guess they're right."

Presumably, if we have absorbed the entire message from this tax-supported tract, a "soft" drug is one that is illegal (but readily available to back-alley, teenage gangs), gives the user such a feeling of "having a ball" that he has to drop out of school, and ultimately disappoints him so badly he corrupts himself permanently with a "hard" drug which destroys him through its (*a*) toxicity and (*b*) unavailability.

The actual practice, as Dr. Fort shows, is somewhat different, since people may move up and down or back and forth from "soft" to "hard" and back again, depending on the dimension of "hardness" used as a base line. Ninety-five to 100 per cent of addicts "used as their first potent mind-altering drugs alcohol and nicotine, both of them *illegally* in their early teens, with some of them later taking up marijuana and some who took up marijuana turning to heroin." If we wish to establish truth by sequence, he notes, we must seek a better common denominator than marijuana for all heroin users. An unbiased investigation would disclose that every present addict at one time in his life was dependent on milk, leaving us with no other recourse but to condemn mothers for giving them the original impetus that led to narcotics.

As to a concept of "hardness," Fort makes clear that all drug use can be dangerous but that primary villains depend on our attitudes rather than inherent properties in the various drugs. People may use a potentially "hard" drug, for example, in such a way that it never produces any hard effects on them. Heroin and other opiates are "hard" because they create addiction, or physical dependence, in ways similar to alcohol and barbiturate-sedatives. Yet heroin is "soft" because, unlike alcohol, it produces *no* permanent damage to the body even with decades of heavy use.

As for the relation of narcotics to crime, we know that drug users do commit anti-social acts (e.g., robbery, burglary, prostitution) to make sure that they have the drugs they want. To a majority of our public officials and editorial writers, these crimes prove that drug use is evil. To others, the real evil lies in government suppression of particular drugs that can then be obtained only by trafficking with criminals, and only after payment of higher prices than honest people can generally afford. Should we ask, "Would a heroin addict rob the neighborhood pharmacy at gunpoint if heroin were available on the same terms as Milltown or Jack Daniels?" While many people will insist, "Yes—because he's a bum," we should allow room for a more reasonable, contrary view. In summing up his chapter on hard drugs, crime and violence, Fort states:

> In all probability, sometimes mind-altering drugs, whether alcohol or others, will interact with a personality made prone to violence by social and psychological influences to precipitate or intensify violent behavior, while in other instances such a drug may well dampen the fires of violence through depressant actions, and reduce the likelihood of its being expressed antisocially.

The truth, dimly seen, is that we are what we are, bound to frustration if our greatest prospect for self-satisfaction is reliance on drugs for ourselves or, instead, on contempt for drugs, followed by punishment of all drug takers who seem to be having a better time than we are.

Fort's study gives added enforcement to the conclusion reached in Schur's *Our Criminal Society* that "crime in America will not be effectively reduced until we make basic changes in the structure and quality of American life." National goals of monetary success and comfortable living, based on wealth for all and special recognition for those whose adroit schemes reap great profits, will result in a working principle that, of all anti-social activity, the least excusable is remaining poor, the most impertinent is discrediting our current mythology.

Caveat Emptor

THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT. *By Joe McGinniss. Trident Press. 253 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT MACNEIL
Mr. MacNeil is with the B.B.C. in London. He is the author of The People Machine *(Harper & Row).*

It is regrettable that Mr. McGinniss' book stops with the 1968 election. Readers may be lulled into thinking that the "selling" of Mr. Nixon ended with the inauguration. It did not. The men in charge of daily maintenance of Mr. Nixon's image in the White House are still hard at work constantly developing, retouching and trimming that image of the President which it is considered appropriate to project to the American public.

There is nothing essentially new in all this, any more than it is new these days for a Presidential candidate to mobilize the best resources of Madison Avenue to lubricate his journey to the White House. Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and their staffs often seemed to give as much thought to the image as to the accomplishments of their Presidencies. What is new with Mr. Nixon is the professional

TIME

In the Book of the Revolutions of Souls
Which we are now writing,
Willing or not.

Tell me, declare the phantom
Of your heart. The gods
Are all equal.

Every night, climbing
Out of that nothingness
Into that nothingness.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

caliber of the image manipulators who surround and envelop his Presidency as they did his campaign. What is also new is that they have in Mr. Nixon a subject amenable to this treatment; a man who understands perhaps better than any major American politician today that it is image as much as substance which wins mass support, and that image is so readily manipulable.

What Mr. McGinniss saw in the campaign, White House correspondents now observe in the Presidency. With one hand, McGinniss says, his advisers were trying to build the illusion that Nixon considered communicating with the people one of the great joys of seeking the Presidency; while with the other they shielded him, controlled him and even the atmosphere around him. "It was as if they were building not a Presidency but an Astrodome, where the wind would never blow, the temperature never rise or fall, and the ball never bounce erratically on the artificial grass," McGinniss says. (The Astrodome image became piercingly apt for that Saturday afternoon, November 15, when Mr. Nixon sat insulated from the reality of at least 250,000 peace marchers within sight of the White House, while he watched the Ohio State-Purdue football game and studiously pretended that the demonstrators did not exist on his planet.)

McGinniss' book is fascinating on two levels: it offers a glimpse into previously undocumented aspects of the complex Nixon personality and it unmasks with devastating effect the professional amorality of those who people so much of the communications industry, their efficient dedication to the master of the moment.

McGinniss finds a great deal about Nixon and the "men in short hair and dark suits who always followed him around" offensive to his aesthetic and moral sensibilities. He has the clear eyes of a young man (McGinniss is 25) uncorroded by the years of martinis and professional anxieties that caused so many middle-aged men (like Norman Mailer) to see in Richard Nixon the prosaic savior of the nation. McGinniss finds in Nixon's character, "Something which craved regulation, which flourished best in the darkness, behind clichés, behind phalanxes of antiseptic advisers." Nixon "could breathe freely only inside a hotel suite that cost a hundred dollars a day."

> Let's face it, a lot of people think Nixon is dull. They think he's a bore, a pain in the ass. They look at him as the kind of kid who always carried a bookbag. Who was forty-two years old the day he was born. They figure other kids got footballs for Christmas, Nixon got a briefcase and loved it. He'd always have his homework done and he'd never let you copy.

These are the words of Roger Ailes, the TV director who staged Nixon's regional discussion programs. He and other advisers whom McGinniss interviewed had much to confide about their problems of eradicating the Nixon image.

> Now you put him on television, you've got a problem right away. He's a funny-looking guy. He looks like somebody hung him in a closet overnight and he jumps out in the morning with his suit all bunched up and starts running around saying, "I want to be President." I mean this is how he strikes some people. That's why I think these shows are important. To make them forget all that.

It is difficult to believe that such an inspired description was not heartfelt, was not the speaker's own view. If it was, if he despised the man so, why was he using all his professional skills to make Nixon President of the United States, *his* United States?

Far from the Great Liberal Conspiracy Mr. Agnew sees in the communications establishment, what is much nearer the truth and really alarming is the kind of moral indifference which McGinniss captures in his study of these men working for Nixon: the utterly detached view of thousands of men whose business is communicating with their fellow citizens but whose interest in the content of what they are communicating is what it might be if they were broadcasting into an ant hill.

The advertising and television people in McGinniss' book are almost prototypes: Ailes, the imperious young TV director; Frank Shakespeare, the former C.B.S. executive with simplistic right-wing views; and Harry Treleaven, the advertising man with a passion for artificial flowers. "There was an artificial flower shop on the way," McGinniss says. "He would stop, whenever he had time and browse tenderly, as one might in a bookstore. What impressed him most, he said, was how skillfully something artificial could be made."

This is not a scholarly or even a carefully researched work. It is simply a reporting job and a somewhat impressionistic one at that. "Politics, in a sense," Mr. McGinniss says, "has always been a con game." So, apparently, was the leg work for his book. Much of it reads as if the people in Nixon's campaign either did not know, or had forgotten, that McGinniss intended to write it all down and even publish it. Under whatever guise the material was obtained, it is a devastating case history of what the wedding of mass-consumer television and political ambition has achieved.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Ronald Ribman's three one-act plays collectively entitled *Passing Through Exotic Places* (Sheridan Square Playhouse) might have been called "The Sins and Sorrows of the Middle Class." The intention is good; so too is much of the writing. We have it on the evidence of his previous play, *Journey of the Fifth Horse*, that Ribman is a thoughtful dramatist. Yet in the present work there is a flaw which is fatal.

The first panel of the triptych contains an element of suspense which is sustained almost to its end but then disappoints. It opens at three in the morning with a smartly dressed character entering the home of a respectable married couple somewhere in the suburbs and being suspected of burglary. The householder, Charles Ferris, points a gun at the intruder and Mrs. Ferris insists that her husband call the police. Being a reasonable person, Ferris is willing to listen to the accused man, Sweeny, who assures Ferris that having drunk too much at a party he has entered the house by mistake—all the houses in the vicinity look alike. Ferris is convinced.

After a bit, however, it becomes evi-

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dent that Sweeny is lying. Once again he is threatened with arrest. Sweeny, cool and adept, begins telling another tale—more pathetic this time—about the reasons for his being so distraught. Ferris now not only believes Sweeny innocent but pitiable. Yet each time he relents Ferris discovers that he has been hoodwinked. The last of Sweeny's explanations is so heartrending—Ferris' natural compassion is enhanced by the fact that his own son was killed riding a motorcycle—that Ferris offers him a job in his business. But Sweeny is still lying.

Now Sweeny admits that he is a gambler, a crook, a high-wide-and-handsome criminal. What has made him so? He could believe in nothing after he had come back from the war in Vietnam. He is now bent on exploiting to the full such men as Ferris whose stupid lethargy made it possible for the war to happen. He taunts Ferris with a final challenge: "Why did your son kill himself on a motorcycle?" Ferris shoots Sweeny.

From this we are to understand that (*a*) the immorality of the younger generation is caused by the lack of real values in the older; and (*b*) that the latter, secretly disturbed by the accusation, retaliates in violence against the young.

But why, to begin with, does Sweeny keep on talking when he has several opportunities to walk out of the house unharmed? More important, since Sweeny has never at any point uttered anything but lies, why should we believe his final story, that he is a Vietnamese War veteran? And further—but wait: these faults are a symptom of something unacceptable in the basic premise throughout.

The second variation on the main theme takes place on a faraway island where the first white people to set foot are a man and a woman from the Peace Corps. When the play opens a young fellow, fresh out of college and just arrived to take up *his* Peace Corps duties on the island, encounters a well-dressed black sitting on the terrace of the property of Mr. Shawcross and his wife, who are about to leave for the States at the completion of their assignment.

The new arrival, middle-class, Jewish, is an idealist of the purest strain (in fact, he is something of an idiot), eager to bring the benefits of civilization to the underdeveloped region. The educated black warns him that the natives are content to be what and as they are. After the black disappears into the house, Mr. and Mrs. Shawcross appear. The man is depicted as an old-time Southern plantation overseer, and his wife as a bitchy flirt. They advise the newcomer that the feckless innocence and inferior minds of the natives impede their will to work so that the Shawcrosses have had to grow cotton by their own efforts: the natives did nothing but sit by and watch.

Then a ragged servant appears—the obsequious black of ancient myth—but he is none other than the educated fellow we saw at the opening, now in convenient disguise. Shawcross points to this cringing moron as an example to his "liberal" successor. When the Shawcrosses depart and the new man is left alone he hesitatingly begins to order the servant about somewhat in the Shawcross manner.

The symbolism (through stylization) is unmistakable. So much so that nothing is credible except as "symbol." The Peace Corps is equated with feeble white liberalism. Its representative desires to escape his Jewish and middle-class inferiority (or guilt) complex. Furthermore, blacks anywhere, everywhere abhor the aid of whites who insist on changing or "improving" them. They therefore fox their would-be benefactors when they do not kill them.

The last piece simply shows a poor Italian barber, ignorant, obtuse, racially prejudiced and stubborn—the lowest rung of the middle class—bemoaning the death of his son in the Vietnamese War. He grieves insanely over his past error in refusing to let his son go to college, but he will never change.

What is wrong in these plays is that they are based on assumptions that we are supposed to accept at face value because they have been pronounced axio-

TWO GREETINGS FOR THE END OF A DECADE

1. Christmas

What a blindness squinnied at the window.
All blear, the forsaken bay of snow gone blind, O
Blind in dusk. Zero, even zero, was lost
As I watched world's ghost sieved through world's ghost.
Sun, moon were comeless. Then in the blur
Of blind I saw a deeper blindness, the stir
Of void in void, and then a ripple-riddle
Of shadow no darker than the churn of petals
In the heart of white peonies. Still, taking, striking form
Until it stood in a sudden garden, a great white swan
Among snow and trees. This is the bird that must rise
From the cold seething of hope long gone.
But trust it: where it turns, there the true north lies.

2. New Year's Day

A few days more and I shall tear
The last sheet from a calendar
Whose pretty scenes, one by one—
A lenten rose in snow, Taos in sun,
The Golden Gate Bridge filtered from haze—
I crumpled and in their place
Stared into being a scene
Of snow on a raped girl's eyes, sunlight on a gun,
Ravines in Kentucky stuffed with rusting cars.
What scene now to end this calendar?

No bitter picture comes, only a story told
Me of a boy who found a not quite cold
Sparrow's egg on the black sill
Outside his window and taped it in his navel till
It hatched. I see him big boned, afraid,
As, giving up his sex, he watches, lying in bed,
The shell crack in that mother-place
Of his body. With him I gaze
Like a mother into the bare lizard face
That, crutched up on naked wings, stares
Back with the neutrality of survivors over the dinosaurs
From all history's bottomless calendar.

RADCLIFFE SQUIRES

matic by the New Left en bloc. They are belied when they are presented in images none of which is in the least convincing in its own sphere. "Revolutionaries" have their own clichés no less empty than those of the flag-waving era. It is not that they are ideologically false but that they are arrived at mechanically, not lived through. They emerge as raw editorializing—sometimes cartoon clever —without self-supporting substance.

I have gone into so much detail in this instance because Ribman, among the better new dramatists, exemplifies what is their cardinal error: they too often write what they believe should be written, not what their experience enables them to write. Their work is well meant but generally factitious, "deserving" rather than sound.

Passing Through Exotic Places is well acted by Vincent Gardenia who has honesty and Italianate fire, by Robert Loggia who is forcefully direct and has a good sense of characterization, and by Tresa Hughes whose simplicity is always telling.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Photography has been credited with the destruction, or at least the outdating of, realist painting; the argument was usually the utilitarian one, *why do it by hand when the camera is quicker and more accurate*? When that came to seem not quite true, it was reckoned that the camera must, at least, have wiped out narrative painting. Thus television commercials took the place of genre painting. These crudely evolutionary views usually originated with the supporters of nonfigurative art, among them Malevich, and despite their pleasant simplicity are fallacious. The ideas suffer from a Marshall McLuhan kind of error which assumes that the addition of a new channel to society's switchboard precipitates Darwinian furor. In fact, the record of the 20th century is that switchboards grow and the number of channels increases; new channels do not drive out their predecessors like old apes. Since the absolute imitation of appearances is impossible, owing to differences in perception and to the problems of translating a three-dimensional world onto a two-dimensional surface, there can, in fact, be no contest.

The point is made evident in the exhibition, "Paintings from the Photo," at the Riverside Museum (310 Riverside Drive; through February 15). The show has as its subject the use of photographs by painters in the context of hand-done art. There are six artists (Harold Bruder, Richard Estes, Audrey Flack, Howard Kanowitz, Malcolm Morley, Joseph Raffael) with one omission that I regret (Richard Artswager) and one that I am grateful for (Lowell Nesbitt). Oriole Farb, director of the museum, has rightly excluded both collages of photographic bits and silk-screen paintings on which half-tone reproductions are printed on canvas (Rauschenberg and Warhol). Her theme is the incorporation of photographic sources into the textures of painting done, and subtly, by hand.

The photograph is the most direct code for objects and events that we have, and though it is true that the camera distorts and photographs lie, it has a particular evidential value. The visual cues of photographs are firmly ingrained in our perception as the most iconic form of representation. Iconicity means one-to-one relationship between signs and the objects they refer to; even the blurs and distortions of photography have come to resemble a texture of truth. Painters who use photographs as sources take possession not of a more truthful medium than their own but of another medium, with different conventions entirely. None of these artists is concerned with motion or aerial photography; they are using still photographs of high iconicity. Sometimes it is fidelity to subject matter that is operative, as in Bruder, but it can also be fidelity to the encoded forms of photography itself, with subject matter taking second place, as in Morley. Estes uses photography as an *aide-mémoire* to get his shiny urban surfaces right, and Kanowitz uses it to catch informal poses and simulates its grainy surfaces.

Harold Bruder paints indoor and outdoor subjects; in both he uses photos, but with opposed results. The landscapes with figures smaller than life are derived from numerous photos taken by the artist and used like a mosaic to build the painting. He takes advantage of the camera's power to arrest chance conjunctions of forms and makes these accidents suspenseful. Soft-edged, grayed, hazy, his outdoor scenes convey the scatter and inattentions of life delicately poised. He has successfully extended a subdued realist style in the direction of accidental grouping and gesture. In addition, there are greatly enlarged children's heads, but in these he has not found a way of drawing that can keep pace with the dilated photographic image. Joseph Raffael in his new paintings, however, has succeeded in blowing up photographic sources to a prodigious scale.

The four paintings by Raffael, done this year and last, are impressive and their originality might be indicated by reference to his earlier works. These usually consisted of details of people, animals, objects and landscapes, taken from magazines, each one isolated on the bright white canvas; the archipelago of images seemed linked, but in a buried way. This was, so to say, painting by clues, an array of inexplicit but coherent fragments. His new paintings are still photo-derived but his method of working is quite different: he represents objects, one at a time, in close-up, on large canvases. There is an irrational wholeness now about each huge and lustrous image. Three of the paintings are of the heads of works of art and Raffael turns the fancy, gift-book lighting of his sources into a dense radiance. At a time when paintings tend to be high-keyed transcriptions of the full range of light and shadow, he has adopted a wide scale of values from cloacal darks to feverish whites and made it work by sheer intensity and insistence.

Malcolm Morley is represented by paintings of the last four years, starting with a small oil sketch, 1965, for one of his ocean liner paintings, "Christopher Columbus" (the final work is also in the show). One of his first large figure compositions is here, "Ship's Dinner Party" of 1966 and, from this year, there are two new paintings. One is a portrait group, "Central Park," presumably taken from a commissioned photograph as were earlier portraits by Morley; and the other, "Chateau," is the first of a projected series of paintings of romantic architecture from postcards. Morley's handling of paint combines a dead-pan fidelity to his source and a certain extra juice that comes from the difference between paint and printer's ink. Also, Morley's hand intervenes and, even when feigning obedience, he has one of the most educated hands in the city. The difference of source and painting mounts as Morley's fidelity increases. A part of his strategy is not to take the dense painted image to the borders of the canvas; the white margin asserts the constituent substance of the canvas on which the image sits. (Edge-to-edge images that cover the whole canvas become more simply like their sources and lose some of the ambiguity that the margin supports.)

The trouble with Audrey Flack, compared to Morley, is the expedient way she uses photographs. She writes in the catalogue that they give her access to subjects about which she would otherwise be ignorant, but she shows no interest in the visual data of her sources. All she wants are the nuns in marches and Mexican workers as subjects; her transcriptions of the source photographs turn them into coarsely monochromatic naturalistic painting. In her most recent piece, "War Protest March," she has sharpened and intensified her touch, get-

ting away from her usual loose drags and ridges of paint. She has stopped her image before hitting the edges and framed it by a narrow red-and-blue border, presumably as a result of the example of Morley's "Marine at Valley Forge."

There are two things that painters can do with photos in their work and here she has begun to do them. Photographic references both intensify illusion and affirm artificiality. This interplay of accurate reference and syntactic curiosity occurs because the camera provides both a direct record and a distorting one. It is the absorbing theme of this show that reality and artificiality are bound together in complexities that invalidate thoroughly the old forms of the art/photography discussion.

Howard Kanowitz is the only one in this show to be involved in all-out illusionism. His cut-out figures, grayed with the indeterminate tones of interior light, the same size as life, mingle obtrusively with visitors. Oriole Farb has the center section of last year's "The People" and it looks fine, at one moment fading into the crowd, the next moment slicing through it in a cutting edge of artifice. It is shown at the Riverside out in the open in a clear diffuse light. This direct presentation should be a lesson to the Waddell Gallery where Kanowitz shows and where his work is always grossly overdramatized. His new work is a series of painted cut-outs of college basketball stars done with a stunning illusionism that swings these under-life-size figures into zippy motion. The risk of quotation paintings from photographs, as you maintain the play of artifice and iconicity (part to the subject, part to the channel), is virtuosity and the risk is out in the open in Kanowitz, whereas Morley and Raffael avoid it. Raffael's "Judy and Me Dancing," for example, at the Riverside is a tour de force, but a tough not a showy one.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I never read Horace McCoy's novel, but I can remember the Depression and I can see that *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* must have been an acrid tract for those years. Unemployment was the pollution of Herbert Hoover's America, and it degraded people in grotesque and terrible ways. *They Shoot Horses*, which is the account of a dance marathon, is an example of what that degradation looked like.

What isn't clear to me, on the basis of the film adaptation, is how McCoy could have stretched this bitter anecdote to the length of a novel; there is not nearly enough material here for a movie. The characters are defined by their initial appearances, the situation is precisely what it appears to be, the comment is complete in the title. You know from the first moments that, over a period of several weeks, fifty or more couples will dance themselves into a torment of exhaustion for the mirage of "1,500 silver dollars," and for two hours you watch them do so. It is an appalling spectacle, but one that provides no development from its premises.

Faced thus with a tableau of catastrophe, I become uncomfortably aware of myself as gaping. My interest in these people is not solicited on any ground other than their desperation; it is like reading of trapped miners or running to the scene of an accident. The voyeur mood is engendered also because McCoy's story does not hit contemporary nerves. In this it fares less well than *Bonnie and Clyde* which, for all its period lithography, played variations on matters of identity and estrangement of which our own period knows its versions. The clammy terror of a whole nation gone broke has no contemporary parallels; we have not ended poverty, but we have driven it off the main avenues of our society (how we did that is another matter) and *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* is a song without echoes. Dance marathons staged for an audience obscenely comforted by the fact that it can afford two bits to watch people more miserable than itself is not part of our moral squalor. (It is true that the impresario of McCoy's bear pit takes great pains to maintain the credibility of his enterprise, but it would be straining, I think, to draw comparisons with the techniques of present-day government.)

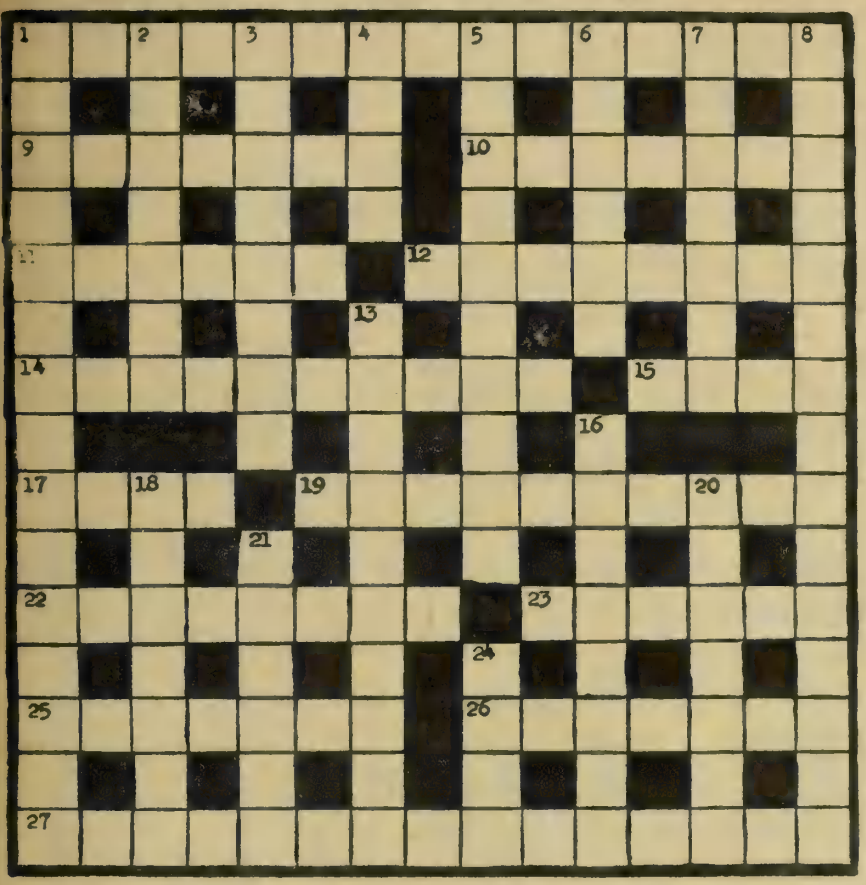
Sydney Pollack, the director, brings the machinery of *They Shoot Horses* so excruciatingly to life that you can smell the sweaty dust of the ocean-side dance hall. His cameras are relentless in the too bright light of the too noisy ballroom, and the endurance grind becomes a hellish merry-go-round that is physically exhausting to watch.

The actors are also on their own particular merry-go-rounds, each assigned an identifying characteristic and told to display it whenever the action comes his way. And that becomes dramatically exhausting. The principals are Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, Susannah York, Gig Young and Red Buttons, and again on a mechanical level, they are all admirably convincing—precisely what old files of *Life* will assure you they ought to be. However, there is a disconcerting aspect to their direction. Seen on the dance floor to be alarmingly near coma, they experience a kind of instant recuperation during their ten-minute rest periods whenever the plot gives them assignments to carry out. To be sure, the assignments are not very long or very complex, but it is startling to discover that these somnambulists can exchange crisp dialogue when the plot calls for it.

And I wonder whether McCoy made it plausible that a single dance contest should have been the occasion of a death by heart failure, two attacks of lunacy (one perhaps permanent) and a mercy killing (that bit about shooting horses). On the screen, the succession seems a little excessive, like the parade of disasters in a temperance pamphlet. The effect of horror—and dance marathons were authentically horrible—is weakened by the addition of melodrama. It relieves the coldness.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1327

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Seeking to verify the story of what you might draw on? (8,7)
9 Straightens up and then relaxes a little? (7)
10 Increases the yen for a big roll, possibly. (7)
11 Pitched so as to make a naval-type color? (6)
12 And others just use the first three letters for it? (2,6)
14 Mary Foster pearls from one are unlikely. (6,4)
15 It's a place in Italy, obviously, or was in the Borgias' time. (4)
17 Fundamentally a statesman? (4)
19 Possible threat, most likely to affect your heating system? (10)
22 A good starting place to look for fish or fowl. (8)
23 City to run around in, particularly for a dramatist. (6)
25 Such sins are reminiscent of Portia's waiting-maid. (7)
26 Might prove a drain to Venezuela. (7)
27 You might find those engaged in it trying, in practice. (15)

DOWN

1 Take into consideration your altered appearance, as a sign of small business, perhaps. (5,4,6)
2 Boards made from the type around the outside of the tree. (7)
3 Maine flower, much shorter than 26. (8)
4 Fitting things like tables and trays might.
5 Do they indulge in other than strictly legal affairs? (10)
6 One may hand out parts useful for furniture on the coast. (6)
7 If one does, the wind-up might have to come later. (7)
8 Does it have selenographic features? (3,3,2,3,4)
13 See 24 down
16 Animal so wild as to be pictured as famous. (4,4)
18 Rock, perhaps, cut better than anyone else could do it! (7)
20 A place to stumble on an oil-gusher? (7)
21 Does he pursue one drink after another?
24 and 13 Real, as an obvious example. (4,2,3,5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1326

ACROSS: 1 Commensurable; 9 Naked; 10 Decollate; 11 and 12 Express purpose; 13 Peals; 14 Truncheon; 16 Reexamine; 18 Negev; 19 Rubbish; 21 Camphor; 22 Educators; 23 Delta; 24 Overexercised. DOWN: 1 Contemporaries; 2 Makepeace; 3 Endless; 4 Sides; 5 Recapture; 6 Baldric; 7 Erato; 8 Never-never land; 14 Thigh bone; 15 Eggshells; 17 Animate; 18 Nomadic; 20 Bruno; 21 Caste.

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